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BRITISH REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCES, AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.

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VOL. XI.] JANUARY, 1831. [No. 61.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY FOR THE YEAR 1831 !

WIZARD ! dreaming in your cave,
Twice ten thousand fathoms deep,
Where the brothers of the grave
Sit enthroned—Time, Death, and Sleep;
Where the bones of Saxon kings
Feed your ancient altars' blaze—
Tell me what new wonder springs,
Wizard ! on your New Year's gaze ?

MERLIN.

Stranger ! leave me to my slumber—
Merlin long is sick of earth;
Scoundrels still the soil will cumber,
Asses still give asses birth;
Rogues will still be patriot praters,
Treasury slaves still sell their wives;
Wigs and gowns will still hide traitors—
Polls have pensions for three lives !"

Times are coming—times are coming—
John Bull, you shall break your fast;
Swords are clashing, drums are drumming—
Hours of humbug ! ye are past.
Horseguards men their backs are turning—
Pensioned beauties are undone;
Ministers' own wigs are burning—
Boldly, New Year ! thou'st begun.

Hark, the bells from tower and steeple !
All the locusts of the State,
All the feeders on the people,
Must no longer dine on plate—

Must give up their Opera-boxes,
Must give up still prettier things—
Soft as turtles, sly as foxes,
Dear to men of stars and strings!

Down his *Highness* goes for ever!
Heartless, haughty, hollow, cold;
Scorn has purged Ambition's fever,
Ridicule his tale has told.
With him sink his slavish rabble—
Puny, pettifogging gang!
Fit in Treasury lies to dabble,
Fit to *cheer* their Lord's harangue.

Now, Sir Bob, farewell thy *proneurs!*
Even Bill Holmes will cut thee dead;
All by tricks, and none by honours,
Even thy Treasury game has fled.
Shelved on Opposition benches,
Hume himself o'er thee shall crow—
Whig, prig, Russell, storm thy trenches:
Go, where thou at *last* must go!

All ye pets in Treasury chariots;
All ye pampered, would-be queens—
Wives of Pilates and Iscariots,
Twenty summers past your teens!
On your cheeks your calling painted,
Battered, shattered, drunken, old—
All ye reputations tainted,—
Howl! your hour of pride is told!

All ye shallow Michael Cassios,
All ye men of aiguillettes,
All ye *genus* of mustachios,
All ye Hussar dandizettes;
All ye tinselled aides-de-camp,
Proud to lick a Marshal's shoe,
Scarlet as ye are, ere long,
Like your Marshal, ye'll look *blue.*

Ireland, "gem of land and ocean!
Finest *pisantry* on earth!"
Wholesale dealer in commotion!
Soil of murder and of mirth!
Hack for every scoundrel's straddle,
Every brawling beggar's dupe;
Dan O'Connell on thy saddle—
Anglesey upon thy croupe.

Famed for Papists and potatoes;
Famed for patriots, thick and thin;
Crammed with Brutuses and Catos—
Every soul a Jacobin!

Ireland's *bonds* shall soon be broken,
Spite of Byng, Fitzroy, and Hill;
Patriot lips the words have spoken—
Blood and spoil shall have their fill.

Sounds are on the tempest winging.
What has spoke them? Wrath and shame.
Memories start, like serpents, stinging;
Searching, wild, and bright, like flame.
Europe, from thy deepest prison
Rings a voice that earth must hear,
When the Spirit once has risen;—
Man! thy day of grandeur's near!

Italy! thy pangs are numbered;
Light shall through thy dungeons shine;
Many an age thy strength had slumbered—
Freedom's blaze forsook thy shrine.
But the reign of blood and plunder—
Tremble, Austria! shall be o'er;
Heaven not yet has lost the thunder—
Gore shall yet be paid by gore.

Poland! long baptized in slaughter,
To high heaven thy cry is borne,
Though thy blood was poured like water,
Though thy heart by wolves was torn!
E'en on thee a light is beaming,
Light that summons from the grave—
Light from lance and sabre streaming,
Poland! thou'rt no more a slave!

Germany! thou too art waking,
Like the giant from his sleep,
Heavily thy fetters shaking,
Like the heavings of the deep
Ere the storm begins to blow;
Like the torrent on the steep,
Gathering ere it bursts below!
Who shall stand that torrent's sweep?

Hour of mighty retribution!
Who shall stand when thou art come?
Hour of fiery dissolution!
Strength a cypher, council dumb!
But the tempest shall be chidden,
Earth shall shine without a stain;
Guilt beneath its mountains hidden,
Man shall be himself again!

POLAND, PAST AND PRESENT.

Poland in the beginning of the eighteenth century was one of the largest kingdoms of Europe. It was divided into four Grand Districts.—1. Great Poland, bordered by Lithuania, Silesia, and Pomerania.—2. Little Poland, bordered by Great Poland, Silesia, Hungary, and Red Russia.—3. Royal Prussia, lying to the north-east of Great Poland, and bordered by Pomerania and Ducal Prussia, which formerly belonged to Poland.—4. Red Russia, bordered on the east by the Dnieper, on the south by the Dneister and the Crapack Mountains, on the north by part of Lithuania, and on the west by Little Poland. In addition to those was the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, rather an allied principality than a portion of the kingdom. The Duchy furnished one third of the troops composing the army of the crown, and one quarter of the money granted for the support of the monarch. The Duchy of Courland also was under the protection of Poland.

The Poles, like all other nations, claim an extravagant antiquity: but the first accounts of the country are from Tacitus, who probably received them from the vague rumours of the Roman soldiery, or the exaggerated narratives of the Germans at Rome. He tells us that, however derived from the same general stock of the northern nations, their customs differed largely from those of the German tribes, the Poles living in a state of singular rudeness. While he gives testimony to the more regular habits, and even to the lofty and chivalric conceptions of private and public life among the Germans, to their deference for women, their obedience to a chief, their personal rights, and their heroic faith in battle, he describes the Poles as living almost in a state of nature, and supporting their existence only by the chase and by plunder. But as they fought on foot, and with the lance and shield, he distinguishes them from the Scythians or Tartars, who fought on horseback. Tacitus speaks of this wild, but not joyless, life of the tribes of the desert, with the natural surprise of a man living in the central region of the civilized earth; yet who perhaps often envied the naked freedom, where there was no Nero or Domitian, no bloody and malignant despot to embitter existence. "Those barbarians," says he, "live in a state of *liberty;* they have no idea of *hope or fear;* and they prefer living in this manner, to cultivating the earth, and taking care of their property, or that of their relations and neighbours." But to this character, in which he probably says all that he dared say of freedom, under the fierce and suspicious tyranny of Rome, he adds—"They have no fear of their fellow-creatures, nor even of the gods; which is very extraordinary in human beings. They are not accustomed to make laws nor vows, because they are not accustomed to *desire any thing* which they cannot procure for themselves."

Such is the contradictory character conjectured, rather than described, by the great historian; and which, without any idle attempt of our's to vindicate the morals of a nation of the third century, betrays some ignorance of human nature. If the Poles desired nothing from others, they could not be a nation of robbers. All the Gothic nations, too, had a singular reverence for their gods; and their defence of them was long and desperate.

The great emigration of the Goths from the Baltic provinces to the south left their ancient possessions open to the bordering nations. The Poles took their share of the abandoned territory, and made themselves masters of the north-east portion of what was afterwards the kingdom of Poland.

The first mention of this people in modern history is in the year 550, when they formed a government, under Leck, brother of Cracus, or Creck, first Duke of Bohemia, who collected the tribes, and founded a castle, or centre of a city. In this operation one of those omens occurred which paganism always looked on as the voice of fate; the workmen found an eagle's nest in the wood which they were clearing away for the site of the fortress. The nest was called, in Sclavonic, *gniazdo;* from this the new city was named Gnesua; and the eagle was transferred to the banner of Poland.

The history of all the Gothic tribes is the same. Their first state is that of scattered families; their second, that of a tribe under a military chieftain, elected by the suffrages of the people. The chieftain becomes a tyrant, or transmits his power to a feeble successor. The people then dethrone the race, break up the tyranny, and come back to the old system of free election.

The descendants of Leck reigned a hundred years; but the dynasty was then subverted, and provincial military chieftains were substituted for it. Twelve governors entitled Palatines, or Waiwodes (generals, from *Woina* war, and *Wodz* a chief), were created. But their violences disgusted the people; and one of them, Cracus, whose conduct was an exception, was raised to the throne by the elective voice of the nation. In some years after his death his family were displaced by the Palatines, and a civil war followed. The Hungarians took this opportunity to ravage Poland, in A. D. 751; but a peasant, Przemyslas, saved his country. Collecting together the broken forces of Poland, he approached the Hungarian camp as if with the intention of offering battle. With his barbarian courage, he mingled civilized ingenuity; he fixed branches of trees on a conspicuous point of ground, which he intermixed with armed men, so ranged as to give the appearance of a large force, in order of battle. As soon as day broke, and the Hungarians perceived, as they thought, their enemy defying them to the encounter, they rushed on them with contemptuous rashness. But the Polish post retired, exhibiting what, to the astonished Hungarians, seemed a forest suddenly plucked up and moving away. Yet the view of Polish flight overcame the terror at the spectacle. The Hungarians rushed on, until they found themselves inevitably intangled in a real forest. The Polish leader now charged, totally routed the enemy and left not a man to tell the tale. But their camp still stood. Here too his ingenuity was exerted. He dexterously clothed his men in the dresses of the dead; divided his troops into small bodies, and sent them towards various avenues of the camp, as if they were Hungarians returned from the battle. The stratagem succeeded, the Poles were suffered freely to enter the Hungarian camp; once within the rampart they drew their sabres,—fell on their unprepared enemy, and slaughtered the whole remaining multitude, with the exception of a few fugitives, who escaped on the first onset, and who served the Polish cause most effectually by spreading the fame and terror of the national arms through all the countries on the Baltic.

The conqueror could now have no competitor at home, and he was soon after chosen Duke of Poland.

On his death the Palatines, those ceaseless disturbers, were again in arms, each struggling for the crown. To prevent the usual effusion of blood, an expedient was adopted which displays the Tartar origin of the people. The crown was to be the prize of a trial of speed on horseback. The trial was open to the whole body of the youth. On the day appointed, a multitude of gallant horsemen appeared; but soon after starting, many of their horses fell lame; to the astonishment of the spectators, more were lamed every moment. Two alone at length contended for the prize; the whole multitude of riders had fallen behind, with their chargers broken down; "Witchcraft," and "the wrath of the gods," were exclaimed in a thousand furious or terrified voices. But the two candidates still held on fiercely, and it was not till after a long display of the most desperate horsemanship that the conqueror, Lefzek, reached the goal.

When he galloped back to lay his claim before the chieftains, and was on the point of being chosen, he was startled by a voice proclaiming that he had won the prize by treachery. Lefzek turned pale, but haughtily denying the charge, demanded to be confronted with the accuser. The accuser was his rival in the race, who demanded that the horses of both should be brought into the circle. Lifting up the hoof of Lefzek's horse, he shewed that it was completely covered with iron. "Thus," said he, "did the traitor's horse escape the treachery." Then lifting up the hoof of his own horse, and shewing it also covered with iron, "Thus," said he, "was I enabled to follow him." While the assembled warriors were gazing on the discovery, the Pole grasped a handful of the sand, and shewing that it was full of nails, exclaimed, "Thus were your horses lamed. The traitor had sowed the sand with iron spikes, and covered his horse's hoofs that he alone might escape them. I saw the artifice, and shod mine that I might detect him. Now, choose the traitor for your king."

Lefzek vainly attempted to defend himself. His crowd of rivals, doubly indignant at their defeat and the injury to their horses, rushed on him with drawn sabres, and he was cut to pieces on the spot. Wild admiration succeeded wild justice; they raised his detector on their shoulders, and instantly proclaimed him king by the title of Lefzko the Second.

In the reign of his successor, Lefzko the Third, the casual evils of an unsettled government were made perpetual by the most fatal of all institutions. The king had a number of illegitimate sons, for whom he provided by giving them Fiefs, held of Popiel, his heir. Those Fiefs were originally but manor-rights; the people had freeholds in their lands, and voices in the election to the throne: but debt, usurpation, and fraud rapidly converted them into tyrannies, and the people into slaves. The institution of Fiefs, thus commencing in royal vice, ended in national ruin.

A new revolution now raised the most celebrated dynasty of Poland to the throne. The son of Popiel had died, execrated by the nation for hereditary crimes. Poland was once more the prey of the Palatines. The great holders of the Fiefs crushed the people. All was misery, until all became indignation. The people at length remembered the freedom of their birthright, and, inspired with the warlike spirit of their

Sclavonic fathers, rose in arms, disavowed the dictation of the feudal lords, and demanded the right of free election to the throne. The great nobles were awed, and the electors assembled at the city of Kruswic. But in their triumph they had been improvident enough to meet, without considering how they were to provide for the subsistence of so vast a multitude. They must now have dispersed, or fought for their food, but for the wisdom of one man, Piast, an opulent inhabitant of the city. Knowing the rashness of popular haste, and the evils which it might produce, he had, with fortunate sagacity, collected large magazines of provision beforehand. On the first cry of famine, he threw them open to his countrymen. In their gratitude for a relief so unexpected, and their admiration of his foresight, the multitude shouted out that "they had found the only king worthy of Poland." The other candidates were forced to yield. The great feudatories, more willing to see an inferior placed above them than to see a rival made their sovereign, joined in the popular acclamation. The citizen Piast was proclaimed king. He justified the choice by singular intelligence, virtue and humanity; and when, in 861, he died, left his memory adored by the people, and his throne to his son and to a dynasty which was not extinguished for five hundred years.

In the reign of his descendant, Miecislaw, Poland was converted to Christianity. The king had married a Christian princess, Dambrowcka, the daughter of Boleslas, Duke of Bohemia; the condition demanded by his queen was, that he should renounce paganism. The condition may have been an easy one to the monarch, whose sense and manliness, if they knew but little of Christianity, must have long scorned the gross vices and flagrant absurdities of the national superstition. He submitted to all the restrictions of the new faith with the zeal of a determined convert; dismissed the seven partners which pagan license had given to the royal couch, sent an order through his realm for the demolition of all the idols, and, to the wonder of his people, submitting the royal person into the hands of a Roman monk, was baptized.

The former religion of Poland was a modification of the same worship of the elements, or the powers presumed to command the fates of man, which was to be found in every region of the north; and which, with additional and poetic elegance, was the adopted religion of Greece and Rome. They had their sovereign of the skies, the lord of the thunder, by the name of Jassem. Liada was their ruler of war. To this Jupiter and Mars, they added a Venus, named, less harmoniously, Dzidzielia. Two inseparable brothers, their Lel and Pollel, had the history and attributes of the Greek Castor and Pollux. Driewanna was scarcely more different from the Greek Diana in attributes than in name. They had a goddess of the earth and its produce, Marzanna, their Ceres; and their deity of terrors, Niam, the Pluto, whose oracle at Guesna was the awe and inspiration of the north. They had one deity more which escaped Greek invention, unless it were represented by the "fatal sisters three," Ziwic, the "mighty and venerable," the "disposer of the lives of man."

In 1370, by the death of Casimir, the crown of Poland finally past away from the Piast dynasty. They had already worn it for a longer period than any dynasty of Europe, 500 years. Casimir was one of those singular mixtures of truth and error, strong passions, and great

uncultured powers, which are found among the heroes of semi-barbarian life. The chief part of his reign was passed in war, in which he was generally successful, defeating the Teutonic knights, who invaded him from Prussia, the Russians, and the wild tribes who were perpetually making irruptions into the states of their more civilized neighbours. Casimir was memorable for having been the first to give the Jews those privileges which make Poland their chief refuge to this day. After the loss of his first wife, Ann of Lithuania, he had married the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. But like humbler men, he had found the yoke matrimonial too heavy for his philosophy. His queen was a shrew, and in the license of the age he took the beautiful Esther, a Jewess, to supply her place. The Jewess, who was a woman of striking attainments as well as of distinguished personal attractions, obtained an unequalled ascendancy over the king; he suffered her to educate his two daughters by her, as Jewesses, and gradually gave way to all her demands for protection and privilege to her unfortunate people.

But he had the higher merit of being the legislator of Poland, or rather the protector of those feelings by which nature tells every human being that he is entitled to freedom. The abuse and the reform are less a part of the history of Poland than of human wrong and its obvious remedy.

For a long course of years the lords of the Fiefs had pronounced the people born on their estates to be slaves, incapable of following their own will, or removing from the Fief without the permission of their masters. Casimir, roused by the complaints of his subjects, and justly indignant at the usurpation, abolished those claims, and declared every farmer at liberty, if injured by the proprietor of the soil, to sell his property and go where he pleased. A formidable part of the abuse was the right claimed by the proprietors of giving their tenants as *pledges* to each other for their debts; which had produced the most cruel sufferings, for the pledge was a prisoner and an exile, perhaps for life. Casimir indignantly broke up this tissue of crime; framed a code giving the people equality of right with their lords, and while he made the oppressive nobles his enemies, gained from the nation the patriotic and immortal title of "King of the Farmers."

It had been the custom of the lords to seize the property of a tenant who died without children. The king declared this to be an abuse, and enacted that the property should go to the nearest relative. A deputation from the peasantry, who had come to lay their grievances before him, were asked—"Who have assailed you? were they men?" "They were our landlords," was the answer. "Then," said Casimir, "if you were men too, had you no sticks nor stones?"

As he was without sons, he appointed his nephew Lewis, King of Hungary, his successor. The deputation of the nobles sent to convey this intelligence, exhibited that free spirit of the north, which about a century before, on a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen, the famous 19th of June, 1215, had boldly extorted the great Charter from the fears of the bigot and tyrant John. Lewis was compelled, as the price of his crown, to sign an instrument, exempting the Polish nation from all additional taxes, and all pretences for royal subsidies; abolishing the old and ruinous custom of living at free choice on the people in his journeys: and as an effectual barrier against kingly ambition, the vice of those days of

ferocity and folly, pledging the king to reimburse out of his personal means all the public losses produced by hostilities with his neighbours. The Act was signed by Lewis for himself and his successors, and was solemnly declared to be a fundamental law of the realm. No Act had ever made nearer approaches to laying the foundations of a rational liberty; yet none was ever more calamitous. It wanted but a degree of property and civilization in the lower orders capable of applying and preserving it. But the nobility were still the only NATION. They seized all the benefits of the law, established an oligarchy, made the king a puppet, the people doubly slaves, the crown totally elective, and the nation poor and barbarous, without the virtues of poverty, or the redeeming boldness of barbarism.

Lewis ascended the throne; broke his promises; was forced to fly from the kingdom; entered into a new conciliation, for which he paid by new concessions, confirming the power of the noble oligarchy; was again driven to Hungary, where he attempted to take his revenge, by dismembering the kingdom; and after giving Silesia to the Marquis of Brandenburgh, the fatal foundation of the subsequent claim of Prussia, gave some of the Polish frontier provinces bordering on Hungary, to the Empress Queen, the foundation of another subsequent claim. This guilty transaction was the ground of one of those acts of wild justice which are so conspicuous in the Polish history.

At the diet held in Buda, where the grant to the empress was made, only fourteen Polish senators could be found to attend; and of those but one, the bishop of Wadislaw, had the manliness to protest against the treason. He communicated the act to Granowski, the Great General of the kingdom, who convoked an assembly of the states, to which the monarch was invited. The thirteen senators had been seized in the mean time, were instantly beheaded, and their bodies placed round the throne, covered with the tapestry.

The monarch, unacquainted with their seizure, was led to his seat in full solemnity. The Great General advanced, and in the name of the states of Poland sternly charged him with the whole catalogue of his offences against the constitution; declared the compact of the diet of Buda null and void, and then, flinging off the tapestry, pointed to the ghastly circle of monitors there. "Behold," exclaimed he to the startled king, "the fate of all who shall prefer slavery to freedom! There lie the traitors who gave up their country to serve the caprices of their king!"

The lesson was expressive. Lewis resolved to abandon a country in which right was so loud-tongued, and justice so rapid. Naming his son-in-law Sigismond, of Brandenburg, governor in his absence, a heir, he set out for Hungary once more. But, dying on his way, the nobles annulled the choice, and gave the throne to the Princess Hedwige, a daughter of the late king, on condition of her marrying according to the national will.

Her marriage commenced the second famous dynasty of Poland, the Jagellons. Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, was still unconverted to Christianity, but he had been distinguished for the intrepidity and justice which form the grand virtues in the eyes of early nations. The princess selected him, and he soon distinguished himself among the princes of the north. With a magnanimity which seems almost incredible in his age, he refused the sovereignty of Bohemia, from which the people

had deposed their profligate king, Wenceslas, and as the unparalleled achievement of northern war, broke the power of the Teutonic knights upon the field; of their immense host of 150,000 men, slaying 50,000, taking 11,000, and leaving among the dead the grand master and three hundred knights.

A striking and characteristic scene, worthy of the finest efforts of the pencil, preluded the battle. Jagellon, to draw the enemy off some strong ground, had feigned a retreat. The knights looked on him as already defeated, and the grand master, in the spirit of his Scythian ancestors, sent him as an emblem of his fate, two bloody swords with a message. "Our master," said the deputies, "is not afraid to furnish you with arms to give you courage, for we are on the point of giving battle. If the ground on which you are encamped is too narrow for you to fight upon, we shall retire and give you room." The taunt only inflamed the indignation of the Polish nobles, but Jagellon calmly took the swords, and with a smile thanked the grand master for so early giving up his arms. "I receive them," said the bold northern, "with rejoicing; they are an irresistible omen. This day we shall be conquerors: our enemies already surrender their sabres." Instantly rising, he ordered the signal to be made for a general advance; the army rushed on with sudden enthusiasm; the boasted discipline of the knights was useless before this tide of fiery valour; their ranks were helplessly trampled down; and their whole chivalry destroyed upon the ground. The taunt had been proudly answered.

The affairs of Poland now became mingled, for the first time, with the politics of western Europe. In 1571 Segismond Augustus died, the last of the race of Jagellon, an honoured name, which had screened the follies of his successors during the long course of two hundred years. The vacancy of the throne was contested by a crowd of princes. But the dexterity and munificence of the celebrated Catharine de Medicis carried the election in favour of her second son, Henry Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles the Ninth. The diet which established this prince's claim, was still more memorable for the formation of the "Pacta Conventa," or great written convention of the kings of Poland, by which they bound themselves to the commonwealth. The previous bond had been a tacit, or verbal, agreement to observe the laws and customs. But experience had produced public caution; and by the final clause of the "Pacta Conventa," the king elect now declared, that "if he should violate any of his engagements to the nation, the oath of allegiance was thenceforth to be void." The crown had, until this period, been hereditary, liable, however, to the national rejection. From the era of the Pacta Conventa it became wholly elective; an example single among European governments, and giving warning of its error by the most unbroken succession of calamities in the history of modern nations.

Poland was still to have a slight respite. On the vacancy after the death of Wadislas in 1648, Casimir, the last descendant of the Jagellon blood, was found in a cloister; where he had entered the order of Jesuits. Popular affection placed him on the throne. He governed wisely a state now distracted with civil faction and religious dispute. At length grown weary of the sceptre, he resigned it for the crosier of the Abbot of St. Germain de Prés, in France; and enjoyed in this opulent and calm retreat a quiet for which he had been fitted by nature, and which he

must have sought in vain among the furious spirits and clashing sabres that constantly surrounded and disturbed the throne of his ancestors.

The hero of Poland, John Sobieski, the next king, fought his way to the crown by a long series of exploits of the most consummate intrepidity and skill. His defeat of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, in Podolia, finally extinguished all rivalry, and he was placed on the throne by acclamation. All his conceptions were magnificent; on the peace with the Porte, he sent his ambassador with a train of seven hundred; a number which offended the pride of the Turk, and gave rise to one of those pithy sarcasms, which enliven diplomacy. The Polish ambassador who had been detained for some days outside the walls of Constantinople, by his own haughty demand, that the Vizier should come to meet him at the gates, required a supply of provisions for his attendants. "Tell the ambassador," answered the vizier, "that if he is come to take Constantinople, he has not men enough; but if it is only to represent his master, he has too many. But if he wants food, tell him that it is as easy for my master the Sultan to feed seven hundred Poles at the gates of the city, as it is to feed the seven thousand Poles who are now chained in his gallies."

The ambassador was at length admitted; and resolving to dazzle the Turks by a magnificence, unseen before, he ordered some of his horses to be shod with silver, so loosely fastened on, that the shoes were scattered through the streets. Some of them were immediately brought to the Vizier; who smiling at the contrivance, observed, "The Infidel has shoes of silver for his horses, but a head of lead for himself. His republic is too poor for this waste. He might make a better use of his silver at home."

But Sobieski's great triumph was to come. The Turkish army, strongly reinforced, made a sudden irruption into the Austrian territories; swept all resistance before them, and commenced the siege of Vienna. The year 1683 is still recorded among the most trying times of Europe. The Austrian empire seemed to be on the verge of dissolution. But the fall of Vienna would have been more than the expulsion of the Austrian family from its states; it would have been the overthrow of the barriers of western Europe. All crowns were already darkened by the sullen and terrible superiority of Mahometanism. The possession of the Austrian capital would have fixed the Turk in the most commanding position of Germany, Vienna would have been a second Constantinople.

The siege was pressed with the savage fury of the Turk. The Emperor and his household had fled. The citizens, assailed by famine, disease, and the sword, were in despair. Sobieski was now summoned, less by the entreaties of Austria than by the voice of the christian world. At the head of the Polish cavalry, which he had made the finest force of the North, he galloped to the assistance of the beleagured city, attacked the grand vizier in his entrenchments, totally defeated him, and drove the remnants of the Turkish host, which had proclaimed itself invincible, out of the Austrian dominions. No service of such an extent had been wrought by soldiership within memory. Vienna was one voice of wonder and gratitude, and when the archbishop, on the day of the *Te Deum*, ascended to preach the thanksgiving sermon, he, with an allusion almost justifiable, at such a moment, took for his text,—

"There was sent a man from God, whose name was John."

The death of this celebrated man in his 76th year, and after a pros-

perous reign of twenty-three years, left Poland once more to the perils of a contested throne. Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony, at last was chosen. No choice could have been more disastrous. Augustus had promised to restore Livonia to Poland; but it was in possession of the Swedes, who were now rapidly rising to the highest distinction as a military power. Charles the Twelfth, the lion of the north, had filled his countrymen with his own spirit; and the attempt to wrest Livonia from the first warrior of the age was visited with deadly retribution. Augustus had formed a league with the King of Denmark, and the Czar, Peter the Great—a man, whose rude virtues were made to redeem the indolent and sullen character of his barbarian country. The Swedish king rushed upon the Saxon and Polish forces like a whirlwind; they were totally defeated. In the next campaign, a still larger army was defeated at Clissow with still more dreadful slaughter. An assembly held at Warsaw, under Charles, now declared Augustus incapable of the crown. Charles proposed to give the sovereignty to the third son of Sobieski; but the prince magnanimously refused a throne which he considered the right of his elder brothers, both of whom were in a Saxon fortress. Stanislas Leizinski was at this period accidentally deputed to Charles on some business of the senate. The king was struck with his manly appearance. "How can we proceed to an election," said the Deputy, "while James and Constantine Sobieski are in a dungeon?"—"How can we deliver your Republic," exclaimed Charles, abruptly, "if we do not elect a new king?" The suggestion was followed by offering the sceptre to Stanislas, who was soon after, in 1705, proclaimed monarch of Poland. Charles now plunged furiously into Saxony, and broke the power of the Elector. But the caprice of war is proverbial. The Russians had been at last taught to fight even by their defeats. The ruinous battle of Pultowa drove Charles from the field and the throne. Stanislas fled; Augustus was restored in 1710, and Poland was left to acquire strength, by a temporary rest, for new calamities. In the winter of 1735, Russia was delivered from the only enemy that had threatened her ruin—Charles was killed at the siege of Fredericshall.

The reign of Peter had raised Russia into an European power. Strength produced ambition, and the successors of Peter began to interfere closely with the policy of Poland. The death of Frederick the Third, in 1764, gave the first direct opportunity of influencing the election, and Count Stanislas Poniatowski, whose personal graces had recommended him to the empress, and whose subserviency made him a fit instrument for the Russian objects, was chosen king in 1764. Bribes and the bayonet were his claims, yet there were times when he exhibited neither the dependance of a courtier nor the weakness of a slave.

A new era was now to begin in the history of Poland. Religious persecution was her ruin. The Reformation had been extensively spread in the provinces. From an early period the Polish hierarchy, devoted to Rome, had always exerted the most rancorous spirit against the Protestants. A succession of persecuting decrees had been made, chiefly from the beginning of the 10th century. But by the general disturbances of the government, or the wisdom of the monarchs, they had nearly fallen into oblivion. But in the interregnum between the death of Frederic, and the election of Stanislas, the popish party carried in the convocation-diet a series of tyrannical measures, prohibiting the

Protestants, or dissidents, as they were called, from the exercise of their religion, and from all situations and offices under government. The dissidents, fearful of still more violent measures, appealed to foreign governments. Russia, eager to interfere, immediately marched in a body of troops to support their claims. A popish Confederacy, long celebrated afterwards in the unhappy history of the kingdom, was formed in 1767, and from that hour Poland had scarcely an hour's respite from civil war.

Poland was now ripe for ruin. In 1769, on pretence of a plague, the King of Prussia advanced a body of troops into Polish Prussia. The possession of this province had long been coveted by the wily monarch. Its position between his German dominions and Eastern Prussia, rendered it important. He now found the kingdom in confusion, and he determined to seize his prize. To make it secure, he proposed a partition to Austria and Russia; to the Austrian emperor, at an interview at Niess, in Silesia, in 1769, or in the following year at Newstadt; to the Empress of Russia, by an embassy of his brother Henry to St. Petersburg. This infamous treaty was signed at St. Petersburg in 1772. Stanislas had no power to resist this tyranny, but he attempted to remove its chief evils by giving his people a free constitution in 1791. The neighbourhood of freedom again brought down the wrath of Russia. A Russian army of 70,000 men were instantly under orders. The Empress's brief commands were, "that the constitution should be abolished." The King of Prussia, Frederic William, *provisionally* seized Dantzic, Thorn, and a part of Great Poland. The Russian ambassador entered the diet with troops, and forced the assembly to comply with his requisitions. The nation was indignant. Kosciusko, who with the nobles had fled, now returned from Leipsic, put himself at the head of a multitude rather than an army, defeated several bodies of Russians with great slaughter, reinstated the king, and was soon at the head of 70,000 men: with those he also repulsed the Prussian army. But he was suddenly attacked by Suwarrow, and after a long conflict was utterly defeated and taken prisoner. Suwarrow then marched against Warsaw, which he took by storm, murdering in the suburb of Praga upwards of 30,000 human beings of all ages. In 1795 the third Partition of Poland was effected. Stanislas was sent to St. Petersburg, where in 1798 he died. The heroic Kosciusko was subsequently liberated by the Emperor Paul, and after residing in France up to the period of the allied invasion, died at Soleure, Oct. 15, 1817, in his 65th year;—a name consecrated to eternal memory.

For this hideous conspiracy of ambition and blood, Poland was sternly avenged by the French armies. Her oppressors were broken to the dust. From this period she began to recover. Napoleon raised her to a partial degree of independence. The congress of Vienna made her a kingdom once more, but still a Russian kingdom. The time may be at hand, when she shall have a really independent existence. It will depend on her own virtues, whether the opportunity of this great hour of change shall be thrown away.

The narrative of the late insurrection is still confined to a few scattered events. On the 1st of December the Russian superintendant of the school for military engineers in Warsaw, where some hundreds of the Polish youth were educated, had the insolence to order two of the young officers to be corporally punished. The students instantly rose against

the author of the indignity, drove him out, and rushed to the quarters of a regiment of the native guards, calling on them to rise against the oppressors. The troops immediately followed the call, the spirit spread, the Russian soldiery were everywhere gallantly and instantly attacked and routed. The Grand Duke Constantine, the chief object of popular hatred, was assaulted in his palace at night by the troops, was wounded in the head, and escaped with difficulty to the suburb of Praga, at the opposite side of the river, where a Russian detachment had its quarters. A great deal of confused and, as its appears, sanguinary, fighting took place in Warsaw during the night, and an extraordinary number of Russian officers of high rank had fallen, probably surprised in their quarters, or exposing themselves in this desperate state of their affairs. By morning the citizens were masters of Warsaw, the Russians were either expelled or captured ; Constantine had declared his intention of offering no immediate resistance to the public proceedings, a burgher guard had been formed, a provisional government of the first nobles of the country installed, a general appointed, and a national call made to all Poles serving in the Russian, Prussian, and other foreign armies, to join their countrymen. Deputations had been also sent through the provinces, and to St. Petersburgh. And, with the winter to impede the advance of the Russian army, and with the spirit existing in Europe, the Poles contemplated a triumph over their long degradation.

We are no lovers of revolutions. We know their almost necessary evil, their fearful summoning of the fiercer passions of our nature, the sullen, civil hatred by which brother is armed against brother, the long ordeal of furious licence, giddy anarchy, and promiscuous slaughter! Of all this we are fully aware. The crime of the man who lets loose the revolutionary *plague,* for revenge, love of gain, or love of power, is beyond all measure and all atonement.

The first revolution of France, in 1789, was an abhorred effort of an ambition which nothing could satiate, and nothing could purify. The late revolution was a thing of strong necessity, less an assault on the privileges of royalty, than a vindication of human nature. The people who could have succumbed under so base and insolent a violation of kingly promises, would have virtually declared themselves slaves, and fit for nothing but slaves. The Polish revolution is justified by every feeling which makes freedom of religion, person, and property dear to man. Poland owes no allegiance to Russia. The bayonet gave, and the bayonet will take away. So perish the triumph that scorns justice, and so rise the holy claim of man, to enjoy unfettered the being that God has given him.

Nothing in history is equal in guilty and ostentatious defiance of all principle to the three Partitions of Poland. The pretences for the seizure of the Polish provinces were instantly the open ridicule of all Europe. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria had the power ; they scorned to wait for the right ; they as profligately scorned to think of the torrents of blood that must be poured out in the struggle by the indignant Poles. Thousands of gallant lives sacrificed in the field ; tens of thousands destroyed by the more bitter death of poverty, exile, the dungeon, and the broken heart ; the whole productive power of a mighty kingdom extinguished for half a century ; fifteen millions of human beings withdrawn from the general stock of European cultivation, and branded into hewers of wood and drawers of water, the helots of the modern world!

were a price that the remorseless lust of dominion never stopped to contemplate. Its armies were ordered to march, and the fire and sword executed the law.

The change of the duchy of Warsaw into a kingdom by Russia was a royal fraud. The name of independence had none of the realities of freedom. The governor was a tyrant, publicly declared to be unfit even for a Russian throne! The only authority was the Russian sword. Every act of government emanated from St. Petersburgh. The whole nation was in a state of *surveillance*. Every man who dared to utter a manly sentiment; every writer whose views did not perfectly coincide with the dictates of the Russian cabinet; every mind superior to the brute, was in perpetual danger of Siberia. What would be the feeling of England, if a doubt of the wisdom of a ministry whispered over the table, much more declared in a public journal, would expose the doubter to instant denunciation by a spy, to instant seizure by a police-officer, and then, without further inquiry—without trial, without being confronted with the accuser—to banishmeut to the farthest corner of the world, to a region of horrors ten thousand miles from every face that he had ever known? How is it possible to wonder that men should feel indignant under this hideous state of being? that they should disdain life thus shamed and stung? that they should rejoicingly embrace the first opportunity to struggle for the common rights of existence, and think all things better than to leave the legacy of chains to their children?

This is no fancied picture. There is not an individual under any of the despotic thrones of Europe, whose liberty does not depend on the contempt or the caprice of the monarch; who may not be undone in a moment at the nod of a Minister; who dares to utter a sentiment doubting the wisdom or integrity of any man in power. Where is the political philosopher of the Continent, the profound investigator of the principles by which nations are made wiser and better, the generous defender of the privileges of the nation, the honourable and manly detector of abuses and errors? No where; or, if any where, in the dungeon. Those characters, by which the whole greatness of England has grown, her past light and strength, and on which she must rest for her noblest dependence in all her future days of struggle, on the Continent are all proscribed. How long would a man like Burke have been suffered to unmask the prodigality of a continental court? How long would a Locke have lived after developing the nakedness of the divine right of kings? How soon would the dungeon have stifled the eloquence of a Chatham upbraiding the criminal folly of a profligate ministry! How long since would every leading mind of our legislature, every public journal, and every vigorous and honest writer of England, have been silenced, or persecuted to their ruin, by the hand of power, if their lot had been cast on the Continent? Hating, as we sincerely do, all unprovoked violence, and deprecating all unnecessary change, it is impossible for us, without abandoning our human feelings, to refuse the deepest sympathy to the efforts of our fellow-men, in throwing off a despotism ruinous to every advance of nations, degrading to every faculty of the human mind, and hostile to every principle alike of Justice, Virtue, and *Christianity*.

Our knowledge of the preparation of the Polish people is still imperfect; but we must believe that they would not have so daringly defied

the gigantic power of Russia without already "counting the cost." Hitherto all has been success. The Russian Viceroy has been expelled; the Russian troops have been defeated. The armies of Russia have not ventured to advance. The Polish provisional government has despatched agents to France, and, we are told, communications have been made to this country. Here they will have the wishes of every honest man! If the late French Revolution could justify but slight difference of opinions among sincere men, the Polish Revolution can justify none. It is a rising, not of the people against their monarch, but of the oppressed against the oppressor, of the native against the stranger, of the betrayed against the betrayer, of the slave against the tyrant; of a nation, the victim of the basest treachery and the most cruel suffering in the annals of mankind, against the traitor, the spoiler, the remorseless author of their suffering. Their cause is a triumph in itself; and may the great Being who "hateth iniquity, and terribly judgeth the oppressor," shield them in the day of struggle, and give a new hope to mankind by the new victory of their freedom!

A MOORE-ISH MELODY.

Oh! give me not unmeaning Smiles,
  Though worldly clouds may fly before them;
But let me see the sweet blue isles
  Of radiant eyes when Tears wash o'er them.
Though small the fount where they begin,
  They form—'tis thought in many a sonnet—
A Flood to drown our sense of sin;
  But oh! Love's ark still floats upon it.

Then give me tears—oh! hide not one;
  The best affections are but flowers,
That faint beneath the fervid sun,
  And languish once a day for showers.
Yet peril lurks in every gem—
  For tears are worse than swords in slaughter;
And man is still subdued by them,
  As humming-birds are shot with water!

B.

DEFOE: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.*

Few writers have ever lived who have encountered, though in a somewhat limited sphere, more numerous vicissitudes, or been the subject of more undeserved calumny than the author of "Robinson Crusoe." He has touched the highest and the lowest point of honour and disgrace. At one time a companion of the nobility—a counsellor of princes; at another a man of the people, in bad odour at Court, but whose acquaintance was deemed an honour by the commonalty; at a third, a proscribed adventurer—a sort of Paine in society—a subject for the pillory—a rebel—and a mark for small wits to shoot at; the experience of Defoe, throughout an unusually protracted life, has established the fact (were any additional proof needed), that he who presumes to make men wiser or better than they are; who puts himself forth as a reformer, whether in religion, politics, or morals, must make up his mind to bear in turn the abuse of all parties; to be the victim of ingratitude proportioned to the benefits he has conferred on society; to be kicked—spit upon—and trampled under foot by the lowest of the low, the basest of the base; to be cursed by those whom he has blessed—in a word, to be anathematized and excommunicated of men. The way to succeed in life is to wink at the vices of the age, to be chary of its errors of thought and practice, to agree with it, to flatter it, to walk side by side with it. The world, like a man with the gout, cannot endure rough usage; hence those have always been in best repute as moralists and men of sense, who have treated it with lenity and forbearance. To walk with the world with an orthodox steady pace, neither hastening before, nor lagging behind it, is in nine cases out of ten to ensure its favour; but to step forward, like a fugleman, from the ranks of society, no matter how just be one's claims to such distinction, is at once to rouse, first, the world's attention—next, its envy—and lastly, its bitter, inextinguishable hatred. Defoe, unfortunately, was an aspirant of this class. From earliest life he panted for distinction as a reformer, and paid the penalty of such zeal by an indiscriminate abuse of the age which he endeavoured to improve. But time, the great reformer—time who sinks the falsehood, and draws forth the truth, let it lie deeper than ever plummet sounded—has at last done him justice. and Defoe, so long the mere scurrilous pamphleteer, the trashy novelist—the vulgar satirist—the object of Pope's illiberal sneer—"earless on high stood unabashed Defoe"—has now, by the just award of posterity, taken his station in literature in the very front rank as a novelist, and but a few degrees below Swift as a party-writer.

It is of this prolific author that we here intend to say a few words, taking for our guide Mr. Walter Wilson's late able and elaborate biography.*

Daniel Foe—or Defoe, as he chose to call himself—was the son of a butcher, and was born in the City of London, A.D. 1661, in the Parish of St. Giles's Cripplegate. Both his parents were Non-conformists, and early in life imbued Daniel with those strict religious principles which gleam like a rainbow through the glooms and the clouds of his polemical writings. When just emerging from childhood, he was placed under

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Daniel Defoe. By Walter Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 3 vols. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

the superintendence of a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Samuel Annesley—an excellent man and a good scholar, to whom in after age he did justice in an elegy, which, however, possesses more affection than poetry. "As a boy," says Mr. Wilson, "Defoe displayed those light and buoyant spirits, that vivacity of humour, and cheerfulness of temper, which rendered him a favourite with his companions. He seems to have been a boy also of remarkable courage, a feature which strongly marked his future character. We are therefore not surprised that it led him sometimes into disputes and contests with other lads of a similar age; for he was both from habit and principle an enemy to the doctrine of non-resistance."

It was during the period of his childhood that a circumstance occurred which strongly illustrates the character of Defoe, as also that of his age. During a certain portion of the reign of Charles II., when the nation was under alarm respecting the restoration of a Popish Government, young Defoe, apprehensive that the printed Bible would become rare, or be locked up in an unknown tongue, applied himself diligently, together with many other Non-conformists, night and day, to the task of copying it out in MS.; nor once halted in his exertions till he had fairly transcribed the whole book, a feat which at that early age he looked on with enthusiasm, as if thereby destined to be the ark of his religion's safety; and at a late period of life with satisfaction mixed with surprise, at the extent of his juvenile simplicity. At the age of fourteen, Defoe was for the first time sent from home, to an academy at Newington Green, under the direction of the Rev. Charles Morton. This was one of those schools founded by the Non-conformists, as substitutes for the English universities, from which the law had excluded them. It was conducted on principles pretty similar to those of the present dissenting establishments of Hackney and Mill-hill; and in its course of education comprised the languages, logic, rhetoric, the mathematics, and philosophy. Divinity was, however, the chief subject of tuition; the Non-conformists made every thing subservient to this; hence numbers of young men were educated at their schools, who in after years distinguished themselves by their pre-eminent theological qualifications. Defoe's attainments at Newington, though desultory, were of a superior order. He was master of five languages, was well acquainted with the theory and practice of the English Constitution, and had studied with success the mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. His knowledge of ecclesiastical history was also considerable, and such as subsequently rendered him a formidable antagonist to the established church. As his parents intended him for the clerical profession, he remained at Newington the full term, that is to say, five years; at the expiration of which time he returned home, and being diverted by the activity of his mind from entering the priesthood, turned his attention exclusively to the politics of the day.

He was now about twenty-one years of age, and never did an active enterprising youth enter upon life at a period more pregnant with eventful incidents, and more favourable for the development of political sagacity. Charles II., the traitor—the libertine—the infidel—the pensioner of France and Holland—was just closing a reign unredeemed by the slightest public or private virtue. The nation, inured to the doctrine of passive obedience, slept in a state of sulky tranquillity, trampled

under foot by the high churchmen on the one side, and the aristocratic laity on the other. Public morality there was none, of public hypocrisy an abundance; religion was at a discount, patriotism below par. The exterior forms, however, of worship were kept up with punctilious severity, and of persecution there was quite enough on the part of the high churchmen towards the dissenters to throw the Inquisition into the shade. The bishops, of course, were the first to "beat the drum ecclesiastic" of intolerance; the magistrates followed; the constabulary kept them company, *passibus æquis;* till at length the whole country—priest-ridden and law-ridden, as it ever has been—was persuaded to believe, that to be a dissenter was to be a rogue, a vagabond, and an infidel.

On the accession of James II. this intolerant spirit, so far from diminishing, increased, if possible, in acerbity. James himself, though a bigot, was not ill-inclined towards the dissenters, whom he tacitly encouraged, hoping thereby to weaken the power of the church, and so bring forward his darling popery: but though the monarch was thus favourably disposed towards the dissenters, the nation's prejudices against them were artfully kept alive by the clergy, who, in those troubled times, possessed an influence over their countrymen, which it requires no great sagacity to foresee they can never possess again. Defoe was no careless observer of this reign of terror, which he exposed in a manner and with a spirit that soon brought down upon him that most rancorous of all hatred—the *odium theologicum.* He enlisted himself in the cause of the dissenters, fought their battles with intrepidity, exposed the persecutions of their enemies—their folly—their madness—their atrocity—and was recompensed for such disinterestedness by the meagre consolation, that virtue is its own reward.

But not polemics only, politics equally engaged his attention. At the accession of James II., when, in return for his promise of support, the bishops inculcated every where the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience, Defoe (then but twenty-four years of age) was among the first to fathom the hypocrisy of both parties. With James in particular he was very early disgusted: he could not but perceive, that nothing was to be expected from the liberality or toleration of a monarch to whom a servile parliament, at the very opening of his reign, was willing to allow two millions and a half annually without check or hindrance, and whom the high churchmen supported in their pulpits as a direct emanation from the Deity; and accordingly was one of the earliest to engage heart and soul in that ill-planned insurrection which terminated in the destruction of the Duke of Monmouth and his followers.

It was not without difficulty that, after the disastrous battle of Bridgewater, Defoe escaped from the west of England, and was enabled to resume those commercial occupations by which he had hitherto creditably supported himself. The nature of his business at this period has been variously represented: his enemies were fond of giving out that he was a paltry retail shop-keeper, but it appears that he was a hose-factor, or middle man between the manufacturer and the retail dealer. "This agency concern," says his biographer, "he carried on for some years in Freeman's-court, Cornhill, from 1685 to 1695. When he had been in business about two years, he judged it expedient to link himself more closely with his fellow citizens, and was admitted a livery-

man of London on the 26th of January, 1687-8, having claimed his freedom by birth."

We return to the politics of this eminent writer. After the execution of Monmouth, and the utter overthrow of his adherents, James II. no longer scrupled to avow his predilection for popery. His first plan was to raise some new regiments, and officer them by papists: his second, to import Catholic priests from the country; and his third, to erect chapels and seminaries for the youth of that persuasion, and even to consecrate a popish bishop in his own chapel at Windsor. He published, moreover, a royal declaration, by virtue of which all penal and sanguinary laws, in matters of religion, were to be suspended, all oaths and tests to be suppressed, and all dissenters, whether Protestant or Catholic, to be held equally capable of public employments. This, at first sight, appeared a fine triumph for the non-conformists; but Defoe soon penetrated the hypocrisy of the declaration, that it was nothing more nor less than a plan to engraft popery, under the specious form of toleration, on the ruins of the established church.

Readers of the present day can scarcely form an idea of the horror with which Protestants of all persuasions, at this particular epoch, regarded the "damnable and idolatrous" doctrines of catholicism. It was a perfect mania. The pope was synonimous with anti-Christ; the mass-houses were Pandæmoniums; the priests, fiends and sorcerers. Nothing was too absurd to obtain credence, provided it told against the papists. The Jews, during the dynasty of the Plantagenets, never inspired one half the horror that the Catholics excited throughout the brief reign of James II. Defoe, though tolerant and enlightened in other respects, partook largely of this influenza, and, much as he disapproved their conduct, yet joined zealously with the high-church party in their endeavours to dethrone the infatuated Stuart. Pamphlet after pamphlet appeared in rapid succession from his pen on this great question, for which he was courted by the more influential ecclesiastics, who, alarmed for the safety of their pluralities, lowered their usual tone of hostility, and whispered the word of promise in the credulous ears of the dissenters. But Defoe was not duped by this specious conduct. He knew that the church would never condescend to tolerate those of his persuasion, and that the alliance now struck up between them was merely a temporary one, to be dissolved when the danger that threatened both equally, was removed. Still, as he revereneed the constitution more than he disrelished the high-church party, he openly espoused their cause, and with the aid of the seven famous bishops, succeeded in ejecting the monarch. Mr. Wilson dismisses briefly the share Defoe bore in this great work; it is on record, however, that his writings contributed in no trivial degree to accelerate its progress, and that he was in consequence looked on for a time as one of the lions of the age.

We have mentioned the seven bishops as material agents in the Revolution that placed the Prince of Orange on the throne of England. It may therefore be supposed that we have alluded to them in the light of patriots. Lest any of our readers should be led away by such supposition, we think it but right to state that the opposition of the bishops to James had its origin in the basest of all passions—the love of gain. So long as the king presumed not to interfere with their pluralities, they allowed him to tax the country at pleasure, to govern without Parlia-

ments, to keep up a standing army. They even preached the doctrine of his divine authority from the pulpit, and held, among their leading tenets, that it was impiety to dispute his will. This was their rule of conduct so long as James respected their revenues. The instant, however, that he displayed an inclination to curtail them, their lordships' self-interest took the alarm, and luckily chiming in with that of the nation, the one cheered the other along that broad high-road which is by courtesy called the course of patriotism—but which, in nine out of ten cases, is nothing more nor less than the course of personal aggrandizement—till James had been expelled his throne, and both parties, the churchmen and the nation, had reached the goal at which they aimed, and secured the crown to the Prince of Orange, on the avowed principle of toleration. And here, on dismissing James, we cannot refrain from instituting a parallel between that monarch and the ex-king Charles the Tenth. Both were bigots, and of the gloomiest cast; both were influenced by bad and interested advisers, and both fell victims to their superstition. The Jesuits were the ruin of James, on the same principle and in the same spirit that they were the ruin of Charles; though the latter is a thousand degrees less defensible than the former, inasmuch as he was far behind his age in intellect, while James was neither better nor worse than the other public characters of his day. To complete the parallel, both kings had in early life suffered much from the pressure of adverse circumstances, and both had failed to derive wisdom or experience from such adversity.

It may be imagined that throughout the eventful period which immediately preceded and followed the dethronement of James and the accession of William, Defoe's pen was not idle. He was indeed continually at work in the good cause, and became in consequence so popular with the nation, and even with the court, that he was personally consulted by King William on some public questions of emergency, and rewarded by that monarch—a proof that his advice was of value—with the place of accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, which, however, he was compelled to relinquish in 1699, about four years subsequent to his appointment.

"It was, probably," says Mr. Wilson, "about this time that Defoe became secretary to the tile-kiln and brick-kiln works, at Tilbury, in Essex, an office which he is reported to have filled for some years. It failed, however, like many of his other projects, but was continued by him, on a restricted scale, after he had lost upwards of three thousand pounds by the speculation, till the year 1703, when the wind of his court-popularity shifting, the current made strong head against him, and he was prosecuted by the government for a libel." Previous to this, we should premise, Defoe had speculated largely, and with various, but in the main indifferent, success in business. He had embarked with other partners in the Spanish and Portuguese trade, which necessarily led him into those countries, though at what particular period he visited them, cannot now be ascertained. He also had some concern in the trade with Holland, and was in consequence held up to ridicule by his enemies, as a civet-cat merchant, "though it was, probably," says his biographer, "the drug rather than the animal in which he traded." Besides his visits to Holland, Spain, and Portugal, Defoe made an excursion to France, and appears to have been much struck with the extent, number, and magnificence of the public buildings in Paris.

He even penetrated (a rare occurrence with English authors in those days!) into Germany; but notwithstanding the vast range and variety of scenery that thus came under his observation, he has left it on record that nothing on the continent was equal, in his opinion, to the various and luxuriant views by the river-side, from London to Richmond. "Even the country for twenty miles round Paris," says he, "cannot compare with it, though that indeed is a kind of prodigy."

It is not to be supposed that a man thus desultory and miscellaneous in his speculations—at one time a hose-factor—at another a foreign merchant—at a third a brick-maker, and throughout his life a confirmed incurable author—an author too, be it remembered, of all work—a satirist—a pamphleteer—an essayist—a critic—a novelist—a polemic—a political economist—and (almost) a poet, at any rate an inditer of much and various verse;—it is not, we repeat, to be supposed, that so universal a genius would be over-successful in trade; and accordingly we find Defoe, somewhere about the year 1692—for the exact period is uncertain—meeting with the fate of most universal geniuses, and figuring in the Gazette as a bankrupt. It is but fair, however, to add, that no sooner was the commission taken out, at the instigation of an angry creditor, than it was superseded, on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and who accepted a composition on his single bond. "This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied diligence, but some of his creditors—it is Mr. Wilson who is here speaking—who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into distress themselves, Defoe voluntarily paid them their whole claims, being then in rising circumstances, from King William's favour." The annals of literature, though they abound in traits of eccentric, shewy, and comprehensive generosity, yet seldom present us with an instance of such just principle and natural (not high-flown) liberality as this. The munificence of genius oftener affords matter for astonishment than admiration; it is therefore with no little satisfaction that we have recorded this very noble and unostentatious trait of character on the part of an author, who had quite talent enough to entitle him (had he felt so inclined) to take out a patent for eccentricity, and thereby dispense with the necessity of being an honest man. But Defoe's heart and head (especially the former) were always on the right side.

It is not known to what part of the kingdom Defoe retired when circumstances compelled him to render himself invisible for a time to his creditors. It is conjectured, that he fled to Bristol, where he used often to be seen walking about the streets, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a full-flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side. As his appearance in public, however, was restricted to the sabbath—bailiffs having no more power on that day than fiends of darkness at the hallowed season of Christmas—he soon became generally known by the name of the "Sunday Gent.," and the inn, now an obscure pot-house, is still in existence, where he used occasionally to resort for the purposes of enjoying the pleasures of society, to which (though temperate and abstemious in his habits) he was fondly addicted.

It was at this period—or perhaps a little later, for we have no certain data to direct us—that Defoe rendered himself conspicuous by some remarks which he published on the subject of Dr. Sherlock's apostacy. As this divine's conduct excited considerable odium at the time, and has

found an imitator at the present day in the person of the late Dean of Chester; we may perhaps be excused if we enter into a few of the particulars of the case. Dr. Sherlock, who was Master of the Temple, had distinguished himself from the first moment of his entering into holy orders, by his uncompromising zeal in favour of passive obedience, and the divine right of kings. Throughout the reign of James II. the Dr. was one of his staunchest supporters. His submission to the ruling powers knew no bounds, and his preferments bid fair to become equally unlimited, when, unfortunately, in the very meridian of his prosperity, a few inconvenient blunders, made on the part of James, brought in William, and the astonished, and not a little disgusted, Master of the Temple, suddenly found himself holding pluralities under a monarch whom, according to his principles of legitimacy, and so forth, he could not regard otherwise than as a usurper. Under these circumstances, and as he had always been a clamorous polemic, he could not do less than refuse the oaths of supremacy to William, nor could William, in return, do less than deprive him of his preferments. But such martyrdom never entered into the Dr.'s speculations. His zeal was of that peculiarly poetic character, which, being too high-toned for the common-place vulgarities of the world, shines to greater advantage in theory than practice. He began also to reflect that it was exceedingly unbecoming the wisdom and dignity of a sound divine to hesitate at swallowing a few fresh oaths, or recanting a few unfashionable opinions; and accordingly, with a facility of digestion perfectly miraculous, the Doctor not only dispatched all the oaths necessary to ensure him the new monarch's favour, but recanted also every single word he had uttered from the pulpit and elsewhere on the subject of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." Not content with this wholesale recantation, he even went further, and had actually the hardihood to defend his conduct in a pamphlet entitled "The Case of the Allegiance due to Sovereign Powers, stated and resolved according to Scripture and Reason, and the Principles of the Church of England; with a more particular Respect to the Oath lately enjoined, of Allegiance to their present Majesties, King William and Queen Mary." As this pamphlet was in direct and impudent opposition to one which the Dr. had published some few years before, when James, not William, was on the throne, under the title of "The Case of Resistance due to Sovereign Powers, stated and resolved according to Scripture and to Reason," it brought down upon him a whole host of enemies, and among them Defoe, who exposed the apostate's conduct in so stinging a manner that, notwithstanding Sherlock's honours and preferments, he never wholly recovered his mortification.

In the present day Dr. Philpotts bids fair to become no unworthy successor of Dr. Sherlock, with this exception indeed, that the former's apostacy is incomparably the most flagrant of the two. And yet, for his interested conversion, the traitor has been made a bishop! The appointment is an ominous one, and to those who read with learned eye the signs of the times, teems with hazard to the established church, of the majority of whose ministers, Louis XIV. formed no incorrect estimate when he observed, in reply to King James, who entreated him to furnish means for an invasion: "As for your English clergy, I look upon them much worse than the commonalty, having, not only by teaching and preaching, taught the people to forswear themselves, but shewn ill

examples in themselves by doing the same. They have sworn allegiance to you, and have since accepted of the Prince of Orange, and sworn allegiance to him. But let them swear what they will, and to whom they will, I for one will not believe them, nor put more value on their oaths than they do themselves, which is just nothing at all." The famous Bishop Burnet has borne similar testimony to the character of the churchmen of his own times.

We return to Defoe. For some years after the accession of King William he kept himself constantly before the public, and among other able pamphlets, which, however, produced him more or less ill-will at the time, published one entitled "An Essay on Projects," in which he satirized the love of over-trading, which distinguished the majority of the London merchants. For this production, in which he discoursed many home truths, gave much sound advice, and endeavoured to create a reformation in the commercial spirit of the age, he incurred the odium of the vast body of English traders, who, joined with his political ones, were the means of wreaking on him a world of mischief. About the same time with his notorious "Essay on Projects," appeared his "Account of the Massacre of Glencoe," in which he proved to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced readers, but greatly to the annoyance of the Jacobites, that William III. was wholly guiltless of any participation in the atrocities in question.

The year 1701 is a memorable one in the life of Defoe. At this period it was that he produced his "Account of the Stock-Jobbing Elections in Parliament," and put forth certain notions on the subject of a reform in the House of Commons, which gained him ill-will exactly in proportion to their value and good sense. The members were indignant that a mere plebeian pamphleteer should presume to turn reformer. Had he possessed birth, influence, or connections, to give weight to his opinions, the case would have been different; but truth from a plebeian, and against themselves, too, was more than the House of Commons could put up with, though as yet they had no means of venting their spleen on the ill-starred subject of their indignation. Alluding to the corruption of parliament, Defoe observes, that in his time there was a regular set of stock-jobbers in the city, who made it their business to buy and sell seats, and that the market price was a thousand guineas. This traffic he stigmatizes as fatal to our religion and liberties, and says, "by this concise method parliaments are in a fair way of coming under the hopeful management of a few individuals." He adds, "that a hundred, or a hundred and fifty such members in a House would carry any vote; and, if it be true, as is very rational to suppose, those who buy will sell, then the influence of such a number of members will be capable of selling our trade, our religion, our peace, our effects, our king, and every thing that is valuable or dear to the nation." How prophetic these remarks are, recent events have signally shewn, and have yet to shew to a still more signal extent.

It was in the same year (1701) that Defoe made his first appearance in public as a poet, or rather, as a satirist, for, in his case, the two characters are materially different. The subject of his poem was "The True-born Englishman;" and its intention was to reproach his countrymen for abusing King William as a foreigner, and to humble their pride for despising some of the newly-created nobility upon the same account. Its success was prodigious, and brought down upon the author's head a

shower of praise and vituperation. No less than eighty thousand cheap copies were disposed of in the streets of London alone—a success before which even the "Waverley novels" must hide their diminished heads—and of editions, twenty-one were sold off within four years from the date of publication! It cannot, however, be denied, that this flattering reception was in many respects undeserved. As a satire the "True-born Englishman" possesses much vigour of thought and expression, but is wholly deficient in ease, grace, and poetical feeling. The language throughout is homely, the fancy bare and meagre to a degree. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that Defoe is a hard hitter, he makes every blow tell, hits out manfully and straight-forward, and never once misses his man. King William, and, of course, his courtiers, were much pleased with the spirit and tendency of this poem, and vied with each other in their testimonies of good-will to the author, to whose satirical abilities may be applied, with peculiar propriety, Pope's phrase, "downright," in that well-known and often-quoted line, "As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne."

The same year that gave birth to the "True-born Englishman," rendered Defoe equally conspicuous in a different sphere of action. Reverting to his favourite political topic, the corruption of the House of Commons, he presented an address on the subject to the speaker, signed "Legion," in the disguise of an old woman. In this document he insisted so strenuously, and with so much justice, on the necessity of reform, that the members took the alarm, and would at once have prosecuted the writer, had not the current of public feeling run strongly in favour. As it was, they contented themselves with abuse and vulgar recrimination.

We now come to the most eventful incident in Defoe's life. On the death of King William, Anne ascended the throne, at a period when the nation was convulsed with party-spirit, when the faction of whigs and tories raged with more violence than ever, and when high-church principles were carried to an extent wholly inconceivable in the present day. Defoe, as the advocate of the dissenters, against whom the established church projected, and actually attempted to carry into execution, a war of extermination, of course resented with all the energy of which he was capable, this inquisitorial persecution, and, adopting the language of irony, exposed the bigotry of the high-churchmen in a pamphlet entitled the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters." For this work he was eagerly pounced on by the House of Commons, brought to trial at the Old Bailey, convicted chiefly by the manœuvring of the attorney-general (who seems to have been the prototype of that recreant whig, Sir James Scarlett), and condemned, to the eternal disgrace of justice, to stand in the pillory.

This sentence reflected shame only on those who inflicted it. To Defoe it was a triumph and season of rejoicing, "for he was guarded," says his biographer, "to the pillory by the populace, as if he were about to be enthroned in a chair of state, and descended from it amidst the triumphant acclamations of the surrounding multitude, who, instead of pelting him, according to the orthodox fashion in such cases, protected him from the missiles of his enemies, drank his health, adorned the pillory with garlands, and when he descended from it, supplied him with all manner of refreshments." But notwithstanding this flattering testimonial to his public worth, his punishment, and the

imprisonment and fine, which formed part of it, completely ruined Defoe, who lost upwards of three thousand five hundred pounds—a considerable sum in those days—and found himself at a mature age, with a wife and six children, with no other resource for their support than the chance product of his pen. In this desperate condition, the high tory party, who reverenced his abilities while they dreaded his power, endeavoured to enlist him in their service; but in vain, their victim was proof against temptation, and, wrapt up in the mantle of his integrity, bade defiance to the storms that howled around him.

We must now pass over a few busy years, during which Defoe took part with his pen in almost every great question that came before the public, particularly in the Union with Scotland, of which he was a staunch and influential promoter, and which procured him the patronage of Harley and Godolphin, and come to a curious feature in his literary life, which Sir Walter Scott has lately brought, in an amusing manner, before the world. It seems that when Drelincourt's book, entitled "Consolations against the Fear of Death," first appeared in the English language, the publisher was disappointed in the sale, and it being a heavy work, he is said to have complained to Defoe of the injury he was likely to sustain by it. Our veteran author asked him if he had blended any marvels with his piety. The bibliopolist replied in the negative. "Indeed!" said Defoe; "then attend to me, and I will put you in a way to dispose of the work, were it as heavy to move as Olympus." He then sate down, and composed a tract with the following title: "A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the Next Day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which Apparition Recommends the Perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fear of Death." This tract was immediately appended to the work in question—the public being then, as now, always agape for marvels—and has been appended to every subsequent edition, of which upwards of forty have now passed through the English press. Sir Walter Scott, who has recorded this anecdote, and from whom Mr. Wilson has gleaned it, observes that it is one of the most ingenious specimens of book-making which have ever come within his knowledge. It bespeaks, indeed, ineffable self-possession and ingenuity on the part of its author, for "who but a man gifted with the most consummate readiness, would have thought of summoning a ghost from the grave, to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity?" Who indeed!

The trial of the famous Dr. Sacheverell, was another occasion on which Defoe particularly distinguished himself. This fanatic, who had rendered himself notorious by boldly preaching from the pulpit the doctrines of non-resistance, and whose cause was upheld by all the high tories and churchmen in the kingdom; who was moreover in extreme favour with a vast rabble, hired, of course, to shout him into notice, and make a lion of one whom nature intended solely for a fool, was attacked by Defoe in a manner more remarkable for its zeal than its discretion, inasmuch as it rendered him for the time the most unpopular man in the kingdom. Wherever he went, whether about the metropolis or in the provinces, his life was in imminent danger; his attempts to reform the persecuting spirit of the age were met with contumely and ridicule; his character was impugned, his abilities were decried, his very virtues ministered against him. For every shout of

"Long live Sacheverell!" a counter one was raised, of "Down with Defoe!" Even assassination was attempted to be put in force against him;—so difficult, so replete with hazard is the high task to make men wiser or better than they are. Defoe was full a century in advance of his age, and he paid the penalty of such maturity in the bitter, unsparing abuse of his contemporaries. All parties combined to assail him. The whigs detested him, the jacobites avoided him, the high tories feared him, and even the dissenters, in whose cause he had perilled his all, for whom he had gone through the ordeal of fine—pillory—imprisonment—even these for a season stood aloof from him. He was like Cain, branded on his forehead with a mark, that all men might avoid him. Time, however, did him justice: the malice of his enemies slowly abated; and as the quicksands of party were perpetually shifting, Defoe gained more or less by such change. Still the persecutions he had experienced made visible inroads on his health. In the autumn of life he found himself without a green leaf on his boughs, his spirit blighted, sapless, and ready at the first keen breeze that might blow rudely on it, to fall a ruin to earth. Under these circumstances, in the year 1715, shortly after the accession of George the First to the throne, he published a pamphlet in defence of his whole political career, which he entitled "An Appeal to Honour and Justice." Scarcely was this concluded, when its gifted author was struck with apoplexy, from which his recovery was for a long time doubtful.

On his restoration to health, Defoe embarked in a new career, and amused himself with the composition of those works of fiction, some of which will render his name immortal. In 1719 appeared "Robinson Crusoe," founded on the true adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who but a few years before had in no ordinary degree excited public attention; in 1721, the "History of Moll Flanders;" in 1722, the "Life of Colonel Jack," and the "History of the Great Plague in London;" in 1723, "Memoirs of a Cavalier," and "Religious Courtship;" in 1724, "Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress," and "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain;" and in 1726, the "Political History of the Devil," together with a vast variety of other miscellanies, both in prose and verse, of which little now is known except to the hunters after literary rarities. But age and infirmities were rapidly advancing upon Defoe, and putting a stop to the further exercise of his invention. Shortly after the marriage of one of his daughters, in 1729, he was arrested for some trivial debt, and confined in prison till the year 1730, which period was passed in sickness and acute mental anguish. As if to fill up the measure of his suffering, his very children rebelled against him, and on some mean pretext his son found means to deprive his aged and heart-broken father of what little remained to him of the world's wealth. This was too much for Defoe's fortitude. The principle of life within him, already severely tried, now quite gave way: he seldom spoke, was often seen in tears, or on his knees in prayer; and after some months of intense mental suffering, resigned himself without a struggle to his fate, on the 24th of April, 1731, at the mature age of seventy.

Having thus sketched the main incidents in the political life of Defoe, it remains to say a few words of him in that character by which he is best known to posterity, namely, as an author. Of his fugitive tracts, "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks of Vallombrosa," on

the passing topics of the day, as the changed character of the age has consigned them to eternal oblivion, we shall merely observe, that though uninteresting to the mere reader for amusement, they teem with instruction for the historian, the commentator, and the divine. Viewed as literary compositions, they abound in spirit, irony, and occasionally caustic sarcasm. Their style is everywhere homely, not vulgar, clear, explicit, and free from rant or verbiage. In this respect they resemble the political writings of Swift, though they fall immeasurably short of them in terseness, energy, and fertility of illustration. In the "Dean of St. Patrick's" tracts there is ever an appearance of care and attention; every point, however simply detailed, seems to be made the most of, every fact to be diligently elaborated and insisted on. With Defoe the very contrary is the case. He throws off his opinions on the great leading events of his day, with a carelessness and profusion which superior literary wealth but too commonly engenders; and if he at times displays the highest and most varied excellences, such ebullitions are the results rather of accident than design. As a political writer Defoe has left behind him no one master-piece, by which he can be at once brought before the reader's memory. His talents are scattered over scores of volumes; felicitous passages, whether for thought, sentiment, humour, or fiction, must be sought in a variety of tracts, whose aggregate number might appal the most courageous students. He has written no one work like Swift's "Public Spirit of the Whigs," Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," or Johnson's "Letter on the Falkland Islands,"—wherein that stately writer carries the power and dignity of the English language to its very loftiest elevation,—by which a reader of the present day may at once form an estimate of his abilities. Hence his political celebrity is a dead-letter to all but historians and antiquaries.

But if Defoe be comparatively unknown as a politician, as a novelist and writer of fiction he has the rare merit of having witched all Europe. His inimitable "Robinson Crusoe" has been translated into every continental language, and has even kindled the enthusiasm of the Arabs, as they listened outside their tents to its incidents, rendered into the vernacular by the skill of the traveller Burkhardt. By more discriminating and fastidious judges it has been equally well received. It warmed the unsocial heart of Rousseau, and taught him to feel that there were other things in nature worthy consideration besides himself; relaxed the cynical frown of Johnson; delighted Blair and Beattie; and in our own days has received the unqualified commendation of such men as Scott, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Public opinion, split into a thousand nice distinctions on other literary topics, has been unanimous on the subject of "Robinson Crusoe." It has received the suffrages and interested the feelings of all ages and grades in society, of the schoolboy and the man, of the peer and the peasant. The reason of this is obvious. Crusoe is nature herself speaking in her own language on her own most favourite and intelligible topics. Art is no where present, she is discarded for matters of higher and more general interest. While the poet and the scholar appeal to the select few, Defoe throws himself abroad on the sympathies of the world. His subject, he feels, will bear him out; the strongest instincts of humanity will plead trumpet-tongued in his favour. Despite the extraordinary moral and intellectual changes that a new fashion of society, a new mode of writing and thinking, have

wrought in England, "Robinson Crusoe" still retains (though partially dimmed) his reputation, and the reader who can unmoved peruse his adventures, may assure himself that the fault of such indifference lies with him; Defoe is wholly guiltless.

For ourselves, the bare recollection of this tale brings before our minds sympathies long since resigned, and which otherwise might be altogether forgotten. We remember, as though it were an event of yesterday, our first perusal of "Robinson Crusoe." We remember the sloping green in front of the grey abbey wall, where we sate thrilled with wonder and a vague sense of horror, at the print of the unknown savage's feet on the deserted island, which the solitary mariner discovered in one of his early wanderings. We remember the strong social sympathies that sprung up within us—the birth, as it were, of a new and better existence—as we read how from being utterly desolate, Robinson Crusoe gradually found himself the companion of one or two associates, rude indeed, and uncultivated, but men like himself, and therefore the fittest mates of his solitude. We remember (and how few tales beloved in boyhood can bear the severe scrutiny of the man!) the generous warmth with which we entered into the feelings of the sailor, as he saw his little colony—including the goats, who were grown so tame that they would approach at his call and suffer him to penn them at night in their fold—gradually augmenting round him, and at last (what an exquisite trait of nature!) following the course of nature, and springing up into a limited monarchy, of which he was the head. We remember too—for no gratification is without its alloy, so true is the exclamation of the poet—

> "Inter saluberrina culta
> Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ"—

we remember the acute regret we experienced when feuds and ambitious feelings began to spring up within the bosom of that colony, where Astræa, driven from all other parts of earth, should have taken up her abode, and Peace sate throned as on a sepulchre. Will it be believed that this tale, so perfect in its descriptions—so affecting in its simplicity—so entirely and incorruptibly natural—was refused by almost every bookseller in the metropolis? Yet strange as it may seem, this was actually the fact. "Robinson Crusoe" was hawked about through the trade as a work of neither mark nor livelihood, and at last accepted, as a proof of especial condescension, by an obscure retail bookseller. It is singular, but not less true—and we leave our readers to draw their own inference from the fact—that almost every book of any pretensions to originality has been similarly neglected. "Paradise Lost" with difficulty found a publisher, while the whole trade vied with each other in their eagerness to procure the works of such dull mechanical writers as Blackmore and Glover; "Gulliver's Travels" lay ten years in MS. for want of due encouragement from the booksellers; and in our own times, and in a lighter branch of literature, the "Miseries of Human Life," and the still more ingenious "Rejected Addresses," were refused by the trade with indifference, if not contempt. To crown the list of works thus misunderstood, Sir W. Scott has left it on record that "Waverley" was actually declined three several times by the acutest publisher of his day; and at last ushered into the world, after it had lain twelve years

unnoticed in its author's desk, with doubt, hesitation, and indifference. *Credite posteri!*

It was objected to "Robinson Crusoe," on its publication, when to doubt its other merits was impossible, that it had no claims to originality; that, in fact, it was a mere transcript of the "Adventures of Alexander Selkirk." Of all objections to books of value, none are more common, none more vulgar than this. True originality lies not in the mechanical invention of incident and circumstance—else who more original than a high-flown startling melodramatist?—but in creating new matter for thought and feeling; in exploring the untried depths of the heart; in multiplying the sources of sympathy. Whoever excites a new emotion; whoever strikes a chord in the world's heart never struck before; he is the only inventor, the only sterling original. It is in this sense that we style Shakspeare—for all his plots, and the ground-work of the majority of his characters, are borrowed—a creator; in this sense also we give Wordsworth, and Scott, and Hazlitt, among the moderns, credit for the same high attribute. To invent is to look into oneself, to draw from one's own heart materials for the world's sympathy. This Defoe has done throughout his "Robinson Crusoe." The "Adventures of Alexander Selkirk" are the mere pegs on which he has hung his painting; the grouping on the canvass itself—the light and shade of character and description—the development of incident—the fine tone of feeling and simplicity that pervades and mellows the entire composition—these are all essentially his own.

Of Defoe's minor works, such, for instance, as his "Singleton," "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," &c., we shall say little, as we have but an imperfect recollection of them, but we cannot præ-termit his "History of the Plague in London," to which Professor Wilson has been so largely indebted in his splendid, but somewhat verbose dramatic poem of "The City of the Plague." Defoe's narrative of this awful visitation is, from first to last, as impressive a piece of writing as any in the annals of literature. It is superior to the record, by Thucydides, of the same pestilence at Athens; because, though less a model of composition, less terse, less polished, less equable in its classical spirit, it has incomparably more nature, more feeling, a more rigid air of reality. Whoever has read this striking fiction (for fiction it really is) will allow that it is one never to be forgotten. The very opening, where Defoe tells us with an air of the most perfect unconcern, as if unconscious of what is to follow, that "towards the close of the summer of 1665, a report was spread throughout the parish that three men had died of some strange disorder in Long-Acre," excites curiosity, and rivets attention. But when he proceeds through the different phases of his narrative—when he glances at the grass growing in the streets—at the strange prodigies that harbingered the visitation—at the death of the first man who was indubitably proved to have fallen a victim to the plague—at the sound of the dead-cart at night, and the houses marked by the fatal cross—and, above all, when he sketches one or two individual portraits, such as those of the mother and daughter who were found dead in each others' arms, we feel the mastery of his genius, and acknowledge, with mingled awe and wonder, that we are indeed under the spell of the necromancer.

We have little to add. "The History of the Plague," and the "Ad-

ventures of Robinson Crusoe," are the works to which Defoe is indebted for his immortality. As a political writer he has perished from among us; as a novelist his spirit yet walks the earth. His present biographer has done him justice in both characters; and has, besides, thrown so much light on the age in which Defoe flourished, so fully illustrated its nature, its manners, and more particularly its moral and religious cast of thought, that we know not which most to admire, his power of amusement or instruction. In every sense of the word, even with Clarendon and Gibbon in our recollection, we may style Mr. Wilson a historian. His "Life and Times of Defoe" —of that extraordinary man who exceeds Cobbett in the number and variety of his political tracts; who beats Thucydides on his own 'vantage ground; almost equals Sir W. Scott as a novelist; and who, in the aggregate amount of his works, surpasses any author that ever lived, having written upwards of two hundred volumes! — Mr. Wilson's Memoirs of that extraordinary man are volumes that no student, nay, no gentleman, should be without. A library that does not possess them is incomplete.

A GLANCE AT TETUAN.*

From Tangiers we proceeded overland to Tetuan; the distance is about thirty English miles, through a most luxuriant and romantic country. Hitherto the Moors of this place have been considered so untractable, that, notwithstanding the great allurements of situation, Europeans could not continue their residence in this part of the country. In the year 1770 the Consuls withdrew from Tetuan, and fixed themselves at Tangiers. Within the last few years the English have again succeeded in opening an intercourse with this city, by establishing a Mr. Price as vice-consul in this town—a gentleman in whose hands English interests are sure to be promoted.†

The bashaw of Tetuan is only visible to those who are disposed to pay for the indulgence, and will at any time gratify the curiosity of strangers

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* In continuation of the article on Tangiers, at page 543 of our last volume.

† It would be scarcely fair to pass over this gentleman's name with so slight a notice. The manner in which he conducted himself in his consulship is worthy of imitation. Although the only European consul in Tetuan, his attentions and services were available to all nations. Many were the odious disabilities against Europeans he contrived by his firmness to abolish. It was he who first insisted that Englishmen should not submit to the degradation of dismounting at the city-gates, and leading their horses through the town, as had hitherto been the practice. I could mention numerous instances, in which his humanity and good-heartedness have been equally conspicuous; but can pay him no better tribute than to record the conduct of Sidi Hash Hash, the bashaw, on his departure. So averse was this man to the sight of an English consul, that his intrigues prevented Mr. Price from commencing the duties of his office for upwards of ten months. In one of the bashaw's communications to the sultan on this subject, he reminds him "that his forefather, Sidi Mohammed el Grande, had vowed by his beard (a most sacred vow amongst the Moors) never to allow a Christian to set foot in Tetuan;"—yet, on the departure of Mr. Price, three years afterwards, he addressed him in terms of the greatest amity, and told him that, by his conduct, he had laid the foundation of a future good understanding between the Moors and the Christians, whom, previous to his acquaintance, he had ever held in dread, and that it was now his only wish to be better acquainted with Englishmen. The English flag, for the first time since the year 1770, now floats on the Consular-house of Tetuan—a sight which the population of that place thronged to see during several days.

for a few loaves of sugar, or a few pounds of tea or coffee. In this respect he may be compared to some strange beast kept for exhibition; nor is his appearance likely to dispel the idea, being dreadfully afflicted with the elephantiasis in both legs, so that he is confined to the range of his own garden.

It was, however, a pleasing disappointment to find, by his conversation, that he possessed a little more sentiment than his appearance would establish credit for. In being conducted round his garden and orchard of pomegranates, I observed, amidst a great deal of order and regularity, a moss-covered fountain, which had ceased to play; the patch of ground which environed it was uncultivated; the shrubs and flowers grew in wild contrast to the care observed in every other part. On noticing this partial neglect, he explained—"that the fountain had belonged to a favourite wife, who had been accustomed to drink of its waters, and to cultivate with her own hands the plot of ground now in such disorder,—but the fountain should never play again, and the garden might run to waste, for she whom it pleased might take delight in it no more!"*

The melancholy humour of his excellency had that day been increased by a request he had received from the emperor to forward a large sum of money to Morocco, which he could find no pretext to withhold much longer. In this exigency, he sent for the elders of the Jews (that never-failing philosopher's-stone), and *politely* requested to know if they would furnish him with a small loan. The great financier—the Rothschild of Tetuan—now stood boldly forward, and, with a courage worthy of his rich London relation, told the bashaw "that his brethren could not be expected to pay the deficiencies of his accounts with the sultan, especially after his excellency had so often and so ungraciously inflicted stripes on their backs, for which they had paid so dearly, both in coin and flesh, that they had now scarcely any of either to call their own."

Such extraordinary language was naturally ill-brooked, and, at any other time, might have cost the offender a severe punishment; but the Jews, aware of the impending disgrace of the bashaw, determined on this occasion to make a stand against his oppressions, and accelerate his fall by refusing their assistance, which they calculated would get him immediately removed from the bashalick. The governor was evidently labouring under great uneasiness of mind, which the numerous changes of his countenance betrayed; nor could he help giving vent to his spleen in sundry ejaculations, during a repast of coffee, biscuits, and conserve of orange-flowers, which his kindness had provided for us.

The town of Tetuan is extensive, and contains about 30,000 inhabitants. From situation, it is the most advantageous spot in the empire of Morocco for extending our commerce with Barbary; but that perpetual obstacle in these kingdoms—the sand-bars at the mouths of the river—does not allow any vessel to enter that of Tetuan of above eighty tons burthen. Tetuan is in the vicinity of the beautiful mountains of Rif,

* Another observation which my friend, the bashaw, lately made, in conversing on the fall of Algiers, will perhaps not be considered unamusing. At first, hearing that this city had surrendered, he declared it was nothing but "*mala fama*—evil report; that the Moors were much superior to the French in point of valour." On the subsequent confirmation of the news, and the dethronement of Charles the Tenth, he, however, exclaimed—"*Ah, Dios es grande!* whilst the French took Algiers, Mahomet was asleep; but, on awaking, he became angry at what had been done, and in revenge drove the king of France from his kingdom."

whose miserable half-clad inhabitants are the terror of the town. The guards who accompanied us over the country refused to enter the mountains, saying, "The Rifians had, on the previous evening, forded the river at dusk, and had carried off some Moorish women from a douar, and would most likely think we were come in search of them."

The view southward of Tetuan reaches along a ridge of the lower Atlas mountains. At sight of this mighty chain, the heart throbs to trace the links whose delightful dyes vie with the bright hues of heaven. The broad expanse over which the eye runs is intersected with vineyard-valleys embosomed between the hills;—in the distance, the mountains shoot their blue heads into the skies, and close the extent of horizon.

To the lover of field sports, this part of Barbary is a most delightful country; for it is impossible to stir a step without starting game of some species. The Moors have no idea of shooting birds flying, and generally take partridges by hunting them down till they are exhausted. There is no obstacle to sporting here all the year round, save the respect naturally paid by sportsmen to the breeding season; but the great quantity of eggs eaten and exported annually, shew that the Moors have no consideration of this sort. The wild boar, which Mussulmans are not allowed to eat, are here most numerous.

Higher up the coast, towards Oran, the wild antelope and gazelle become plentiful; the latter are not easily domesticated; they never live long when taken from their native woodlands; the beautiful eye and symmetrical form, the jet-black tongue and spicy smell of this delicate little animal, has induced many to endeavour to transplant it, but without effect. Except in a state of nature, it is not choice of its food, and generally dies of indiscriminate feeding.

During our stay here, the whole coast was a scene of extraordinary activity. A Genoese vessel was waiting outside the bar at the mouth of the river, to take a freight of pilgrims to Alexandria. Detained by adverse winds, the Moors had encamped themselves on the sea-beach. The general equipage which serves them throughout their long pilgrimage (which, with the visit to Medina and Jerusalem, lasts a year), is seldom more than the carpets on which they sleep. Those who cannot afford a marquée, sling one of these carpets across a pole, like a gipsy's tent. A leathern scrip and a small bundle contains the remainder of their necessaries.

They are generally under the command of a schérif, who regulates the march of the party when they land. Their method of cooking meat is such as to dispense with the use of many utensils. An oblong square hole is dug in the ground, in which a wood fire is lighted; a stick is then cut of sufficient length to reach across the cavity, upon which the meat is stuck as on a spit, one end of which is twirled by the hand until the joint is well roasted.

The force of the Mahommedan religion is perhaps in no instance so clearly seen, as in the number of votaries it leads to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. From the peasant to the prince, all are filled with the same hope, the same wish of performing that pilgrimage which is to smooth their path to the grave, to absolve them from their sins in this world, and to be the means of their salvation in the next. The name of *hadjee* is to them a title of nobility, or reverence, which all are anxious to acquire, and to attain which they will employ the savings of whole years of toil.

A great number of stragglers always join the troop of hadjees on their

route to the port of embarkation, and await the moment of the vessel's departure to surround and forcibly cling to its sides or rigging, imploring their countrymen, for the love of the holy prophet, not to hinder their pious intention of doing penance for their sins at his tomb. Too late to remonstrate—the vessel is perhaps already under weigh—the poor wretches must either be plunged into the waves, or admitted.

The voyage being one of penitence, harsh feelings are seldom exercised towards brethren in distress. Various are the grounds upon which they claim the charity of their more fortunate companions. One declares he is a schérif,* with royal blood in his veins, and no money in his pockets; —one, that he has committed crimes the guilt of which must fall on the head of the person who repels him;—another, that he has an aged father, blind and leprous, whose only hope of cure is the accomplishment of the vow of his son—all irresistible arguments, put forward at a moment they cannot be discussed, but which generally saddles the captain of the vessel with double the number of passengers he has agreed to take.

Those alone who have witnessed a scene of encampment of hadjees, can form an idea of what a pilgrimage must be, or what is the confusion and inconvenience of this prelude to their task—a sea-voyage. They inevitably endure all the difficulties of long and painful marches, fastings and toil beneath a burning sun, and which nothing but the hope inspired by religion could enable them to support. The fatigue of the journey through Arabia alone would cause Europeans to fall victims to a want of comforts they despise.

A caravan sets out yearly from Morocco by land, across the desert of Angad, passing by Oran, Algiers, and Tripoly, where they are joined by all the Moors who proceed from each of these places. This, of course, is a much more serious undertaking, and requires still greater strength and fortitude to bear than those who proceed by sea to the mouth of the Nile. The pilgrims are likewise often obliged to fight their way through the deserts, as the Bedouin Arabs always reckon upon the robbery of a caravan as they do on a harvest. All these troubles are braved for the mere love of kissing a black stone, and drinking a pitcher of water at the well of Hagar.

Royalty itself does not disdain to participate in the difficulties of these pilgrimages. It is incumbent on every one who can afford the expense to perform the journey to Mecca at least once in the course of his life; but many who have acccumulated sins of which they repent, perform it several times; its efficacy in such cases none attempt to deny; and those who cannot go in person, commission others to pray for them.

The return of the pilgrims is an event dreaded by all the European consuls in Barbary, who cannot persuade the Moors of the propriety of putting their vessels into quarantine. Neglect of this precaution has frequently introduced the oriental plague into Barbary, which has often depopulated the country, and, about fifteen years ago, carried off a great number of the inhabitants of this part of the coast. Amongst any other people but Mahommedans, the ravages of the plague might be easily averted; but the Moors think it a sin to avoid any such evil. "Allah Aikbar!—God's will be done!" is always their cry; and this they repeat whilst they steal the pestiferous clothes from the dead bodies.—S. B.

* The respect due to a schérif is very great; the anxiety to kiss the skirts of their garments is such, that the Moors will steal along behind them to press the bernoos to their lips, or snatch a kiss of their hands.

ST. CROIX; A TALE OF THE DAYS OF TERROR.

I HAVE heard it asserted that England is pre-eminently distinguished amongst other countries for the individual eccentricity of many of its inhabitants; but whether this peculiarity is attributed to the influence of climate, government, or phrenological organization, I at this instant utterly forget, nor is the fact of much importance, as whatever the theoretical cause, I deny the supposed result. Oddities, as these deformed combinations of human intellect are commonly called, are to be met with every where, and in France, not less than England, as I can attest from personal experience.

Monsieur St. Croix was the very prince of the whole tribe: a strange compound of the misanthrope and philanthropist, the miser and the fop, fermented by a strong leaven of the irritability and waywardness of insanity. And this man dwelt, three years ago, and probably still dwells, in the most profound seclusion, though in a fashionable street, in the gayest quarter of Paris, where thousands are thronging daily past his abode of misery, unconscious of the existence of such a being, and the fair and the dissipated are hurrying after pleasure to some *soirée*, or *réunion*, which to their bounded vision appears the *world*.

St. Croix was a man of territory; he was the proprietor of five hotels, or moderately-sized houses, calculated for the accommodation of a single family (such as Englishmen delight to inhabit), agreeably situated between a court-yard and a garden in the Rue ——. But these mansions added little to their possessor's wealth, for three of them, after having been long uninhabited, were fast falling to ruin; the fourth, which looked as desolate and forsaken as the others, was occupied by himself alone; and of the fifth, by some strange chance, my family were the last tenants. It was one of this eccentric man's peculiarities, that the love of money, which would have made others eager to see their houses inhabited, was the cause of his preferring that they should crumble to decay. He detested tenants, he said, gentlemen particularly, for they were continually demanding repairs and alterations, to all of which, though the rain might pour in torrents through the roofs, and the wind whistle in at every corner, he was invariably inexorable, till one by one his tormentors were fairly driven from their quarters, and he was left in undisturbed possession of his domain.

The gardens belonging to these deserted mansions, which were only divided from each other by low walls, became from that time his great source of amusement and occupation. I was told that, when he first began his labours, they were as pretty as any thing of the kind can be—luxuriant with the vines and laburnums, lilacs, acacias, and Judah trees, which flourish in the very centre of Paris; but when I knew them, his industry had left neither tree, nor shrub, nor blade of grass, on the whole territory. He boasted with delight that he had levelled every tree with the ground, lest their damp exhalations should injure those buildings which time and neglect were fast hurrying to annihilation. A few stunted miserable cabbages were the only green things visible over the irregular heaps of fresh-turned, or well-trodden earth, which replaced the parterres and grass-plots of former days; but these were the especial objects of his care, and often have I been awakened at four o'clock on a summer morning, by a broken voice singing *La belle Gabrielle* at the height of its pitch, before I discovered that Monsieur

St. Croix was, even at that early hour, busily engaged in the culture of the favourite vegetable, upon which he chiefly depended for nourishment. When I first beheld my musical neighbour, he was running backwards and forwards between the corners of the desolate garden, carrying earth in a wooden spoon to refresh the roots of his wretched cabbages; and though the sun was burning with cloudless splendour in the sky, he wore no hat upon his highly-dressed head, whose formal curls and tightly-tied tail, bore record of the ancient time. These identified the man; for though no servant ever set foot within his doors, though neither fire nor candle were ever known to illumine his dreary dwelling, though he had never possessed a scrap of linen for years, save one shirt, which he bought in the linen-market, and wore thenceforward, without washing, till its very existence became an airy nothing, yet, strange contradiction in human nature, he paid an annual stipend to a *perruquier*, to come every morning and dress his hair! A brown frock coat, whose rags betokened its length of service, a dirty white neckcloth, most carefull tied, grey worsted stckings drawn tightly over a beautifully formed leg, with a pair of strong leather shoes, completed his costume. But though thus attired, it was impossible to doubt for an instant that Monsieur St. Croix was a gentleman. The stamp of nobility was upon his lofty brow; and though age, or perhaps sorrow, had silvered his hair, it had neither bent his tall and finely-proportioned figure, nor wrinkled the face which in youth must have been pre-eminently handsome.

We became intimate; our daily conversations between my window and his garden appeared not less agreeable to my neighbour than to myself. One great reason for the kindness he invariably manifested towards me, and the interest he took in my welfare was, I verily believe, that in whatever society or place I met him, whether with a gay party in the Louvre, where it was his daily habit to walk in the winter, for the benefit of the fires which never gladdened his home, or in the crowded malls of the Tuileries and Boulevards, I invariably acknowledged the acquaintance of my venerable friend with a courteous salutation.

After an acquaintance of several months, I was agreeably surprised by a request from the old man to visit him: an honour never anticipated; for not once in a year was a human being known to have been admitted into his mysterious dwelling. I was shewn into a square oak-floored room, with two windows looking towards the street, and two towards the garden. The shutters of the former were closed, and the cobwebs and dirt which had been accumulating for years upon the latter, dimmed the bright light of the glorious sky without. There were faded portraits of his ancestors, in flowing wigs and glittering breast-plates, hanging round the walls, which the recluse pointed out with manifest pride; but there was one object which excited my curiosity more than all the rest. Above the fire-place, suspended by a broken fork on one side, and a rusty nail on the other, hung a faded silk window-curtain, and though in spite of all my hints, Monsieur St. Croix had forborne to raise it, I felt certain I could distinctly trace the outline of a large picture-frame beneath. I had been struck by the agitated expression of his countenance when I alluded to this curtained department of the wall; and an opportunity afforded by the absence of my host was too tempting to be lost. I lifted a corner of the silken veil, and had scarcely time to perceive beneath the portrait of a young and

lovely female, in the dress of a Carmelite nun, whose full dark eyes as they met my gaze, beamed with more of tenderness than devotion, ere the returning footsteps of Monsieur St. Croix were audible in the passage. I dropped the curtain, and saw it no more.

I often discerned St. Croix afterwards as I returned home late from the Champs Elysees or the Boulevards, seated at an open upper window, upon a dirty striped pillow, reading in the moonlight; and our conversations from his garden were continued without interruption till my return to England. I know not wherefore, but the old man grew attached to me as to a child, and to my great surprise, the day before my departure, I saw him hastily crossing the court of our little hotel, and in another moment he entered, unannounced, into the *salon* where I sat. He held a scroll of papers in his hand, but, as usual, he was without a hat.

"My young friend," he said, and he smiled, though tears were in his eyes, "you are about to depart, and with God's pleasure I shall not be long here. You have been kind to a poor desolate old man, and I thank you. You have not mocked my infirmities like the rest of the world, you have been indulgent to them, though you know not their cause. It is time you should learn the dark events which made me what I am—a scorn and a laughing-stock to fools. You have spoken with a voice of kindness to my broken spirit; it was long since I had heard such tones from any human being, and they were very sweet. In your own land you will read these," he continued, giving me the roll of papers he held, and pressing both my hands convulsively between his as he did so; "you will there learn the fatal tale I have not power to relate, which, thank God, I sometimes forget; my mind is not what it was, but I have had cause for madness. I shall miss you much; but it will be a pleasure to me to think that you will pity me when you know all, and that though you are far away, you sometimes offer up your prayers for a solitary and forsaken being who hath great need of them."

He then darted from my presence even more abruptly than he entered. It was the last time I beheld Monsieur St. Croix; and as I have never since returned to Paris, I know not whether he is still in existence. The following narrative is extracted from his roll of papers:—

NARRATIVE OF MONSIEUR ST. CROIX.

My father was one of the *haute noblesse;* it had been better for me if he had been a beggar. I should never then have been a slave to the leaden bondage of pride; idleness would never have nourished the seeds of all the evil passions which, wretched victim! I inherited from a long line of corrupted ancestry; they would have had no time to bud and blossom in the hot-bed of sloth; I should have been compelled to labour for my daily bread; hunger would have tamed my wandering thoughts, and I might have been a happy and an honest man. My father and mother lived as many other French couples do at the present day, and many more did then; they dwelt under the same roof, met seldom, but with perfect politeness on both sides; hated each other with all their hearts, and spoke of each other (whenever such a rare occurrence did take place) with the tenderest affection. Sentiment covers a multitude of sins. They had two sons, an elder brother and myself, who were

born in the first two years of their marriage, but since that time no prospect of a family had ever existed.

Alphonse, the first-born, was destined for a military life, war being considered the only admissible profession for the eldest son of a count *et père*. I who, unluckily for myself, came into the world a year later, was, even before my birth, condemned to the church. In fact there was nothing else for me. The chief part of my father's income was derived from places under government, and that died with him; his estates were inextricably involved by the dissipations of his youth and the vanity of his old age; and at his death, it would be incumbent on my brother to support the family dignity. For the young count to do this upon nothing was as much as could reasonably be expected; and my father prudently resolved to make the church provide for the rest of his progeny. He had more than one rich benefice in his eye, which he felt certain he had interest to procure; and I was scarcely released from swaddling clothes before I went by the name of the little Abbé. To all appearance at the time, this decision gave me many advantages, for whilst my brother was left for many years entirely to the care of servants, and at length transferred to that of an ignorant tutor, who took care that he should learn little, but how to ride, dance, dress, and intrigue, I was duly instructed, by a learned churchman, in Greek, Latin, and theological science; but at the time I loathed such learning, and it has since proved but useless furniture to an overburthened brain.

There never existed any affection between my brother and myself, and as we grew older, the coldness of our childhood deepened into actual hate. The study of divinity had not tamed my spirit; I was young, ardent, and full of hope, and the little I had seen and heard of the world made me think it Elysium; perhaps the consciousness that I was condemned to forswear it lent it redoubled lustre. I regarded Alphonse as the being who doomed me to be for ever debarred from its pleasures; was it wonderful then that I detested him? whilst the handsome person which I inherited from my mother, made me the object of his envy and malevolence.

Time wore away; but though I assumed the dress of the priesthood, and was subjected to all the discipline of the cloister, my heart was not in the calling. I incurred penances more than a dozen times a month, for irreverence of manner, and absence without leave; I was condemned to fast on bread and water for thirty days, on conviction of the heinous offence of having written a love-letter on the altar, and then thrown it, wrapped round a sous-piece, over a wall to a young lady in a garden adjoining the seminary; but all this severity did but drive the flame inwards, to corrode my heart, and burst forth at a future period with renewed fury; it could not still the imagination, which flew for ever from the page of learning, and the empty ceremonies of religion, to luxuriate in a forbidden world. I was one with whom kindness might have done much, though tyranny nothing. But the reign of my oppressors was drawing fast to a close. It was a time when a spirit of liberality and inquiry on every subject was spreading widely abroad, and the old, afraid of the insubordination of the young, took the very way to drive them to rebellion. Opinions were no longer received upon trust even in cloistered walls; many like myself detested the whole system of hypocrisy, sloth, and superstition of which we were made abettors; and my feelings had numerous participators amongst my young com-

panions, who thought with me, that the meanest toil in freedom would be preferable to the drudgery of fasting and prayer to which we were subjected. There was one older than ourselves in the convent, and better acquainted with what was passing in the world, who encouraged our awakened ardour for a change of things. He furnished us in secret with the forbidden works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and all whose daring spirits were gradually arousing our nation to shake off the chains of superstition and despotism under which they had lain benumbed for centuries. I was too young and too ardent to distinguish accurately what was false in these productions; but their eloquence fascinated my imagination, and I adopted every opinion as a truth which differed the most directly from all the dogmas I had been taught to believe. My own sacrifice to the shrine of my brother's greatness was to me sufficient argument in favour of equality; and by the time the States General were convened at Versailles, there could not have been found in all France a more violent advocate of the rights of the people than Auguste St. Croix. Many of the clergy under the influence of the Abbé Sieyes, and, from a love of novelty, joined the *tiers-état*, when that assumed the name of National Assembly; but their zeal for liberty was soon annihilated by the seizure of the church property, and the suppression of all monastic establishments, on the 13th of February, 1790. It was not thus with myself. I felt like a slave whose chains have been miraculously struck off, or a corpse re-awakened into life and bursting from the imprisonment of the grave.

My father and brother had already fallen sacrifices to the fury of the ancient misused dependants of their house, whilst endeavouring to save their castle in Franche-Compté from plunder and destruction; and my mother, terrified by their fate, had escaped into Flanders. But my violent republican principles accorded well with the mania of the time; and though I could not recover my inheritance, I had no want of friends, who supplied my daily necessities, until fortune should reward my exertions in the cause of liberty. I became a member of one of the most violent of the clubs, an intimate with several members of the National Assembly, and a constant attendant on its debates. But amidst all my political enthusiasm, my appetite for pleasure was undiminished; and at length I had none to check me in its indulgence, whilst thousands emulated me in the pursuit. Men in those days appeared to live in a continued delirium; murder was no more to them than the phantom of a dream. Tumults and bloodshed were in the streets one hour, and dancing and revelry the next. Even females might be seen tripping smilingly with their gallants to the public walks, in the evening, over the sawdust sprinkled above the moist blood which had flowed from the morning's guillotine. It was like a time of pestilence, when men eagerly plunge into the wildest dissipation to forget the uncertainty of life. But no terror operated with me; I was young, fearless of death, and looked on the revolution and its horrors as the noblest efforts of human wisdom and magnanimity. I loved pleasure for itself alone.

It was a lovely summer-evening towards the end of June, when I set off with a party of friends, in pursuit of this delusive deity, to the little village of Annière, situated below Montmartre, on the opposite side of the river Seine. It was the village fête, and even the troubles of the times failed to interrupt these simple festivities of my countrymen. Never shall I forget that evening; yet why should I say so? I have forgotten

it a thousand times, and would that I could for ever! The sun was sinking bright and cloudlessly towards the western horizon as we crossed the broad fields of La Planchette from the Barrier Courcelle, and we lingered awhile in our little boat on the Seine, to watch its golden beams reflected in the stream, and listen to the softened hum of festivities on its banks. It was the last time I ever experienced the consciousness of happiness.

Dancing had already commenced when we reached the village-green, and many happy groups were seated around the space left for the rustic performers, sharing their bottle of indifferent wine, and knocking their glasses together with jovial salutations. Black eyes without number were levelled at my companions and myself, as soon as we pushed our way through the moving crowd, and they were not long in choosing partners for the dance. I was no lover of the pastime; early education had made it awkward to me, and having no desire to exhibit before so large an audience, I sought amusement in the contemplation of the busy scene of happy faces around me. But my attention was soon entirely absorbed by one object. Immediately opposite to me, and surrounded by a group of persons, who, though dressed with republican simplicity, were manifestly of the highest class, sat a young female of extraordinary beauty: she might be about nineteen. But why should I attempt to describe what no language nor limner's art could ever paint? Poor Claudine! Can it be that I survive to write thus of thee? Can it be that my mind can contemplate thy perfections without being lost in madness?

Yes, she was perfection!—and from the instant I beheld her, on that village-green, with the full light of the sinking sun irradiating her calm and gentle beauty, the conviction that she was so, sunk deep in my heart. None but a madman could ever have doubted it for an instant.

I was like one planet-stricken from the moment I beheld her; I could not remove my gaze; the crowd and their sports became alike invisible; their sounds of mirth, and the discord of their rustic music, were equally inaudible to my ear; I saw only the lovely being before me; I heard only the magical sweetness of her voice, when she occasionally addressed her companions. At length I thought she remarked my admiration; for when her eyes met mine for an instant, a deep colour mounted to her temples, and she turned aside to speak to a gentleman near at hand. I would have given all I possessed at that moment, to have been him whom she thus addressed and smiled upon, though he was old enough to have been my grandfather. The jokes of my friends on my abstraction, at the end of the dance, first aroused me from my trance; but it was not till another set was nearly formed, that I remembered the possibility of obtaining the goddess of my idolatry as a partner. My hatred of dancing was instantly forgotten. I advanced towards the beautiful unknown with a palpitating heart, and in an agitated voice requested that honour. I was refused with the utmost politeness; but firmly and decidedly I was refused. There was nothing astonishing in this; for she had not danced during the evening with any, even of her own party: but I was offended, irritated, and annoyed; I was disappointed. In spite of my enthusiasm for liberty, the pride of my ancestry mounted in my heart, and I felt a haughty consciousness that if she had known who I was, I should not have been thus rejected, though I thought that my personal advantages might have exempted me from the insult.

By a strange chance, I was at this instant recognized by a gentleman who had just joined the party; and in another moment I was formally introduced to Claudine, and her father, Monsieur de Langeron, the *sieur* of the village. He had known the elder members of my family well and long; and an invitation to spend the remainder of the evening at his château, whither he was just retiring with his party, was politely given, and joyfully accepted. His daughter said little; but that little was so soft and gentle, as soon to dispel my displeasure, and her sweet smile was more expressive than words. Though dancing was renewed in the interior of the mansion, I observed she did not join in the amusement, nor did any one present invite her to do so. I was selfish enough no longer to regret it. Seated by her side, for a time I had nothing more to desire. The moon had replaced the glowing sun, when I recrossed the Seine that night; but though the calm splendour of heaven was unbroken by a single cloud, the tranquillity of my mind was gone. Thenceforward I became a daily visitor at Annière; but no one seemed to remark or regard my attentions to Claudine, though we were almost constantly together, and frequently alone. She had no mother; and an old aunt, her only female companion, unlike most of her age and sex, seemed to entertain not the least suspicion of the consequences of our intercourse. She left us unmolested, to take long walks by the retired banks of the river, and to sit for hours on the terraced garden of the château. Such an intimacy added burning fuel to my passion; and as Claudine gradually lost her timidity in my presence, every day disclosed to me the additional charms of her unsullied mind.

Though unaware of it herself, it was impossible for me to remain long unconscious that she loved me with all the intensity of a first affection. I never uttered a syllable that I did not meet her glance of approbation; I never departed that tears did not stand in her eyes, nor was met without blushes on my return. Every thought, feeling, hope, and fear of the unfortunate girl, were mine for ever. Selfish even in my love, I saw and exulted in all this before I disclosed the secret of my affection. We were seated on the margin of the river, nearly on the same spot where I landed on the first evening I beheld her, and the sun was shining in the western sky as brightly as then, when I whispered the story of my passion in her ear. Her hand trembled violently in mine as she listened, but in vain did I beseech her to reply to my passionate declarations. She gave no answer but by tears. I entreated her by every tender appellation to give me some slight token of her love, but she neither moved nor spoke—she even ceased to weep. She did not withdraw her hand from mine, but it grew icy chill, her head drooped upon her bosom, and she fell back lifeless in my arms.

I was horror-stricken, and it was some time before I recovered sufficient presence of mind to lay her gently on the grass, whilst I brought water from the neighbouring river to bathe her hands and forehead. Slowly, and after a long interval, she revived; but no sooner was she conscious that my encircling arms were around her than she shrunk from me with convulsive horror, and struggled to arise. She was too feeble to accomplish her purpose, and wildly and passionately I detained her, as I entreated her to disclose by what fatal chance I had become the object of her hatred.

"My hatred, dear Auguste! would that you were!" she murmured, in almost inaudible accents; and then fixing her full dark eyes upon me

for an instant, before she buried her face in her hands, she added, in a voice tremulous from excess of emotion, "Is it possible you have yet to learn *that I am a nun?*" I started as these fearful words fell dull and cold upon my ear, but it was long before I made any reply. Early prejudices arose like phantoms before my sight; I remembered, for the first time since our intercourse, that I too was bound by a sacred vow to celibacy, and for a time I beheld in these trammels of bigotry the fiat of interminable misfortune. But vows, whether sacred or profane, are feeble against the tempest of passion; and when the mind is once resigned to its despotic influence, principles, and prejudices, are equally swept away by the whirlwind. I did not long yield to despair; the new doctrines I had adopted in casting aside my priest's frock, though for a moment forgotten in the turbulence of excited feeling, soon came to my assistance. According to these, Claudine and I were as free as at the moment of our birth to follow the guidance of the feelings which nature had implanted in our hearts; and I endeavoured to convince the innocent girl, with all the fervour and eloquence of which I was master, that she was no longer the bride of heaven, and that her vows had ceased to be binding, when formally annulled by the National Assembly.

The next day I returned again to the charge, and though she remained unconvinced, my vehemence silenced all opposition. I saw that she wavered between a sense of duty and the passionate feelings of her heart, and I redoubled the earnestness of my supplications. I painted wildly the horror and despair which awaited us should she persist in her resolve, and doom us to an eternal separation; whilst I described, with all the enthusiasm which the joyful hope inspired, the felicity attending our union. Gentle being! it was no sin of thine that thou didst yield to the burning words and delirious eloquence with which I tempted thee to thy ruin! mine only was the guilt, and mine alone be the long, the never-ending punishment.

That night she slept not beneath her father's roof. Trembling and breathless with agitation, I drew her towards the brink of the river, and though, even at the last, she struggled faintly to return, I heeded it not, and lifting her on board the little bark which had borne me from the opposite shore, I dipped my oars in the stream and rowed rapidly with the current towards St. Denis. We reached Paris before sunset, and to tranquillize the conscience of poor Claudine, as much as in my power, we were united before nightfal, by such ceremonies as the National Assembly had thought proper to substitute for the ancient marriage-rites.

My passion thus gratified, I could, for a time at least, have been perfectly happy, but I saw that Claudine was not so. She had acted under the influence of my overwhelming feelings, not her own, and her reason was never for a moment silenced. Though she complained not, she drooped under the sense of the mighty weight of guilt she had incurred; the bloom faded from her cheek, and the roundness of her form gradually wasted away. The state of the times, and the interest which my necessities compelled me to take in public affairs, caused me to be frequently absent from my home; on my return I invariably found her in tears. She shrunk from all society but mine, she refused to join in every amusement, and each day deepened a gloom which all my efforts were unable to dispel.

It was about this period that a young priest, of the name of Bernis,

who had formerly studied in the same seminary with myself, claimed my protection from the persecution instituted against all his profession who refused to take the oaths prescribed by the Assembly. Before my change of principles, there had been a great intimacy between us, and I still liked the man, whom I thought kind-hearted and generous, though I disapproved his doctrine. I did not hesitate, therefore, when his life was in danger to afford him a retreat even in my own house, where, from my well-known republican principles, he esteemed himself in perfect security. Domesticated under the same roof, he was of course much in my wife's society. With horror be it spoken, I grew jealous of that man. I frequently surprised him in close and earnest conversation with Claudine. I saw that she regarded his slightest wish with deference, whilst I could not help imagining that her manner towards me became gradually more cold and estranged. There was evidently a violent struggle at work in her breast; her cheek, by day, burnt with the hectic of fever, and by night, amidst her troubled and broken sleep, long sighs frequently heaved her bosom, and I more than once heard her murmur, in fearful accents, the names of Bernis and myself.

Suspicion once aroused in my headstrong nature, it soon assumed the energy of truth; and at length, after a night little short of the tortures of the damned, I arose, resolved to expel the priest from the shelter of my roof. As if to justify my worst imaginings, he was already gone—and Claudine had likewise disappeared. Then did the fatal malady, which for successive generations had asserted its black dominion over my race, first take possession of my brain. I swore, I blasphemed, I denounced the bitterest curses against the guilty pair. Had boiling lead been coursing through my veins, it could not have surpassed my agony. But there was a method in my madness.

When the first burst of my fury passed away, I began sedulously to seek out the abode of the fugitives. Step by step I traced them, as the blood-hound follows his prey; but when I learnt the secret of their hiding-place I was satisfied. I did not intrude myself on their privacy, for reproaches and upbraidings would have afforded no relief to my overburthened soul. No! I had a deeper, a darker, a more satisfying revenge in store. Coldly and calmly, as a sleep-walker, but with fiend-like pleasure, I went and denounced Claudine and her seducer to the revolutionary tribunal, as aristocrats and non-conformists. Yes, I delivered my innocent, my confiding, my adored Claudine, to the blood-thirsty vengeance of those inhuman vampires, and exulted in the deed!

I have an indistinct remembrance of lingering in the street till the minions of the law bore her forth in their arms to the carriage which was to convey her, with the unfortunate Bernis, to the prison of the Abbey, and of struggling vainly to rescue her from their grasp; but it is like the confusion of a dream. The first circumstance which I clearly recollect, after a fearful chasm of many days, was the receipt of a letter, the direction of which, though written with a trembling hand, I instantly recognized as my wife's writing; and eager to snatch at anything which might prove the fallacy of the thoughts fast thronging on my brain, I tore it wildly open. It was dated from the prison to which I had doomed her. But though thirty years have rolled their dark current above my head since that hour—though every word has been since then like the sting of a serpent to my brain—I would, even now, rather die

than transcribe it. It convinced me of her innocence and her love. I gathered from its details that the reproaches of Bernis had deepened her repentance of our unholy union; till at length, guided by his advice, she had sacrificed the best affections of her heart at the shrine of imaginary duty, and torn herself from the only being she loved to expiate the guilt of that affection in the seclusion of a foreign convent. Poor victim! she prayed him, who had sacrificed her peace and her life to his diabolical passions, to use his influence to procure the liberation of herself and her holy director from their fearful prison.

Let me briefly pass over the narrative of that day. I started up, flew to the tribunal of the commune, attested the innocence of the accused; and my intimacy with the chiefs of the democrats sufficed to make my word a law, and procured for me without delay a warrant for the liberation of Claudine and the priest. I hurried with breathless speed along the streets towards their prison, but crowds at every turning impeded my progress. Murder was already abroad in the city. It was the 2d of September, 1792—that day which has fixed for ever one of the blackest stains on the history of my country. As I passed the prisons of the Chatelet and La Force, I heard the groans and supplications of the dying, mingling fearfully with the demoniac yells of an infuriated mob; women's screams arose wildly on the air, and blood came flowing past me, down the channels of the streets. Every thing betokened that the prisons were burst open, and their unfortunate inhabitants massacred by inhuman ruffians.

Dark and fearful were the forebodings which thronged upon my mind, as, on approaching the Abbey, the same sounds of tumult and murder burst upon my ear. I hurried on, in spite of every obstacle, with a velocity which only madness could have lent me, till I reached the front of the building; and there such a scene presented itself as my soul sickens to think on. The armed multitude of men and women of the lowest class resembled in their fury rather fiends than human beings—but I heeded them not; I sprang over the dying and the dead; I escaped from the grasp of the assassin—for there was yet hope that I might not be too late; and, though I recognized the mangled body of Bernis amidst a heap of slain, I relaxed nothing of my speed—for my wife, my adored Claudine might yet survive his destruction. My suspense was soon at an end. Yes, I saw her, and yet I survived the sight. I saw her, at a little distance; she was kneeling with clasped hands at the feet of an infuriated ruffian, whose weapon was already at her breast. At that moment she recognized my cry of agony, sprang wildly on her feet, and called with an imploring voice on my name. It was the last word she uttered. The steel struck her ere she could escape into my arms. It struck deeply and fatally—yet well for *her*.—But for *me!*——

H. D. B.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LOCAL COURTS.

NOTHING but the most imperative causes can justify abrupt revolutions, political or judicial. The course of human affairs—stability and security are valuable qualities—requires, when changes must be made, that they be gradually made. Institutions of any considerable standing, get worked into the frame of society; associations couple with them; habits accommodate; occasional inconveniences are practically remedied or relieved, or when they grow into incumbrances, can generally be cut away, like other excrescences, without taking with them the life of the plant. It is better to make the best of human imperfections than to speculate upon "absolute wisdom." It is better, usually, to pare down superfluities, and do what you can to obviate defects, than to sweep away at once good and bad, and replace them by some new fangled structure, just to shew your architectural dexterity, by something which is strange to every body, and against which the very strangeness excites prejudice, and indisposes every body. More gravely, it is better, all allow, to bear the ills we have, than to go to others that we know not of; and at all events, it is safer to remove what we see and feel to be bad, than rashly, by slashing novelties, to incur the risk of creating new ones. Every one sees the evils of our Courts of Jurisdiction, but every one, at the same time, recognizes the stuff and texture of them to be good. Improvements might doubtless be made in the machinery, and more perhaps in the working of it—then why should not these be first attempted? What is Mr. —, we beg his lordship's pardon—what is *Lord* Brougham and Vaux about in this matter? Opposing, in the very teeth of his own maxims, arrangements which he has long been urging, and trampling upon principles which none more than he has been forward to inculcate. But Mr. —, pish!—Lord Brougham, is a lawyer; the yea and the nay of a question are equally familiar; he is a ready scribe as well as speaker; words cost him nothing; and there are few subjects—from that of the slave-trade—upon which he may not be quoted on both sides. "The best and most efficacious plan of improvement—(we quote him, or the Edinburgh Review)—is that which does the smallest violence to the established order of things; requires the least adventitious aid, or complex machinery, and as far as may be executes itself. It is from ignorance of this principle that the vulgar perpetually mistake a great scheme for a good one; a various and complicated, for an efficacious one; a shewy and ambitious piece of legislature, for a sound and useful law."

Lord Brougham, as well as others, has for years been projecting law reforms; many of these reforms, as they are called, have been put into practice, sometimes with good, and as often perhaps with questionable effect; but what is a very remarkable peculiarity, come from what quarter they will, they all end—we must use a plain term—in jobs; not in reduction of courts and judges, and expence, but in augmenting all—law-reform is a synonyme for new law-offices.

The increase of law-patronage of late years, accomplished, or contemplated, is prodigious. Not long since we had a new Chancery judge; more recently a whole set of judges for circuit insolvent-courts, commissioners for charities, commissioners of inquiry, secretaries, &c. An exchange of Welch judges for English ones, fewer in number, it is true,

but at a higher cost—to say nothing of compensation-pensions—was the fruit of the last session, with we know not how many projects, under the same auspices, for fresh offices. Among them was *another* equity judge—a creation of registrars' places for younglings at the bar—an extension of jurisdiction for bankrupt commissions from forty to eighty miles of town, implying of course an addition in numbers or emoluments—bankrupt commissions in provincial towns, at the will of the chancellor—more commissions, at the will again, of the chancellor, for the examination of witnesses;—and now from the new chancellor himself, the crowning blessing for this lawyer-ridden country—a whole regiment of new judges to preside over new courts in every county town of the kingdom. Whig or Tory, no matter, lawyers are all alike;—extension of professional employment, at least in the higher departments of the law, is the one absorbing object that fills the heads and hearts of every man among them.

No matter, neither, how contradictory or incompatible the tendencies of these reforms—for they are all *reforms*—they create office; in that they all agree; *there*, there is no discrepancy. Good-natured souls, who are ready to confide on the virtues of all who lay claim to virtues, give the proposers credit for meaning all they profess; and the blame of incongruous and clashing institutions, if blame be cast any where, is thrown upon those who have had nothing to do with the matter. Here are a half hundred new courts going to be instituted, the object of which, it is said, is to relieve the upper courts, and that just as three of the most expensive class of judges have been added to these very courts, and just as more schemes are on the anvil for facilitating and abridging their labours. Here are a set of stationary courts, or courts confined to one unvarying circuit, just as the Welsh judges have been gotten rid of, expressly because they were attached to the same circuit, and so, liable to form slippery connections. Just, again, as arrests for debt are on the point of being abandoned, because the power of arrest gives encouragement to credit, these courts, in the expectation and avowed design of the author, are to accelerate the process of recovering debts, and by that means, so far, encourage the destructive system of credit.

But what is the especial, or, more to the purpose, what is the alleged ground for the proposed change? The overburdenings of the superior courts. What advantages are specifically aimed at and looked for? Despatch—a saving of time and money—cheap justice, and justice at your own doors. Well, but these are good things. Thousands are said to abandon their rights through the dread of asserting them. Thousands submit to wrong, because the remedy is worse than the disease. In the recovery of debts, good money is often thrown after bad; and valuable time is lost in the pursuit of inadequate satisfaction. Therefore, if Lord Brougham facilitates redress—saves time and money—and secures a remedy for grievances not now to be attained, he is a benefactor and a reformer in the best sense, and we hail such a measure with joy and gratitude. Very well, but let us not be precipitate; to talk and do are two things, one of which all the world knows the Chancellor can do admirably, but unhappily that is no better than a shadow, if we can imagine such a thing out of the regions of *diablerie*, that has no corresponding substance. Let us cast a calm, but it must be a brief, look at the evil and the remedy. The evil is an excess of business, and the expense and delay occasioned by attendance on the central courts of

Westminster, and the assizes in the country. Two thirds of the causes that come before them—no matter for nicety—certainly more than half, are relative to sums below £50. Now these, if not in their nature, in their importance are too contemptible, it seems, for the superior courts, and cost more than they are worth to prosecute; these, then, are to be turned over to resident judges, whose courts are always open—are at every man's door—where justice is retailed at a cheap rate, with despatch, and no superfluous waste of time or trouble. This is the remedy.

These courts are to be put to the proof of their efficiency at first only in a couple of counties, but as it is confidently anticipated they will finally be sown over the whole country, and the apparatus in each county will be the same, we shall take our glance at the effect of the whole. And the first thing that strikes is the formidable expense of the machinery. Fifty—for the sake of round numbers—fifty of these judges, each at an amount, including salaries and fees, not exceeding £2,000,—as many registrars each, including, as before, salaries and fees, at £700, with an establishment of clerks, messengers, ushers, &c., at least, at as much more, will together swell to a sum not much short of £200,000 a-year. Now this, be it observed, is proposed by a man who, not long ago, talked so earnestly, as of a matter of serious importance, of the savings attending the removal of the Welsh Judges. The £9,800, says he, taken from the Welsh judges, with £500 from each of the twelve Westminster judges, will make £15,800, which will pay the three new ones, who are to be thoroughly effective. The salaries of the twelve, however, were not clipped—the three new judges were added at the full price—the Welsh judges, who survive, have their compensation-pensions; and here is to be an entire addition of a sum not much short of £200,000 for fifty new judges, as like the old Welsh ones as one pea is like another. Such will be the *public* share of the expense. That, however, if any real and adequate advantage resulted, might be bearable, though in common equity, in the existing state of society, the litigants themselves should pay the charges of justice. The main consideration, still, is the expense to the actual litigants; and how far that is likely to be reduced by the new arrangements, we shall see better, after we have considered, what the author lays the chief stress upon—the expedition—the despatch, in the transaction of causes—which he regards as the best characteristic and glory of his plan.

Now this acceleration consists in justice being brought home to the parties—to their own doors, is the favourite phrase. But how, in the name of common sense, is this to be managed? There is but one judge to a county. But he can move about, and he *is* to move about. He is to hold his court every month—eleven out of the twelve—he is to go from town to town, to one four times in the year, to some twice, to others once. On the average, then, justice can be administered but *twice* in the year, and that it is already everywhere, and in town, almost at all times. So here is no gain whatever in point of time, and some loss. Now, as to the expense to the litigants, plaintiffs and defendants do not always live on the same spot, so that should justice be brought to the door of one party, the chance is very small of its being so brought to the other,—and that is precisely the case at present. But under the existing system, the defendant follows the plaintiff; while under the new arrangements the plaintiff must follow the defendant, which is a

most serious grievance, for common experience proves the plaintiff to be generally in the right. Here then the plaintiff is placed in a worse condition than before, and this is called *reform*, and the admiration of the world is challenged for so ingenious an improvement!

We see then how expense is likely to be saved; the defendant is spared at the cost of the plaintiff, or in other words, in nine cases out of ten probably, the offender at the cost of the sufferer. Suppose the plaintiff to be a dry-salter in London, who has furnished articles in the way of his trade to a customer at Morpeth. The defendant's residence is within the district court of Northumberland, and the cause comes on for trial at Newcastle. The plaintiff, to prove his case, is obliged to carry from London to Newcastle his books, the person who made the entries, the packer, the porter who delivered the goods to the carrier, and possibly somebody to prove the quality and value of the goods—the whole of which expense and inconvenience might have been spared, by laying his action, as he could now do, in London. Well, but if the expense attending the bringing up witnesses cannot be materially reduced, that of lawyers will be. They are on the spot, and charges of travelling are spared. No such thing—the supposition shews the author of the plan knows little of the actual practice of business. Had he consulted the first solicitor that fell in his way, he might have learned better. The country attorney rarely attends the Westminster courts; he transacts the whole through his London agent, and the difference of expense to the suitor amounts to a trifling postage. No additional fees are charged: the fees are shared between the town and country attorney in some fixed proportion. It is as easy to act through the metropolis, as through a county town. In most legal matters the course and management of men of business has made it actually more so. The facilities, too, of conveyance, now-a-days, annihilates both space and time, and cheapens expense accordingly. But under this new and choice arrangement, how is the plaintiff to act who has debtors at a distance? Why naturally he consults his attorney where his case is, where his cause of action arose, and his witnesses live. Must that attorney have an agent in every district town? If he has not, how is he to serve notices, and to be served with them? And if he has, at once the new system is worse and more expensive than the old, for certainly the quantity of business will never enable him to make the same arrangement that is now made between the country attorney and the central practitioner in town.

Justice, then, accessible, prompt and cheap—the promises which these new institutions hold out—they will not be able to furnish more successfully than the existing courts,—especially with the curtailments suggested by the law commission, at once easy to be accomplished, and not likely to meet with insuperable obstructions.

The matter must not be dismissed, however, so abruptly. Turn we for a moment to the *business* of these courts. They are intended, it seems, to relieve the courts of Westminster and the assize Nisi Prius; and, of course, whatever comes before them, comes before these district judges—within certain circumscriptions. All actions of debt, trespass, or trover not exceeding £100; and all actions of tort, or personal wrongs, where the damages are not beyond £50. All actions, again, for breach of agreement, whether under seal or not, where damages are within £100—though, by consent, the court may try these to *any* amount of damages. The judges are not to anticipate an idle life, their creator

has cut out other work for them; they are to be not only judges, but arbitrators—not only arbitrators, but conciliators. Even these offices will not fill up their time sufficiently; and they must occupy their spare hours with a little equity practice, for the recovery of legacies, &c., just to tax the versatility of their powers.

Rarœ aves must these new judges be; and where in the world are fifty of them to be found? But supposing them to be found, will their courts be acceptable, at last, to the suitors? We say boldly they will not. They are *inferior* courts, and will inevitably share the fate and fortunes of other inferior courts. Such courts never have been respected. Courts for determining small causes—involving, we mean, small sums—are numerous enough already in this country; but they are little used—reluctantly resorted to—and falling off in practice year by year. Law is cheap enough there, but, whatever may be its quality, nobody believes it good; and Lord Brougham himself has told us, that though cheap justice is a very good thing, yet costly justice is better than cheap injustice;—ay, and people will never believe otherwise. Inferior courts abound in America, and every body has heard with what effect. In France, too, the courts of the *Juges de Paix* are as thick as hops, and as little respected as the *pied-poudre* ones of our own fairs. It becomes disgraceful to appeal to them—it is like dragging a man through a horsepond—creditable to neither party. It is not, in short, in the nature of man to be satisfied with an inferior article where a better is attainable, or supposed to be so. Nobody buys willingly what is bad in his own town, when he can get the good at the same price, or nearly so, by sending to the capital.

But the respectability of the new judges—the rank they hold in the profession—the very amount of income, will give weight to their decisions, will invest them with an authority that no other inferior courts ever before possessed, and, therefore, by no principle of sound logic can similar conclusions be drawn from premises so unlike. Well, then, let us reconsider these judges invested with the paraphernalia of superior authority—stuck up in a bit of a room at some paltry inn. Are they superior in standing or station to the late Welsh judges—to existing recorders in corporate towns—to commissioners of bankruptcy, or even to the commissioners of insolvent courts? No, they will not be superior, for instance, to the Welsh judges, the best of these classes. Now on what ground did you get rid of *them?* "Because"—we quote the Chancellor—he is always at hand—among other objections—"they never change their circuit; one, for instance, goes the Carmarthen circuit, another the Brecon circuit, and a third the Chester circuit—but always the same circuit. And what is the inevitable consequence? Why they become acquainted with the gentry, the magistrates, almost with the tradesmen, of each district, the very witnesses who come before them; and intimately with the practitioners, whether counsel or attorneys. The names, the faces, the characters, the histories, of all these persons are familiar to them; and out of this too great knowledge grow up likings and prejudices, which never can, by any possibility, cast a shadow across the open, broad, and pure path of the judges of Westminster Hall."

Now the new judges are precisely the Welsh judges—they are run in the same mould; they are eternally in the same circuit, and must be liable to the very same objections—though some of those objections are

mere sarcasms and insinuations, little applicable to the honourable men at whom they were levelled. But a much more serious objection will apply, from which the Welsh judges were most of them exempt. Most of *them* practised in the superior courts, and though we do not much admire seeing the same individuals, now judges, now advocates, they were at least familiar with the practice of those courts; they caught the current tone of those courts; they kept up with the latest decisions; and, at all events, if improvements were made, they took them with them to their own tribunals. But the new local judge never stirs from his circuit; he never visits the Westminster Courts; he has nothing to do there; he has no intercourse or communion with his brethren; and the stock in trade he takes with him must last him, whether it grows stale and out of date and application or not. Books to be sure are accessible; but all these judges will not be readers; and if they were, does any person imagine reading reports will supply the want of personal acquaintance with the superior courts? Few consultors of reports, we believe, are inclined to value them as highly as their own experience in courts, where they see, hear, and estimate upon the fullest grounds. What, in fact, gives superiority to the supreme judges of the land but their intercommunion—their interchange of sentiments?—they consult each other; one is a check upon the other, and a stimulus; and a progressive improvement in practical knowledge, and, above all, uniformity is the useful result.

But these local judges will be the Jupiters of their own circuits; they will bear no rivals near their thrones, and will have none. They will have no one to check their decisions, and will naturally play the tyrant, controllable only by appeals. The inevitable and speedy consequence will be, that what is law in one county will not be law in another. The judge of Canterbury will differ from the judge of York, and each of them from his brother of Bristol, and neither even know of the discrepancy. Points of difference will multiply insensibly and abundantly, and the only remedy will be appeals; and appeals there will doubtless be to such an extent, as quickly to extinguish all hope of any useful result from these courts. The only advantage will be, the superior courts will have to try the judges instead of the causes—the value of which the country will soon estimate.

A mighty emphasis is laid upon their efficiency as arbitrators, and still more as conciliators. Now arbitration, on the order of a court, is notoriously an unpopular expedient. To make it indeed acceptable, it must be the free choice of the parties. No good is likely to be accomplished by adding more compulsion to what we find described, and justly, as a sort of mixed bully-and-coax system of tactics, by which judge and counsel combine to force reluctant parties to submit to the decision of somebody, of whom they know nothing, and in whom they have no confidence. But the conciliatory functions of the courts seem to be the favourite contrivance of the author of them. Here the judge is to play the adviser; and the object is to spare the embryo litigant the expense of consulting an attorney. In France similar courts have utterly failed, and why should we expect a different effect here? A French authority thus laments over the failure.—"Que cette idée était philosophique et salutaire de n'ouvrir l'accès des tribunaux qu'après l'épuisement de toutes les voies de conciliation! pourquoi faut-il qu'une si belle institution n'ait pas produit tout le bien qu'on devait en attendre, and que les effets aient si peu répondu aux espérances?"

But in nothing will these courts fail in point of attraction and efficiency so much as in the want of counsel of approved ability. You cannot have a body of intelligent counsel attending these courts; and without counsel, who will regard them? The court is constantly on the move; every month the judge changes his position, and often twice; for instance, he sits at Dover, and adjourns the same month to Canterbury—at Rochester, and adjourns to Ramsgate—at Hythe, and adjourns to Romney. Conceive the expense of this eternal itinerancy; no fees can ever meet the expense. At Maidstone, the court sits four times. Maidstone will, of course, be the judge's home, and *there* may collect two or three counsel, who will also travel occasionally to other towns, when they scent a quarry that will pay. But if a decent pleader should grow up among them, like country actors, he will not be content till he gets upon the London boards. But the fact will be, the business of the barrister must drop wholly into the hands of solicitors; and will the suitors be content with solicitors' law? It may be as good, but they will not think so. The courts, in short, if they begin respectably and with favour, will fall off with the novelty; they will degenerate in public estimation—will be scouted, and every evasion will be practised to swell causes to an amount to entitle them to go into the superior courts.

After all, our objection to the new arrangements, at the bottom, is, that they are really and truly superfluous, and this may readily be shewn. Supposing them to be fully effective—and if they are not effective, why think of them for a moment?—what is to become of the time of the superior judges? According to the Chancellor's own data —of the 93,375 affidavits filed in the courts in 1827, no less than 78,000 were below £100—so that one-sixth only of the usual business would be left for the Westminster Courts. Again, the business at the London sittings, before Lord Tenterden, in 1829, four-fifths of the cases were for sums below £100. So that the fair inference is, that not more than a sixth, or at most a fifth of the business would be left for the old courts. But it is quite manifest, at the same time, that these old courts have not now more to do than they might easily manage, to the perfect satisfaction to the country. As to their actual business, some have too much perhaps, and some certainly too little. But, in the name of common sense, why should this inequality longer exist? We know the immediate causes are, difference of process—privileges of the solicitors of the courts—monopoly of serjeants, &c.; but what is to prevent, where the interests of the country demand them, the sweeping away of every one of these impediments? Place the three courts perfectly upon an equality—with appeals, not to one of them, but to the whole body of the judges—and we are quite confident, the practice of the courts would speedily equalize. If one were from any cause, to get a superabundance of business, it would quickly be reduced, by the prospect of an earlier decision in the leisure court. The business would have a constant tendency to equalize—counsel, who of course, must be at liberty to practice in *all*, or a favourite pleader would break in upon the natural adjustment.

But such equalization will not be thought perhaps to remove the great evils which the local courts are established expressly to remove—expense and delay. We are persuaded it will do both, especially when the charges suggested by the law commission are carried into effect (and really Lord B. ought to wait and see how these will operate), with some others that would prove equally effective. The sweeping away of the

rubbish of 'pleading,' and useless formalities will do wonders. What is done now with difficulty at Westminster, may obviously be done with ease, and a considerable reduction of delay and expense. And as to the *nisi prius* of the assizes, the existing obstructions may be obviated, partly by a third assize, of which the chancellor himself has been an advocate, in favour of criminal business, and partly by a different arrangement of place, and an extension of time, in the circuits. Even with only two assizes there is little need of *remanets;* for why should not the courts be kept open till the cause-list is exhausted? A complaint was made the other day in the House of Lords, that the Norfolk spring assize never gets but *one* judge, though two are of course appointed. The consequence is, naturally, that much of the business is left unheard, for the *time* is limited and every thing gives way, when that time expires. The chancellor answered, that if he had any influence in the matter, and chancellors usually had, the good people of Norfolk should have *two* in future. To be sure—and not only they, but every other circuit that now gets only one. To be sure—let the best—let *full* use be made of the existing judicial machinery, and little will be left to complain of, and least of all, will any new court be required.

MRS. JORDAN AND HER BIOGRAPHER.*

THE Town is a monster. We are afraid that i all that can be said upon the subject. But the monster must be fed. Anecdotes, private histories, biographies of the weak, the wicked, the merry, or the wise, are its favourite food; and it *will* find feeders as long as there are those who can make pence or popularity by the office; and food, as long as there are noble lords, or fallen statesmen, royal dukes, or clever actresses, in the world. A part of this is according to a law of nature—and must therefore be submitted to as to any other necessity. But a part of it belongs to that law by which a man sometimes thinks himself entitled to make money in any mode that he can; a law which we punish in the case of highwaymen, the keepers of Faro-banks, quacks, and impostors of all kinds. The *quocunque modo rem* has been the code of those active classes from time immemorial, and they have been hanged, dungeoned, and banished accordingly. We by no means desire to see the Biographical School extinguished, though unquestionably its prevalence in the present day must make many an honest man shiver at the thought of what is to become of him, when he falls into the hands of his *friends* a week or two after he has lost the power of bringing an action for defamation in this world. What is life good for, unless it be an easy life? and what life can be easy while a man is perfectly convinced that some literary undertaker is waiting only for the moment the breath is out of his body to pounce upon his "Remains;" run away with his "Recollections;" and by advertising his "Life," the dearer part of him, his reputation, justify a regret that the sufferer had not adopted the anticipatory justice of taking *his?* The whole process tends to the treason against human nature, of giving an additional care to the catalogue of human cares. All life is at best but a field of battle, and what soldier goes into the battle more cheerfully by knowing that he has, in the rear of the line, a suttler who follows him with no other purpose than to make the most of him when he is down, to strip him of coat and waistcoat, and sell every thing saleable about him to the best bid-

* The Life of Mrs. Jordan. By James Boaden, Esq. In 2 vols, 8vo.—Bull.

der? The crime is one clearly of *lèse majesté*, and we must so far denounce it as worthy of the severest penalties of Parnassus. But this anecdote trade does more than torment the easy part of mankind. It maddens the ambitious. The whole tribe of those living nuisances, the wits by profession, the "enliveners," the "embellishers," the laborious students of the art of shining, the inveterate getters-by-heart of accidental good things, the whole prepared-impromptu, dull-brilliant, and pains-taking idle race, who flourish through literary dinners, and are announced as the lamps and lustres of conversaziones, are absolutely encouraged in their pernicious practices by the belief that somebody or other may yet embalm them in a biography; that even at the moment of delivering his most obsolete absurdity, some man of the "ever-pointed pencil and asses' skin" may be gleaning their words; that their "Life and Sayings" may be already half way through the press, and that they may live in three octavo volumes with all their bons-mots in full verdure round them at the first blush of the "publishing season."

But the present work lays claims to public curiosity on peculiar grounds, and we are sorry to be compelled to say, that it furnishes one of the most repulsive examples of the worst taste in those matters that even the avidity of the modern press has ever displayed. Mr. Boaden is a man of literary character, of long experience in literary history, and abundant in striking anecdote relative to that part of life to which a general interest is attached—the drama. But he has here chosen a topic to which no interest can belong except that of a degrading desire for prying into the habits of high life: the subject of his Memoir is an unhappy woman, whose name had long since sunk into oblivion; and the object of his book is still more humiliating; the universal voice has pronounced that such a work could not have been produced at such a period but for one purpose; the very advertisement that accounted for the delay of its appearance, more than hinted that it was retarded by the expectation of its being bought up. The author's preface speaks the same language, and Captain Swing himself could not commence his career with a more direct threat than the whole tissue of this writer's explanation of his motives. We have in his preface that constant allusion to Mrs. Jordan's *private* life, which was meant to startle other ears than those of the people. What do the public care about the *private* life of any actress? Or who can be fairly interested in the tedious details of difficulties and incumbrances, or the darker story of excesses and follies which ought never to have existed, or existing, ought never to have seen the light? But, throwing aside all consideration of the unhappy woman who forms the subject of these volumes, how is it possible that the writer should not have felt the respect due to the possessor of the throne? We are as far, as British freedom can be, from either flattering or disguising the crimes of men in high authority. But this writer should have known, that when the errors are no more, it is idle and offensive to bring them again before the world; that the reserve due to every man in private life is at least due to the throne; and that, in all cases of this volunteer scandal, the writer lays himself under the direct imputation of being actuated by either malignant or mercenary motives.

But a publication of this kind is disrespectful, not merely to those whom we are bound to honour, but cruel to those for whom we are bound to have the common sympathy due to individuals conducting themselves without offence in society. The surviving family of Mrs. Jordan ought to have been secured from the publication of details in

which they had no share, which they could not help, and for which, however painful to themselves, they can have no blame. They have an undoubted right to complain of the rashness or cupidity which has forced their history thus rudely before the world; and in the assertion of that right they will be accompanied by the feelings of every man of delicacy and honour in the empire.

It is only justice to the Fitzclarence family to acknowledge that none have kept themselves clearer from public offence; and that they have not been implicated in any of the excesses for which high connections and courts offer such ready temptation. But the chief fault which we have to find with the writer is his injury to the cause of British authorship, by setting an example of that literary menace, which, however it may have failed in the present instance, will find imitators among classes destitute of even his portion of reserve, turn biography into a public shame, and inflict, of all others, the most fatal blow on the national literature.

Having given our decided reprobation to the principles of such works in general, we shall now glance over the general features of the volumes. Mrs. Jordan was born in Ireland, about 1762, near Waterford; the daughter of Mrs. Bland, an actress. Her first engagement was under the name of Francis, at Daly's theatre in Dublin, in her sixteenth year; Henderson, the actor, saw her play in the Romp, at Cork, where she was engaged at *twenty* shillings a week; and spoke so highly of her talents, that on her return to Dublin, her salary was raised to three guineas a week. Daly the manager of the theatre was a *character*—"He was born in Galway, and educated in Trinity College. As a preparation for the course he intended to run through in life, he had fought *sixteen* duels in *two* years, three with the small sword, and thirteen with pistols, and he, I suppose, imagined like Macbeth, that he bore a charmed life, for he had gone through the sixteen trials of his nerve without a single wound or scratch of consequence. He therefore used to provoke such meetings upon any grounds, and entered the field in pea-green, embroidered, ruffled, and curled, as if for a very different ball, and gallantly presented his full front, conspicuous, finished with an elegant brooch, quite regardless how soon the labours of the toilet might soil their honours in the dust. In person he was remarkably handsome, and his features would have been agreeable, but for an inveterate and most distressing squint, the consciousness of which might keep his courage on the look-out for provocation. Like Wilkes, he must have been a very unwelcome adversary to meet with the sword, because the eye told the opposite party nothing of his intentions."

We have then a sketch of Mrs. Abington, which has some value, as from the personal observation of one familiar with the stage:—"Mrs. Abington unquestionably possessed very peculiar and hitherto unapproached talent. She took more entire *possession* of the stage than any actress I have seen. The ladies of her day wore the hoop and its concomitant train. Her fan *exercise* was really no play of fancy; shall I say that I have never seen it in a hand so dexterous as that of Mrs. Abington. She was a woman of great application; to speak as she did, required more thought than usually attends female study. Common place was not the station of Abington. She was always beyond the surface; and seized upon the exact cadence and emphasis by which the point of the dialogue is enforced. Her voice was of a high pitch and not very powerful; her management of it alone made it an organ. Her deportment is not so easily described; more womanly than Farren, fuller

than Younge, and far beyond the conception of modern fine ladies, Mrs. Abington remains in memory, as a thing for chance to restore to us rather than design, and revive our polite comedy at the same time."

Mr. Boaden is mistaken here. The revival of polite comedy will not depend on any performer. The revival of dramatic authorship must be the previous discovery, and until we have polite comedy written, there might be fifty Abingtons playing to empty benches. At York Miss Francis was introduced to Tate Wilkinson, that eternal nuisance of every dramatic biography. The very name makes us sick, and accordingly we have a vast deal about this maudlin manager. Here she changed the name of Francis for Jordan, why, is not told, and nobody can care. At Sheffield she had a narrow escape from closing her labours and her fame. The beam of the stage curtain fell within a few feet of her, a weight sufficient to have crushed a whole stage-full of comedians. The opera in which this occurred had a worse fate for the unlucky author Pilon. He had promised to pay the composer; the opera fell profitless; the composer demanded his hire, and the author, pennyless, was forced to fly.

The world has been so often called a stage, that the stage, as if entitled to retaliate, often exhibits a ludicrous "picture in little" of the world. The boards of a country theatre, with its dozen wanderers playing every thing from the king to the lamp-lighter, exhibit as much extravagant ambition, empty rivalry, bitter vanity, and laborious nothingness, as the most brilliant court in existence. We have thus, *en passant*, the history of a Mrs. Smith, who ruled and grasped characters with the vigour of a Catherine the Second, seizing provinces from the Grand Turk. Being a wife, she was, from the increase of her progeny, liable to interruptions, which she made hazardously brief, lest a rival actress should appear in any of her favourite parts. Her confinement took place on the 2d of October in a remarkably wet season. The troop were to march on the 13th to Sheffield, eighteen miles off. And this Thalestris was so determined to exclude any competitor for the good graces of the Sheffield critics, that she began to exercise daily in a damp garden, in order to qualify herself for the journey. She accomplished one part of her purpose, the journey, but paid for it by a lameness in the hip, which threatened to disable her for life. The poor creature had now better have gone to bed; but Mrs. Jordan must, in that case, have been her double; rather than suffer this triumph, she insisted on playing in the "Clandestine Marriage," hobbled through it as crippled as Lord Ogleby, and having achieved this point, was rendered by the effort incapable of appearing on the stage for some months after. The personage is not of much historic importance, we will allow. But we presume that the caution was well meant, "under existing circumstances," and will be attended to upon due occasion.

Mrs. Jordan was now rising into notice, but opinions differed formidably on her powers. Dick Yates, the actor, pronounced at this period, of the three ornaments of the York stage, that Miss Wilkinson (afterwards Mrs. Mountain) was "very pleasing and promising; Mrs. Brown the height of excellence; and Mrs. Jordan, merely a piece of *theatrical mediocrity!*" *The* Siddons herself was not much luckier in her decision; for, on seeing the young actress at York, in 1785, she said, "She was better where she was, than to venture on the London boards." The sentence is furiously slipslop, and unworthy of the utterer; though, perhaps, it was *modified* by Tate Wilkinson, who transmits it. Of course Mrs. Jordan had no mercy shewn to her in her own theatre; there,

her manager was told, that "when he had lost his great *treasure* (his term for Mrs. Jordan), *it* would soon be turned back upon his hand, and *it* would be glad to come, if he would accept *it*." Siddons herself was not without her prophets; and William Woodfall, who seems to have delighted to be busy in every thing, from politics to plays, advised her, on her first appearance,—"to keep to small theatres in the country, where she could be heard; she was too *weak* for London stages." The same authority had decided on Sheridan's first speech, with equal success, and recommended to him "to give up all expectation of being a public speaker, and stick to some trade in which he would not have to open his mouth."

In 1785, Mrs. Jordan, by the recommendation of "a gentleman," Smith, was engaged at Drury-lane. Siddons was then the rage. The world of fashion would look at no one else. She had two benefits a year, which swept away all their patronage. On the benefit nights of other performers, the answer of the "highest world" was,—"You know we *must* go on Mrs. Siddons's night, and then we leave town immediately." When she did not play, no person of *ton* would be present; and when she did, it was the etiquette for all who professed taste, to run away the moment the performance was over! We are afraid all the coxcombry of the world was not reserved for the present age.

Mr. Boaden's observations on his heroine's début also shews us that in some things we have refined on our ancestors. She was not much *puffed* previously. The affair was not dandled with the dexterity so familiar to our time. All was cold; the "first authorities," even those admitted behind the scenes, were unprepared with anything more *predisposing* than — "I think she *is* clever." — "One thing I can tell you, she is like nothing you have been used to."—"Her laugh is good, but then she is, or seems to be, very *nervous*—we shall see;" concluding with that humblest of all assumptions—"I am sure we want *something*." Mrs. Inchbald's account is, "that she came to town with no report in her favour to elevate her above a very moderate salary (four pounds), or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here all moderation stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature, such excellent sense, and such innocent simplicity, that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in her praises when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to their eulogiums." This was Mrs. Jordan in the "Country Girl."—a performance which we confess that we have never seen without disgust, as a vulgar exhibition of the most vulgar of all hoydens, an exaggeration of a she clown engrafted upon a she rake. Yet Mrs. Jordan's powers certainly made it popular, and, so far as a mere evidence of powers, nothing can be more decisive. Her display in male attire in the latter part of the play, however, greatly added to her success, for her figure at that period was beautiful. Mr. Boaden tells us that the "great painter of the age (Sir Joshua of course), pronounced it the neatest and most perfect in symmetry he had ever seen." Her face was expressive, but at no time handsome. Still the portrait in the front of the volume is, even of that face, a caricature.

We have then a few lines on Sheridan's theatre, descriptive enough. He had the two wonders of the day—Siddons and Jordan—but his intolerable negligence suffered them both to weary the town with repetitions of their characters. "He would undertake every thing and *do* nothing. There was a committee of proprietors who attended only to

the economy of the wardrobe, and they could not be tempted by all the eloquence of Tom King (the manager) to venture on the smallest outlay without the consent of Sheridan, who was always *too busy* either to give or refuse it. Thus it was that Harris, at the other house, beat him, with all the cards absolutely in their hands."

One of the oddities of theatrical life is that all the leading actors originally mistook their talents. John Kemble began in comedy, and the delusion lasted with him longer than with most of them; for, to his dying day, he thought he could flourish in *Charles Surface*. Jones, the gayest of actors, and whose absence from the stage has left it sombre, began in the most formal tragedy; Liston played *Othellos* and *Julius Cæsars;* and Fawcett is here recorded as having began with *Romeo*—a character which, when we recollect Fawcett's granite physiognomy, must have been one of the miracles of love-making. Fawcett's voice, which Colman compared, with the happiest accuracy, to something generated between the grinding of a corn-mill and the sharpening of a saw, must have been an incomparable illustration of

> "How silver sweet are lovers' tongues by night!
> Like softest music to attending ears."

But, after his Romeo exhibition, he was brought to his natural line by Miss Farren; to whose Violante he played Colonel Britton, and had the felicity of being pronounced, by that fashionable authority, "a very promising young actor." Peeping Tom decided his forte, and the Hull audience gave their fiat to the comedian, if Peeping Tom, the most vulgar of grotesques, could entitle him to such fame, and Fawcett flew, on the breath of country applause, up to London.

We then have a sketch of one of those only sure events in the History of Theatres, a conflagration.

"I was coming across the Park, from Pimlico, on the night of the 17th of June, when, on turning the corner of the Queen's house, this dreadful conflagration burst upon my eye. It seemed as if the long lines of trees in the Mall were waving in an atmosphere of flame. The fire appears to have commenced in the roof, and its demonstration to have commenced rather earlier than the incendiary had calculated. The dancers had been rehearsing a ballet on the stage that evening, and sparks of fire fell upon their heads, as, in great terror, they effected their escape. Madame Ravelli was with difficulty saved by a fireman. Madame Guimard lost a slipper; but her feet, as they ever did, saved her.

"There never was the least doubt that the malignity of some foreign miscreant had effected the destruction. The whole roof was in combustion at one moment; a cloud of heavy smoke, for a few seconds, hung over the building, succeeded by a volume of flames, so fierce that they were felt in St. James's Square, and so bright that you might have read by them as at noon-day. A very excellent artist, who had been many years connected with the Opera House, told me, that Carnevale, upon his death-bed, revealed the *name* of the incendiary. As was customary in those days, the Bridewell boys served their great engine, with the vigour of youth, and the sagacity of veterans. Burke might have come out of Carlton House; he was standing before it, and anxiously directing the attention of the fireman to its preservation. Mr. Vanbrugh, a descendant of Sir John, was in the greatest peril of all the sufferers; he had an annuity of eight hundred pounds upon the building. At the back of the ruins, the fire was burning fiercely, though low, at twelve o'clock the next day. The books of the theatre were saved, so was the

chest, in which there were about eight hundred pounds, and this was nearly all that was preserved. Never was devastation more complete. However, Novosielsky erected on its site, a theatre really suited to its object, admirably calculated for sound; and afforded a magnificent refuge to the Drury-lane Company: which, perhaps, disposed both our managers to erect playhouses which were fit for nothing but *Operas.*"

Why did Mr. Carnevale reveal the name of the incendiary? or did he manage the office himself? The present King's Theatre has had a marvellous longevity, and half-a-dozen still more marvellous escapes from fire in its time.

One of Mrs. Siddons's sentiments on the difference between a town and a country audience is remarkable, besides being strikingly expressed. We should have thought the country audiences not quite so fastidious.

"Acting Isabella, for instance, *out* of London, is double the *fatigue.* There the long and loud applause at the great points and striking situations invigorate the system; the time it occupies recruits the breath and nerve. A cold, respectful, hard audience chills and deadens an actress, and throws her back upon herself; while the warmth of approbation confirms her in the *character,* and she kindles with the enthusiasm she feels around her."

It is a misfortune to the readers of this Memoir, as it was an infinite one to the unhappy subject of it, that she seems to have been educated with no sense whatever of that which has been called "woman's first virtue and her last." Her parentage was a bad example. It is not known whether her mother was ever married, and there seems certainly that she was *not* married at the time of her daughter's birth. That daughter, in the very beginning of her professional life, was charged with being the mistress of Daly, the Irish manager. She was subsequently known on the London stage as the mother of children by Ford, afterwards one of the police magistrates; and, in 1792, began that royal connection, which, to the crime and shame of both parties, lasted for twenty years. It is said—as if that were any palliation—that Mrs. Jordan proposed to Ford to make her his wife, and that only on his refusal she adopted her alternative. But the whole of her conduct was in such utter carelessness of every pretence to female virtue, that the only way in which it can be mentioned is with regret that so gross and painful a topic should ever have been forced again upon the public.

The town expressed great offence at her conduct on this change of circumstances. She wrote an Amazonian letter to the newspapers, which produced no effect. Her next appeal was in person to the audience. They had hissed her in Roxalana. She came to the front of the stage, and assuring them upon her HONOUR (which the volume gives in capitals), "that she had never been absent one moment from the stage but through *real* indisposition, placed herself under the public protection." Different as the cause of the displeasure might be, the audience received the apology;—the handsome actress was a favorite, she had made a spirited speech, they were amused by the display, and with the consideration for the morals of the boards, gave her their applause.

Her life henceforth was in a higher sphere. But perhaps there were few women who could less deserve to be envied, even in the enjoyment of the luxuries of her situation. By the errors and vices of some of her connections by her former *friends,* she was always kept poor, and was sometimes reduced to very painful difficulties. At length, on the marriage of his royal highness, she necessarily retired, and attempted the stage

for a while in the midst of the vexations of decaying powers and declining health. She finally went to France to escape some of those embarrassments which appear to have strangely gathered on her, notwithstanding the liberal allowance from the purse of the royal duke, which he with great punctuality paid to the last. She died at St. Cloud, nervous and wretched, and alone, which she ought *not* to have been, while she had either a Son or Daughter in existence! There is no effort which the natural affection and duty of children to a Mother, let her be what she might, should not have been made, to soothe the dying hour of this unhappy woman! But poverty was not added to her evils, for, besides a sum of money, she had on her finger at the time of her death a diamond ring, worth £400. But the sooner the subject is sunk in oblivion the better. The name had passed away, and it ought to have slept for ever.

THE LAST WORDS OF A MOTH.

I BURN—I die—I cannot fly—
Too late, and all in vain!
The glow—the light—charmed sense and sight—
Now nought is left but pain!
That wicked flame, no pencil's aim,
No pen can e'er depict on paper;
My waltz embraced that taper waist,
Till I am wasted like a taper.

Worthy the brightest hours of Greece
Was that pure fire, or so *I* felt it;
Its feeder towered in stedfast peace,
While I believed for me it melted.
No use in heighos! or alacks!
My cure is past the power of money;
Too sure that form of virgin wax
Retained the bee's sting with the honey.

Its eye was blue, its head was cold,
Its round neck white as lilied chalice;
In short, a thing of faultless mould,
Fit for a maiden empress' palace.
So round and round—I knew no better—
I fluttered, nearer to the heat;
Methought I saw an offered letter—
Now I but see my winding-sheet!

Some pearly drops fell, as for grief—
Oh, sad delusion!—ah, poor Moth!
I caused them not; 'twas but a thief
Had got within, to wrong us both.
Now I am left quite in the dark,
The light's gone out that caused my pain;
Let my last gaze be on that spark—
Kind breezes, blow it in again!

Then snuff it well, when once rekindled,
Whoe'er about its brilliance lingers,
But though 'twere to one flicker dwindled,
Be careful, or you'll burn your fingers.
It sought not me; and though I die,
On such bright cause I'll cast no scandal—
I fled to one who could not fly—
Then blame the Moth—but not the Candle! I. H.

MISMANAGEMENT OF THE COLONIES—JAMAICA, &c.*

IT would seem to be a very proper conclusion, that the government of a country which stands pre-eminent as a colonial power would, at all times, be anxious to maintain that pre-eminence by just and wise colonial laws and regulations, not founded upon theory, but *practically adapted to the actual wants of each particular colony*, so that the colonists might feel satisfied that their enterprise and industry were fostered and protected by the parent state, and that they might assuredly calculate upon ultimately enjoying the fruits of their labours.

A strong feeling of this kind undoubtedly existed at the peace of 1815; and, accordingly, when Great Britain thought proper to retain many of the conquests made during the war, extensive capital was directed towards their cultivation, and, at the same time, the people of the old colonies naturally enough expected that their priority of settlement, and long tried attachment to the mother country, would entitle them to additional indulgence, or, at least, that their local experience would not be derided, nor their just privileges be borne down and contemned.

Unfortunately, however, a policy the reverse of what might have been expected has been adopted; and the consequences are visible in the decrease of capital and decay of industry in the old colonies, accompanied by irritation, dissatisfaction, and discontent in all; and it is evident that, unless a very different policy be speedily adopted, the entire ruin of our West India possessions, or their "emancipation" from the control of the mother country, must be the inevitable consequence. In either case we shall, in the downfal of our naval supremacy, the decay of our manufactures, and in great financial difficulties, find ample cause to regret the unhappy consequences of our mistaken policy.

To enter fully into a discussion of colonial grievances would occupy more space than we can at present devote to the subject. We gave a general view of it in our Number for February, and have occasionally since then adverted to particular points of the case.

Our readers are aware of the opposition which the legislature of Jamaica have repeatedly experienced in establishing a law to regulate and ameliorate the condition of the slave population of that island. Anxious to comply with the spirit of the regulations of parliament of 1823, they have repeatedly made enactments approximating as nearly to the complete fulfilment of the wishes of the government at home, as they considered consistent with the safety of their persons and property; but as they found it absolutely necessary to check the dangerous and deteriorating machinations of the Wesleyans and other sectaries, to whose domination they do not choose to submit, their humane regulations have been rejected at home; and, in violation of legislative rights, conferred by express act of parliament, his Majesty's representatives have been ordered not to sanction the passing of any bill, unless it be framed in direct compliance with the *dictum* of ministers at home!

We need only instance, in proof of this, the disallowance of the Act passed by the Assembly of Jamaica in 1826, which had met the express approbation of his Grace the Duke of Manchester, Governor of the Island; and which conferred on the slave population many privileges to which they were not previously entitled by law: and the recent Act, viz. that passed in December 1829, which, in the words of the Earl of Belmore, the present Governor, who approved of it, was upon the whole *more favourable to the Slave than that of* 1826; also peremptorily rejected at home!

This Act, amongst a multiplicity of other humane regulations, provides

* Parliamentary Paper. Sess. 1830.

"that all owners, proprietors, and possessors, or, in their absence, the managers or overseers of slaves, shall, as much as in them lies, endeavour to promote the instruction of their slaves in the principles of the Christian religion, thereby to facilitate their conversion, and shall do their utmost endeavours to fit them for baptism, and cause to be baptized all such as they can make sensible of a duty to God and the Christian faith; which ceremony the clergymen of the respective parishes are to perform when required, *without fee or reward.*" "Any Slave or Slaves, who is or has been baptized, who may be desirous of entering into the holy state of matrimony, to apply to any clergyman of the Established Church to solemnize such marriage, who is hereby required to perform the same *without fee or reward,*" &c.

No Sunday markets after 11 o'clock, under a penalty of 5*l.* from free persons, and forfeiture of the goods exposed by Slaves.

"Slaves to be allowed one day in every fortnight, besides holidays, to cultivate their grounds;" and whereas it may happen, that on some plantations, &c. there may not be lands proper for the cultivation of provisions, or where, by reason of long continuance of dry weather, the Negro grounds may be rendered unproductive, then, and in that case, the masters, &c. do, by some other ways and means, make good and ample provision for all such slaves as they shall be possessed of * * in order that they may be properly supported and maintained, under a penalty of £50.

"Every master, &c. shall, once in every year, provide and give to each slave they shall be possessed of, proper and sufficient clothing, to be approved of by the justices, &c. under a heavy penalty; and shall be obliged upon oath, under forfeiture of £100. to give an account of the clothing so furnished; and that the Negroes have had sufficient provisions, according to the regulation thus established."

By another clause, no Slave's property can be taken from him by his master or any other person, and the same clause enumerates "horses, mares, mules, asses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and goats," as a part of such property usually held by Slaves.

"Any pecuniary bequest or legacy of a chattel to a slave shall be deemed and considered to be a legal and valid bequest or legacy;" and the executor or executors are bound to pay it.

Females with six children are exempt from hard labour in the field or otherwise.

Slaves who by reason of age, infirmity, or sickness, are unfit for labour, cannot be turned off, but must be properly taken care of by their master; or, if manumitted, he is bound to allow them ten pounds per annum for their support.

Every field-slave shall on work-days be allowed half an hour for breakfast, and *two hours* for dinner. *No work to be done before five in the morning, or after seven at night,* except during time of crop.

Ample provision is carefully and anxiously made for the protection of slaves against cruel or unjust punishments, the penalties being fine and imprisonment, and in some cases the manumission of the slaves; as well as for the regulation of their various interests, the recovery and care of runaways, the regulation of workhouses, &c.—"If any negro or other person taken to the workhouse as a runaway, shall allege himself or herself to be free, a special sessions shall be held, carefully to investigate the case; and if it shall appear that such person is free, he shall be forthwith discharged." In short, by a variety of clauses the property and person of the slave is carefully provided for; and in order to prevent any

dealing in slaves, it is specially provided, that if any person or persons shall be found travelling about from place to place, exposing or offering for sale any negro, mulatto, or other slave or slaves, such slaves shall be taken from him, and sold; one-half of the price to go to the seizer, the other to the poor of the parish.—"Obeah or Myal men or women, pretending to have communication with the devil and other evil spirits, and shall use such pretence in order to excite rebellion or other evil purposes, shall be severely punished."—"And whereas it has been found that the practice of *ignorant, superstitious,* or *designing* slaves, of attempting to instruct others, has been attended with the most pernicious consequences, and even with the loss of life," slaves so teaching, without permission from their masters and the quarter sessions, are to be punished.

We now come to the clauses which strike more particularly at the influence and extensive emoluments of the sectarian preachers; and we entreat the particular attention of our readers to these clauses, and to the reasons assigned as rendering their enactment necessary; because, it is owing to them that this humane and liberal bill has been disallowed, and that the present outcry has been raised against the colonists by the disappointed sectaries.—"And whereas the assembling of slaves and other persons after dark, at places of meeting for religious purposes, has been found extremely dangerous, and *great facilities are thereby given to the formation of plots and conspiracies,* and *the health of the slaves and other persons has been injured in travelling at late hours in the night;*—from and after the commencement of this act, all such meetings between sunset and sunrise be held and deemed unlawful; and any minister, or other person professing to be a teacher of religion, MINISTERS OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH EXCEPTED, who shall, contrary to this act, keep open any place of meeting between sunset and sunrise for the purpose aforesaid, or permit or suffer any such nightly assembly of slaves therein, or be present thereat," shall forfeit twenty or not exceeding fifty pounds for each offence, one-half to the poor, the other to the informer.

It thus appears that no impediment whatever is thrown in the way of the established clergy, on whose discretion the proprietors in Jamaica place implicit reliance.

The next clause enacts, that from and after the commencement of the act, it shall not be lawful *for any person whatsoever* to demand or receive any money or other chattel whatsoever, *from any slave or slaves* within this island, *for affording such slave or slaves religious instruction,* by way of offering contributions, or under any pretence whatsoever, under a penalty of twenty pounds, to be applied as above mentioned. It is by this clause that the methodists and others find themselves cut off from these comparatively enormous emoluments derived from the poor ignorant slaves in exchange for tenpenny tickets, and under various pretences; and the proprietors justly complain that such contributions were carried to such an improper extent as to have become the cause of great poverty and discontent in the slave; that his improvement was thereby retarded, his health injured, and his master's work neglected. Not content with these emoluments the missionaries are said to have, in too many instances, improperly interfered between master and servant, and, independently of the calumnious misrepresentations sent home to this country, began to assume a tone and authority not warranted by their holy calling, nor compatible with the peace and safety of the planters.

When we look at the state of affairs at Otaheite, and other islands in the Pacific,* where these men have had their own way, we cannot doubt

* Kotzebue's Voyage in the Years 1823, 4, 5, and 6.

the propriety of this timely interference to check their indiscreet zeal.

By the remaining clauses of the bill, slave evidence is to a considerable extent admitted, and it only requires to be read attentively to satisfy every unprejudiced mind, that the assembly of Jamaica are perfectly desirous of going as far in complying with the wishes of the mother country as is consistent with their own safety and "the well being of the slaves themselves."

"I regret extremely," says the Earl of Belmore, in transmitting this bill to Sir George Murray, "that one clause has been left, creating a more marked and invidious distinction between sectarians and ministers of the established church, than those which occasioned the rejection of the act of 1826. However," adds his lordship, "as the bill upon the whole is certainly *more favourable to the slave* than that of 1826, I COULD NOT FEEL MYSELF JUSTIFIED *in refusing my assent to it.*" We would ask, in reference to the more "marked and invidious distinction" in this bill, whether the secretaries, by the whole tenor of their conduct since 1826, have not amply justified—nay *compelled* the people of Jamaica to make this more marked distinction, and whether they would not in fact, have been justified in even adopting more severe measures? Sir George Murray is however of a different opinion, and expresses displeasure that Lord Belmore assented to this Bill, referring him to former positive instructions on the subject; and adds, "I can only express the deep regret which is felt by His Majesty's Government, that the unfortunate introduction of the clauses to which I have referred (namely, those last above mentioned), should continue to deprive the slave population *of the many advantages* which the wisdom and humanity of the colonial legislature have proposed to confer upon them; benefits, the value of which I do not the less readily acknowledge, though the Act, in many important respects, falls short of the measures which his Majesty has introduced into the Colonies, which are subject to this legislative authority in his Privy Council."

In this singular situation the matter rests; but it must be obvious to every person, of common understanding, that not only the welfare of the Slave (in so far, at least, as that may depend upon legislative enactments), but also that the feelings of the whole community of one of our oldest and most influential colonies have been egregiously outraged, and their discontents augmented, by endeavours to force upon them unsuitable and unpalatable theories of religious toleration.

The legislative measures which have been forced upon the Crown Colonies have also produced much opposition and discontent; we fear they will continue, generally speaking, to be productive of more harm than good. The official document before us shews ample proof, that at least in one of the new colonies—viz. Mauritius, these measures have been met by general opposition, and open remonstrance.

What is at this moment passing in every part of the world, may ultimately involve this country in very serious difficulties, and should lead practical statesmen to a serious consideration, not only of the prudence and necessity of conciliating all classes of people in the empire; but also of concentrating the energies of the country so that we may be ready to await, with confidence in our own strength and resources, the approach of any struggle that we may be forced to encounter. How that can be done by obstinately adhering to our present colonial policy is, in our opinion, beyond the comprehension of any sober-minded person in the United Kingdom.

THE EPITAPH OF 1830.

HERE lie, although shorn of their rays,
In the family-vault of old Time,
Three hundred and sixty-five days
Of folly, pride, glory, and crime.
You may mourn o'er their miseries still,
You may dance o'er their desolate bier;
You may laugh, you may weep, as you will—
Eighteen-Hundred-and-Thirty lies here!

It brought us some good on its wings,
Much ill has it taken away;
For it gave us the best of Sea-Kings,
And darkened the Conqueror's day.
It narrowed Corruption's dominion,
And crushed Aristocracy's starch,
Gave nerve to that giant, Opinion,
And spurred up old Mind on his march.

It drew a new line for Court-morals,
Laid hands on the Pensioner's treasure,
And told us—we'll crown it with laurels—
Reform is a Cabinet-measure.
It brought, to the joy of each varlet,
Both sides of a coat into play;
For it stripped off the faded old Scarlet,
And turned the court-livery Grey!

It set all the Sycophants sighing,
And taught them to blush and look shy;
It made, though unfitted for flying,
Proh pudor! a Marchioness fly.
How many it found looking big,
Till it plucked out the feathers they wore!
On the woolsack it placed such a Whig
As had ne'er graced the woolsack before.

It brought Captain Swing in a flame,
With his wild game of fright to our cost;
While, skilled in a different game,
Surgeon Long played a rubber—and lost.
It gratified Hunt in his thirst
To sit as a patriot member;
And it brought us back April the First,
When we thought it the Ninth of November.

And oh! it made Freedom the Fashion
In France—who can ne'er have too much,
And who put all the rest in a passion—
The Russians, Poles, Belgians, and Dutch!
Let this be the end of its story:
May the Year that now breaks o'er its tomb,
Have a gleam or two more of its glory,
A shade or two less of its gloom!

B.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

A short time will shew whether the government are sincere in their promises of economy: those promises which have been so often broken, but which now must be and *shall* be kept, whoever may be minister. We are willing to give Lord Grey credit for his intentions, and all will go on well, if he shall realize them by vigorous performance. We agree perfectly with the observations of the "Times" on the subject. After mentioning that the salary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has been reduced by government from £30,000 to £20,000,—that is to say, has been docked of one part in three, a reduction which it is only justice to the Duke of Northumberland to say, had been in some degree anticipated by himself, he having given up £7,000 a-year—it proceeds to observe: "We do not say that this ratio, which is applicable only to salaries of very high amount, should be adopted in all; but that the principle of diminution should be carried into effect is highly necessary; and, above all, it was most gratifying to be assured by such a man as Lord Althorp, in the name of the government, that 'all places, whether high or low, were to be abolished which were held by individuals performing no duties.' For our own parts, in looking over those pension lists which have been recently brought to light, we cannot help thinking, that if substantial justice were dealt out to the parties therein, it appears, enjoying pensions, nine-tenths of them ought to be sent to the tread-mill for the plunder they have committed, and were intending to commit, upon the public purse." The truth is, that the nation will tolerate those plunderings no longer. Mr. Horace Twiss tells us, to "pause before we plunge *noble* families into distress!" But we say, if noble families are to keep their nobility only by living on the public, perish their nobility! What right have they to any rank above other paupers? What claim have the Lady Bettys and Jennies of any titled beggar to the money wrung from the labours and necessities of the industrious and now deeply depressed people? If they think carriages and fine clothes, titles and fine houses essential to their existence, let them pay for them out of their own purses; if they cannot pay for them, what right have they to them? or what right have they to make the people pay for them? The whole affair is a gross insult to common sense; and those silken creatures, and their dandy brothers, ætherial and exquisite as they may be, must do like others, earn their bread by honest industry, or have no bread to eat. We have not time now to enter into that national insult —the Pension List! We shall return to it before long. But we warn Lord Grey that, upon the candour and strict sincerity of his conduct in extinguishing *every* sinecure, and cutting off *every shilling*, unearned by distinct and plain public services, and that immediately, the continuance of his administration must altogether depend. We must have no more noble paupers. If they are paupers let them descend from their fictitious rank, and learn the duties of their *true station* in society. They will gain a great deal by the change, in point of usefulness, lose nothing in point of real dignity—for what can be so degrading as to live on the charity of the public?—and probably gain much in point of real comfort, for what bread is more destitute of comfort than the bread of idleness, even if it were eaten by the sons and daughters of a Duke?

But the affair will not, and cannot, be borne any longer. The House of Commons have already taken it up, and on the sincerity with which

ministers do their duty in this point, will depend their existence for six months to come. In the debate, on the 23d of December, " Mr. Guest moved that there be laid before the House the warrant, dated 5th January, 1823, by which a pension of £1,200 per annum was granted to Mrs. Harriett Arbuthnot. He conceived that the pension granted to Mrs. Arbuthnot could not be defended. The next pension to which he should call the attention of the House was that granted to Lady Hill, of £467 12s., which made the total received by Sir George Hill and his lady amount to £7,347 a-year. A pension was granted to Earl Minto in April, 1800, of £938 8s. 9d., from which he had since received above £30,000—he (Mr. G.) was ignorant for what public services. The pensions granted to the *family of the Grenvilles* were particularly deserving attention. Mr. C. Grenville, as Comptroller of Cash in the Excise, was in receipt of £600 per annum; he was allowed moreover £600 a-year as Receiver-General of Taxes at Nottingham, and had also £350 a-year as Secretary of the Island of Tobago. It was plain that some of these offices, if not all of them, must be sinecures. There were *several* pensions granted to the *Cockburn family*. The first bore date 1798, for £184 granted to Jean Cockburn. Three other members of the family had pensions of £97 each, granted in 1791. There was also in the document laid on the table, a pension to Mary Penelope Bankhead, in October, 1825, for £350 7s. 5d. What were *the services* for which such a pension was granted? The Countess of Mornington was in receipt of a pension of £600 a-year since 1813. He concluded by declaring, that whenever pensions were to be voted and placed on the civil list, which were not granted for some services performed to the State, he should feel it his duty, even if he stood alone, to vote against such grants. He thought members of that House obtaining pensions for any members of their family, especially for their wives, *virtually vacated* their seats.—Mr. Alderman Waithman said that there were pensions granted to *five persons* of the members of the family of Lord Bathurst, although that nobleman had been long in office, holding *two sinecure places*, and receiving *twelve thousand a-year*.—Mr. Courtenay said Lord Bathurst was appointed to one of his offices by *his father*, when Lord Chancellor!"

Mr. Courtenay's excuse only aggravates the evil. It is the baseness of *providing*, as it is called, for their families by lordly knaves, or impudent beggars, that makes one of the grand sources of public plunder. Why should not the Lord Chancellor Bathurst have provided for his son, without feeding him out of the pockets of the people? We have those Bathursts, a family absolutely undistinguished by any kind of talent, or any kind of public service, placemen and pensioners for the last *eighty years!* How many tens of thousands of pounds have those persons drawn from the industry of the people in that time, that they forsooth might ride in their coaches and call themselves *noble!* How long ago would they have been compelled to walk a foot, and perhaps take to some manual trade, if they had not been thus fed. There *must* be an end, and a *speedy* end of all this.

The confessions of the Polignac ministers give a striking illustration of the old maxim of Oxenstiern. Three fourths of the public wisdom of the highest ranks are folly. In France the other fourth was a guilty love of place. Every one of the ministers seems to have perfectly known that he was acting contrary to his duty as an honest man. But then, " he must obey his king," which means in all instances, " he must keep his place." If any one of those men had listened to the common

dictates of conscience, he would have refused to join in the criminal measure, but then he must have *resigned;* which seems to be an impossibility, so far as it depends on the individual. The French ministers might have been turned out by their master; but the idea of turning themselves out, merely because conscience remonstrated against their staying in, was evidently a matter not to be thought of. Thus we find Peyronnet, Chantelauze, and the rest, with the single exception of Polignac, (and he refuses, apparently that he may not be obliged to name the king as the criminal,) profuse in their declarations, that they disapproved, foresaw, reprobated, regretted, and so forth; which having done, they set about bringing the criminal matter into shape; and put it into action: the alternative being, that if they did not share the guilt, they must lose their places, a sacrifice totally out of the question.

Marmont was exactly in the same condition. Arago, a member of the Institute, gives us a curious view of Marmont's feelings. He says—"On Monday the 26th of July, the day on which the fatal ordinances were published, the marshal came to the Institute, and seeing how greatly I was affected by the perusal of the *Moniteur*, he said, 'Well! you see that the fools have pushed things on to extremities, just as I told you. At least, you will only have to lament such measures as a citizen and a good Frenchman; but how much more am I to be pitied,—I who, as a soldier, shall be obliged to get my head broken in the *support* of acts *that I abhor*, and of persons who have long seemed determined to give me as much annoyance as possible?'" The idea of giving up his employments, was too horrid for his susceptibility. We are to recollect that Marmont was not simply a marshal, but a peer of France, and therefore entitled to a deliberative opinion. Though even as a marshal he had a right to refuse a service which he knew to be that of crime and massacre. For whatever may be the necessary submission of the private soldier, it is not to be supposed with common sense, that the conduct of a commander-in-chief is not to be regulated with reference to his personal sense of justice. But the marshal, so delicate towards his king, plunged himself headlong into civil blood; laid thousands dead for a punctilio, and now expects commiseration. He has found his reward in exile; and can be now remembered only as a warning to men in his rank, that conscience is not to be insulted, and that there is nothing more short-sighted than a base love of power.

The last accounts from Paris state the sentence of the ex-ministers, Polignac, Peyronnet, Chantelauze, and Ranville. Omitting the mere technicalities, it is as follows:

"Sentence.—'The Court of Peers having heard the commissioners of the Chamber of Deputies in their arguments and conclusions, and the accused in their defence:

"'Condemns Prince de Polignac to perpetual imprisonment in the continental territory of the kingdom; declares him deprived of his title, dignities, and orders; declares him civilly dead.

"'Condemns Count de Peyronnet, Victor de Chantelauze, and Count Guernon de Ranville, to perpetual imprisonment; and declares them also deprived of their titles, dignities, and orders.

"'Condemns the Prince de Polignac, Count Peyronnet, Victor de Chantelauze, and Count Guernon de Ranville personally and jointly in the costs of the proceedings.'"

The populace received the account of this proceeding with great resentment, and collected in multitudes demanding the blood of the prisoners. But the national guard repelled them without violence, and

the king riding through Paris after dusk on the same evening, and using all his good sense to conciliate the people, succeeded for *the time.*

When the question of the fatal year 1829 was before the legislature, the friends of Christianity and the constitution exclaimed to the wretched and apostate ministry, "Can you possibly be blind to the immediate consequences of the guilty measure that you are now supporting? You surrender to clamour what could never have had a claim in reason, and to make the mischief stlll surer, you actually profess to surrender it to clamour. You declare, that you give Catholic emancipation to quell the agitation of Ireland, that you give it through fear of violences, that the time is come when it can be delayed no longer." The guilty measure was accomplished, and now what is the language of the Irish agitators? Demanding a measure which will create civil war, destroy Protestantism in Ireland, make Protestant property not worth a shilling, and turn the whole population of Ireland into the slaves of a Roman Catholic faction, and which *will be carried!* "*Agitate* more and more, my boys; for the more you agitate the more you will get, and by agitation you will get as much as you please." This is the language of popery now.

Every man of common sense in England exclaimed, that the first popish triumph over the Protestant constitution would be followed by a second, or by a hundred, until there was a complete dismemberment of the empire. The Union *will be repealed.* A parliament entirely popish will be chosen; feelings utterly hostile to England and Protestantism will be the very breath and life of that parliament. England will resist the conspiracy. The resistance will be met by force. Allies for Ireland will be sought among the popish powers of the continent. France will declare the principle of non-intervention as in the case of the Netherlands. Spanish and French gold and troops will be ready on the first emergency. The money of *all popish Europe,* of every province, and every priest owing allegiance to popery, will be poured in to sustain what they will proclaim a persecution on the part of England, and a crusade on their own; and the British empire will, if not undone, be a theatre of blood and flame. And this was openly predicted, and will be fully borne out by the inevitable results of the guilty measure. We have at this moment Mr. O'Connell actually turning by his presence the Irish government into a cypher, and detailing to the maddened populace, views, whose expression astonishes us equally at the supineness of law, and the daring defiance of the speaker. On his arrival in Dublin a week since, he was received by all "the trades" in marching order, with banners and emblems; and a concourse of all the populace, never equalled, as we are told, but on the entrance of the late king.

"About six o'clock the procession reached Mr. O'Connell's house in Merrion-square; and he addressed the assembled multitude, which amounted to not less than 50,000, from the balcony. After assuring them that they would *certainly* achieve the *repeal of the Union,* he concluded as follows:—'France *waded* to *liberty* through *blood*—the Poles are wading to liberty through *blood*—but mark me, my friends, the shedding of one drop of blood in Ireland would effectually destroy all chance of repealing the Union. I wear round my neck the medal of the Order of Liberators, suspended from a riband of orange and green. I press the Orange to my lips—I press it to my heart. I have abused the Orangemen—on my knees, in the presence of God—I beg their pardon.' Great part of the City was illuminated, and bonfires blazed in various places."

This is but a fragment of a speech filled with the bitterest gall against all that we revere. But what are we to think of his wily appeals to the French and Flemish revolutions? "*They both waded to liberty through*

blood." And of course this example is *not* to be followed by the Irish, if England should refuse to give way. No, the agitator, who rode through the country creating an Order of *Liberators*, has no idea that blood can ever be in the thoughts of *he*, who deprecates all force. Doubtless he would seriously deprecate his own seizure by an attorney-general. And so far as words go, he will study innocence. But how did the populace understand the speech? Why was the example of civil blood quoted? why were the populace told that blood was in other countries the price of liberty?

He has since repeated the topic at one of those public meetings which are in direct defiance of the law, according to every conception of right reason. With 2,000 people for his hearers at the tavern, he tells them that "the repeal of the Union is a question of life and death, combining within itself the existence of our country as a nation—involving at once the charities of public and private life, the support of our labouring poor, and the employment of our wretched artizans; it is one so great, so vast, and so important, that in it (it cannot be wondered at) all others should, for a time, be absorbed." He then tells them that he has no hope in the ministry:

"As to Earl Grey, I declare that I have not the least confidence in him. He was a democrat in early life—he became a lord, God know how or in what Whig revolution, and he now begins to talk of 'his order.' [hear, hear!] He will be obliged to do something for England—he must do something for Scotland—and with respect to Ireland, what does he do?—he threatens us with Proclamations and Algerine Acts. Earl Grey, I defy you!" [cheers.]

What is to be done by a nation with a ministry who sends them nothing but acts fit for Algerine tyrants to send? The populace are left to draw their own conclusion. The populace are then summoned to an universal call for parliamentary reform and voting by ballot. How much does the orator care for the purity of the English constitution? But whatever may be his objects, he tells them *now* is their time.

"Let it be done now; England is rocking to its centre; the sound of the approaching hurricane can be already heard; the ground is trembling under their feet; the volcano is about to burst beneath them; the storm that has been raised by the intelligent mass of the English people is about to sweep over them. Where is the 'master-spirit' to rule that storm? That master-spirit is not Lord Grey, who, at such a crisis, could have the folly to threaten us with Proclamations and Algerine Acts." [cheers.]

He then *prohibits* the spilling of blood:

"In the *struggle* which our country is about to make for *freedom*, neither force nor violence shall be used."

Of course, the people, with all their Catholic emancipation, are still slaves, and have still to make a national *struggle* for *freedom*, which is *not*, like the "glorious struggles" of France and Belgium for freedom, to be one of blood.

The people are then directed *not* to form conspiracies for the purpose of the repeal, that "question of death and life," that giver of wealth to the poor, and of freedom to every body.

"People of Ireland, hear me; let not any possibility induce you to be *guilty of violence*, or to shed *one drop of blood;* let not *secret societies* exist amongst you—have nought to do with them, as you are anxious for a repeal of the Union. No man who loves Ireland will join in a secret society. [hear!] Secret societies! I excommunicate you from amongst Irishmen—I proclaim here, that the man who belongs to one is an enemy to me and to Ireland." [cheers.]

In all which points we must take the orator's word for his sincerity.

One thing at least is tolerably clear, that if the populace knew nothing of "secret societies" before, as a contrivance to carry their freedom, they have heard a good deal now. But who can be blind to the nature of the whole proceeding? We honour the Field Marshal's sagacity too much to doubt that *he* sees the affair in its true point of view, and is at this moment turning his mighty mind to a new march to Downing-street. To be sure he has a second time declared, that he would be "mad to be a minister." But if he "*should* find the safety of the empire depending on his leaving his beloved retirement, he is, doubtless, too much a patriot to prefer his leisure to £14,000 a-year and the whole patronage of the realm. He will be delighted to shew how fearlessly he can encounter insanity again, and be mad to be minister a second, or a twentieth time.

The age of spells may have passed away in other matters, but it undoubtedly survives in every thing connected with theatres. All the speculators fail; yet when is a speculator wanting? There have been but two within memory who have realized a shilling by theatres. One of those was the late Lewis, who carried off twenty thousand pounds, chiefly made by a long professional life; but carried it off only by selling out of Covent Garden as soon as he could get a purchaser. The other was old Harris, who, however, after making a fortune, was rash enough to hazard it all again in the new Covent Garden, and lost it all. The Opera House regularly ruins a manager every two years, and has accomplished its work without fail in all instances, from Handel downwards. Sheridan, Elliston, and Price are the modern exhibitors in the Drury Lane calendar. Covent Garden has dragged down every body with the same impartial activity. The Dublin theatre has effected the ruin of its managers time out of mind. It has now added another to the list. In the Insolvent Debtors' Court, Dublin, on Saturday, Mr. Bunn, the late lessee of the Hawkin's-street Theatre in that city, was brought up on his petition, and, some explanation having been entered into, the chief commissioner declared that Mr. Bunn had conducted the theatre in a fair and honourable manner, and he was therefore discharged from the claims of his creditors. A Mr. Calcraft, an actor, has taken the theatre, and we only *hope* he will not follow the fates of his predecessors. Yet if he should, he will be certain to have half a dozen followers in every sense of the word. The reason is undiscoverable by us, and we must leave it to the curious in human eccentricity.

The performances at the winter theatres, however, are improving. Peake's *Chancery Suit* at Covent Garden, which rather shews that he is capable of something above farce, than that he has yet accomplished it, has recommenced. Abbot having recovered his legs, has supplanted Mr. Bennet, who has been so often triumphant in the "Freyschutz," that he seems perpetually carrying on a physiognomical dialogue with Lucifer. He is certainly a very formidable lover. Abbot can at least smile, which luckily goes a great way with the ladies, for Mr. Peake has certainly not indulged him with any fascination in the way of eloquence. But there is a vigour about the comedy which *does* promise well. The characters of the country squire and the old servant are both disagreeable specimens of human nature. But they may have their originals, and they are, at least, not the wearisome copies of the clown and the dotard that so constantly encumber our stage. They are well performed, almost *too* well, by Bartley and Blanchard.

But a vocal *débutante*, with the provincial name of Inverarity, has greatly added to the popular attractions of this theatre. Expectation

was considerably alive to the appearance of a substitute for Miss Paton, and it was fully answered. Her début was one of the most successful witnessed for many years. She has a fine, clear, and flexible soprano voice, of an extensive compass, and the articulation of her notes is remarkably distinct. Her musical education has evidently been formed in the Italian school, though we understand her studies were completed in Scotland. With the advantages of a fine voice, and considerable powers of execution, Miss Inverarity possesses those of a handsome figure and an agreeable countenance. Her motions and gestures were deficient in ease, but this was probably occasioned by the embarrassment of a first appearance.

There is often a singular contradiction between the speeches and the actions of governments. All the Continental powers are declaring that nothing was ever so complete as their amity, yet all are raising every soldier and buying up every horse, musquet and cannon, that they can lay their hands on. Austria is sending her 120,000 men into Italy. Prussia is mounting 20,000 cavalry. Russia is moving her half million, and rousing her wild men and her deserts to the sound of the drum. France declares in the meekest spirit that she will have 300,000 men on foot in three months, and will in the mean time continue drilling a million and half of national guards. But of all those deprecatory powers, not one deprecated the idea of stirring a soldier, or burthening herself with additional expences so much as England. Yet, in the very teeth of the declaration, we have the following. "The regiments of the line are about to be filled up to their establishments of 740 men per regiment, which will produce an addition to the army of about 10,000 men. The increase of vigilance rendered necessary by the aspect of affairs, or rather the existence of strong excitement at home and abroad, both real and artificial, is quite sufficient to account for this addition to the disposable force of the country." We confess that this raises our surprise. We have already an immense standing army, no less than 81,000 men, besides the whole establishment of ordnance, commissariat, hospitals, half-pay, invalids, &c. &c. the whole amounting to the revenue of a Continental kingdom; and to this we are called on now to add 10,000 men. No distinct ground has been assigned, but it is hinted that the popular disturbances and the state of the Continent alike require it. To this we answer without hesitation that, for the popular disturbances the true force is a yeomanry, and that ten regiments of the guards, horse and foot, would not be as efficacious in putting down the night gatherings of a populace, as a thousand stout yeomanry cavalry raised in the district. In the next place we say, that the 10,000 men will be altogether trivial, on the great scale of European war. The fact is, that our whole military system is an error. Our diplomatists and ministers have been of late years dazzled by the whiskers and epaulettes of the loungers about the foreign courts, until they are all *army mad!* But the true force of England is her FLEET! an arm in which no foreigner can ever rival her, which belongs to her almost exclusively, and which, without the unconstitutional and hazardous effect which the presence of a standing army always produces, does ten times the work at a tenth of the expense.

But we are told, Ireland is to be kept in order. We answer; it was kept in order before by the militia and yeomanry, safe forces, which costing infinitely less than the standing army, are infinitely more suited to the ideas of Englishmen. But we have the West Indies to watch.—If the negroes are turbulent, there is no force adequate to the service but a West-Indian militia, which the planters could easily raise, and which, by being inured to the climate, would outlast twenty of our bat-

talions. If they are to be defended from an enemy, it must be by a Fleet. They are always to be fought for by Sea, and the conqueror will have the islands.

On the continent we can do nothing in competition with the enormous armies of France, Russia, and Austria on their own ground. The Peninsula was a case entirely by itself; and when we shall have such a case again, we may raise such another army. We shall have time enough to make our preparations, if we keep the mastery of the Sea! Yet let us hear.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, "in the motion he was about to make, thought the best course he could pursue was to state the supplies he intended to require, and then to set forth the ways and means. The vote he required was, on account of the army £7,450,000, for the navy £5,594,000, for the ordnance £169,500, and for the miscellaneous expenditure £1,930,000, making in the whole £16,950,000," out of nearly seventeen millions of money, an astounding sum at any time; and above all times, in the midst of peace, we have here nearly *eleven millions* for the army; for, almost the whole, under the heads of ordnance, miscellaneous services, &c., goes to the army. And this too, when ministers are declaring on all occasions the principle of *non-intervention!* The additional 10,000 men will cost upwards of half a million a year, or the interest of about twelve millions sterling! And yet, for what conceivable purpose? Is it fright at the rick-burners, or at the speeches of Mr. O'Connell, or at a rebellion in the moon? We long to know the reason, deep as it may be in the cabinet bosom.

The harangues and lectures of the itinerant teachers of law and liberty are undoubtedly among the chief sources of the present desperate acts of the peasantry. At the Sussex Assizes we have the thing declared in so many words:

"The first prisoner was Thomas Goodman, who was convicted for having set fire to a barn belonging to Mr. Watts, at Battle, on the 3rd of December. Within one month after this fire, no fewer than eight followed in rapid succession. The prisoner, on leaving the bar, confessed the justice of his sentence. He said that he set fire to the stack with a pipe and common matches. He also acknowledged to being the incendiary who set fire to some corn stacks a few days before, and for which a reward had been offered for the discovery of the offender. He said he was so stirred up by the *words of Cobbett* that his brain was nearly turned, and that he was *under the impression* that nothing but the destruction of property by fire at night would effect that species of *revolution*, the *necessity* of which was so *strongly enforced by Mr. Cobbett in his lecture* delivered at Battle. The following are the words of the prisoner, with reference to Cobbett, as taken down:—'I, Thomas Goodman, *never should* af *thought of douing aney sutch thing if Mr. Cobbet had never given aney lactures* i believe that their never would bean *aney fires or mob in Battle* nor *maney other places* if he never had given aney lactures at all."

Cobbett makes, what he thinks a reply to this charge, by saying that the fires began before he lectured at Battle. He asserts, "that the fires began in East Kent, where he had not been for years, and extended into West Kent three months before he delivered his lectures in it; and that he everywhere used his best endeavours to dissuade the people from having recourse to violence." But the *itinerant* does himself serious injustice, if he thinks that he can do no mischief where he is not seen. Do not his lectures spread through the country in all kinds of ways? Is not his Register propagated with effect through the counties? Has he not desperately denounced property? We know *his* "love of order," and honour it like his friend, the Irish agitator's.

Easily dried as our tears are for the Wellington tribe of trimmers, yet we wish that one of their officers could have been retained, Lord Lowther. What Mr. Agar Ellis may do in his room, can yet only be conjecture. But we must give Lord Lowther credit for having done a great deal for the appearance of the metropolis. The Strand improvements are admirable; and if we had any of the old Roman gratitude in us, we should give some of those improvements his name. Any simple memorial might answer the purpose, and we sincerely think that some record of the kind ought to remind us of one, who has to the extent of his power been a public benefactor.

The labour of the office has been greater than those unaccustomed to such matters would conceive. The commissioners mention that in their last report they stated that they had purchased, for the purpose of these improvements, the *freehold* of *one hundred and ninety-eight* houses and buildings, and the *interests* of leaseholders and occupiers in *three hundred and forty-two* houses, besides acquiring by exchange six freehold houses; and add, they have now to state that they have since purchased *two hundred and fifty-nine* freehold houses and buildings, and the interests of leaseholders and occupiers in *one hundred* houses, besides obtaining by exchange twenty-seven freehold houses. They further state that they had also agreed for, but not completed, the purchases of sixteen freehold houses, and leaseholders' and occupiers' interests in fifty-one houses. And by exchange twenty-seven freehold houses and one leasehold house. And out of this immense mass of ruins, they have changed one of the most unsightly and inconvenient streets of London, into one of the handsomest, so far as their means have gone. A matter of not less praise is the economy with which this great object has been accomplished. Every man, who, for his sins, meddles in building, knows that it has no equal for expense and delay, or that it finds its only rival in a Chancery suit. But the Strand buildings have, in the first instance, been erected with extraordinary expedition, and in the next, at an extraordinarily low rate. This long range of very shewy street has actually cost the public but £300,000! The whole expense of the improvements, then, in progress, according to an account presented March 1829, was estimated at £1,147,313; but the available or expected means to meet that expenditure were £852,111.—leaving *a deficiency* of only £300,000. To meet that deficiency, and to expedite the completion of the purchases further required, in addition to the £400,000 (included in the £852,111) borrowed from the Exchequer Bill Loan Commissioners—the Woods and Forests' Commissioners borrowed a further sum of £300,000 of the Equitable Assurance Company, at £3 10*s.* *per cent. per annum*, repayable by instalments within seventeen years. It is further stated that the whole sum actually received for the purpose of these improvements, to the time of making up the accounts, amounted to £962,548, and the payments made, to £880,254—and that they believed that the estimate of March 1829 (£1,147,313) would not be exceeded. We wish that we could have had the same tale to tell of the Pimlico palace, which after the expenditure of a million sterling! is now a tenement only for the bats and owls; and which will probably never be inhabited by royalty. The eternal repairs of Windsor Castle are another drain, which has sucked in twice the amount of the Strand improvements within these three years; and which, so far as the royal residence is concerned, seems to be much in the same condition with the Pimlico palace. But the

proverb of the "ill wind" is not without its verification in those matters. The king, 'tis true, resides in St. James's and the Pavilion. But the Castle and the Pimlico affair are only the more comfortable habitations for footmen, housekeepers, and stewards, until they shall be applied as chambers to the convenience of the young widows or dashing dowagers of the court. In the mean time they will make pleasant sinecures for the architects, and thus contribute to the encouragement of the national genius, and the liberal expenditure of the national guineas.

JEKYLLIANA.—Some one observed, that probably the Russian Emperor might be deterred from attacking Poland by the fear of insurrection in his army.

"Well he may," said the barrister. "It is all over with them all, if revolt extends from the *Poles* to the *Line*."

Long experience has convinced us that of all rare things, the rarest are *facts*, facts of any kind, and from any quarter whatever. Raleigh's old contempt for historical *facts* made him, as all the world knows, throw his papers into the fire. Horace Walpole was prohibited by his father from reading history to him, "for you know," said the old politician, "that it *cannot* be true." Thus we have been perplexed during the last month by the theatrical *fact*, that Madame Vestris and Miss Foote, had taken the Olympic Theatre, in partnership; though it was not declared how many anonymous partners, with heavier purses than usually fall to the lot even of female charms, were engaged in the speculation. But it *was* stated as a *fact*, that the two fair ones were allied, and were determined to *draw* together; which, to their attractions must be as easy as it might be difficult for their rivalry; that the house was to have a new name in consequence, and be called LA BELLE ALLIANCE; that Braham, Jones, and all the stars that have withdrawn their light from the great theatres were to form a constellation in the little, and that the back streets of the Strand were henceforth to be the west end of the theatrical world, the focus of all theatric fashion, the spot, to which when a nobleman got into his carriage at St. Stephen's, or at the door of the Clarendon, his coachman drove by instinct; a general congress of all wits above ten thousand a year—all peers under sixty—all noble beauties in their teens, and all noble mothers with meditations deep in matrimony. To those *facts*, the whole tribunal of the London journals would have sworn. Yet where are they now?

It was an undeniable fact a week ago, that, Mr. C. Kemble had taken the Tottenham-street Theatre, at an additional rent of £800 per annum, for the purpose of putting down the starring system at the minors. The fact is, however, that it has been let to Mr. Macfarren, on lease for 21 years, at £1,000 a year; who is at this moment engaged in projecting extensive alterations and improvements of the building, and who hopes to re-open about the end of next month, newly decorated, with new pieces, a new company, formed of the principal talent now in the market, and with very superior patronage, of *course*. What will be the next *fact*?

The Africans are not celebrated for their brains, yet they have a touch of acuteness, that sometimes serves them just as well. The European kings send the Emperor of Morocco envoys and consuls. The Emperor of Morocco never returns any thing of the kind. He sends back

birds and beasts in exchange. A large cargo of those effective royal representatives, which touched at Gibraltar, on their mission to their respective courts, consisted of a hyæna, for the Emperor of Austria; a brown wolf from Mount Atlas, for Nicholas: a royal tiger from the Zahara, for the Sultan; a blue-rumped baboon for Don Miguel; an urus, or bull from the Berber country, for William of England; a Fezzan calf, of the largest size, for William of Holland; a bubo, or great-horned owl, for the king of Spain; a grey panther for the king of Prussia; an Arab charger for Louis Philip; an antelope for Charles Dix; and a whole wilderness of monkies, to be distributed impartially among the minor princes of Germany.

The British Consul at Tangiers has, we presume, not yet informed his sable majesty of the late principal occurrences in London, or he would have honoured Sir Charles Hunter by a present of a white jackass; unless, perhaps, he may have heard that the military baronet has been provided with a donkey already sufficiently conspicuous for civic chivalry.

Now that the ministers have come back from the elections, we must, as Shakspeare says, "have a touch of their quality." We direct their attention to the following paragraph in one of the newspapers:—"We have been informed that the salary of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Rowan, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, is *two thousand five hundred pounds per annum*, with the addition of *a large house in Whitehall-place*, coals, candles, &c." If these things be so, we call on Lord Grey to do himself credit and the nation justice, by abating the nuisance without further delay. Colonel Charles Rowan might have made a very proper appendage to the military gentleman, who hitherto grasped at all ministerial power in England with an avidity which was not merely unexampled, but of a quality for which we leave others to find the name. But of him and his ministry we have got rid; he has been broken down, and broken down by that hand, which, thank Heaven, has hitherto never struck a blow in vain, and which has been for ages the security of England against personal vanity, however maddened by official success, or military hatred of freedom, however hardened by military habits;—the nation smote him, and he fell never to rise again.

The winter, which has set in with some severity among ourselves, will probably stop the progress of the cholera, or new Russian plague, through Germany; and yet the Russian accounts do not seem to authorize any sanguine hope of its cessation in the provinces surrounding Moscow. They have already had two months of snow, and the deaths are still going on, though perhaps in some degree diminished. No subject can be of more anxious importance; yet the foreign governments appear to have paid little attention to it, and we are still without any authentic details. In the first place, the nature of the disorder is undetermined. It is not ascertained whether it be the Indian cholera, or merely a violent fever produced by some sudden heat of the summer in the southern provinces of Russia, and propagated and envenomed by the carelessness and the gross food and habits of the people, who in those provinces differ little from barbarians. Some conceive it to be a contagion from the Turkish frontiers, or, more probably, arising from the seeds of that plague which the Russian armies found in their Turkish campaign, and

carried with them on their return into their southern cantonments. To this moment there is even no decision whether it is contagious or epidemic.

Humboldt has attempted a narrative of its progress. He conceives it to have begun in 1818 in Bombay, from which it passed, in 1819, to the Mauritius and Madagascar; at Bassora it was first felt in 1821. It then traversed Syria, where it apparently decayed during three years, though in the mean time it had ravaged the whole northern border of Africa. In 1823, it was felt on the coasts of the Caspian; and with peculiar mortality at Astracan. In 1829, it was felt in Persia, from which it came into Georgia, where in one city of 50,000 people but 8,000 survived. In 1830, it was felt again at Astracan, in the month of July, when it destroyed 21,000 people, with almost the entire of the officers of government. From this it spread among the Cossacks of the Don, and finally reached Moscow. Here it was peculiarly formidable; it seemed to defy medicine, and the computation was, that one in three of the attacked died. The Russian settlements on the Black Sea could scarcely hope to escape, and it had appeared with great violence at Odessa. It was also said to have stretched to the neighbourhood of Constantinople.

In this narrative a great deal is probably fanciful, and in that spirit of theory and classification which makes Humboldt, and all his countrymen, such extremely doubtful authorities on physical questions. He has evidently pressed all the periodic disorders of those hot and unhealthy countries into the service, and has regimented them under the name of cholera. We must wait until some Englishmen of science, and what is of no less importance, of accuracy, shall have examined the disease on the spot. From the cordons which Austria is forming on the borders of Gallicia, we must presume that the disorder is contagious; for every one knows the absurdity of resisting the cholera by muskets and bayonets. But if contagious, which it in all probability is, and caught from the Turks, we cannot take too immediate precautions against this new visitation of the plague, of all diseases the most hideous, and which, if once suffered to make its way over Germany, will inevitably spread over the whole extent of the continent. By preventing its entrance at our seaports, we may be safe; but, for this national purpose, too great vigilance cannot be exerted, nor too great attention paid to every advance which it may make on the continent.

There can be doubt that a great deal of the distress of the peasantry, and, in consequence, a great deal of their insubordination, have arisen from their want of any thing which might be called a stake in the land. The old custom of providing the labourer with ground, however trifling its extent might be, gave him a feeling that he belonged to the country, and had duties to fulfil as an Englishman. But the grasping and short-sighted system of refusing land to the cottager, while it was thrown into large farms, and men were displaced for sheep, necessarily produced a total alienation in the men thus thrown out, and we can have nothing new to learn in the intelligence, that they looked on these masters as their enemies. By this system, the whole labouring population would in a few years have perished, or become a loose mob, roving from place to place for employment, or, when employment failed, for plunder, and inclined to take a part in every public disorder. On this system

the labourer, when his day's work was done, would have had no refuge but the alehouse, or some miserable lodging, where, without comforts or any other association but with men in his own situation, equally discontented, equally without connection with the land, and equally exposed to the suggestions of every low tempter, whether poacher, smuggler, or incendiary; in time the rebel would have found him fit for his purpose, and we might see this body, which forms the strength of the British population, converted into the readiest instrument of public ruin.

But what a striking difference there must be in the habits, as there is in the condition, of the labourer returning, after his day's work on his master's grounds, to a little holding of his own, where the hours between his regular employment and his going to rest may be given to some labour in his own little portion of ground, and where every hour not merely employs him healthfully, but is turned to eventual benefit. The difference is actually as broad as between the honest, kind-hearted, and virtuous peasant, and the sullen, brutal, and vicious serf; between the industrious labourer of old times, and the Captain Swing of the present. We are glad to see that the cottage system is beginning to be adopted; and we are scarcely less pleased to see that its commencement has been made, and peculiarly sanctioned, by an English prelate. It is only justice to the Bishop of Bath and Wells to acknowledge, that from him the idea has derived its chief and earliest support; that he has allotted gardens, of about half an acre each, or in some instances more, to the cottages of his labourers. The plan is so obviously good, that it is almost unnecessary to say it has succeeded. The example has been followed. The Earl of Roseberry, with a view to better the condition of the cottagers on his estate at Postwick, Plumstead, and Saxlingham, twenty-three in number, has allotted half an acre to each in addition to what they previously occupied. The truth is, that a new principle of treatment must be adopted to the people by their superiors. A landlord must no longer consider his tenantry merely as machines working for his profit, and to be disposed of in whatever way that profit can be most expeditiously made. This infamous and inhuman system originally began in the Highlands, where the old tenants of the lairds, the poor peasantry, whom it should have been the pride and honour of their masters to encourage, civilize, and make happy, were driven like brutes from the soil on which their fathers had lived from time immemorial, to which all their natural feelings were bound, and of which, in the eye of Heaven, and of man—where man was not the slave of Mammon—they were as justly entitled to the undisturbed possession as their cruel masters. We have not now to learn that avarice is a blinding passion as well as a base and criminal one. But a stronger proof of its blindness cannot be asked than in the results of this odious monopoly in both Scotland and England. In Scotland, the old tenantry, driven away in bitterness and disgust to find a refuge in the colonies, have been succeeded by a population which scorns those masters; and the masters themselves have, in a crowd of instances, decayed away, and seen their hereditary estates given into the hands of strangers and manufacturers. In England, the extinction of the cottage holdings and the property of the labourers, has been followed by the scourge of the poor rates, and that scourge by the more direct one of agricultural insurrection, robberies, and burnings.

The only cure for this tremendous evil is an instant return to the old

principles of country life. The landlord must be taught to feel that his tenantry are as much entitled to life as himself, and that he is in the eye of Heaven but a steward of his property; that good nature and humanity to his people are not only virtue, but wisdom—and that no man, let his number of sheep or bullocks be what they may, can more truly do his duty to himself or his country than he who is the means of fostering a body of industrious, honest, and contented human beings. Beeves may be good, but we cannot help thinking that man is of more importance; and that even if the adoption of the humane system should compel the landlord to keep a hunter the less, or drink port in place of claret, he would be sufficiently recompensed by the knowledge that a hundred or a thousand human beings looked up to him with gratitude for his protection, and with the honest zeal in his service, and the genuine devotedness, that once made the feeling of the English tenant for his landlord. Even as mere matter of profit, there can be no doubt that the more numerous the tenantry the more productive the soil, and, of course, the more profitable to its proprietor. But there should be a higher feeling; a man invested with the power of doing so much good as a great English landlord can, ought to feel that the power was an actual demand upon his benevolence, that he was as accountable for his use of this extensive means of making his fellow men comfortable and contented as any other depository of power, and that of all the pleasant sights of earth, the pleasantest is the happy human countenance.

As to the electioneering patriots, the tenants who offer themselves for sale to the highest bidder, no matter who he may be; the sooner the landlord gets rid of them the better. The landlord is only an abetter of their corruption, who suffers those sellers of themselves for filthy lucre to remain on his estate. Of those slaves of a bribe we are not speaking, but of the genuine, uncorrupted tenantry, who are at once the pride of an estate, and would as much disdain the abominations of election barter and sale as the highest mind in the land.

Jekyll is alive again. On being told that during the greater part of Lord Brougham's eloquent oration upon the state of the law on Thursday night, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington evinced his taste for the noble and learned Lord's elocution, and his interest in the subject, by enjoying a sound nap, "Ay," said Jekyll, "no wonder; the man was near taking a *Nap.* in the battle of Waterloo."

At Salisbury, every person lately named to serve the office of Mayor had paid a fine rather than take the duty. "Well," said the witty barrister, "I see no more that can be done. I am afraid it would be impossible to *refine* them."

At a recent sale by auction, a virtuoso had a lot knocked down to him, consisting of a tooth of the unfortunate James, Earl of Derwentwater, a fragment of his bloody linen, and a nail taken out of his coffin. "There," said Jekyll, "is a genuine instance of the true antiquarian passion, a rage *tooth* and *nail.*"

Her Majesty has expressed her intention of appointing the Scotch Greys to be her escort during their Majesties' projected visit to Scotland in the ensuing year. "Why not?" said Jekyll, "when the English Greys have got hold of the king, why should not the Scotch Greys have the queen?"

That elegant affair the "prize ring" is, we greatly fear, on the wane. What would the ghost of Mr. Windham say to this sign of the downfal of England? A paragraph in the Old Bailey annals stated a few days ago, that Richard Curtis, "the pet of the fancy," was indicted for assaulting, on the 8th of October, William Allen, known as "Jack the Painter," and stealing from his person five sovereigns. Mr. Charles Phillips made an objection to the indictment, with which the Court agreed, and "the pet of the fancy" was discharged, upon his own recognizance, in the sum of £400., to answer this charge at the next sessions. Joshua Hudson, who now figures with an Ex to his name, and is Ex-pugilist, as Parkins was Ex-sheriff, and as the Right *Honourable* Sir Robert Blifil Peel is Ex-minister, whom may the stars long preserve in the same condition, is also under a cloud. In short, the whole warlike establishment is fallen from its high estate, and we shall probably not hear of its revival until some new "Game Chicken" or "Nonpareil," starts from the multitude to "witch the world with noble pummelling." Even Jackson, the athlete, seems "a gone" champion; his arms are as brawny as ever, and the circumference of his calf is undiminished; but the man looks as mystified as Lord Aberdeen himself; and even Lord Burghersh, whistling his own opera as he walks down Regent-street, smiles not in a more melancholy manner.—"Othello's occupation's gone."

Yet Jackson was a shrewd fellow in his prime; and his hint to a gallant Marquis is worthy even of *our* record. The Marquis, following the bent of his genius, had practised for some years under the pugilist, until at last he was informed that he had succeeded in the only study which he ever attempted, and that his education was complete. "Well but, Jackson," said the noble élève, "have you told me every thing? is there not something else, in the way of secret, that I have yet to learn?" —"Why, my lord, there *is* one, and I shall tell it to you in confidence. Never fight any body in *earnest*, or you will be d—mnably licked."

The multitude of country Tories are in alarm at the reforming threats of the Greys. But the town Tories know better, and keep their souls in peace. Reform sleepeth, and will enjoy a long slumber, for reasons as well known to the Russells, the Devonshires, and all the great Whig Lords, as to ourselves. Brougham is forcibly fixed where he will have other things to do than make shewy speeches on such perplexing topics; and the matter is perfectly safe for the present. In fact, it is so quiet, that we should not be surprised to find the Tories calling out for a change, and demanding why the infinite scandals of the elections should be overlooked by the legislature. The "Times" says, "the committee on the Evesham election have turned out the sitting members—Lord Kennedy, eldest son of Lord Cassilis; and Sir Charles Cockerell, a large dealer in money; declaring that they have both been guilty of *bribery* —guilty of tempting a number of their fellow-subjects to betray a high constitutional trust, and to disgrace themselves and the House of Commons, and bring shame upon the order to which the noble and wealthy personages so (most justly) dismissed from their seats, had hitherto been considered as belonging. But we hope, that as one sort of retribution has been already administered to the noble lord and the wealthy banker, another and even more signal example will be made of the base community upon whom they exercised their corruption—namely, by disfran-

chising the borough of Evesham for ever. A hint to this effect was given by the chairman, Mr. Clive." In this suggestion we must heartily coincide. If the "free and independents" of any borough are found turning their "most sweet voices" into the current coin of the realm, we can discover no possible reason why the laws against bribery and corruption should not lay their gripe on every knave of them. So much for the boroughs!

But if the tales from Liverpool be true, that ancient and loyal town should take its share in the benefits of public justice; and thus the open town go hand in hand with the flagellation of the close borough. Our clever contemporary, John Bull, has made up his mind on this point; and decides that in the recent Liverpool election—"we have had exhibited to us the practical advantages of giving the elective franchise to large and populous towns—we have obtained a new, strong, and striking proof of the excellence of that system, which proposes to prevent corruption by increasing the number of voters." He is a little in error in his theory of corruption. Because, the close boroughs having always exhibited instances of the purchase of the votes by wholesale, cannot well be surpassed by the purchase of votes in retail; and the chance is in favour of the larger number, as the fifty "free and independent consciences" may come within the reach of a long purse, while the largest might find a difficulty in the purchase of five thousand. We allow that, even to this limit, Liverpool seems to have formed a brilliant exception. Our contemporary says—"In Liverpool, during this extraordinary contest, money was openly offered for votes—so open, indeed, were the advances, that they were actually made in the open street; free and independent electors were driven in *droves of ten* to the hustings, and at last a *regular market-price* was established for their voices and consciences. By all means, let us transfer the right of voting from some iniquitous small place, where the influence of some high and honourable person perhaps prevails, to Manchester or Birmingham, so that these populous towns may speedily enjoy the benefit of bribery and corruption, and exhibit in their streets and markets the splendid traffic which has been carrying on in the Lancashire metropolis."

If those things be true, we ask, where does the cat-o'-nine-tails sleep? The thing is iniquitous; and a part of the crime will undoubtedly be visited on the ministers who shall let this abomination go unpunished. It is further said that the purchase was as publicly made as at an auction; that the price of a voter rose as regularly in the market as the price of sugars after a West Indian hurricane, or of teas on the news of a quarrel between the Company's supercargo and the Mandarin of Canton; that it finally advanced to seventy pounds a head; that to avoid the penalty which every man of those honest persons was conscious he was incurring, the purchase was made through a wall, the seller standing at one side and the buyer at another; that the whole purchase amounted to £70,000; and that Mr. Ewart was thus declared to be chosen by the "free, pure, unprejudiced, unpurchased, and unpurchaseable" votes of the freemen of Liverpool! Again, we say, let Lord Grey look to this! We may be told that the rival candidate has exhibited no intention of disputing the claim; and with good reason, if he had done the same thing; for both must be equally thrown out. But is there no man of sufficient patriotism in Liverpool to demand, in the name of justice, that the matter shall be inquired into? Any man in the town may prefer a petition, and thus

compel the notice of the House of Commons. Or is there no member of the House of Commons who will, on the plain knowledge of the case, bring it forward, and demand that justice shall be done, that the decency, at least, of election, if the purity is hopeless, shall be regarded; that the most precious interests of England and freedom shall not be at the mercy of a set of electors, for whose conduct every man of sense can find the name; and that in a day when the governments of the earth are about to undergo an ordeal of fire and sword, and when nothing will be suffered to stand that has not the public good for its foundation; the constitution of the British empire shall not be sacrificed to the basest and most repulsive venality.

Of course we give the story as it has reached us. The statements have been openly made, have passed without a denial, are still repeated without the diminution of a single feature of the criminality; and we ask, is nothing further to be done? Again, we say, that upon an oversight of this kind has depended in other times the fate of an administration. Look to this, Lord Grey!

In our last number we laughed at the clamours of the little mathematicians of the Royal Society—and the largest of them is little—for ribbons and orders. The public agreed with us, as it always does with the right side. We asked, in the first place, is there a man of eminent science among the whole body? We are not now talking of the compilers, the hunters out of the old mathematical papers in the library, the adders of a screw to this machine, or a pin to the other. But is there among them all any individual who has made any serious and actual *addition* to human knowledge? We care not for "correctors of logarithms," balancers of "pendulums on a new principle," dry reckoners of stars, polishers of the specula of telescopes, nor even for inventors of a new method of baking tobacco pipes. We leave them to their record—to the ages to come. But, for our souls, we cannot prevail on ourselves to worship them in the present generation. Is there any one of them all in the class of Davy, or of Olbers, or even of Struve, or of any of the men who either in the past generation or the present, have pushed us forward a single step in the progress of the human mind? Not one. We are *not* to be answered by Cambridge reputations, those ephemera which never survive a journey to London, and which seldom live beyond the atmosphere of their own class-rooms. But we talk of those vigorous acquisitions in science, which increase the permanent stock of knowledge, and point the direct way to new command over the kingdoms of nature. We do not blame the living race of the Society's mathematicians for not making those discoveries, for they are rare in any age, and the men who make them must be rare. But we blame them for being at once querulous, and assuming in their demand of public distinctions, which, if they are to be given to science at all, are due only to such men. Nothing is more fatal to the true honours of science than lavishing public distinctions on mediocrity. But it is a fallacy to suppose that such distinctions are in any case the natural or advisable reward. What is a pension? A bounty from the state purse, often so ill applied among us, that a pensioner is generally considered as not much better than a *state pauper!* Such things may be necessary to keep the German or the Frenchman alive in countries where there is no public. But in England, where every thing that can

be of actual use, is converted to use by the national necessity, the fact of a man's being in want of a pension is an evidence of either his being a man of mediocrity in his science, or of his pursuing some fantasies which cannot be converted to human use, or of his being a slave and beggar by nature, and willing to eat the bread of a menial. A man of honourable spirit, the only spirit for greatness in science as well as in public life, would disdain this palming himself upon the public charity!

In the next place, as to knighthood and ribbons, where can be the honour of science in things that every levee-day sees hung over the necks of sheriffs and aldermen, country fellows coming up with an address from a corporation of clowns, the worshipful chairmen of the corporations of barbers, tailors, and music-masters, and the whole crowd *ejusdem farinæ?* When old Herschell first went to court, with the frippery of the "Royal Guelphic Order" round his neck, was there any addition in this bauble to the honours of the discoverer of the Georgium Sidus? Or was he more exalted or abased by finding that this court honour had placed him in the same class of chivalry with the mob of Hanoverian grooms of the bedchamber, secretaries of the stables, travelling doctors, and the illustrious obscure of the Royal University of Gottingen? We have no doubt that the great astronomer would have shewn his good sense in declining this childish *reward*, and been remembered with more respect in his grave, if he had gone down to it as plain Herschell.

We entirely deprecate this foolish passion for baubles, which we have borrowed of late years from our giddy neighbours, but which once formed the scorn of the manly mind of Britain. The only instance which can redeem their use, is their being given for some *direct service*. The Waterloo medal is a trophy, because it was given to none but those brave men who were on the spot, and helped to win the last great day of continental war. But if the Waterloo medal were the badge of an *order*, given to men of various professions and countries, who "of the division of a battle knew no more than a spinster," the medal would soon sink into a burlesque. The true principle of conferring these honours is *specific* service. The companionships and knighthoods of the Bath have already become ridiculous from their being lavished on *general* service, which is equivalent to none. If it were given to no man but him who had captured an enemy's ship, led the assault of a fortress, or performed some one distinct and memorable exploit in the war, the badge would express an actual distinction. But now it is given to one man, for having been in one quarter of the world for so many years; to another, for having been lieutenant-colonel for so many more; to another, because it had been given to somebody else—until the badge is worth no more than a button!

We see proposals in the newspapers, from old ranters of the military clubs, for an Order "to comprehend all officers of a certain standing;" so that every fool who may have contrived to sleep through fifteen or twenty years in the army, is to shine forth upon the world a Chevalier! But this nonsense would only make Orders more empty. In France, every third man has a bit of blue or red ribbon sticking to his buttonhole. Who thinks the more of this knightly rabble for it? The bit of ribbon is nothing but the sign of the wearer's folly. But if these things are ridiculous even among the class of society which has been always led by shew, how infinitely trifling must this be among men of real know-

ledge! How childish must a man like Watt think himself become, when, turning from his own stupendous invention of the steam-engine, he could feel flattered by looking at his figure in the glass, decorated with half a yard of taffeta, with a crown's-worth of silver at the end of it, and the permission of Rouge King at Arms to call himself *Sir* James? Promotion of Science, indeed! Promotion of fiddlers and tailors, if they will. But Science has a knighthood of its own, to which neither favour nor fiction can elevate pretenders. If it choose to solicit the petty distinctions that can be given by the ribbon-weaver, it only degrades itself, throws away the original honours which are reserved for its exclusive possession, and shews that it is consciously unworthy of the name!

If we had more respect for the Anti-Slavery politicians than we can bring ourselves to feel, it would be prodigiously diminished by their incessant attempts to make "the ladies" ridiculous. We speak of the "*politicians;*" for we fully believe that there are many well-intentioned people involved in these restless applications. Our aversion is for the demure gentlemen who turn these honest people into instruments for purposes as worldly as ever passed through the brain of a Treasury whipper-in. But their efforts to make the women of England parties in their pious roguery, are intolerable; and while we declare that a "female president, treasurer, and secretary" are a combination of monstrosities in our eyes, hardly less startling than the three heads of Cerberus, yet this offensive foolery is urged on in every village where half a dozen spinsters can be conglomerated over their tea; they fancy themselves into public characters, and in due time forth comes an address, painted by the last pupil of the drawing-school, aud pinned up in silver paper by the dowager-saint of the sisterhood. Thus we learn that "the petition to the Queen from the ladies of Derby, praying her Majesty to extend her influence to procure the abolition of slavery in our colonies, has received about 1,200 signature. The petition is beautifully written, and enclosed between two richly-embossed card-boards. One of them is ornamented by the figure of a liberated female slave, in Indian ink, exquisitely executed by a young lady of that town." They ought to be put on short allowance of rouge and flirtation for the next six months.

Signs of the Times.—The noble persons who voted so vigorously for the popish question are now beginning to awake. O'Connell's Anti-Union system is making them tremble already for their acres; and we shall soon see Mr. George Robins, or some equally eloquent man of the trade, distributing the Irish lands of these noble politicians: *ex. gr.* "The Duke of Devonshire intends to dispose of the Sir Walter Raleigh estates, which he holds in this country. We are much pleased with his Grace's determination, and we hope his example will be speedily followed by all the other Irish absentees." So be it.

Let our men of peace say what they will, Russia is clearly determined to let nothing go on in Europe without her interference. The story of the Polish insurrection, whether true or false, will serve its purpose, when it has collected two or three hundred thousand gallant savages on the western frontiers, ready to march in the direction of Berlin, Belgium, or, if the Emperor Francis should be frigid on the occasion, in the road to Vienna, any one of which they might reach in a month.

It is the *business* of Russia to make war; for war is the business of all semi-barbarous nations. It is the *policy* of Russia to plunge Western Europe into war, that she may make prize of Constantinople; and it is the personal interest of the Czar to keep his bearded heroes at war somewhere or other; for idleness is in Russia the mother of revolutions. And as every man's own throat has a right to figure extensively in his general calculations, the Czar may naturally prefer having the Grand Turk at his feet, to having the head taken off his own shoulders.

But the grand temptation to war is, the possession of power, as the next temptation is the knowledge of security. Russia has both, beyond any empire ever known. Her empire is almost boundless, and who can follow her into the deserts that spread over half a world?

In one of the foreign scientific journals there is a calculation, according to which the Russian empire exceeds the terra firma in the moon by 123,885 square leagues. The diameter of the moon is 893 leagues, consequently the surface 2,505,261 square leagues. If in the moon, as in our earth, the fluid part, which we call sea, covers two-thirds of the surface, only 835,087 square miles remain for the terra firma. Now, according to the calculations made in the year 1818, the Russian empire extends over a surface of 958,972 square leagues, the possessions in America included, consequently the excess remains as above stated. According to another calculation, the Russian empire extends over 174° of longitude, and 36½° of latitude. It contains about 2-19th parts of the terra firma, the 14th part of our hemisphere, and the 28th part of our earth. Its population is about 45,271,469 souls; one million of savages, and 340,000 noblemen, not included.

Pope says, "Your true no meaning puzzles more than wit." But he would have expressed a more intelligible, and a more important truth, if he had said, that your well-meaning fools do much more mischief than could be expected from the merest malice. All those people are religionists, that is twaddlers, who make religion their chief twaddle, who drink their tea to a text, and play the habitual fooleries of their foolish lives with visages worthy of a martyr, and phrases fit for nothing but a mad disciple of Joanna Southcote, or Robert Brothers. Idiots, must they not be conscious that they are throwing disgrace on scripture, and teaching men to burlesque religion. Of what calibre must be the Claphamite author and distributors of such stuff as the following?

"RADICAL REFORM.

"The corruption which so generally prevails in this country loudly proclaims the necessity of an entire and radical reform; and it is certainly the duty of every man to promote it to the utmost of his power.

"An old writer has said, 'That if every man would sweep before his own door, the city would soon be swept:'—and if every radical reformer will commence the work at home, a national reformation of the best kind must follow.

"And, perhaps, there is room for a reform in your own conduct, my reader! *You hate slavery*, and are *you* the *slave* of sin? *You complain of taxes*, and do you, to gratify your lusts, *tax* your time, money, health, and character? *You detest tyranny*, and do you act the part of a *tyrant* to your wife and children? No wonder, then, you call for a radical reform—there is one needed. 'For the wrath of

God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men,' of every rank, and because 'of such wickedness the land mourneth.'

"Then fly from the slavery and drudgery of sin: its pleasures are but for a season; its wages is *Death*. Look to the Redeemer of men, he can deliver you from your worst oppressors; and 'if the Son make you free, ye shall be FREE INDEED.' John viii. 36."

We have no doubt that every profession might furnish a "library" of its own. This is the day of professional recollections, and of libraries. If we have a family library, why not a church library, a law, a medical, an antiquarian, an architectural, and above all, a military and naval; all those works not being restricted to the mere *didastic* of the sciences; but comprehending biographies, anecdotes, curious details of the progress of their respective classes of men and things, &c. "The Military Bijou," by John Shipp, so well known for his original and curious autobiography, would make an excellent volume in a "soldier's library." Some passages of it are extremely interesting, for those are fragments of the writer's personal experience. And there are sketches of character, and descriptions of things, written with a pleasant quaintness, that reminds us of some of the oddities of Swift. For instance, in the description of an aide-de-camp's duties—

"When carrying orders, let your eye be directed to the very point aimed at. You have nothing to do with the flying shots, if they have *nothing to do with you*. If you should lose your horse, travel on foot. If you should lose a leg, you must hop on one. If you should lose both, you must try how you can travel on the other extremity. But should you lose your head, you had better stop, for you *cannot deliver a verbal message*. Should an aide-de-camp have a sealed message, and find his escape from the enemy quite impossible, it is better that he should *eat* the written command, then that the enemy should *digest* it.

"The Blackhole. Lonely as this place is, you may have company, not very select, however, being of the lower grade; bats, bugs, rats, mice, &c. Then sometimes you have visitors, but some of them certainly not of the most agreeable kind, although frequently of your own making; the head-ache, the heart-ache, the cramp, gnawing of conscience, the blue devils. There are, with all those evils, benefits the most essential and salutary. It is a fine place for *reflection* in sound and sober minds. Temperance is taught there; no excess of liquor, no immoderate use of food, all your meals are on the most studied economy, no superfluities, no second and third courses, no dessert, but one plain, solid, wholesome dish—bread! There is one thing in which there is a superabundance, sparkling, pure water.

"During one of the engagements I was in, with the 87th regiment, the bugler was ordered to sound a retreat. The bugler replied, 'I never learnt it, your honour.' 'And why?' said the captain. 'Please your honour,' was the answer, 'the boys told me it would be of no use.'

"An Irish soldier, who was in the Duke of York's retreat from Dunkirk, being asked how they retreated, replied, 'Sure we did not retreat at all, at all.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'how did you get to your shipping?' 'Why, by an eschellon movement, *sideways!*'"

Many of the little sketches of weapons, &c. are lively.—"Musket.

Brown bess. It is the soldier's best and dearest friend—his great and sure *peace-maker* between him and his foes. They seldom quarrel, save at times when she misses fire; but which is not *intentional*, but from the damps of night, &c.

"The Bayonet. This little offspring of faithful Bessy is adapted to many uses, it is a good disputant, very pointed and sharp in argument, and often finds its way to the heart. It is also a good spit to roast a steak on, a fork, a candlestick, a poker, and a potatoe-digger.

"The Fife. Little shrill notes that summon brave soldiers to fight, and in time of peace, that lead the maidens to foot it on the light fantastic toes of conviviality; the merry hornpipe. The little instrument has other uses; as a pot-ladle, to stir up the heterogeneous soup; to make puddings, pies and bread.

"The Drum. This is not only ornamental, but exceedingly useful. It bears the boasted crown of England, and the rampant lion. Its sonorous roll strikes terror into the bosom of the foe. Besides, it is a good seat, a good table, used sometimes for sucking pigs, turkies, geese, ducks, fowls, and it has been known to contain a child, 'born on the crimson plain of war.'"

If the present style of thinking goes on for a few years longer, the Asiatics will be the only nations honoured by kingship. The monarchies of Europe will be commonwealths; the kings, presidents; and the lords, commons. It will then be worth while to send to India for an example of monarchy, as we once sent to her for science, and in later years for money and muslin. His majesty of Ava, brother of him of "the golden foot," is a fine specimen at least of the pomp; and the embassy of Major Burney (who however, we hope, is not on the 12,000 a year scale) teems with gold stuffs, formal speeches, scymetars, and ceremonial. The major was obliged to wait at the *youn dau*, or Royal Court-house, until the princes and great officers had entered the palace in state, during which time refreshments were served up in gold utensils. The princes were carried in gilt litters, with eight or ten gilt umbrellas held over each of them, preceded by musicians, gold censers, elephants, &c. The shoes were discarded at the steps of the Hall of Audience, and the envoy and his suite were seated immediately in front of the throne; after a few minutes a rumbling sound, like that of distant thunder, was heard, when a folding gilt door was thrown open, and the king, most richly attired, made his appearance. His majesty had on a gold crown, and a fine gold flowered gown, richly beset with jewels. All the courtiers, &c. prostrated themselves and prayed. The embassy took off their hats and bowed; the appointed Burmese officer then read aloud the letter from the governor-general, and a list of the presents. The king inquired after the health of the governor-general, if the seasons were favourable, and if they had had refreshing rains at Calcutta? To which suitable answers were returned; shortly after his majesty retired, and the folding door was closed. The embassy left the palace soon after. They were amused for a few minutes at the palace-yard with feats of tumblers, rope-dancers, &c. and returned in the same state home.

In the confusion of the continent, Algiers has been forgotten. If British interests are likely to be injured by the French retention of this burning territory, we must regret it. But it will require more proof

than we have at present of the fact. The French are just the people to make something of those savages. They teach them to dance, curl their moustaches, and lounge in opera-boxes. If the Saracens grow sulky, they send a brigade of six-pounders to convert them without delay, and the thing is done; the savages ride out, flourish their scymetars, and swear by the beard of the prophet to sweep the infidels from the face of the earth. The French commence a fire of round and grape, follow it up with the bayonet, and in two days their aides-de-camp are riding full gallop back to Algiers, with news that the general and his staff are giving a ball and supper in the Harem. The last news says:

"ALGIERS, Nov. 25.

"The taking of Mediah, the residence of the Bey of Titery, and the submission of that Bey, will complete the pacification of the whole regency. In the battle before Blida we had 30 men wounded. In that which has just taken place in Mediah we had 100 *hors de combat.*"

Thus the French have conquered a kingdom as large as Spain, with as fine a climate, and commanding the entrance to that land of terrors and treasures, the central region of Africa. They are going on *à la Française* in all points. They have compelled the Moors to clean their streets, and do not despair of making them wash their shirts and faces in time. They have run up a central avenue through Algiers, and ventilated the town. They have slain the mongrels that infested the streets, and reduced an establishment of dunghills as venerable as Mahomet. They have built an Opera-house, ordering the wealthy Moors to put down their names on the box-list, and subscribe, as becomes patrons of the fine arts. They have arranged a circle of private boxes in this theatre, to which the ladies of the several Harems have keys, and where they listen to Italian songs, learn to be delighted with the romantic loves of Europe, and turn over a leaf in human nature, which no Algerine Houri ever turned before. A detachment of dancing-masters has been brigaded for the service, and *modistes* "from Paris" are rapidly opening shops in the "Grande Rue Royale." The ladies are, as might be expected, in raptures with the change, and go out shopping with the air of an *élégante* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Galignani daily communicates to the Algerine coffee-houses the news of a world of which they hitherto knew no more than of the news of the dog-star. All is gaiety, gesticulation, and the march of intellect. If a great three-tailed bashaw feels disposed to express the slightest dislike of the new regime, they order him to be shaved, dispossess him of his turban, pipe, and scymetar, and send him to learn the manual exercise under one of their serjeants. The remedy is infallible. In twelve hours a revolution is effected in all his opinions; he learns the French art of looking delighted under all circumstances, and returns from the drill a changed man. The offending Mauritanian is disciplined out of him, and the parade has inducted him into the march of mind for the rest of his days. The French are distilling brandy from sea-weed; are teaching buffaloes to draw their cabriolets, have already formed a subscription pack of tiger hounds; and, except that they are scorched to a cinder, with the more serious evils that they must wait a week for the Paris news, and have not yet been able to prevail on Potier and Mademoiselle Du Fay to join their theatre, are as happy as sultans.

The town has been prodigiously perplexed with questions of the oddest and most *impudent* kind within the last week. We give a few

of them, like conundrums in the Almanacks, soliciting answers from our "ingenious correspondents."

Quære.—Who is the *very confidential* confidant of the late King, who has been so often and so keenly examined before the Privy Council lately?

What is the amount of the last three checks signed by the late King, and to whom were they paid?

Why did *the* Marchioness and her husband order post-horses with such expedition, and what sudden illness made them discover that no climate but a foreign one would suit their health?

Why has the Lord Chancellor discarded his wig of office and adopted the *scratch*, or is it in compliment to Jeffery's nationality?

Why has Lord Glentworth been made Governor of New South Wales in place of General Darling? Or why has Lady ——'s darling been thus transported in exchange for a gentleman who was nobody's darling but his own?

Why has Colonel Fitzclarence vacated the Adjutant-Generalship?

Who is to have the Munster peerage?

What is to become of the continental Kings in the next twelvemonth?

What is His Grace of Wellington at present?

Who is Captain Swing?

The revival of Lord Byron's *rifacciamento*, of Miss Lee's *rifacciamento* of the German story of Werner, has offered Macready an opportunity of giving the world some variety in his performance. The tragedy was good for nothing in the closet, and is, of course, good for nothing on the stage. But this is no fault of Macready. He shews that he has powers which have scarcely yet been appreciated. Out of the hardness and dryness of Werner he produced effects unusual to the modern stage. He has not a single passage of character to utter, he has not even a single striking sentiment, and yet wherever he appeared he produced strong effect. The truth is, the man has earnestness—a quality essential above all others to the stage. He has energy; and this, we will confess, has done wonders even with the dull, and dreamy story, repulsive characters, and common-place language of "Werner." We are glad to see Macready once more in his place on the stage, and only wish him a writer equal to his powers.

Another performer on the London stage deserves a larger scope than she has hitherto found. Miss E. Tree's performance of the "Jealous Lady," in the little French farce, is so admirable, that it ought to teach the manager of Covent-garden what a treasure he has in his hands. We must not exhibit our gallantry too vividly in the praise even of a lady's looks; but it is only just to say that in this actress he has one of the most graceful representatives of female grace, elegance, and animation that the stage has seen for many years. Is she yet unequal to Lady Teazle, to Mrs. Oakley, or to any heroine of the higher comedy? We think not; and that if well supported by the other characters, she would add greatly to the popularity of the house. In the minor comedy, the only kind which she has hitherto tried, she has *no* equal. Her Mrs. Mordaunt is capital, and her Swedish Queen, the young Christine, glowing with passion and beauty, is among the most finished and delightful performances on the stage.

Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney, by Major-General Mundy. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—Till the publication of Lord Collingwood's Letters the public certainly had no adequate conception of the manly character and executive powers of that excellent and amiable person, and the same may be said of Rodney. The Correspondence now published by General Mundy (who married a daughter of Lord Rodney) shews the naval hero in a very favourable light. In the common estimate he was a daring, decisive sort of man, with a good deal of fanfarinade about him, and of an overweening spirit, which prompted him to kick at all control, and trample upon authority. Something of this wild and impetuous character is visible in the correspondence, but in general he appears rather the resolute, steady, thorough-bred sailor, austere in aspect and manner, and rigid in enforcing orders. More sensitive than Collingwood, the curb, especially of the Admiralty, was intolerable to him. Like Nelson, he was ready, on slight occasions, to break into complaint, and, like him, too prompt to take the bit in his teeth, and run at his own speed, and in his own direction. He had the full confidence of the sailors, but not the affections of his officers. Nelson was familiar and attached them; while Rodney was stern and severe, and frowned all malcontents into obedience. He won nothing by his smiles. Indiscreet and imprudent in the management of his domestic affairs, he was in frequent embarrassment, which seems to have sharpened the annoyances he felt at what he was too apt to regard as neglect and inadequate reward. Too frank and free-speaking also, he made enemies just where he wanted friends, and looked to a seat in parliament as his only security for proper treatment from the Admiralty. Rodney was descended from a younger branch of a very old family, and well connected. His father, originally in the army, had the command of the yacht which conveyed George I. to and from the continent, which led to the king's becoming his baptismal sponsor. Young Rodney was educated at Harrow, and went to sea at twelve years of age, with a letter of service from the king—the last that was granted. There is some mistake in this—the king had been dead three years. At the age of twenty-four he was in command of a sixty-four, and seems to have been constantly employed. Six years afterwards he was presented to George II., who observed, he did not know he had so young a captain in his navy. Upon which Lord Anson expressed a wish that his majesty had a hundred *such*; and the king, notwithstanding his ignorance, with all due courtesy wished so too. Under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, who knew his valour, he was confidentially and actively engaged during the war in Louisiana, at the attack on Havre, and in the West Indies; and at this period commences the correspondence which supplies almost the whole materials of the volumes, with occasional linking by the editor. Rodney was seldom in *luck* in his appointments, though he was never long without them. After the peace of 1763 he was made governor of Greenwich; and in 1771 appointed to the Jamaica station, but compelled to resign Greenwich, though many of his predecessors had held the office in conjunction with similar commands. On that station he continued four years, and looked forward confidently to the governorship of Jamaica; but in the vacancy, he was not only disappointed, but even recalled. This indignity he attributed to Lord Sandwich, and did not easily forget. He was now laid upon the shelf. Fond of company, and well received in society, Sir George soon got into pecuniary difficulties, though General Mundy denies that he was ruined, as has been reported, where so many were stripped, at the Duchess of Bedford's. He was, however, obliged to withdraw from his creditors, and retire to Paris. In the American war, when the French joined the Americans, he solicited employment by letter in vain, and his embarrassments precluded personal application; till finally, the Mareschal de Biron forced a loan upon him, and he obtained an appointment at the king's urgency, though Lord Sandwich was ready enough, upon Rodney's successes, to claim the whole merit of selecting so distinguished an officer. He had scarcely lost sight of the Channel at the beginning of 1780, when he captured several of the Spanish ships; and a few months afterwards encountered the French fleet, where, being ill seconded by his captains, his victory was far short of his expectation. In his correspondence he attributed their behaviour to political faction, and the suppressed passages in his dispatches are now published. Before, however, his final defeat of Count de Grasse, he had conciliated their good will, or frightened them into obedience, for on that occasion he commended without exception every officer under his command. About a month before this decisive victory, the change of administration had taken place, and before the news of his victory reached home, an order had been sent out for

his recal. He came home accordingly, and a peerage and a pension were grudgingly given him. He had the year before captured the island of Eustatius, the spoils of which amounted to two millions, but which appears to have benefited him but little. He lived till 1792, and died poor. Rodney went heart and soul into the American war. Pirates and rebels are perpetually at his pen's end: just as Nelson detested the very name, sight, and visage of a Frenchman. He had spent much of his time in the West Indies, but never saw any thing but kindness on the part of the planters, and apparently believed there really was nothing, even then, but kindness; of course, in his situation, he saw nothing of the interior.

Life of Titian, by James Northcote, Esq., R.A. 2 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Northcote's Life of Titian is but a dull performance, though no doubt presenting as full an account as can now be recovered of the artist. As a narrative, it is not sufficiently, scarcely at all, concentrated—the interest is broken in upon not only by sketches of cotemporary artists, which can be borne with, but even with the story of his sitters, which cannot. A very considerable portion of the volumes is occupied with the letters of Aretino, his friend, and those of Vasari, his biographer—not often upon matters of close connection with Titian, and still less on subjects of any general value. Some seventy pages are filled with letters and papers relative to Michael Angelo; but what have they to do with Titian?—and finally, when the life is got through, it begins again, under the head of "Illustrations from Ridolfi, Ticozzi, and others"—all which should of course have been worked into the general narrative—in point of fact, much of it is, and with that the compiler might have been content. This, however, refers to the construction of the book, and certainly does no great credit to his grand adviser—our friend Hazlitt. But though as a composition—as a piece of elaborate biography, it is but an unattractive concern, all that is to be learnt of Titian's external history may be found in it, and, moreover, we have a very competent estimate of his works—a general, and that a sound judgment, but yet more defective, that is, *less* on each picture than we naturally looked for from so accomplished an artist, and a gentleman, too, not backward in expressing his sentiments, though they should chance to conflict with those of others. On the whole, we are disappointed, though generally concurring heartily with his opinions wherever he has developed them.

Titian's was a life of unusual extent—born, it should seem, not later than 1480, he lived till 1576, and then died of the plague. He was a native of a village near Friuli, within the boundaries of Venice, and spent by far the greatest part of his days in Venice—it was always his home. Though within so short a distance of Rome, he never visited that capital till 1545, and then only upon a professional invitation by Cardinal Farnese. Fifteen years before he had, through his friend Aretino, got himself introduced to Charles V. when at Bologna; and soon after his return from Rome, he was summoned into Germany by the Emperor, and subsequently went into Spain. By Charles he was always treated with the highest distinction, and finally made a count of the empire. At the conclusion of a sitting—he had been painted twice before by Titian—"This," said Charles, "is the third time I have triumphed over death;" and every body has heard of his rebuff to the courtiers, who grudged his attentions to Titian—"I can make a hundred lords, but not one Titian." Even Philip was courteous to the artist; and both Charles and his son it seems handled the pencil with some facility. Titian painted to the last—leaving several pictures unfinished, and probably painted a greater *number*, to say nothing of their merit, than any painter on record. His pictures in Spain form, alone, a large and magnificent collection.

Titian's jealousy of his brother artists, the existence of which can scarcely be disputed, began very early, and seems, amidst all his celebrity, never to have left him. He soon gave up his school—he could not bear the advances of his pupils. Tintoret so far outstripped his fellow-disciples, that Titian grew alarmed, and actually expelled him. Any rival painter who got a job in Venice was sure to incur his enmity; and he would even resort to intrigue to supplant him, or get him dismissed. Pordenone was obliged—or affected to be so—to guard against the violence of Titian, and paint his frescoes in the cloisters of St. Stephen, with his sword drawn by his side. "Such," observes Northcote, "was not the character of Raphael or of Michael Angelo; and it was to this difference of character that we probably owe the superior grandeur and refinement of their ideal conceptions. *Every man's genius pays a tax to his vices.*"

Titian had rubbed on in his youth a good deal without instruction, and the little he obtained he soon laboured to get rid of. He was consequently somewhat defective in point of drawing; but though he might have superiors in that respect, he was not, as all must see who look at his pictures with an eye of intelli-

gence, a colourist only. Mengs and Barry speak of him as absolutely knowing nothing of the matter; "but had either of them," says Northcote, "been equal to him in this respect, it would have been *their* highest merit."

Among other matters not very closely connected with Titian in these volumes, is Northcote's discussion on the encouragement of art in England and Italy. It was interest alone that was the cause of their rise in Italy, and not a love of the arts in that people more than in any other country. And could the fine arts in England, by any contrivance, be brought to aid the power of the government as much as the rotten boroughs, we should see them patronized to such a degree as would quickly cause them to mount to the highest heaven of invention. It is surprising, Northcote adds—with a degree of justice which nobody who knows anything about the matter will deny—

It is surprising how partial every nation, except our own, is to their artists; a Dutchman will prefer the high finish of his Mieris and Gerard Dow, his Ostade and Berghem; the Fleming will celebrate his Rubens and Vandyke, Teniers and Rembrandt; the Frenchman will boast of his Le Brun, Le Sueur, Bourdon, and dispute the merit of his Poussin even with Raphael; while the Italian looks on them all with contempt. And even in Italy, every province contends for the precedence of its own school against that of all others, whilst the Englishman is pleased with every thing that is not the production of England.

Musical Memoirs, by W. T. Parke. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.*—Parke, the younger, (he had an elder brother of some celebrity for the same instrument) was forty years principal oboe player at Covent Garden, and in his very childhood connected with the stage as a soprano singer. Music is of course all the world to him, and he sees nothing in it but singers, players, and their patrons. Endless as memoirs of the stage have been of late, the general purveyor and publisher of these matters detected an opening for *another* set—the musical folks had not perhaps had their share of distinction, and the soft "persuaders" of the bibliopolist tempted Mr. Parke to supply the deficiency. His Memoirs are more strictly annals, and contain, for the most part, little beyond the successions of popular vocal and instrumental performers from the days of Handel's commemoration down to the current season, besprinkled, sometimes profusely, with the floating puns and repartees, that fill the atmosphere of the green-room, and have been repeated over and over again till we are thoroughly weary of them. The least Mr. Parke could have done, or his patron have directed, was to read the books of his predecessors, and spared us the rechauffées of Sheridan, Foote, Hook, Colman, and Kemble's best and worst.

The first piece, in which Parke himself *assisted*, was Garrick's "Christmas Tale," in 1775. The hero vows, recitatively—

> By my shield and my sword;
> By the chaplet which circles my brow;
> By a Knight's sacred word,
> Whatever you ask,
> How dreadful the task,
> To perform before Heaven I vow.

"What do you think of that?" exclaimed Garrick, in ecstacies, at the rehearsal, to all about him. "What do *you* think of it, Cross?"—"Why, I think," replies Cross, "it is the best singing affidavit I ever heard." Garrick looked blue, and never smiled again upon Cross, who was apt, as Touchstone has it, not to be aware of his own wit till he broke his shins against it.

Your foreigners blunder out facts now and then. Salomon, the violin-player, taught the late king, when Prince of Wales. "Well, Mr. Salomon," inquired the royal pupil one day, "how do I get on?"—"Pleash your Highness," said Salomon, brimful of sycophancy, "der are tre stages of music; first, der is pick out, read notes, count time, &c., not play at all. Second, der is play, but play very bad—out of time, out of tune—noting at all. Now, your highness has just got into de second stage."

Parke himself was in the prince's service, as well as his brother. At the settling of the prince's debts, the brother's demand, amounting to £500., was discharged, with a deduction of ten per cent., to which all demands were subjected; but Parke himself withheld his claim, thinking it, as he himself states, more delicate, and that—the ruling motive of course—he should ultimately lose nothing by his superfine delicacy. But creditors have notoriously the longest memories, and Parke—the prince possibly never heard of his "dutiful mark of respect"—never received any mark of his favour, princely or royal—that is, he never got paid; "but in spite of this neglect, he felt no diminution," he says, "of his warm attachment, and at his death shed tears, as sincere as those of any of his cotemporaries." When will there be an end of this sort of fudge?—it has long ceased to dupe any body.

Giardini, it seems, was not admitted to the Duke of Cumberland's table. No,—

It was reserved for His Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, through his liberality and condescension to burst the barrier which had kept the arts at a chilling distance; and through its hitherto impervious portal, to admit some talented men to the high distinction of sitting at his royal table.

And the prince probably remembered his folly upon more than one ocasion—and especially when, at a private concert of his own, after treating Rossini with the highest distinctions, he pressed for another piece by way of finale to the evening's entertainment, Rossini made his bow with—"I think we have had enough for one night." And this to the man who *paid* for his fiddling.

Parke "lets the cat out of the bag" on the subject of encores. We have only room for the *forcers.*—

The King's Theatre commenced for the season on the 18th of December with Mozart's comic opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," in which Madame Bellochi sang admirably. The house that night was remarkably thin; indeed the most numerous part of the audience were the *forcers*, viz. those dependants of the principal singers who are admitted with orders to set the applause and the encores going. These people, however, are sometimes necessary, as the following fact will show: At Covent Garden Theatre, some few years back, John Kemble, then stage-manager, had got up one of the Roman plays of Shakspeare, the first representation of which he came into the orchestra to witness, and sat next to me. Although the language was beautiful, and admirably delivered, yet the apathy of the audience was such, that the actors could not obtain a sign of approbation. This, he observed, was intolerable; therefore to a succeeding speech he gently tapped his stick on the floor, which was followed by the hands of a few of the audience. This he repeated occasionally, increasing the force each time, till the audience at length gave the actors loud and general applause. "There, Mr. Parke," said he to me, "you see the use of a *forcer*."

In 1763, Dr. Arne had sixty guineas for his Artaxerxes; in 1781, Shield had forty for Rosina; in 1791, Storace £1000. for The Siege of Belgrade; and, in 1804, Braham as many guineas for "The English Fleet." These matters are returning apparently to old prices—not so, however, those of foreign singers—they have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished, as Dunning said of the influence of the crown. Before the close of the Opera in 1735, Nicolini had 800 guineas for a season; Senesini, 1,500; and Farenilli built a temple on his return to Italy, dedicated to English folly. In Parke's time, Pacchierotti retired with £20,000.; Marchesi, in three seasons, with £10,000; Mara, Banti, Billington (more than half an Italian), each out-salaried the other; Catalani, in 1814, had £3,000. and two benefits; and Pasta, £4,500., with a benefit insured at £1000. Parke has no doubt native talent now quite equals foreign—he has heard foreigners to justify Benedict's—"If I had a dog howled so, I'd hang him."

Alluding to Braham's money-making spirit, he tells a story of a child of his—to shew how the passion of grasping is burnt into the race of singers from their birth—

A gentleman, who was in the habit of visiting at the house of that admired singer, informed me (as an admirable trait in a child then only five years old) that he one day asked Braham's little boy to sing him a song, which the infant said he would do if he would pay him for it. "Well, my little dear," said the gentleman, "how much do you ask for one?"—"Sixpence," replied the child.—"Oh," said the other, "can't you sing me one for less?"—"No," said the urchin, "I can't take less for one; but I'll sing you three for a shilling."

The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems, by William Kennedy.—Here is some manly versification, with a spice of humour and satire, though the tale upon which much of it is spent is of the romantic caste. Charles IX. of France, with his precious mother, Catherine de Medicis, on their way to Bayonne stopped at Nerac, to pay a visit—

To the good lady of Navarre,
Whose son was then a rising star;
Ere to Bayonne they pass'd, to gain—
Through gloomy Alva—fresh from Spain,
The newest scourge to lash mankind,
For not submitting to seem blind.
Catherine, a true devotee
Of pious house of Medici,
Joined in the frolics of the court,
Like sanctity bewitched by sport;
Her maids of honour played sad tricks
On handsome Gascon heretics.

Among the festivities was an archery-match, at which young Henry, then a lad of sixteen, distinguished himself as a shot. Charles, as became a king, made but bungling work; but the Duke of Guise contested the prize with Henry. They had each of them cleft an orange.—

Harry liked little to divide
The garland with Parisian pride,
And failing at the time to find
An orange suited to his mind,
Begged from a blushing country maid
A red rose in her bosom laid.
Poor girl! it was not in her power
From such a youth to save the flower!
The prize was his—triumphantly
He fixed it on a neighbouring tree—
His bonnet doff'd, and cleared his brow,
While beauty whispered—note him now!
A moment, and the sweet rose shivered
Beneath the shaft that in it quivered.
He bore the arrow and its crest,
The wounded flower to the fair,
The pressure of whose virgin breast
It late seemed proud to bear—
Shrinking, she wished herself away,
As the young prince, with bearing gay
And gallant speech, before her bent,
Like victor at a tournament—
"Damsel! accept again"—he said—
"With this steel stalk, thy favourite, dead!
Unwept it perished—for there glows
On thy soft cheek a lovelier rose."

This was Fleurette, the gardener's daughter, with whom some innocent flirtation followed. Henry turned gardener, neglected his studies, and was dispatched to Bayonne out of harm's way. There, among gayer scenes, he soon forgot Fleurette; but her feelings were not so transient. On his return, the first glimpse poor Fleurette got of her royal lover was when he was toying with a beautiful wanton of the court. Recalled to his recollections, he makes poor Fleurette a visit, urges an interview at the old spot: and when he comes, he finds a letter, which bade him by the fountain seek her—

> To the fountain he led on,
> To the basin cut in stone:
> He hath plunged into the water,
> In his arms he hath caught her—
> He supports her on the bank,
> Shading back her tresses dank;
> Printing fast the frenzied kiss
> On a cheek—no longer his, &c.

The Present State of Australia, by R. Dawson, Esq. — Inundated with books about Australia as we have been of late, scarcely any of them notice the *natives*. The subject is a point of interest with none of them; and one might suppose the continent almost bare of inhabitants, if it were not previously a known fact, that they have been met with on almost every part of the coast, and in the interior, as far as it has been visited. The truth is, the greater portion of those who communicate on the subject of Australia are connected with Sidney, and know nothing of the natives, except from seeing a few now and then prowling in the streets in a state of the most deplorable misery. Mr. Dawson happily supplies the deficiency. The study of human nature in its wild and untutored state, he confesses, is his hobby, and certainly few men have had more opportunities, or made a better use of them than himself. He visited Australia as the chief agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, accompanied by seventy or eighty persons—men, women, and children—and some hundreds of Merino sheep, to colonize the grant of a million of acres taken by the Company. He pitched his tent at Port Stephen's, about 120 miles north of Sidney by water, but considerably more over the hills, and spent three years in prosecuting the Company's views—successfully upon the whole, though baffled by interested persons, and finally compelled to abandon the concern. He has published his complaints in a separate pamphlet, and abstains almost wholly from the annoying subject in the volume before us. This is dedicated mainly to his intercourse with the natives, and very ample materials he furnishes for a full estimate of them. Though neglecting, entirely, nothing that is relative to Australia, this, the condition and character of the natives, is the principal topic.

Among his official duties, the first was that of choosing the spot for the Company's grant, which induced the necessity of exploring the country to a considerable extent, and this again brought him in contact with many tribes of the natives besides those who were in constant attendance on them, and may be said to be in his service. At Port Stephen's, too, the natives mingled with the colonists, and, to the number of two or three hundred sometimes, were exceedingly useful to the new settlers. Mr Dawson found them generally docile, fond of being employed, proud of being trusted, and faithful to their engagements — but dishking restraint. They were like children, and only to be governed like children; and, like children too, more impressible by kindness than severity. He ate, drank, and danced with them—made no invidious distinctions—treated them ostensibly as the whites — employed them — trusted them—kept his word to the letter—and protected them from insults and injuries. His influence over them was unbounded. But with all this, Mr. Dawson has no hopes of their being reclaimed to the habits of society—they are happy as they are—their wants are few, and, in a climate so bland, readily supplied. Their contact with the colonists is productive of nothing but mischief. The colonists, and the convicts, *will* treat them with scorn, and, with people singularly sensitive, this prompts to revenge. They cannot, again, resist spirits. Over their appetites indeed they have little control; they will stuff kangaroo till they can absolutely swallow no more, which of course indisposes them to exertion, and disables them.

"What a set of lazy beggars they are," said one of the white men to his companions.—"Ah!" said another, "one white man is worth a dozen of them." This is just the language which is frequently held by ignorant and bigoted people, even of a different class and higher pretensions. They forget we are all creatures of habit. "Until men learn," adds Mr. Dawson, "to distinguish between the force of habit and what they call the *nature of the people*, it is in vain to expect fair play for beings whom they imagine they have a right to speak of, and to treat as brutes, because they do not act like Europeans, and manifest an unwillingness to yield up a life of liberty in such a climate," &c. The natives will stay with the whites only so long as the novelty lasts, and their situation is rendered agreeable. Can more than this be expected?

Nowhere have savages been found so independent. They appear to have no chieftains—no mention was ever made of one. "Each tribe is divided into independent families, which inhabit in common a district within certain limits, generally not exceeding above ten or twelve miles on any side. The numbers of each tribe vary very much, being greater on the coast, where they sometimes amount to two or three hundred; "and I have known them," says Mr. Dawson, "in other quarters not to exceed a hundred." They have been charged with cannibalism; but Mr. Dawson's inquiries and experience did not confirm this report. The natives who mingle with the whites know our feelings on this point, and generally charge their enemies with it—but that is, apparently, to increase the odium. When pressed closely, though persisting in the charge, they end with—"all black pellow been say so, massa." It has been said, also, they eat dogs in a state of putridity, and drink stagnant water; but Mr. Dawson never saw them eat flesh of any kind *uncooked*, though not to the state which we call *done;* and as to putrid kangaroos, he has seen them reject them with looks and gestures of abhorrence—the same with fish, dead on the shore. Of a Deity, in one sense of the term, Mr. Dawson, with all his inquiries, could not discover they have any conception. Of a Devil, or *evil* spirit of the woods, they have one, called Coen, who sometimes steals the natives, and carries them into the woods and kills them. What becomes of them when they die? Go to England, and come back *white*. When Mr. Dawson told there was a *good* spirit as well as a bad, and that he controlled the bad one, and protected them and their wives and children—"No, massa, no—nossing at all about it—nossing at all about it." Thunder and lightning they attribute to the same bad spirit, who was angry, and came to frighten them. When the storm abated, they tossed up their heads, and hooted at the dispersing clouds, and clapped their hands, exclaiming—"black pellow tend him away toon, massa."

We recommend Mr. Dawson's book very heartily to our readers, in full confidence that they will find it full of interest.

The Sea-Kings, by the Author of "The Fall of Nineveh." 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—Literature becomes one vast ocean of romance—it assimilates and absorbs every topic. First or last it is the resort, or the refuge, of scribblers of all classes. It is the field where the tyro fleshes his sword, and where the veteran finally sheathes it. And, after all, novel-writing is the surest card that can be played. If you can but get hold of a popular publisher, you are sure to be read by somebody, and the chance is not small of being so by every body. The poet finds he may write till his fingers and his heart ache—nobody reads; while publishers shrink at the sight, and well they may, for nobody buys. There is, in short, too large a stock already on hand, and good poetry, unluckily, never wears out. For any more to find a market, it must not only be as good as the old, but be fresh in material, and new in the fashion of its texture: mere refacciments, and amplifications of the old, will not take or sell; and what else is the mass of current poetry? The author of The Fall of Nineveh—two goodly volumes of versification—of splendid and gorgeous description—a congeries of battles and jousts, of feasts and festivals—with pieces, nevertheless, of pathos and energy, which at a more propitious period, or rather when things of the sort were newer and scarcer, would have borne him up on the wings of immortality—now wisely betakes himself, as every body else does, who must write or die, to romance. He has chosen the historical, and there he is wise too, for it saves, or it helps invention. In the regions of history, a frame-work is always at hand ready-made, and there are few who cannot, rough or smooth, fill up an outline.

The period selected by the author of The Fall of Nineveh, is the age of Alfred, and the main event his defeat of Guthrun, with the expulsion of the Sea-kings from his hereditary kingdom of Wessex. With these Sea-kings—the Danish chiefs—the reader of English history was first familiarized, we believe, by Mr. Sharon Turner. Our popular historians scarcely notice anything before the Normans. The sons of Radyer, a furious sea-king, who had been barbarously murdered by Ella of Northumberland, ravaged almost the whole country, in revenge for the death of their father. A party, headed by Hubbo, one of them, burnt Croyland-abbey, and massacred old and young—a scene in which the boy Edmund, the future hero of the piece, makes his first appearance. The 'child is father of the man,' and opposes his capture with a desperate courage, that shews what he will prove, and the stock he springs from, for he turns out to be the nephew of Alfred; but that nobody knows, except an elderly monk, who passes for his parent. The brave little hero is rescued from the brutal Hubbo by Sidroc, another sea-king, a little more human; but in vain are all the fondlings and coaxings of the queen and young princess, nothing can conciliate him, and he finally escapes into the woods. There, by good luck,

he finds the old monk, who now conveys him to a priory in the west, where he pursues his education. In the neighbourhood he, in time, makes the acquaintance of two formidable Thanes, and with one is all but domiciliated. As he grows up, being a very fine fellow, he excites the jealousy of the son of one of his friends, an unlicked and malignant cub, who plots his ruin; but in the meanwhile, he wins the affections of the other Thane's daughter. Both events are equally untoward—for he loses the friendship of both his patrons, and is driven to prowl over the country in search of adventures and his bread. Thus roaming, however, he has the high good fortune to fall in with Alfred, then himself at hide-and-seek at the cottage, where, as every body knows, he burnt the good-woman's cakes. Alfred takes to the youth mightily, discovers himself and his present projects, and dispatches him on confidential messages to the queen at Glastonbury. While Alfred is quietly collecting his friends, news arrives of Hubbo's invasion in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and Edmund is again confidentially employed to visit the enemy's camp before Exeter. In an action which follows a sally from the garrison, Edmund has the satisfaction of killing Hubbo, his old mortal enemy, in fair fight, and the still greater one of rescuing Sidroc, his old friend, and also the queen and the princess, though not without considerable risk, and even some imputation on his loyalty. He, however, ventures every thing to accomplish his purpose, and resolves to trust to Alfred's generous construction of the act. In full confidence that Alfred will listen to his justification, he pushes forward with all speed, and arrives just in time to take part in the decisive battle with Guthrun, where he again performs prodigies of valour. On the field, to his pleasure, he is welcomed by Alfred, and, to his surprise, by all his old acquaintance, even by the father of his lovely Elfreda—for the secret is out; he is known to be Alfred's nephew, and nobody of course has a word of blame or reproach to cast at him.

The tale wants interest miserably; but the details are often admirably told; nor are there any very recognizable blunders in point of manners, costumes, or facts. The author makes a gallant and a successful defence, on historical grounds, of King Alfred, against certain historians who have flippantly talked of his early inertness. But this is just the part, though a good deal laboured, that nobody will read—nothing of the sort is ever read in a story, and writers might as well save their labour.

The Progress of Society, by the late Robert Hamilton, LL.D., &c., of Aberdeen.—Dr. Hamilton, the professor of mathematics at the Mareschal College for forty years, who died a year or two ago in his 87th year—though of some celebrity in his own circle and among his own pupils, and as remarkable latterly for his habitual fits of mental absence as for his learning, can scarcely be regarded as known to the public by any thing but his work on the National Debt and Sinking Fund—a work which, though anticipated in all its useful points some time before by Cobbett, and before *him* by Paine, yet, coming from a more respectable quarter, made a deep impression upon the public, and, what *has been* all in all in this country, upon the aristocratic portion of that public. The publication before us—The Progress of Society—conveys nothing new, in fact or in principle, but still consists of some manly and sensible sketches of the doctor's opinions on a number of topics usually classed under the head of political economy. The characteristics of the volume are plainness and independence—with less of system than one expects from a Scotch professor, and a greater reliance upon common sense—on the glance of natural shrewdness cast through the mazes of puzzled discussions. Among the most remarkable is his chapter on Rent, in which he discusses what is usually, we believe, considered as Ricardo's doctrine, enforced by Mill and Macculloch, but which was originally propounded by Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh, some years before either of them wrote at all. According to these same learned Thebans, all mathematicians or as bad — bad, we mean, for any deduction not depending wholly upon figures—rent is the sheer result of the difference of quality in lands. The worst land in cultivation governs the whole, and that affords *no* rent. All of superior quality furnishes some, and in proportion to its superiority. The worst land in cultivation just clears its expences; and of the rest, the difference between the expences and the produce is *rent*. Of course, if all lands were of equal fertility, there would be no rent at all. But, in fact, difference of quality constitutes only one element of the rent; the whole depends upon numerous considerations. The proposition, however, of the economists includes *all*, while the proof includes only a *part*. The rational view of the question is, that rent is the portion of the produce paid by the cultivator to the owner for the use of the land, which is always as much as the landlord can force the tenant to pay without ruining the land; and this seems to be Dr. Hamilton's conclusion.

A much more interesting consideration, however, at this moment is, that besides the landlord and his tenant, there is a third party to be taken into the account—the labourer. He cannot, with any justice, be left out, and under the existing poor laws, he must not be left out, though both landlord and tenant might wish to exclude him. Things cannot longer be left to themselves; the landlord has given up the labourer to the tenant; but it is his duty, and to stimulate him to the discharge of it, he finds it now to be his interest—to protect the labourer who cannot help himself but by violence, and to leave the tenant who can to his own remedies. If the tenant can no longer control and grind the labourer, he will demand and force a reduction of rent. Oh! cry the economists, you can do nothing; if labour abounds, it must be cheap; and the lowest labourer must be in the lowest condition. That may be true—but that lowest condition must not be one of starvation; and more must and will be yielded up by both landlord and tenant.

But, after all, labour does not in reality superabound to the extent alleged. Much of the evil is traceable to the enormous size of farms, and the want of capital in one person's hands for high or even common farming. The consequence is, fewer labourers are employed. If farms of a thousand acres were split into five of two hundred each, competent capitals would readily be found for each, where one for the whole cannot; and *double* the number of labourers would be profitably employed.

On the question of tithes, which Dr. Hamilton discusses at length, he is not so sound, because he is not so well informed. He was a Scotchman, and knew nothing about English tithing, and books are of little use in practical matters of any kind. He concludes—"tithes fall on the proprietors chiefly, if not entirely." This is never wholly true, because tithes are taken on the produce, and not on the rent. Besides, if it were true with respect to great tithes, it cannot be with the small tithes—equally annoying. Most of the land is cultivated by farmers, by tenants we mean; and none get land gratis. Rent forms an item in the expense of cultivation, and so does tithe; and both must be paid, with the rest of the expences, by the consumer. If the land be tithe-free, the tenant pays more rent, and still the consumer gains nothing; nor when titheable does the landlord suffer.

The chapters on Distribution and Equalization of Wealth—Population—Paper Currency—Commerce, are all well discussed, and remarkable for distinctness in the statements.

Family Library—Life of Bruce, by Major F. B. Head—In nothing has our acquaintance with facts augmented more remarkably than with respect to the habits of foreign countries. Half a century ago, only, any extraordinary occurrence was set down without ceremony as a traveller's tale; and such a caricature as Munchausen was relished as an admirable satire—called for by the licence of travellers, and calculated to check their intolerable indulgences. To such a pitch had grown this distrust—begun with reason, but ending with none—that but few had pluck enough to tell of facts at once novel and singular;—Dr. Shaw was afraid to tell the world boldly in his narrative, that he had seen Moors eat lions' flesh, though he ventured to hint at the matter in his appendix. But none perhaps—since the days of Mendez Pinto, and he proves not to have been a "liar of the magnitude" Shakspeare makes him—fared worse than Bruce. He had visited a strange country—quite unknown to Englishmen—he had *many* extraordinary things to tell—he was of too bold, perhaps of too vaunting a spirit, to withhold any of his wonders—he dared the world's laugh of ignorance, and was universally scouted. Dr. Johnson frowned (this must have been at the *reports* of Bruce's confidents); Peter Pindar mocked, and multitudes of others who had never left the chimney corner, joined in the general derision. Even later, many who from their own experience might have known better, retained their home prejudices, and laboured to confirm, what they were of themselves all but able effectually to confute. Lord Valentia, on his return to India, coming up the Red Sea, stopped at the port of Masuah—even he cavilled about Bruce's want of correctness, and doubted if he had ever been down to the Straits of Babelmandel; while his own *Captain*, who might be supposed to be as good a judge of the matter, adopted Bruce's observations, because he had uniformly found them correct. By the aid of his telescopes, Lord Valencia descried the mountains of Abyssinia, and upon the strength of this distant view, announced in the title-page of his book *his* travels in Abyssinia, and had the temerity to question Bruce's veracity. Mr. Salt, his secretary, it is true, made two attempts to reach the capital of Abyssinia, but did not get more than half way; and even he, to please his superior apparently, sneers at Bruce's "falsehood and exaggeration;" and though subsequent information substantiated Bruce in numerous particulars, he never had the manliness to justify the man he had helped to calumniate. Clarke, Belzoni, and the

officers of Sir David Baird's expedition, with many others, recently, bear testimony to Bruce's correctness on the Red Sea, and within the sphere of their observation. Into the heart of Abyssinia nobody has penetrated but Pearce, the sailor, and Coffin, a boy in Lord Valentia's service. Pearce returned to Cairo in 1818, and wrote an account, drawn up under the auspices of his old patron, and printed in the Transactions of the Literary Society at Bombay. Coffin returned to London only about three years ago, and has been in communication with Major Head; and both Pearce and Coffin confirm many of the more extraordinary circumstances. Others were of a nature not to occur to every body—not to say that changes in forty or fifty years may occur there as well as here.

Major F. B. Head—of galloping notoriety along the Pampas of South America—has compressed the contents of Bruce's seven quartos within the compass of one of Mr. Murray's nice little volumes—something stouter than usual—and has entered zealously into a defence of Bruce's general veracity. The man was manifestly high-spirited, and above the paltry lies attributed to him. Major Head himself is no stranger to foreign and tropical scenes; and the better able to estimate the descriptions of others. He has made a very agreeable narrative, and one fit to be put into any body's hands—Bruce himself was not fastidious. Though not very precise ourselves in matters of mere language, we must protest against Major Head's freedoms—he is much too familiar—he indulges occasionally in the colloquial, till his phrases are sheer slang, and his sentiments the flippancy of a boy. A traveller and a soldier is not required to be intimate with literary history, but if he does venture into such quarters, he should make due inquiries before he enters—he should reconnoitre at least. Johnson, it is very well known, translated Lobo the Jesuit's Travels into Abyssinia, very early in life, and in the preface, he commends Lobo, ore rotundo, for his modest and unaffected narrative—'he meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes; his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rocks without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.' These, Major Head tells us, these round rigmarole phrases were rolled against Bruce;—but Bruce's books were not published till after Johnson's death, and Johnson wrote his preface fifty years before, with a very different class of travellers in his eye.

Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A., by William Hazlitt.—This is as amusing a volume as anything of the kind since Boswell's, and shews either how much better Northcote can talk than write, or what a capital reporter Hazlitt made—it is one of the best things he ever accomplished. The conversations are between Northcote and Hazlitt, where Northcote plays first fiddle; and though Hazlitt occasionally puts forward his own sentiments, always worth attending to, he is for the most part either listener or pumper. Of course they are the pith of the talk, but the mode of reporting gives them an air of literal reality; even when discussions occur, they are obviously colloquial, and not beyond the extempore effusions of intelligent men, of frank habits, and a free tongue. Painting, literature, and character, form the staple; but there occurs much of another caste—the results of a long life in the world—the maxims of his personal experience. Northcote takes a tone of superiority, to which his age entitles him; but every thing he says is stamped sterling by good sense, directness of purpose, and a love of plain-speaking. We had marked some passages by way of specimen of the manner, and as a taste of the quality; but they will tell better each in its place; and to the book we refer any reader whose curiosity we may have excited.

Constable's Miscellany.—War of Independence in Greece. Vol. I. By Thomas Keightley, Esq.—Events of nearer interest, and affecting larger masses of people, for the last few months, have thrown the Greeks and their affairs completely into the shade. Scarcely a syllable has been heard about them since Prince Leopold—with other prospects in view, perhaps—refused a sceptre which the Greeks would never have allowed him to wield, and which the president must desire to retain in his own keeping. Nor will Capo find it difficult, we take it, to *deter* any future competitor. The European powers are little likely to enforce their orders with their swords—they will have occasion for them elsewhere—and the Turks have not vigour enough to seize the tempting opportunity presented by the times, for recovering their authority. The struggle for command will thus be confined to the Greeks themselves. In the meanwhile the War of Independence is over, and any body may write its history. Abundance of materials is afloat in the writings of English, French, and Greeks, and some common sense is all that is wanted to balance opposing biases and conflicting statements. Information is yet attainable from living sources, and many obstacles are now removed, which some time ago stood in the way of a fair estimate of the

whole affair. The conduct and characters of the chief agents may be readily measured. The hotter patrons of the Greeks have long since cooled, and the Turks on their side, since they could not maintain their own authority, have lost most of *their* admirers. More than one writer is engaged in the task, and those, too, personally acquainted with the scene—Mr. Keightly is not; but he is beforehand with his volume. Whether he will keep possession of the field the merits of his competitors will determine. It will not be easy to surpass him in industry, as to the collecting of materials; nor difficult to class them with more effect. It is true, that though the field of action was small, the forces employed were widely scattered — the points of activity numerous and little connected—the chiefs independent and transient—and at no time was there a commander-in-chief to concentrate the interest; but, nevertheless, there must be fewer details and more general views, if the historian of the war expects to be read. The attention is distracted—memory confounded — one impression is driven out by another for the want of more skilful linking. At the present rate of march, too, the thing will be interminable. The explosion commenced only in March, 1821, and the narrative advances scarcely beyond the capture of Tripolitza in the following October. Too large a portion of the volume is occupied with the story of Ali Pasha, and especially his conquest of the Souliotes—a very interesting tale, and well told, but what has it to do with the Greek war? It was not till the very last year of his atrocious reign—when the revolt had already begun—that Ali allied himself with the Greeks—and such were his own embarrassments, that he can scarcely be said to have had *any* influence on the fortunes of the war. Mr. Keightley's account of the attempt of 1770—encouraged by the Russians, and basely abandoned by them—is more to the purpose. The condition of the Greek population under the tyranny of the Turks; the formation, again, of the Hetairia—a society instituted among the more cultivated Greeks for the recovery of independence—the story of its leading members—the state also of the islands engaged in the carrying trade of the Mediterranean through the revolutionary wars of France—these all are properly preparatory matters, and are, in general, well described. The first year of the war was, doubtless, the most active; and it will probably be found easier to concatenate the events of the succeeding campaigns, to the unquestionable improvement of the work in point of effect. If the writer desires to be read, he must take a better measure of his readers' patience—their powers of endurance. Classing events, too, is one thing—stringing them, like beads, another; the first is history, the other memoir-writing.

Since the notice, above, of Mr. Keightley's first volume was written, the second has been published, in which, to the sacrifice of all proportion in the details, he completes his History of the War. Nearly up to the fall of Missolonghi he prosecutes the subject in the spirit of his first volume, leading the reader a dance round all points of the compass by sea and by land—fighting, debating, plotting, in eternal alternations—and plunging from one topic to another in contempt of all concatenation. Too many names by half are introduced both of places and persons, but especially of persons. The very subalterns are all enumerated, when, of course, the attention should be fixed upon the leading and influential personages, and the more prominent events. From the fall of Missolonghi—compelled plainly by the circumscription of his pages and the commands of his employers—every thing is suddenly all huddled together, and wound up with some rambling rhetoric about Mr. Canning and his classics. Yet, generally, the writer's judgment—shewn in the selection of authorities, and the estimate he forms on characters and events—is sound enough; but, unluckily, he began to write before he had digested his materials He had no bird's eye view of the whole, or he would have better discerned the points, and connected the events. There would have been something like a stream, and now there is nothing but broken rills and isolated pools.

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. 57, 58, *and* 59.—These volumes of Constable's Miscellany are filled with Bourienne's Memoirs of Bonaparte—the character of which is generally, we believe, estimated as highly to the very fullest as they deserve. A great parade has been made by the author's friends, and especially publishers, who are, by the way, the great misleaders of the literary world—about this Bourienne's extraordinary opportunities of information, and with some reason as to certain periods in Napoleon's earlier career. But it is not sufficiently borne in mind that Bourienne never even *saw* him but twice after his dismissal in 1802. He was employed, it is true, afterwards but that was at Hamburgh, and his very correspondence was, of course, wholly with the minister. Yet no difference is observable in Bourienne's tone from the beginning to the end—he is as well informed at one period as at another—as peremptory as to what could be only

hearsay, as about his own personal knowledge. We have already had a translation, and the *name* of the new translator cannot, that we know of, have any weight. Assurances, however, are given in the preface of extensive researches on the part of Mr. Memes, employed in comparing the statements of the last volume, especially with the evidence to be obtained from the works of others, and with information collected, in many instances, on the spot. Much fuss is made about these researches—they are even assigned as the ground of some unusual delay in the periodical publication. "Such investigations require time;"—doubtless, they do, and the common result of such researches is something beyond a general assurance — a bare testimony, that "never was a more veracious historian than Bourienne." The translation is not at all superior to the old one, which by mere chance we happened to read—it is even fuller of Gallicisms and misconceptions. Liberties, too, are taken with the original text by both parties, which, of course, depreciates the value of both. The reader, who recurs to translations, requires, like a judge in a court of justice, the writer's sentiments, his *whole* sentiments, and *nothing but* his sentiments; and we are quite sure neither translation will answer these demands.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Vol. I.—Competition in book-making, as Paine said of paper money, is strength in the beginning, and weakness in the end. It begets a few good articles to begin with, but by overstocking the market, quickly terminates in monopolies, and monopolies, of course, in idleness and deterioration. All these libraries, as the publishers style them, can never find a market. Murray, and Lardner, and Constable, have got possession—the rest must *go*. The first volume of the Edinburgh presents a fair sketch of the different attempts that have been made to traverse the Polar Seas, from the days of poor Sir Hugh Willoughby to our own — but not superior, and scarcely equal, to a similar sketch in the Cabinet Cyclopædia—perhaps, however, by the same Hugh Murray. He seems to hold a patent for the execution of these subjects—he is every where, with his name or without it. Two Scotch professors of authority discuss the climate and geology of the polar regions, and Hugh Murray has had his own chapter on zoology overhauled by some other doughty professor—so that the volume is quite a pic-nic concern. Too many cooks, they say, spoil the broth, and we are sure both the climate and the geology are defective for want of data, or to prosecute the metaphor, of ingredients. The volume is handsomely got up; and the series is to be occupied solely with *realities*, in contradiction to works of fiction, on which the editor sarcastically includes history and biography, and especially that of statesmen, or we misunderstand the prospectus. The publishers do not subject themselves to the mechanical necessity—base mechanics — of a monthly periodical issue. We scarcely expect to hear of them again.

By the way, it grows late to hope for Captain Ross's return this season.

Family Library. Dramatic Series. Vol. II.—After a long delay—not occasioned, apparently, by any arduous labours on the part of the editor—we have a second volume of Massinger, embracing the Duke of Milan, the City Madam, and the Picture, with but little mutilation, together with a couple of acts of the Unnatural Combat, and a scene or two of the Roman Actor. The Unnatural Combat is curtailed, "as notwithstanding very forcible and eloquent passages, the tenor of the incidents is offensive and disgusting, and every reader of good taste and feeling *will be thankful for being spared the perusal of them*"—which is a sort of Irish conception, for it, in fact, implies a *perusal;* and if it did not, cannot readers be suffered to judge for themselves, and throw the book aside, when the subject *really* gives offence and disgust? The Roman Actor is still more curtailed of its proportions, and with less reason—"the main plot is unpleasing, and the piece has the *air* of detached scenes," and so the editor resolved to give it the reality, and print scarcely one-fifth of it. According to the original prospectus, *indecorum*—and the sense of the word is specific enough—was to be the sole ground of omission; but now the offensive, the disgusting, the unpleasing, and even the unskilful, all very indefinite terms, are new causes for clipping. By the way, the editor must have been napping when he suffered a passage in the Picture, page 356, to be reprinted—it is as coarse as any thing that has been cut out. The few notes are generally Gifford's. The editor gives one of his own upon the word *petard*—thus, "*i. e.*, an engine, containing gunpowder, used in *blowing up towns.*" In the same speech occurs *basiliscos*, which is left unnoticed, though certainly a term less familiar than petard;—it is better to be silent than to blunder.

Divines of the Church of England, by Isaac Barrow.—Of all the indefatigable men our literary annals can furnish, none ever came near to Isaac Barrow.

But the most remarkable point about him was the elasticity of his intellect. It is a perfect marvel that his imagination was not smothered beneath the mass and weight of his acquisitions—had he studied others less, and trusted more to his own resources, he had been a Milton. Though dying at forty-seven, he was successively eminent, among eminent cotemporaries, as a scholar (in the university sense), a mathematician, a theologian. He has left proofs of extensive acquirement in each department, though making no discoveries, nor in any shape enlarging the borders of science, system, or criticism. Of his command of the Latin language, his communications to his college, during his tour, which extended to Constantinople, in prose and verse, afford ample testimony; and as to Greek, he was appointed professor, on the special recommendation of the very learned Duport, who had been driven from the office for political reasons, and might have been replaced at the Restoration. He was the first who was appointed to the Lucasian professorship, and whilst he occupied the chair, published an edition of Euclid, and a volume on Optics, which was not quite useless to Newton. Of his theology, the dissertation on popery is evidence enough; it attests his labour, if not his skill, in polemics; while his sermons are still read for their eloquence by those who care nothing for the topics, nor the spirit which animated their excellent, and amiable, and harmless author. Charles called him an unfair preacher, for he left nothing for any body else to say—which marks, happily enough, the wit of the speaker, and the peculiarity of the preacher.

Born in 1630, of a good family, on both sides, though his father was a man of business in the City, Barrow was educated at the Charter-house, Felsted, and Trinity, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow, immediately after taking his bachelor's degree. After spending some years on the continent, with very straitened means, he returned to England at the Restoration, when he took orders—was successively Greek and mathematical professor; and, in 1672, master of his college—a situation which he held but five years—with a modesty and moderation singularly contrasted with Bentley, whose contentious propensities have so recently been brought to our notice by Bishop Monk's intelligent biography. Barrow was wholly a man of letters, and his sermons—by which he is now best known—have more of the speculations of a recluse than knowledge of life and manners. He talks rather of what may by possibility—judging from *given* characteristics of men—influence mankind, than what notoriously does—what men of experience expect to meet with, and rarely miss. He is rather amusing and amazing than useful—clever and dazzling than precise or skilful—the target is filled with his arrows, but few or none will be found in the bull's eye, or indeed very near it.

The Classical Library, Vols. X. and XI.—Of this cheap, and, beyond all cavil, useful series of translations of the classics, one of the volumes before us contains Pindar and Anacreon—*new versions* of them. Of the former volumes the translations were old ones, and we have been disposed to grumble at some of them, not at their not being the best possible, but at their not being the best attainable. This was strictly the case with Herodotus. Beloe's is a pitiful performance—it is full of misapprehensions. Beloe had what is called Greek enough, that is, he could construe his author so far as his lexicon enabled him, but he had not brains to comprehend him. He had no notion of simplicity, and wanted common sense to catch the meaning of a man eminent for the possession of that valuable quality. If he even got scent of his author, he was always in danger of losing it in chace of a phrase. Isaac Taylor's version, published two or three years ago, would have been an ornament to the series; he has generally caught the plain sense of Herodotus, and for the most part conveyed it successfully and forcibly, without any of the frippery of superfluous verbiage.

Mr. Wheelwright's Pindar is obviously superior to West's, and is indeed, upon the whole, as effective as any version is ever likely to be, though it is easy to conceive a better. He has followed the example set by Heber in an ode or two, in rejecting the form of strophes and antistrophes, and breaking the whole into paragraphs. The prevailing fault is incumbrance of words. More terseness of phrase, and vivacity of manner would have brought the version nearer the characteristics of the original. But every thing is against a successful version of Pindar. The very topics find no sympathy in the poetical associations of Englishmen. No racing in the world can ennoble sentiment or illustrate morals. Steeds and drivers are unused among us to the stilted eulogiums of ancient days; nor uncoupled with divinities, as they are with us, can they sustain the solemnity of even serious description. The first half-dozen lines is a fair specimen. The original is —Water is the best (liquor, apparently), and gold is as conspicuous among noble wealth (metals) as glowing fire in the night (darkness).

Water with purest virtue flows;
And as the fires' resplendant light
Dispels the murky gloom of night,
The meaner treasures of the mine
With undistinguished lustre shine,
Where gold irradiate glows.

These few lines measure pretty accurately the degree of expansion, the tournure, and unluckily the *languor* of the whole.

Anacreon's pieces are short, and better submit to a paraphrastic version. Mr. Bourne is often felicitous enough.

The eleventh volume contains a portion of Tacitus—a reprint of Murphy's translation—certainly one of the most readable versions of a Latin author we have. He generally hits the sense, but he does it mainly by doubling the phrases, and certainly nobody ever got over difficulties with more dexterity.

Serious Poems, comprising the Churchyard, Village Sabbath, Deluge, &c., by Mrs. Thomas.—This is a neat collection of moral and reflective poems, written, we are assured in a very unpretending preface, for the amusement and instruction of the author's family, and without any view to publication. It will be readily imagined that in compositions originating in such a feeling, a more than usual amount of carelessness must be discerned; we accordingly find in this volume passages which would have been much improved by a little thought and labour, and lines that would certainly have pleased us better if the music had been attended to as well as the moral. The principal point, however, in works designed in a great measure, as this is, for the perusal of the young, is to be unexceptionable in point of feeling and sentiment; and here Mrs. Thomas exhibits no want of care or correctness, having scrupulously omitted every thing that could offend the taste of the most fastidious reader. The longer poems, such as the Deluge, &c., are evidently the first productions of a pious and well-intentioned mind—some of the miscellaneous pieces are upon lighter subjects, and may be more generally approved.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

THE ANNUALS.

We have already touched upon the beauties—and they are many—of the embellishments of the *French Keepsake* and the *Talisman*; and we need only refer to them again by saying, that as they now lie beneath our eyes, intersecting the gilt leaves of these elegant volumes, and enveloped in all the charms of green and crimson silk—associated on the one hand with the best and brightest names of modern French literature—and on the other with some of the most sparkling productions of our own—we cannot help relishing them a great deal better than when they first courted our glances in a portfolio. The literature and the embellishments shed a mutual light upon each other. To the French offering we would willingly, were it possible, devote a more extended space; it has no inconsiderable portion of the lighter graces of song and sentiment, mixed occasionally with more solid pretensions. In many respects it is superior to most of our own; and our countrymen—or rather, as it is upon the ladies, that the annuals must chiefly rely for justice, our countrywomen—will best evince their taste and liberality by shewing that they are not slow to appreciate those of their sprightly and fascinating neighbours. With respect to the Talisman, we are at a loss to discover the trickery which some critics have detected, in collecting the most favoured pieces, in prose and verse, from obscure or forgotten quarters, and bringing them together in one bright cluster. Many a sketch, many a scrap of verse have we wished to possess—though we scarcely felt tempted perhaps to buy the volume that contained one solitary treasure, and nothing else that we cared for. The trickery is at least acknowledged, both in the advertisement and the preface, so that the purchaser is cheated with his eyes open. Mrs. Watts has executed her task very tastefully. There is to us much that is new even among the selections; and if there are one or two pieces that are too good to have been forgotten, we cannot surely be displeased at seeing them once more in such a shape as this—such as the pleasantries from the *Indicator*, and others equally familiar to us. It would have been as well if the *original* papers had been particularized—but as long as the path be a pleasant one, we shall never stay to ask ourselves whether we have trodden it before; or if we do, we shall not be less delighted with it upon that account.

The first of the comic annuals happens to be the last of them this year. Mr. Hood has however at length made his appearance, to the great delight no doubt of the lovers of good old jokes, and a few intolerable new ones. In saying that he has nothing to apprehend from his rivals, we say but little for

him—and, indeed, after all, little can be said. The volume, with three or four very good points, and twice that number of passable ones, presents many that are lamentably poor. A considerable part of the effect of some of his previous cuts consisted in the extreme *badness* of them —they were neither works of art nor any thing else; but they are growing somewhat better — and, consequently, worse. Of course we have laughed over several of them — such as the Eagle Assurance, the Step Father, London Fashions for November, and (loud and continued laughter here) Kirk White—which is a fancy portrait of the poet, the features formed of the Gothic windows of a church, with an ivy wig. Of the literature, several of the smart things are in the preface; the Parish Revolution contains some eccentricities, bordering upon nonsense; and Domestic Asides, not very new in idea, is humorously executed. The best thing of all, perhaps, is the Ode to N. A. Vigors, Esq., which is full of point of a peculiar kind. But we must turn from these to ask Mr. Hood whether he can possibly have mistaken the idea of "Picking your way"—which represents a fellow hooking another's eye out with a pick-axe as he passes—for fun? By what association of ideas are agony and amusement so frequently identified in his mind? We should also be doing Mr. Hood an injustice if we were not to express our disgust at another engraving —"Going it at five knots an hour"—which exhibits five very comical looking criminals suspended from a gallows, kicking and struggling of course in the most facetious and good-humoured way in the world. We have seen few instances of so depraved a taste, and can only entertain the charitable surmise that the author was reduced to the very dregs of his invention, and had no resource but to be either dull or disgusting. He has chosen the greater of the two evils.

The only name we find in this volume besides the editor's is that of Miss Isabel Hill, who has contributed a "May Day Vision" worthy of the day. Mr. Hood, however, has had assistance in his cuts, which he has not thought proper to acknowledge. The original of the vignette on the title-page — The Merry Thought—we happened to see some time ago, treated in a spirit so directly similar, as to induce us to regard it as something more than a mere coincidence of ideas. To be sure, this is one only out of fifty; but it is an evidence, if we are correct in our suspicion, of the same principle in Mr. Hood which he complains of in other people.

The Bengal literati, in order to keep up with the spirit of the times, have produced an Annual of their own. It is edited by Mr. D. L. Richardson; who in his preface intimates that as India has not the advantage of the presence of any professional engraver, "the embellishments of the volume are the friendly contributions of amateurs." We must take the editor's word for their being "far from deficient in taste and spirit" —the volume before us not happening to contain an engraving. The list of contributors is rather numerous, and comprises several names, besides the editor's, that are not unknown, if they cannot boast of being very distinguished at home. The volume is an interesting one even to us—at Calcutta it must have created a sensation. In point of type and paper the annual does credit to the Indian press, and is altogether "as well as could be expected." Some of the poetry is of a superior character. The "Scenes of the Seven Ages" is, as far as we are aware, an original conception, and in many passages is spiritedly executed. The Sketch of British Indian Literature is interesting; and several other papers would do honour to a work that had laboured less under disadvantages of all kinds—for in addition to other deficiencies, the volume has been brought forth in haste. We can congratulate the English circle at Bengal upon the talent that exists in it, and are glad to see that there are such "livers out of Britain."

Affection's Offering for 1831, is a pretty little volume for the young—a book, as it is called, "for all seasons." It is adorned with wood-cuts, and promises some tempting prizes for essays upon certain subjects, to be written by little authors under sixteen. This, we believe, has already been attended with useful effects. The literature of the volume is of a pleasing and appropriate character, by writers whose pens have frequently yielded both amusement and instruction to the young mind. At the head of the list are the names of Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Opie.

Sketches in Italy, drawn on Stone by W. Linton. — This work, handsomely "got up," will comprise twelve folio numbers, each of which is to contain eight drawings, or fac-similes of the sketches made by Mr. Linton during his recent tour. The number, amounting to nearly a hundred, as well as the size, of these sketches, will thus admit of a complete series of all the most picturesque and interesting views that Italian landscape can supply. They will be selected from various parts of the Piedmont—the Milanese, Roman and Venetian States—Tuscany, and Naples.

The artist refers to the unaffected style of execution in the pencil sketches

of Claude, Wilson, and Gainsborough, in contradistinction to what is called "high finish:" and observes that having adopted a similar style, the most efficient means are afforded of imitating his sketches, by *drawing in lines on stone* with the lithographic chalk. This plan he has rendered to a considerable extent successful; though we fear that there are many even among those who are not infected with a false taste for *finish*, that will think these sketches somewhat too slight or too coarse to admit of the requisite effect. Mr. Linton's observations are worth looking at—but we must look to his drawings. The views, we have no doubt, are well selected, and are in detail faithful copies of what the artist saw and admired in nature; but taken as a whole, they do not convey to our minds an adequate idea of the variety, loveliness, and luxuriance of Italian scenery. They are in parts bold and characteristic—but the effect is not entire. They are too cold—in short too sketchy. We like Lugano, San Martino, Tivoli, and Subiaco, in preference to one or two of the others—rather perhaps with reference to the scenes themselves than to any superiority in point of execution, which is throughout clever; but, as we have hinted, calculated rather to please the lover of this species of art, than to delight the enamoured eye of the student of nature.

What a ludicrous contrast to these sketches are Mr. Cruikshank's new ones —twelve of them — illustrative of Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*. Cruikshank's store of extravagance is inexhaustible; he never fails to throw his humour into some new shape or situation, whatever his subject may be. His last sketches are thus as original as the first. Whatever he sends forth, we despair of ever again seeing anything so irresistible—and we never do, till he publishes something else. These are excellent, and are worthy accompaniments for Sir Walter. The "Corps de Ballet"—a gentleman haunted by his furniture, the backs of his fashionable chairs taking the semblance of heads, the chairs themselves dancing about, and the whole room rolling in a superabundance of horrors—this is superb. The Spectre Skeleton looking over the doctor's shoulder, at the foot of the sick man's bed, comes up to the subject. Elfin Tricks, and the Persecuted Butler, are as good. Black John and the Witches is even better; the group of hags is appallingly ludicrous. And the Witches' Frolic is equal to it, with the huge undefined figure of the fiend rolling in the water, and the witches sailing in their sieves, some on the waves, some in the air. The book is almost too cheap; it is an amusement for a long Christmas evening.

One of the most interesting ornithological works that have hitherto appeared to illustrate a most important department of zoological science—a publication which promises to become as valuable in science as it is beautiful in art—is *A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains, hitherto unfigured, by John Gould, A.L.S.* The work will comprise twenty folio numbers, each of these numbers containing four or five plates, but invariably five birds—in most instances, the size of life. Here, then, are a hundred birds, inhabitants of the unexplored districts of the great mountain-chain of Central Asia, all of them probably introduced for the first time into this country, certainly for the first time figured, and many of them interesting as connecting groups, or exhibiting affinities where none have hitherto existed. Such a circumstance as this must tend to make the work valuable in a scientific point of view; and as productions of art, these drawings equal, perhaps exceed, all ornithological illustrations that we have yet seen. It is remarkable indeed how little, until within these few years, science has been indebted to art. In these figures upon stone, brilliantly coloured, we find the two excellences combined—accuracy and fidelity in preserving not only the general character of the bird, but its more minute though not less important characteristics; and, united to this, all the beauty, freedom, and finish of drawing that are indispensable to an adequate and satisfactory representation of nature. Of the five figures that compose the first number, the *Tragopan Hastingsii*—named after Lord Hastings—is unquestionably the most splendid in point of colouring; but it will scarcely be found more attractive than the delicate plumage of the beautiful jay, or the quiet dignity of the owl —who is sitting, enveloped in his soft feathery robe, with a gravity worthy of his wisdom, and looks as much like a Lord High Chancellor as if the branch that supports him were the woolsack.—The white-crested pheasant (*Phasianus albo cristatus*), of which we have been favoured with a specimen, intended for the ensuing number, seems almost superior to these. They are drawn, of course from nature, by E. Gould. Descriptions of the subjects illustrated will be supplied by Mr. Vigors, the Secretary of the Zoological Society.

The twentieth number of the *Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare* is devoted to the second and third parts of Henry the Sixth; the second affording eleven, and the third eight subjects for illustration. They evince the same degree of spirit,

knowledge, and discrimination in the choice of subject, that has characterized the work from its commencement; and to artists and lovers of art, they will prove, no doubt, at least as interesting as any of the preceding illustrations. The Shaksperian student, however, in addition to the comparative want of attraction in the general character of these plays, and in many of the points selected for embellishment, will find the same deficiencies in all. The fault of them is, that they are not Shaksperian; nor does it seem possible to convey any thing resembling the *spirit* of Shakspeare in any set of outlines however excellent in execution. Mr. Howard might as well hope to paint the rainbow with a single colour, or to afford an idea of the beauties of a country by exhibiting a map of it. We admit that several of the designs are spirited and tasteful, and have little doubt that there is a considerable number of persons to whom they will prove acceptable and interesting. Our own sense, however, of the wonders of the great poet of human nature leads us to regard most of the illustrations of his works that we have seen, as commonplace and contemptible. It is surprising, among such a multitude of attempts, how few have succeeded; and how much yet remains to be done in a field open to all.

Another number—the eighth—of the *Landscape Illustrations of Waverley*, has appeared;—we can only describe it by saying that it is equal to its fellows. When so much care is employed in the production of a uniformity of beauty, it is seldom that we can point out one view that surpasses the rest. Dumbarton Castle, by Roberts, and Inverary Pier, by Daniell—the one from the Heart of Mid Lothian, the other from the Legend of Montrose—are the most sparkling. They are all from the graver of E. Finden.

Of the twentieth number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, the three engravings are—the late Duke of Kent, the present Earl of Harewood, and the late Archdeacon Nares. The Duke of Kent's portrait, by Scriven, from Sir William Beechey's picture, is bold and characteristic; and that of Archdeacon Nares is worthy of its pious and excellent subject.

The fourth part of this highly interesting and beautiful work contains, like its precursors, three engravings. Perawa, by I. S. Cotman and W. Le Petit, is an extremely brilliant and sunny view of a fine picturesque old fort. The Caves of Ellora, by G. Cattermole and W. Woolnoth, is, though sweetly engraved, somewhat deficient in effect as a view of those architectural singularities. Shuhur, by W. Purser and P. Heath, is a scene of extraordinary beauty; the castellated buildings, touched with a broad bright light, the clear unruffled water enveloped in deep shadow—the banks, and those that are upon them—all are beautiful, and form a most delightful view, at once quiet and animated, simple and luxuriant.

We close our list with *The Cypress Wreath for an Infant's Grave*—a beautiful little volume, addressing itself principally to the sympathies of mothers on the loss of infant children. It comes in, among the numerous embellished books which the season has produced, like a moral commentary on their pride and pleasures. Perhaps the cheerful binding hardly prepares us for what is to follow;—or rather the piety which pervades these pages is too entirely mingled with mournful feelings, and its clouds and tears are not sufficiently relieved by the light of hope and cheerfulness. There are one or two essays by the editor, the Rev. John Bruce; and the poetry consists of selections from various moral and religious writers.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We are informed that Mr. Thomas Campbell has entirely withdrawn himself from the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The following are in a course of preparation:—

By Thomas Moore, Esq.: The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

By the Bishop of Chester: Lectures, practical and expository, on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark.

Vegetable Cookery; with an introduction, recommending abstinence from animal food and intoxicating liquors.

By Col. Napier: The third volume of his History of the Peninsular War.

By the Rev. Wm. Phelps: The History and Antiquities of Somersetshire.

Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits.

By Wm. Godwin, Esq.: Essays on the faculties and economy of the Mind.

By Walter Crum, of Glasgow: An Inquiry into the Theory of Colours, with reference to the Newtonian Doctrine.

Reflections on the causes which have

overturned that self-elected vestry of St. Marylebone.

By the author of the Castilian, &c.: A Spanish tale, to be entitled, the Incognito, or Sins and Peccadillos.

Thoughts on Reform, by an M. P.

Remarks on the Representative System in Parliament, with a glance at those Acts in the Statute Book supposed to have their origin in corruption.

By Professor Mc. Cullock: A theoretical and practical Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation.

By the author of Select Female Biography: Annals of My Village, a Calendar of Nature for every month in the year.

By the same author: Surveys of the Animal Kingdom, and Sacred Melodies, suggested by natural objects.

The Spirit of Don Quixote; with coloured engravings.

By Capt. Thomas White, R.N.: Naval Researches; or a candid inquiry into the conduct of Admirals Byron, Graves, Hood, and Rodney, in the actions of Grenada, Chesapeak, St. Christopher's, and 9th and 12th of April, 1782.

By the author of the Prophetic Messenger: A volume to be called Raphael's Witch; with illustrations.

By W. Dunkin: The History and Antiquities of Bicester; with an inquiry into the history of the Roman Station at Alchester.

By the Rev. Richard Lee, B.A.: An Analysis of Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Church Catechism.

By J. L. Drummond, M.D.: Letters to a Young Naturalist.

By the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, F.T.C.D.: A Treatise on Optics; the first volume containing the theory of unpolarized light.

By Mr. Jones Quain: Two Lectures on the Study of Anatomy and Physiology.

By Mr. Rowbotham: A course of Lessons in French Literature, on the plan of his German Lessons.

By William Woolley, Esq.: A Collection of Statutes relating to the town of Kingston-upon-Hull.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

POLITICAL.

Minutes of Evidence and Report taken before the Select Committees of both Houses of Parliament on the Affairs of the East India Company. 2 vols. 8vo. £2. 2s.

Cases and Remedies of Pauperism. By the Rt. Hon. R. Wilmot Horton. 8vo. 12s

Patroni Ecclesiarum, a list of Patrons of Church Dignities, &c. Royal 8vo. 18s.

A Letter to the Earl of Wilton, on a Graduated Property and Income Tax; and a Plan of Parliamentary Reform. By an Englishman. 8vo. 2s.

An Attempt to prove that Lord Chatham was Junius. By John Swinden. 8vo. 3s 6d.

A Country Rector's Address to his Parishioners at the close of the twenty-fifth Year of his Residence among them.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIII.; being the History of the Western World, Vol. I.—United States of America. 6s.

Romance of History. Third series. Romantic Annals of France. 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

Lingard's England, Vol. VIII. 4to. 35s.; same in 8vo. 2 vols. 24s.

Nicolas's Observations on Historical Literature. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Household Book of Elizabeth of York. 8vo. 21s.

Anecdotes of Napoleon. 3 vols. 18mo. 9s.

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. 60 and 61—History of the War of Independence in Greece. 7s. Vol. 62—History of Peru. 3s. 6d.

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A Century of Birds, from the Himalaya Mountains. By John Gould, A.L.S. Part I. 4to. 12s.

The System of the World, by M. le Marquis de Laplace. Translated by the Rev. H. H. Harte, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

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To John Collinge, Lambeth, Surrey, engineer, for an improvement or improvements on the apparatus used for hanging or suspending the rudders of ships or vessels of different descriptions.—1st November; 6 months.

To Benjamin Cook, Birmingham, Warwick, brass-founder, for an improved method of making a neb or nebs, slot or shells, or hollow cylinders of copper, brass, or other metals for printing calicoes, muslins, cloths, silks, and other articles.—4th November; 6 months.

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To John Bowler, Castle-street, Southwark, Surrey, hat manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery employed in the process of dying hats.—4th November; 2 months.

To Joel Benedict Nott, Esq., Schenectady, New York, but now of Bury-street, St. James's, Middlesex, for certain improvements in the construction of a furnace or furnaces for generating heat and in the apparatus for the application of heat to various useful purposes.—4th November; 6 months.

To Thomas Bramley, gentleman, and Robert Parker, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, both of Mousley Priory, Surrey, for certain improvements on locomotive and other carriages, or machines applicable to rail and other roads, which improvements, or part or parts thereof, are also applicable to moving bodies on water and working other machinery.—4th November; 6 months.

To Alexander Bell, Chapel-place, Southwark, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for removing wool or hairs from skins.—4th November; 6 months.

To Augustus Whiting Gillet, Birmingham, Warwick, merchant, for an improvement in the construction and application of wheels to carriages of pleasure, or of burden, or to machines for moving heavy bodies.—4th November; 2 months.

To George Givinett Bompas, Esq., M.D. of Fishponds, near Bristol, for an improved method of preserving copper and other metals from corrosion or oxidation.—4th November; 6 months.

To Joseph Gibbs, Esq., of Crayford, Kent, for improvements in evaporating fluids, applicable to various purposes.—6th November; 6 months.

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To George Minter, of Princes-street, Soho, Middlesex, upholsterer, cabinet and chair manufacturer, for an improvement in the construction, making, or manufacturing of chairs.—9th November; 2 months.

To Henry Pratt, of Bilson, Stafford, miller, for certain improvements in the making and manufacturing of quarries, applicable to kilns for drying wheat, malt, and other grain, and to various other purposes.—11th November; 6 months.

To Sir Thomas Cochrane, Knt., com-

monly called Lord Cochrane, of Regent-street, Middlesex, for an improved rotary engine, to be impelled by steam, and which may be also rendered applicable to other purposes.—11th November; 6 months.

To Charles Stuart Cochrane, Esq., of Great George-street, Westminster, for certain improvements in the preparing and spinning of cashmere wool.—13th November; 6 months.

To John Tyrrell, Esq., barrister-at-law, of St. Leonard's, Devon, for a method and apparatus for setting sums for the purpose of teaching some of the rules of arithmetic.—13th November; 6 months.

To Thomas Sands, Liverpool, merchant, for certain improvements in spinning machines.—18th November; 6 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of December, 1816, expire in the present month of December, 1830:

10. Richard Wright, London, *for an improved method of constructing and propelling ships.*

14. William Dean, Manchester, *for an improved machinery for waxing calico or cloth previous to glazing.*

19. Samuel Brown, London, and Philip Thomas, Liverpool, *for an improved method of manufacturing chains, chain-cables, &c.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

GENERAL VANDAMME.

Vandamme, Count of Unebourg, a distinguished officer of the revolution, whose death recently occurred, was the son of an apothecary of Cassel, in the department of the north, where he was born on the 5th of November, 1771. Having entered the army at an early period of life, the inflexible courage which he displayed, obtained for him an unusually rapid advancement. He was placed at the head of a light troop, which received the complimentary designation of the Chasseurs of Mont Cassel. In 1793, he was with the army of the north; and, in the course of the three succeeding campaigns, he acquired great distinction at the commencement of the campaign of 1797, he commanded the advanced guard, with which he sustained the attack of the enemy, while the grand body of the army effected the passage of the Rhine. On this occasion, his horse was killed under him.

In 1799, Vandamme was appointed General of Division, and he received the command of the left wing of the army of the Danube. He afterwards passed into Holland, under the orders of General Brune, then at the head of the French army in that country, and assisted in vanquishing the Anglo-Russian forces, under the Duke of York, at Alkmaer. For a time, his wounds and his fatigues having imposed on him the necessity of quiet, he retired to his native town. However, in April, 1800, he returned; took the command of a division of the army of the Rhine, and acquired new glory, at the passage of that river between Stein and Schaffhausen, and on various other occasions. From Buonaparte, at that time first consul, he received several marks of distinction, and was named grand officer of the Legion of Honour. With the command of the Wurtemburg troops against the Austrians, in the campaign of 1809, he obtained the decoration of the grand cross of Wurtemberg. In many instances—particularly at the battle of Urfar, where he completely routed three columns of Austrian troops—he greatly distinguished himself.

In 1811, General Vandamme was appointed President of the Electoral College of Hazebruk. Serious misunderstandings between him and Jerome Buonaparte prevented his having any command in the expeditions against Russia, in 1812. He was disgraced, and ordered to retire to Cassel. However, in February, 1813, he was called to the command of a division of troops. On the 25th of August he made himself master of Pirna and Hohendorf; and, on the 29th, he passed the great chain of the mountains of Bohemia, and marched upon Kulm, where he found 10,000 Russians commanded by General Osterman. He fought with his accustomed bravery; but General Count Keish de Nollendorf debouched by the mountains and fell upon his rear—he found himself assailed at all points—he lost the whole of his artillery and 6,000 troops—and was himself taken prisoner. He was, in consequence, marched to Moscow and Wralka, to the north of Kasan, and within twenty leagues of Siberia. In other respects, also, he was treated with ungenerous severity, the Grand Duke Constantine having deprived him of his sword, which had been returned to him by order of the Emperor Alexander himself.

At the battle of Leipsic, in 1813, he sustained a reverse from his old opponent, General Kleist. It was not until the first of September, 1814, that he again reached France. In Paris, he was the object of personal insult from various quarters. At length, he was ordered, by the minister of war, to quit the capital within twenty-four hours; and, accordingly, on the 20th of March, 1815, he was found in the repose of private life.

When the news arrived of Buonaparte's landing from Elba, General Vandamme made a tender of his services to Louis

XVIII. They were not accepted. After the king had left Paris, Vandamme repaired thither, and presented himself before Napoleon, who made him a peer of France, and commandant of the second division of the army. Subsequently, in June, 1815, he commanded the third *corps d'armée*, under General Grouchy, whose conduct became the object of heavy suspicion and censure. Vandamme, however, was eminently successful at the attack of Wavres, after the battle of Fleurus, and his troops were in actual pursuit, when intelligence reached him of the defeat of Buonaparte at Waterloo. The tables thus turned, he was in danger of being crushed by superior numbers; but with excellent conduct, he effected his retreat, sustaining scarcely any loss. General Vandamme occupied Montrouge, Meudon, Vanvres, and Issey. Some of the generals offered him the command of the army, which he declined, and afterwards retired behind the Loire. There he mounted the white cockade, and exhorted his troops to submission.

The ordonnance of January 17th, 1816, having obliged General Vandamme to quit France, he retired to Ghent, the birth-place of his wife. Afterwards, he resided on his own beautiful estate at Cassel; where, a few years since, he erected an asylum for old men, and restored several tracts of land to husbandry purposes in that neighbourhood, by the construction of dykes. Latterly, General Vandamme's residence was again at Ghent. About three weeks previously to his death, and shortly before the commencement of the revolution of 1830, he went to France for the purpose of exercising his rights as an elector.

ADMIRAL SIR C. M. POLE.

Sir Charles Morice Pole, Bart., of Aldenham Abbey, Herts., Admiral of the Red Squadron, and Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, was a member of the noble house of Pole, baronets of Shute, in the county of Devon. His grandfather, the Rev. Carolus Pole, rector of St. Breock, in Cornwall, was the fourth son of Sir John Pole, third baronet of Shute, by Anne, youngest daughter of Sir William Morice, Secretary of State to Charles II. His father, Reginald Pole, Esq., of Stoke Damorrell, in Devonshire, married Anne, second daughter of John Francis Buller, Esq., of Mervell, in Cornwall. By this marriage Sir C. M. Pole was the second son. His elder brother, Reginald Pole, who assumed the additional surname of Carew, in compliance with the will of Sir Coventry Carew, of Anthony, in Cornwall, who filled the office of Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, during Mr. Addington's administration.

Charles Morice Pole was born on the 18th of January, 1757; and, having been educated at the Royal Naval Academy, at Portsmouth, he entered the naval service of his country. Through the various subordinate ranks of that service, he passed with great credit: he was a lieutenant early, and a post captain in 1779. During the American war, he commanded a frigate, in which, by the capture of numerous valuable prizes, and by other services, he greatly distinguished himself.

In 1792, Captain Pole married Henriette, daughter of John Goddard, Esq., of Woodford Hall, Essex, and niece of the wealthy Henry Hope, Esq., of Amsterdam; who, on his death, left Sir Charles a noble legacy, and a large fortune to each of his two daughters, Henrietta Maria Sarah, and Anna Maria. Of these, the elder was married, in 1821, to William Stuart, Esq., only son of his Grace the late Hon. and most Rev. William, Archbishop of Armagh, and grandson of John, Earl of Bute.

In 1795, Captain Pole was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral; in 1801, to be a Vice-Admiral, and, in 1805, to be Admiral of the Red. In consideration of his professional services—as much, perhaps, in consequence of his high ministerial and other connections—he was, on the 12th of September, 1801, advanced to the dignity of a baronet. In 1803, he was brought into parliament for the borough of Newark, in Nottinghamshire; and, in 1806, during Earl St. Vincent's presidency at the Admiralty Boards, he was one of the junior lords. He was then appointed president of a board to reform the naval expenditure, and he brought in, and carried through parliament a bill to remove the chest at Chatham, (an institution and fund for the relief of wounded seamen,) to Greenwich; a measure of great importance to the navy. In 1807 and 1808, Sir Charles was member of parliament for Plymouth; and, afterwards, he sat for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. On the establishment of his present Majesty's household, as Duke of Clarence, Sir Charles Pole was appointed one of the grooms of the bed-chamber to His Royal Highness; an office which he continued to hold till the accession of William IV., when he was appointed Equerry to his Majesty, and immediately afterwards, naval *Aide-de-Camp* to the King, and Master of the Robes, *vice* Lord Mountcharles.

Of these honours, Sir C. M. Pole had but a brief enjoyment. He died on the 6th of September, at his seat, Aldenham Abbey, in the 74th year of his age.

LADY THURLOW.

Mary Catherine, Lady Thurlow, died at Southampton, on the 28th of September, having survived her husband, Edward, second Baron Thurlow, only about fifteen months. This lady—remembered by many of our readers as Miss Bolton, an actress of no mean celebrity—was the eldest daughter of Mr. James Richard Bolton, a wine-merchant, if we forget not, somewhere not far

from the theatres. She was born about the year 1789; and, having received a musical education under Mr. Lanza, she sang with much success at the Hanover-square and Willis's Rooms' concerts. It is said that, when at the age of seventeen, she made her first appearance on the stage (October 8, 1806), she had witnessed only five dramatic performances; three during her childhood, and two in the winter of 1805. Mr. Lanza introduced her to Mr. Kemble and Mr. Harris; and the character selected for her *début* was Polly, in the Beggar's Opera. In this she was brilliantly successful; the piece was repeated many times during the season; Love in a Village was revived, specially for the purpose of introducing her to the public in that opera; and, in many other pieces, she was received with equal favour.

Miss Bolton retained her station with *éclat*, for seven years; when, after a courtship of some length, she was married to Lord Thurlow, at the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, on the 13th of November 1813. It has been stated that, previously to her marriage, she obtained from Lord Thurlow an annuity for her father and mother, to whom she was deeply and affectionately attached. Lady Thurlow appears to have been one of the very few actresses who, having by marriage been elevated to the peerage, have proved themselves capable of sustaining a high character in private equally as in public life. We have never heard her mentioned but in terms of respect—as a pattern of conjugal duty and domestic happiness. Her ladyship has left three sons; of whom, Edward Thomas, the eldest, succeeded to the family title and estates, on the death of his father, June 4, 1829.

LORD BLANTYRE.

The Right Hon. Robert Walter Stewart, Lord Blantyre, of the county of Lanark, who accidentally lost his life during the disorders at Brussels, in September last, was of a branch of the ancient and noble family of Stewart, or Stuart, Dukes of Lenox. His lordship was a major-general in the army, and a knight companion of the order of the Bath. He was also lord-lieutenant of the county of Renfrew. This nobleman was born on the 10th of June, 1775; and he succeeded his father, Alexander, tenth Lord Blantyre, on the 5th of November, 1783. His lordship was bred to the army, into which he entered young. He served in the Duke of York's expedition to Holland, in 1799; in Egypt as aide-de-camp to General Stuart, in 1801; in the expedition to Pomerania and Zealand, in 1807; and with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular war, in 1809.

Lord Blantyre married, on the 26th of February, 1813, Frances, second daughter of the Hon. John Rodney, of the Island of Ceylon (son of Admiral Sir George, first Lord Rodney, K.B.), by his first wife, by the Lady Catherine Nugent, sister of the late Earl of Westmeath. A sister of Lady Blantyre is married to the Hon. Major-General Patrick Stewart, next brother to her late husband. Lady Blantyre is also half-sister to Lady George Lennox, and to Miss Eliza Rodney. By this marriage Lord Blantyre has left a son, George, his successor, born in 1818, and a family of seven or eight other children.

His lordship had been some time residing at Brussels, where, from a local accident, he was confined to his chamber. To obtain a view of the proceedings of the mob in their attack upon the town, he unfortunately chanced to put his head out of the window of the hotel—whence he had just before removed a maid-servant—and was instantly shot. There does not, however, appear to be any ground for the belief in the report that he was the victim of assassination. His lordship was a man of high reputation—of quiet, domestic habits, and was greatly beloved.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

His Grace, John Murray, Duke, Marquis and Earl of Athol; Marquis and Earl of Tullibardin; Earl of Strathsay and Stratherdale; Viscount Glenalmond, Balquhidir, and Glenlyon; Baron Murray, of Tullibardin; Lord Belvemere and Gask, in North Britain; Earl Strange, Baron Strange, and Baron Murray, of Stanley, in the county of Gloucester, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; K. T.; F. R. S.; Lord Lieutenant and Hereditary Sheriff of the county of Perth; Captain-General and Governor of the Isle of Man; was the Representative of the family of Murray, which derives its origin from John de Moravia, Sheriff of Perthshire in the year 1219. William, grandson of John de Moravia, was one of the *Magnates Scotiæ* summoned to Berwick by King Edward I., in 1292; and, by marriage with Ann, daughter of Malin, Seneschal of Strathan, he acquired the lands of Tullibardin, of which his descendants were nominated Barons. In 1736 the absolute sovereignty of the Isle of Man devolved upon James, second Duke of Athol, as the heir of the Stanley family, to which it had been granted by King Henry IV. in 1406. By his nephew and successor, John, third Duke of Athol, and father of the late Duke, to whom this notice refers, the sovereignty of the Isle of Man was transferred to the British government for the sum of £70,000; the family, however, reserving their landed interest, with the patronage of the bishopric, and other ecclesiastical benefices, on payment of the annual sum of £101. 15s. 11d. and rendering two falcons to the Kings and Queens of England upon the days of their coronation.

His Grace, the late Duke, was born on the 30th of June, 1755; he succeeded to

the Scottish honours of his family, at the decease of his father, on the 5th of November, 1774; he obtained the English earldom of Strange, and Barony of Murray, of Stanley, by creation on the 18th of August, 1786; and he inherited the Barony of Strange, at the decease of his mother, who was Baroness of Strange in her own right, in 1805. His mother was the Lady Charlotte Murray, only daughter of James, second Duke of Athol. His Grace married, on the 26th of December, 1774, Jane, eldest daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, John, born in 1778, has for some years been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, at Kilbourne, a circumstance which proved a source of deep and permanent affliction to his father. His malady is said to have originated in a brain fever, consequent on imprudent bathing. From the unhappy state of his intellect, his brother, James, born in 1782, supersedes him, by virtue of an act of parliament, and succeeds to the family honours and estates, as fifth Duke of Athol, &c. This nobleman married, in 1810, the Lady Emily Frances Percy, sister of the present Duke of Northumberland; and, in 1821, he was created Baron Glenlyon, of Glenlyon, in the county of Perth. The Duke's eldest daughter, Charlotte, was married, first, to the late Sir John Menzies, Bart.; secondly, to Rear-Admiral Adam Drummond, of Meginch: his second daughter, Amelia Sophia, is married to Viscount Strathallan; and his third, Elizabeth, to Sir Evan John Macgregor Murray, Bart. His Grace's first wife dying in 1790, he married in 1794, Margery, eldest daughter of James, sixteenth Lord Forbes, and relict of Macleod, by whom he had several children, all now deceased.

For thirty-six years the Duke of Athol had enjoyed the office of Lord Lieutenant of his county; in which, too, the greater part of his life had been spent. As a spirited and enterprising landed proprietor, his loss there will be deeply felt. His Grace died at his seat, Athol House, Dunkeld, Perthshire, on the 29th of September. His funeral took place on the 18th of October, in a manner strictly private, and void of ostentatious ceremony. According to his express wish, his body was deposited in a coffin made of one of his own larch trees, without any covering, but highly polished and varnished, that thus another trial might be given of the durability of his favourite timber. The funeral service was read by the Bishop of Rochester; and a mournful procession, consisting of the members of the family, and the immediate relations and friends of the deceased, conveyed his remains to the burial-place of his fathers.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN NICHOLLS, K.C.B.

This officer, born in 1758, died early in September, at his residence in Somersetshire. According to the custom formerly prevalent with those who had interest, he entered the service in his childhood; and, after passing through all the respective gradations of rank, he was made Post-Captain in 1783. In the war that broke out after the commencement of the French Revolution, he, in 1793, commanded the Royal Sovereign, of 100 guns, at that time bearing the flag of Admiral Lord Graves; in 1807, he commanded the Marlborough, of 74 guns; in 1810 he was made Rear-Admiral; in 1820, K.C.B.; in 1825, Vice-Admiral of the Blue; and in 1830, Admiral of the White. He was some time Comptroller of the Navy.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

At this season of the year, our Correspondents have little to communicate on the ordinary occupations of husbandry; their letters at the present turbulent crisis, are filled with very different, indeed, disheartening subjects, with the consolation, however, that a stop has at length been put to the horrible devastations which have prevailed almost throughout the country, and that great numbers of misguided and revengeful delinquents have been apprehended. In those fortunate districts which escaped the dreadful visitations, among which Herts, as in other respects, formerly adverted to, stands most memorably and creditably prominent, the arrears of cultivation have been completed in a style considerably superior to expectation for times like the present; in those most subjected to the recent calamities, so much cannot be expected, and great interruption must have there been experienced to the completion of the year's business, as well as derangement and deterioration of the prospects of the year ensuing. The wheats in the southern and forward counties, are generally above ground, and upon dry and wholesome soils, have as fine and promising an appearance as could possibly be expected, upon lands in their notoriously neglected state. Our late letters make no further mention of the slug, the forwardest wheats probably getting beyond its powers, and a frost of some length will prove the only radical remedy. It was stated in our last, that the kindliness of the season had induced many farmers to extend their breadth of wheat. We have since been informed, in fact, several instances have come under our own observation, that many others have been deterred from risking a wheat crop on part of their lands, both from the unfortunate experience of their two last crops, and the deplorably foul and exhausted state of the soil, much

of which it will be to their obvious advantage to throw out of culture. Wheat continues to rise gradually at market, and the quantity of home grown is generally small; so premature and erroneous was the public calculation on the late crop. In the poor land counties, little has been hitherto threshed, beyond the demand for seed, and the surplus, which want of money must soon bring to market, is reported to be low to a disheartening degree; a still advancing price must be expected. Thus the country can ill afford the waste and destruction which has been made. Barley, though a defective crop, is heavy of sale, as are oats from their superior plenty. Pulse hold their price, with an inclination to advance. Wheat seed has been fortunately got in, throughout the great corn county of Norfolk, where the superior culture of the *dibble* has prevailed to a great extent: subject, however, to (the usual disadvantage of that mode,) insufficient clearing of the soil from weeds, which can only be effected through wide rows.

The markets for store cattle are on the advance, and good wedders and ewes—but the markets have been glutted with ordinary and unsound mutton: of the latter, lots have been burned in Smithfield. Great complaints from Wales, of the low prices of stock, where pigs of six months are selling at four or five shillings each. The price of store stock has been there calculated throughout the summer and autumn, at forty per cent., in proportion, below the price of corn. Generally, however, in the country, complaints are made that fat stock has produced no profit, and that the prospect for winter feeding is discouraging. Horses for saddle and quick draught, are lower than during many years past. Wool continues rather on the decline, the buyers in the first months of its revival, having so amply stocked themselves. It will probably start again in the spring. The whole duty on hops for the present year, amounts to £153,125 18s. 6d. The trade continues very dull, with little or no change in the price. The thirty-second anniversary of the London Cattle Show has just passed. The exhibition consisted of the usual articles, and the only novelty which occurred, were the extension of it to four days, and the distribution of gold and silver medals. Except on the last day, it was not so numerously attended as formerly; and, for some years past, few men of rank have been seen there.

Public opinion has gone generally against the farmers, whose complaints formerly were not deemed just; but their justice has been of late too pointedly proved! Their losses have been progressive from year to year; their returns, instead of affording them a living, being inadequate to the expences of culture, and the payment of rent, tithes, poors' rates, and taxes. These must undoubtedly be reduced, and that to a considerable extent, before British farming can flourish as heretofore. This necessity, ultimately pressing on the landlords, will compel their votes for the lowest possible reduction of taxes. Tithes seem to present the greatest difficulty; no mode of commutation hitherto proposed, appearing to be satisfactory, and the general opinion for their entire abolition gradually gaining ground. A letter, however, has lately appeared in the County Chronicle, with the averment that the farmer profits from forty to cent. per cent., by the present tithing system; yet with such notable acquisitions the farmer cannot live.

Never were complaints better grounded, or more truly affecting, than those of the agricultural labourers. They have been oppressed, neglected, starved, in a land of superabundance, flowing from their own labour. But whatever the farmers may have to answer for originally, it has been obviously out of their power, of late, to increase labourers' wages, or even afford employment for the numbers depending upon it. This can only be effected by the landlords and the legislature.

It is revolting to find a considerable part of the public, safe and comfortable at home by their fire-sides, defending the conduct of the peasantry, since it must be productive ultimately of public benefit—thus, as of old, the end sanctifies the means. The cry against threshing machines is hollow and absurd; were farming productive, the tenantry would be able to employ a fair complement of labourers, and yet keep their machines, since threshing with the flail is by no means a favourite branch of labour with the husbandmen. In reality, to talk of the disuse of machinery in this manufacturing country, is to talk without book.

But it is satisfactory to conclude, that effective measures are in operation, for ameliorating the condition of the whole body of the peasantry.

Smithfield—Beef, 3s. to 4s.—Mutton, 2s. 10d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 56s. to 76s.—Barley, 28s. to 53s.—Oats, 19s. to 32.—London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 45s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 50s. to 110s.—Straw, 30s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 42s per chaldron.

Middlesex, Dec. 20th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—A general and extensive demand for Muscavadoes continued during the last week; extensive purchases would have taken place, but owing to a short supply of the qualities most in demand, which were strong for refining and very low brown, the prices were, 6d. to 1s. per cwt. higher; estimated sales, 3,300 hhds. and tierces. The stock of West Indian Sugars is now 40,064 hhds. and tierces, being 4,606 less than last year. The delivery of West India Sugars last week was, 3,275 hhds. and tierces, being, 341 more than last year; the delivery of Mauritius last week, 3,003 bags, being 560 more than the corresponding week of 1829; the market is firm at the improvement we have stated. Good new Sugars brought forward have sold freely. The refined market was more firm last week; no brown lumps offered under 62s.; they have been selling at 61s. and 61s. 6d.; nearly all the lumps are cleared off the market. The prices of refined free on board are now 2s. or 3s. lower than last year. 62s. readily realized for low lumps from the great improvement in the Sugar Market; Mauritius and East India Sugars have commanded a profit, 1s. or 1s. 6d. per cwt.; Siam Sugar sold at the advance of 1s. per cwt.

COFFEE.—The public Sales of Coffee last week, were confined to small parcels of Jamaica, Demerara, and Berbice; a few lots of Jamaica ordinary sold, 1s. and 2s. higher; the demand for foreign Coffee has been general and extensive; about 1,700 bags Brazil, sold chiefly at 33s. and 34s.; parcels of St. Domingo, 32s. 6d., and Cheribon at the same price. The Coffee Market is unvaried.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The demand for Rum continued general and extensive last week; nearly 1,200 puncheons have been sold at a further advance of ½ to 1d. per gallon; in Jamaica Rum there are no sales. Brandy and Geneva are neglected.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The Tallow Market continues firmly advancing, the late imports are on the most extensive scale. Flax is firm, Hemp a shade lower.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. ⅛.—Hamburgh, 13. 13.——Altona, 13. 13¼.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort, 15. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 109. 0.—Trieste, 109. 0—Madrid, 36. ¼.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0.—Palermo, 118. 0.—Lisbon, 45. 0.—Oporto, 45. ¼.—Rio Janeiro, 18. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (⅛ sh.) 284*l.*—Coventry, 850*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 73*l.*—Grand Junction, 245*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25¼*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, 500*l.*—Regent's, 18¼*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 600*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 280*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock) 67¼*l.*—West India (Stock), 170*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 120*l.*—Grand Junction, 00*l.*—West Middlesex, 76*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8¼*l.*—Globe, 000*l.*—Guardian, 25*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 000*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 54*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 1¼ dis—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from November 23d, to December 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Lee, Brighton, victualler.
J. E. Rose, Bath, linen-draper.
J. King, Lamb's Conduit-street, draper.
J. F. Parris, Maida Hill, brick-maker.
H. J. Torrington, Battle-bridge-wharf, builder.
P. Shadrack, Brighton, plumber.
W. Locke, Pury-street, Edmunds, innkeeper.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 140.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Atkinson, J., Cock-lane, brass-founder. (Norton, Jewin-street.
Andrews, J. N., Northampton, victualler. (Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton.
Adron, W. and C., St. Pancras, stone-masons. (Philby, Charlotte-street.
Ardenne, R. H., Southwark, cabinet-maker. (Dover, Great Winchester-street.
Allen, S., Stratford, coal-merchant. (Hilleary, Stratford.
Alewyn, J., Fenchurch-street, merchant. (King, Token-house-yard.
Bayes, W., Gainsburgh, iron-founder. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Codd and Co., Gainsburgh.
Bell, M., Great Surrey-street, victualler. (Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street.
Bedford, T., Wantage, post-horse-master. (Hague, Nelson-square.
Bray, W. F., Liverpool-street, builder. (Atkins, Fox Ordinary-court.
Bedford, D., London-wall, victualler. (Parnell, Spitalfields.
Boone, G., Wells, innholder. (Blake, Palsgrave-place; Lax, Wells.
Briscoe, R., Manchester, shopkeeper. (Aldington and Co., Bedford-row; Dean, Manchester.
Bell, H., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, merchant. (Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street.
Brown, J., Old Kent-road, victualler. (Young and Co., Blackman-street.
Bragg, J., Harrington, shipowner. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wilson, Liverpool.
Bragg, J., Aketon, Spofforth, York, bleacher. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Gill, Knaresborough.
Bricknell, J. P. A., Exeter, haberdasher. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter.
Brooks, T., jun., Hunter-street, music-seller. (Aston, Old Broad-street.
Bristow, W., Lambeth, baker. (Hill, Aldermanbury.
Boot, J., Nottingham, bleacher. (Enfield, Gray's-inn; Enfield and Son, Nottingham.
Beddall, J. and P., High Holborn, carpenters. (Williams, Alfred-place.
Bagley, D., Sedgeley, pig iron-maker. (Barber, Fetter-lane.
Brooks, T., Manchester, haberdasher. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth and Co., Manchester.
Cansdell, W., Bishopsgate-street, auctioneer. (Towne, Broad-street-buildings.
Chapman, R., Islington, builder. (Ashley, Old-street-road.
Colson, H., Clapton, coach-proprietor. (Randall, Bank-chambers.
Collett, H., Cheltenham, grocer. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Winterbotham, Cheltenham.
Cullingford, R., Marylebone-lane, victualler. (Smith, Basinghall-street.
Clarkson, J., Kingston-upon-Hull, agent. (Rushworth, Symond's-inn; Brown, Kingston-upon-Hull.
Cope, H., Mile-end-road, cattle-dealer. (Darke, Red Lion-square.
Corden, W. J., Manchester, warehouseman. (Hindmarsh and Son, Manchester, and Crescent, Jewin-street.
Cope, H. Barnet, tailor. (Bousfield, Chatham-place.
Cross, R., Manchester, publican. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris and Co., Manchester.
Dickins, W., jun., Northampton, tailor. (Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton.
Delves, R., Tunbridge Wells, lodging-house-keeper. (Burfoot, Temple; Sprott, Tunbridge Wells.
Drysdale, J., Wapping, ship-chandler. (Dods, Northumberland-street.
Dayus, H., Southwark, engineer. (Briggs, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Donald, J., Hayton, cattle-salesman. (Chisholme and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Fisher and Son, Cockermouth.
Emden, S., Bucklersbury, merchant. (Bourdillon, Winchester-street.
Earl, J., Hackney, cheesemonger. (Dods, Northumberland-street.
Fielding, J. and J., Catterall, calico-printers. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Dixon and Co., Preston; Brackenbury, Manchester.
Fossick, S., Mumford-court, Milk-street, warehouseman, and Gracechurch-street, umbrella-manufacturer. (Holt, Threadneedle-street.
Friend, E. A., Cambridge, livery-stable-keeper. (Robinson and Sons, Half-moon-street; Robinson, Cambridge.
Fogg, J., Manchester, surgeon. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Babb, Manchester.
Fenn, W. H., Old Change, tea-dealer. (Starling, Leicester-square.
Garraway, J., Batheaston, baker. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mochey, Bath.
Gamble, J. and T., Kidd, Sutton-in-Holderness, wood-sawyers. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn; England and Co., Hull.
Glover, S., Portland-road, bricklayer. (Chester, Newington.
Glover, J., Wigan, draper. (Armstrong, Staple-inn; Grimshaw and Co., Wigan.
Hodsoll, W., jun., South-Ash, paper-maker. (Davies, Devonshire-square.
Hebert, H., Leman-street, wine-merchant. (Holt, Threadneedle-street.
Holland, T., Birmingham, japanner. (Burfoot, Temple; Page, Birmingham.
Harrison, H., Manchester, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton and Co., Liverpool.
Harrold, E., Wolverhampton, cotton-spinner. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Palmer, Coleshill.
Humfrey, J., Manningtree, wine-merchant. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Notcutt, Ipswich.
Henn, A. H., Holborn, hatter. (Heard, Great Prescot-street.
Hodsoll, J., Farringham, miller. (Fox and Co., Frederick's-place.
Hayden, W., Oxford-street, haberdasher. (Gargrave, Buckingdam-street.
Hugart, J., Lawrence-lane, tea-dealer. (Hill and Co., Gray's-inn.
Hawes, R. B. and C. Smith, Walworth, builders. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street.
Heddon, J. and H., Lambeth, linen-drapers. (Jones, Sise-lane.
Hall, H. B., Minories and Bow, merchant. (Jacobs, Crosby-square.
Jenkins, J., Marshfield, dealer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Perkins, Bristol.
Joseph, A., Penzance, flour-dealer. (Price and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Emonds, Penzance.
Jackson, D. and P., Manchester, carvers and gilders. (Makinson and Co., Temple.
Johnson, L., York, linendraper. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Payne and Co., Leeds.
Kettel, G., Tunbridge Wells, corn-dealer. Brough, Fleet-street.
Ketel, C., Tunbridge Wells, brewer. (Davies, Devonshire square.

Knight, C., Basinghall-street, dealer. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Kelly, T., Liverpool, grocer. (Willet and Co., Essex-street.
Killam, W., Kirton-in-Lindsey, victualler. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn ; Nicholson and Co., Glamford Briggs.
Lock, H. A. U., Lower Thames-street, Custom-house agent. (Gregory, Clement's-inn.
Larkan, S. Greenwich, victualler. (Gamlen and Co., Furnival's-inn.
Laing, J., Collegdean, and Stanmore, graziers. (Crosse, Surrey-street.
Lewis, J., Tenby, draper. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields ; Daniels, Gregory, and Co., Bristol.
Langford, J., Dorrington-grove, and Poolquay, farmer. (Clark and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields ; Williams, Shrewsbury.
Marshall, J., Dartford, paper - mould - maker. (Richardson and Co., Bedford-row.
Matthews, J., Bristol and Bath, picture dealer. (Jones, Crosby-square.
Moody, G., Lincoln, coach-maker. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-land ; Bromehead and Son, Lincoln.
Mumford, S., Stanstead - street, corn - dealer. (Taylor and Co., Temple ; Foster, jun., Cambridge.
Muston, P. I., and T. P. Barlow, Austin-friars, commission-merchants. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place.
Manley, T., Wentworth-street, merchant. (Gregory, King's-arms-yard
Mackenzie, W., Regent-street, wine-merchant. (Wolston, Furnival's inn
Malyon, J., Old Kent-road, pawnbroker. (Watson and Sons, Bouverie-street
May, J., Fenchurch-street, victualler. (Hailstone, Lyon's-inn
Neil, W., Romsey, brick-burner. (Roe, Temple-chambers ; Footner, Romsey
Nokes, W., Rotherbithe, medicine-vender. (Bull, Holles-street
Nicoll, J., Liverpool, sail-maker. (Taylor and Co., Temple
Oldham, M., Stockport, innkeeper. (Milne and Co., Temple ; Wood, Bullock Smithy
Owen, W., Speke, farmer. (Norris and Co., John-street ; Toulmin, Liverpool
Pronchett, C. P., Jewry-street, iron-founder. (Haddan and Co., Angel-court
Pongerard, F., Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Nottey, Thanet-place
Parkin, J., Sheffield, fender-manufacturer. (Tattershall, Temple ; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield.
Preece, T., Lyecourt, Hereford, farmer. (Smith, Basinghall-street ; Coates and Co., Leominster
Peskett, G., Peckham, surgeon. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane.
Plummer, J., and W. Wilson, Fenchurch-street, merchants. (Leblanc and Co., New Bridge-street.
Padley, W., Tetford, brewer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn ; Selwood, Horncastle.
Page, W., Clerkenwell, victualler. (Willis, Sloane-square.
Parkin, J., E. R. Thomas, and J. D. Walford, Fenchurch-street, brokers. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury.
Price, G., Chippen Campden, coal - merchant. (Sharpe and Co., Old Jewry ; Wilkins and Co., Bourton-on-the-Water.
Prior, W., Charlotte-street and Tottenham-court-road, brewer. (Aldridge and Co., Lincoln's-inn.
Price, J., Manchester, paper-dealer, (Milne and Co., Temple ; Bent, Manchester.
Rayner, J., Clerkenwell, iron-founder. (Wathen, Gray's-inn.
Rinder, H., Leeds, victualler. (Strangewayes and Co., Barnard's-inn ; Robinson, Leeds.
Renny, J. H., Threadneedle-street, merchant. (Oliverson and Co., Frederic-place
Shackleford, F., Andover, draper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn.
Spittle, J., Francis-street, horse-dealer. (Reynolds, Golden-square.
Shipman, R., Mansfield, grocer. (Parsons, Mansfield.
Sindrey, W., Fish-street-hill, victualler. (Birket and Co, Cloak-lane.
Shirreff, M. A., Mount-street, milliner. (Dufour, Old Milman-street.
Smith, G. B., Bristol, corn-factor. (White, Lincoln's-inn ; Bevan and Co., Bristol.
Sweetapple, B. and T., Godalming, paper-manufacturers. (Pontifex, St. Andrew's-court
Schofield, W., Clerkenwell-close, silver-spoon-manufacturer. (Tempier and Shearman, Great Tower-street.
Smith, B., jun., Birmingham, factor. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row.
Shaw, J. and J. Wood, Dukinfield, cotton-spinners. Hampson, Manchester.
Seaman, J., Tooting, brewer. (Capes, Gray's-inn.
Scholes, J., J. Broughton, and R. Scholes, Sadleworth, calico-printers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row ; Morris and Co., Manchester.
Taylor, J., St. George's-fields, cheesemonger. (Wright, Little Aylie street.
Taylor, J., Green-Arbour-court, type-founder. (Gadsden, Furnival's-inn.
Thomson, G. and H., and J. Clarke, Liverpool, merchants. (Makinson and Co., Temple ; Ogden, Manchester.
Tristram, W., Willenhall, butcher. (Hunt, Craven-street ; Willim and Son, Bilston.
Timms, S., Ashby-de-la-Zouch, confectioner. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn ; Green, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Thompson, R., Leeds. grocer. (Atkinson and Co., Leeds.
Thick, T., Camden-town, plasterer. (Gale, Ironmonger-lane.
Tapin, J. and A. G., Doncaster, coach-makers. (Galsworthy, Cook's-court ; Heaton, Doncaster.
Tillman, J., Exmouth, glazier. (Tilleard and Co., Old Jewry.
Upton, G., Queen-street, cheapside, colourman. (Tucker, Bank-chambers.
Varley, J., Manchester, machine-maker. (Back, Gray's-inn ; Winterbottom and Co., Heaton-Norris.
Whare, J., Leeds, hatter. (Shaw, Ely-place ; Richardson, Hull.
Watkinson, J., Manchester, warehouseman. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn ; Lewtas, Manchester.
Whitbourn, D., Darkhouse - lane, fishmonger. (Hailstone, Lyon's-inn.
Wills, J. H., Bath, baker. (Williams, Gray's-inn ; Watts and Son, Bath.
Willder, J., Birmingham, victualler. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields ; Colmore, Birmingham.
Whereat, J., Romsey, ironmonger. (Sandys and Sons, Crane-court ; Holmes, Romsey.
Walker, J., Portsmouth, merchant. (Burt, Mitre-street.
Webb, S., Reading, builder. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn ; Whateley, Reading.
Wilkinson, G. C., Bristol, confectioner. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn ; Cornish and Son, Bristol.
Wernham, G., Wallingford, victualler. (White, Lincoln's-inn ; Hedges, Wallingford.
Walters, J., Worcester, shoe-maker. (Hamilton and Co., Southampton-street.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. Grantham, to the Rectory of Barmborough, Sussex.—Rev. C. J. C. Bulteel, to the Vicarage of Holbeeton, Diocese of Exeter.—Rev. F. H. Pare, to the Vicarage of Cranborne, Dorset.—Rev. H. P. Willoughby, to the Rectory of Marsh Baldon, Oxon.—Rev. C. Richards, Jun., to the Rectory of Chale,

Isle of Wight.—Rev. T. Morgan, to the Parish Church of Walterstone, Hereford, and Old Castle, Monmouth.—Rev. C. M. Mount, to the Prebend of Coombe, Wells Cathedral.—Rev. T. H. Humphreys, to the Rectory and Vicarage of St. Mary's, Tenby, Pembroke.—Rev. R. Wrottesley, to the Rectory of Himley, Stafford.—Rev. C. Smear, to the Rectory of Sudburn *cum* Capella de Orford, Suffolk.—Rev. R. H. Chapman, to the Rectory of Kirkby Wiske, York.—Rev. R. Metcalf, to be Minister of the Parish of Sunk Island, York.—Rev. D. G. Norris, to the Vicarage of Kessingland, Suffolk.—Rev. W. D. Thring, to the Vicarage of Fisherton, Delamere.—Rev. J. Parsons, to the Vicarage of Sherborne, Dorset.—Rev. C. Buck, to the Rectory of St. Stephen's, Bristol.—Rev. H. Clissold, to the Rectory of Chelmondiston, Suffolk.—Rev. F. Faithful, to the Rectory of Headley, Surrey.—Rev. E. Richardson, to the perpetual Curacy of St. George, Kendal—Rev. T. J. Theabald, to the Rectory of Nunny, Somerset.—Rev. R. B. Buckle, to the Rectory of Moreton, Somerset.—Rev. J. Smith, to a Prebendal Stall, St. Paul's Cathedral.—Rev. F. Cunningham, to the Vicarage of Lowestoff, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Lubbock, to the Vicarage of Potter Heigham, Norfolk.—Rev. E. J. Howman, to the Rectory of Gunthorpe *cum* Bale.—Rev. E. Hill, to the perpetual Curacy of Hindley, Lancashire.—Rev. R. Robinson, to the Evening Lectureship of Wolverhampton Collegiate Church.—Rev. W. Le Poer French, to a vacant Stall, and Living of Cleon, Leitrim.—Rev. M. Geary, to the Vicarage of Sherborne, Dorset.—Rev. C. Turner, to the Rectory of Eastham, with the Chapelries of Hanley William, Hanley Childe, and Oreleton, Worcester.—Rev. G. Burmester, to the Rectory of Little Oakley, Essex.—Rev. W. K. Fergusson, to the Rectory of Belaugh, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Codd, to the Rectory of Clay next the Sea.—Rev. T. W. Gage, to the Vicarage of Higham Ferrers, and Rev. R. A. Hannaford, to the Vicarage of Irthingborough, Northampton.—Rev. S. H. Alderson, to be Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. T. Evans, to be a Minor Canon of Gloucester Cathedral.—Rev. J. W. King, to be Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Rev. J. Aspinall, to the Curacy of St. Luke, Liverpool.—Rev. W. Seaton, to the Rectory of Lampeter Velprey, Pembroke.—Rev. R. A. Arnold, to the Rectory of Ellough, Suffolk.—Rev. E. Bullen, to the Rectory of Eastwell, Leicester.—Rev. J. Bredin, to the Precentorship of Leighton, Rectory of Nunney, Ireland.—Rev. A. Colley, to the Rectory of Tullamoy, Ireland—Rev. S. B. Ward, to the Rectory of Teffont Evias, Wilts.—Rev. O. Sergeant, to be Chaplain to the Marquis of Stafford.—Rev. J. Clementson, to the Vicarage of Wolvey, Warwick.—Rev. W. L. Townsend, to the Living of Alderton, Gloucester.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Dec. 5. Report made to his Majesty of seven prisoners convicted at the last Admiralty Sessions, when two were ordered for execution.

8. Nearly 8,000 of the Societies of Trades, headed by their delegates, went in grand procession, with several bands of music, and a variety of emblematical banners, to present a humble and loyal address to his Majesty, which was most graciously received; it was signed by upwards of 37,000 mechanics.

9. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

—. Chancellor of Exchequer stated in House of Commons that the present government were inimical to plurality of offices in the church, and they had determined not to issue the *ad commendum* on Dr. Philpotts' appointment.

—. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex took the chair as President of the Royal Society. He thanked them for the great honour they had conferred upon him in electing him president, and assured them that he should use every endeavour in his power, not only to advance the interests of science and of the society, but also of every individual member, who should be alike welcome to him, and his house should be thrown open, alternately on the forenoons and evenings of Wednesdays, for the reception of the Fellows and men of science.

—. Common Council of City of London voted rescinding the inscription on the Monument reflecting on the Roman Catholics.

11. Motion made in House of Commons by Chancellor of Exchequer, for Accounts "of the population of each city and borough in England now returning members to Parliament, to be prepared from the parliamentary Census of 1821—Of the population of each city and town in England, not now returning members to parliament, which amounted in 1821 to 10,000 or upwards—Of the population of each county in England and Scotland, to be prepared from the same census.—A similar return of the population of each royal burgh in Scotland, now sharing in the return of a

member to parliament, and each city not so sharing, the population of which in 1821 exceeded 8,000."

13. Chancellor of Exchequer said in House of Commons that his Majesty's ministers were determined, whenever they had the power to do so, to abolish offices which had no duty attached to them. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "the time at which this country could be governed by patronage is past"!!!

15. Seventh Anniversary of London Mechanics' Institution held, and very numerously attended. The Lord Mayor was present, and Rt. Hon .R. Wilmot Horton promised the Institution a Series of lectures on statistics and political economy, especially as affecting the condition and interests of the operative and labouring classes.

— At a meeting of the Freeholders of Middlesex held at Hackney, resolutions were unanimously passed on the alarming state of the country, distress of the working classes, oppressive weight of taxation, defective state of the representation of the people in Parliament, and petitions founded thereon were voted to both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Byng, member for the county, said, "sinecures should be abolished, and the children of the aristocracy should not be any longer quartered on the public."

16. Two convicts executed at Execution Dock for piracy.

—. Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 15 prisoners received sentence of death: a considerable number were transported and imprisoned for various periods.

—. The Duke of Northumberland introduced to the King at the levee, on returning from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

22. Lecture delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, London, by the Rt. Hon. R. Wilmot Horton, on the state of the Country and its Taxation. He was attended by several noblemen and gentlemen.

23. Parliament adjourned to Feb. 3, 1831.

—. News arrived from Paris of the condemnation of the Ministers of the late King Charles X. to perpetual imprisonment.

—. Papers ordered in House of Commons for explanation of the Sinecures, unmerited Pensions, &c. &c.

MARRIAGES.

Hon. and Rev. John Vernon (brother to Lord Vernon), to Frances Barbara, second daughter of T. Duncombe, esq.—H. W. Chichester, esq., to Miss Isabella Manners Sutton, daughter of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.—Patrick Persse Fitzpatrick, esq., commissioner of Excise in Ireland, to Margaret, third daughter of J. Godmar, esq.—Lord Louth, to Miss Anna Maria Roche; they were married at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of London, and previously, according to the Roman Catholic church, by Prince Charles Abbé de Broglie.—Earl of Jermyn, eldest son of the Marquis of Bristol, to Lady C. Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.—Hon. G. Anson, second son of late Lord Anson, to Hon. Isabella Elizabeth Annabella, third daughter of the late Lord Forrester.—J. B. Trevanion, esq. to Susannah, second daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.—Rev. C. H. John Mildmay, brother to Sir H. St. J. Mildmay, Bart., to Hon. Caroline Waldegrave, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Badstock.—Capt. A. Wathen, to Lady Elizabeth Jane Leslie, youngest daughter of the Earl of Rothes.

DEATHS.

At his seat at Castle Bernard, the Earl of Bandon.—Admiral Robert Montagu.—Alderman Crowder, late Lord Mayor of London; and J. Peshlier Crowder, esq., his brother, two days previous.—Lord Henley, 79.—Hon. Hugh Elliot, 80, formerly governor of Madras; he has left nineteen children.—The Dowager Lady Lushington.—Amelia, widow of the late Admiral Sir R. Calder.—Rear Admiral Stiles, 79.—Lieut. Col. Barton, 2d Life Guards.—Very Rev. E. Mellish, Rector of East Tuddenham, Vicar of Honingham, and Dean of Hereford.—At Misterton, R. Astley, esq. 87.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, His Holiness François Xavier Castiglione, Pope Pius VIII.—At Paris, Mr. Benjamin Constant, 65, member of the Chamber of Deputies.—At Nice, Mrs. Kelly, of Castle Kelly; and Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—At a numerous and highly respectable meeting of the inhabitants of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and its vicinity, held in the Guildhall, December 21st, the Mayor in the Chair, it was Resolved, amongst other resolutions—"That to the imperfect state of the representation are mainly to be ascribed the excessive evils with which the country is afflicted; among which we may enumerate—unjust monopolies—oppressive and vexatious laws

—and a most profligate waste of the public money; forming a train of evils, threatening, in their consequences, to involve in distress and ruin every class of the community."

YORKSHIRE.—A meeting was held at Leeds, on Tuesday evening last, of the labouring classes, when it was determined to form a junction with the "National Union" among all trades, the object of which was to prevent, by every legal means, any further reduction of wages. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the general distress among the working classes is attributable to unnecessary reduction of wages; that the remedy lay in national unions for the protection of labour and independence of working people; and that a new weekly paper be established, that the poor might be certain of seeing their real situation truly represented. This "National Union" already consists of 100,000 workmen, and its funds amount to a considerable sum.—*Leeds Intelligencer, Dec. 9.*

At a recent meeting of the inhabitants of Dewsbury and the neighbourhood, several Resolutions were unanimously passed for Reform in Parliament; the following is the 3d Resolution—"That, without stating instances of wasteful profligacy more determined in their character, this meeting cannot but have noticed a statement made in the House of Commons, that 216 placemen receive annually among them nearly £1,000,000. of the public money, which sum is equivalent (as this meeting may be admitted to suppose each labourer to have a wife and two children) to what is allowed for the sustenance of 217,000 individuals for for the same space of time, or *one* placeman receiving annually so much of the public money as is paid as wages in the disturbed districts to 216 working men and their families, amounting to nearly 1,000 persons!!!

NORFOLK.—By the Abstract of Receipts and Disbursements of the treasurer of this country, from Midsummer 1829 to Midsummer 1830, it appears that the sum of £19,873. 3s. 5d. was collected and expended, almost the whole of it, in criminal jurisprudence, prisons, &c., and the Lunatic Asylum buildings and repairs; the cost of the latter was upwards of £3,000.—county bridges not quite £400.—for burying dead bodies washed on the shore, £25. 3s.

The sixth annual meeting of the subscribers to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum has recently taken place, when the report was made, and ordered to be printed; many valuable donations have been received in the different branches of Natural History. It was suggested at the dinner held on the occasion, to pay great attention to the Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and Mineralogy of the county; and to collect, if possible, portraits of all eminent men of the county.

A large fish, of the genus *Delphinus*, has been taken by six fishermen at Lynn, having grounded itself on the sands; it required six horses to drag it on shore—its length was 22 feet—its circumference 13.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—By the treasurer of the public stock of this county's abstract amount of receipts and expenditure, from Michaelmas sessions 1829 to Michaelmas sessions 1830, it appears that the sum of £9,164. 8s. 5d. was collected and expended—£8,000. of which was wanted for jails, prisoners, prosecutions, transports, clerk of the peace, vagrants, lunatics, and coroners—£6. 10s. was only required for repairing the county bridges.

LANCASHIRE.—Dec. 4. The Planet locomotive engine took the first load of merchandize which has passed along the Railway from Liverpool to Manchester. The train consisted of 18 waggons, containing 135 bags and bales of American cotton, 200 barrels of flour, 63 sacks of oatmeal, and 34 sacks of malt, weighing altogether 51 tons 11 cwt. 1 qr. To this must be added the weight of the waggons and oil-cloths, *viz.* 23 tons 8 cwt. 3 qrs.; the tender, water, and fuel, 4 tons; and of fifteen persons upon the train, 1 ton—making a total weight of exactly *eighty tons*, exclusive of engine (6 tons). The journey was performed in 2 hours and 54 minutes, including 3 stoppages of 5 minutes each for oiling, watering, and taking in fuel; under the disadvantages also of an adverse wind, and of a great additional friction in the wheels and axles, owing to their being entirely new. The train was assisted up the Rainhill inclined plane, by other engines, at the rate of 9 miles an hour, and descended the Sutton inclined plane at the rate of 16½ miles an hour. The average rate on the other parts of the road was 12½ miles an hour, the greatest speed on the level being 15½ miles an hour, which was maintained for a mile or two at different periods of the journey. Plans for no less than *fourteen* rail-roads, all more or less within the limits of the county of Lancaster, have last week been deposited in the office of the clerk of the peace, in Preston.

At a meeting of the rate-payers, recently held at Liverpool, it was unanimously resolved, "That the town and immediate vicinity of Liverpool comprise a population of about 180,000 souls. That the number of burgesses who polled at the late election, including out-voters, was 4401, consisting principally of per-

sons dependent for support on their daily wages, and, therefore, from their station in life, liable to be actuated by every variety of undue influence, while nine-tenths of the substantial householders have no voice in the election of their representatives.—That the continuance of such flagrant abuses in the system of representation, in an age and country celebrated for liberal views and free institutions, is an outrage on the common-sense of mankind, and a lamentable instance of the difficulty of getting rid of enormities, however gross, when sanctioned by time and blended with the question of alleged municipal rights and immunities."

HAMPSHIRE.—The general annual statement of the Portsmouth and Portsea Savings' Bank, made up to the 20th November 1830, shews the amount of receipts to that period to be £79,363. 19s. 4d.; the number of depositors, 1,673; charitable societies, 7; and friendly societies, 20.

The inhabitants of Gosport and Portsmouth, at separate meetings, have petitioned parliament for a reform in the representation of the people, a reduction of the public burden, by uncompromising economy, and a diminution or abolition of those taxes which press on the middling and labouring classes. And "The humble Petition of the Owners and Occupiers of Land and Tithe, of Hambledon, to the House of Commons, sheweth,—That the labourers, who have for many years been reduced to a state too miserable for Honest and Laborious Men to bear, have now, being unable to endure their sufferings longer, risen and demanded an augmentation of wages; that the farmers are unable to comply with their demand without utter ruin to themselves, because the heavy taxes on the necessaries of life take from them the means of paying adequate wages: they therefore pray for the repeal of those taxes.

At Winchester assizes several prisoners have been convicted of arson and destruction of agricultural property.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The exhibition of the works of modern artists at Birmingham is closed. The number of season tickets sold, we understand, exceeded 900; and the total receipts, independent of Sir Robert Peel's donation of £100., amounted to £840. 10s. 6d. The exhibition has supported the previous high pretensions of the Society of Arts. The *conversaziones* have been eagerly and numerously attended, and have tended not a little to advance the general popularity of the institution.

HEREFORDSHIRE. — *Hereford County Meeting.*—A meeting of the magistrates of this county was held at the Shire-hall, Hereford, on Saturday last, by desire of Earl Somers, the Lord Lieutenant, and the precautionary measures recommended by government were then unanimously adopted. It was, however, expressly stated by the assembled magistrates, that no act of outrage or violence was apprehended, the people of the county appearing to be animated by the best feelings and the most peaceable disposition.

The 31st exhibition of the Ross Horticultural Society took place December 1, and notwithstanding the weather was not very favourable, there was a large attendance of subscribers and their friends. Previous to the opening of the show-room, the annual meeting was held at the Swan hotel, when the present officers were re-elected for the year ensuing. The grand stand was extremely well coloured with all the varieties of hardy evergreens, and being well mixed with chrysanthemums of various colours, the effect was pleasing and generally admired. The long table contained upwards of 200 plates of the choicest apples and pears, and considering the scarcity of fruit this season, the quantity exhibited was truly surprising. The chrysanthemums were in fine trusses of bloom, and nearly every known variety graced the exhibition. The number of specimens ticketed and entered amounted to 434, and the evening sale of unremoved fruits amounted to £3. 7s. 7d.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The inhabitants of Creech St. Michael, North Petherton, and vicinity, following the example of the Freeholders of Devon, have lost no time in addressing the House of Commons on the important subject of Parliamentary Reform, in consequence of the numerous and very heavy burdens which have fallen on the people by Misrepresentation in the Commons' House of Parliament.—1. As to inordinate Taxation to support a standing army in the time of Peace, and for the needless purpose of supporting Sinecurists and others, who hold Unmerited Pensions.—2. As to the severe, and, at present, almost overwhelming pressure of Tithes, both Lay and Ecclesiastic, upon the depressed and overburdened Agriculturist.—3. As to the Abuses that exist in our Courts of Law and Equity, and whereby the Poor Man is entirely shut out from any fair competition with the Rich.—And, lastly, they earnestly call attention to that upon which hinges the whole, and without which all other minor alterations will be of little or no avail—namely, a full, fair, and free Representation of the 'Whole' of 'the People,' in the Commons' House of Parliament."—*Somersetshire Gazette.*

DORSETSHIRE.—The inhabitants of the island of Portland have returned thanks to his Majesty for his donation of £25. per annum, granted from his private purse, towards supporting a surgeon on the island so long as he resides there, and the Dispensary remains on its present footing.

KENT.—Three convicts tried by the Commission, have suffered the last penalty of the law at Maidstone for burning agricultural property.

SUSSEX.—Several prisoners have been convicted at the winter assizes, held at Lewes, for setting fire to barns, ricks, &c. One miserable object confessed having set fire to five different places out of eight that happened near Battle.

SURREY.—A meeting has been held at Croydon of the freeholders of the county, when resolutions were unanimously voted for a reform of Parliament, and for the disfranchisement of the four rotten boroughs of Haselmere, Reigate, Gatton, and Bletchingley, and for transferring the elective franchise to eight of the most largely populated and unrepresented towns and hundreds in the county, also for a reduction of taxation.

CHESHIRE.—The Spinners working in the 52 mills at Ashton-under-Line all left their employment on Saturday, and the mills are at a stand. The men who have thus turned out for advance of wages, with the women, children, and others dependent upon them, amount to about 20,000 persons. The distress in which the district will be plunged by this event will consequently be exceedingly severe, particularly at this inclement season.—*Macclesfield Courier, Dec.* 18.

The *Stockport* paper says, "The men parade every day with music and flags; and there is no doubt that many hundreds of fire-arms and other weapons are in their possession, as they are occasionally partially displayed. Some of the flags are tri-coloured, and bear the following inscriptions: 'He that leadeth into captivity shall be led into captivity.'—'He that killeth by the sword shall also be killed by the sword.'—'A living for our labour, or no labour at all.'—'The labour of a nation is the wealth of a nation.'—'Free Trade.'—'Liberty or the Sword,' &c. &c."

WALES.—Dec. 13.—A meeting of the county of Montgomery, the High Sheriff in the chair, was held at Welsh Pool, when several resolutions were entered into for Reform in the Parliamentary Representation, for Rigid Economy in Public Expenditure, and for Abolition of Improper Pensions, and Useless Places. "It is only by the adoption of such measures," says one of the resolutions, "that the loyalty of the people can be retained, the durability of the constitution ensured, and the peace and happiness of the kingdom preserved."—Petitions to Parliament were passed; that to House of Lords to be presented by Lord Chancellor, and that to House of Commons by Chancellor of Exchequer.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

SCOTLAND.—The inhabits of Edinburgh have unanimously voted, in an assembly held recently in the Assembly Rooms, petitions to Parliament for Legislative Reform, "praying for such an extension as may include a fair proportion of the Property and Intelligence of Scotland!" The Merchant Company have also passed resolutions to the same effect, as have also the inhabitants of Leith—while the Town Council of Edinburgh have voted the following resolutions, carried by 21 voices against 10—"That while it appears to the Town Council of Edinburgh that the Constitution under which we live has been the most perfect that any country has ever been blessed with, yet there can be no doubt that, from the length of its endurance, abuses may have crept in, and alterations unsuitable to the present time may have been made on it; but as his Majesty's Ministers have pledged themselves to amend and renovate such parts of the Constitution and Representation as may stand in need of it,—Resolved, that under such circumstances, and until they are made acquainted with the details of the reform to be brought forward in Parliament, it behoves the Town Council to delay taking any further steps on this difficult and important question."

IRELAND.—An extraordinary case was lately brought before the Court of King's Bench, Dublin. Counsel applied on the part of a female, named Jane Darley, for the renewal of an order which had been granted by the Court for her discharge from the custody of the City Marshal, in which prison she had been confined for the extraordinary period of *thirty four* years, for a debt of no more than *eleven pounds!!!* Her creditor and his attorney, and all parties interested in the debt, had been dead for a considerable period. The Court inquired why its former order had not been acted on. Counsel replied, that the Marshal had refused to liberate her until she discharged certain claims for fees and rents he had on her. The Court said, if the officer of the prison had a right to detain her, they should not interfere. Counsel agreed to receive a conditional order to be served on the Marshal, who might then shew cause. She has since been liberated.—*Dublin Morning Register.*

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EUROPE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1831.

THE past year exhibited a state of affairs unexampled since the fall of the Roman empire—the supremacy of the multitude! The origin of all the modern dominations of Europe was in the power of the armed people. The northern tribes who broke down the Roman empire were a populace, warlike, yet but half-armed, and accustomed to obey princes and chieftains, yet possessed of rights which made them almost independent of authority. They fell upon the tottering mass of the Roman empire with a weight which crushed it; and from the ruins they raised kingdoms and principalities, in which the sovereign was little more than the chief magistrate, and the government little more than a republic of soldiers.

In 1830, the French returned nearly to the model of their ancestors in the sixth century; by an insurrection of the armed multitude, overthrew the monarchy; and established a sovereignty in its stead, in which the governor is but the chief magistrate, and the form of the government is, in all but name, republican.

The example of this powerful and leading people rapidly produced imitators. The people of Brussels mastered the government, defeated its forces, and, establishing the independence of Belgium, fully declared their right to a separate government, a new-modeled constitution, and the choice of a king.

The next demand of those popular rights was in Switzerland. A peasant army rose, marched into Berne, and obtained all their demands. The facility of their success has made their insurrection obscure; but the principle of the exertion of popular power to obtain popular rights was amply established.

The flame now spread to the north; and, on the 29th of November, the people of Warsaw rose, drove out the Russian garrison, formed a government, and declared the independence of Poland. In the minor German States, the popular spirit not less displayed itself. The people rose in Brunswick, expelled their Duke on the ground of personal injuries, and have since finally given over his authority to his brother. The same effervescence exhibited in several of the other principalities, without proceeding to the same length, produced, at least, promises of constitutional rights, which, if not performed, will, in all probability, produce

revolutions. Even in England, a new and angry feeling had begun to spread. The abettors of popular violence, excited by the success of the French and Belgian insurrections, became more daring. A blind and fierce system of outrage was put in practice; and the breaking of machines, and the burning of farm-yards, menaced the destruction of agriculture.

A new year is before us; and it may exceed human sagacity to anticipate the nature of the changes which shall occur before its close. But some extraordinary changes in the condition of the continental governments must be apprehended. In England—strong in her constitution, in her position, in the power of her middle class, and the consciousness of all wise and honourable men, that the *principles* of the monarchy cannot be changed for the better—we have no reason to fear revolution. But it is possible that a multitude of the abuses, which time or corruption has drawn round the government, will be tolerated no longer.

The first object which stings the public feeling is, of course, the Public Expenditure. England is taxed to ten times the amount of any other European State. It has been computed that, in one shape or other, every article which belongs to the support, the civilization, or the enjoyment of life, contributes three-fourths of its value to the State; that, in fact, every tax-paying individual in England pays £75. out of every £100. of his income! The question is loudly asked—why, with the productive soil, the temperate climate, and the singularly advantageous geographical position of England, are the means of life more difficult to be provided here than in any other country of Europe?—why the same quantity of bread which costs one penny in France—but fifteen miles from England—should in England cost three?—why all the other necessaries of life are in the same proportion?—why the labourer on the Continent lives in comfort and plenty, while the English labourer lives in penury, and is driven to poaching, smuggling, and the parish?—why the incomes of the great landholders, the church, and the farmers, are all sinking, and yet no other class is the richer?

The general answer assigned to those queries is the inordinate taxation which goes to support the inordinate expenditure of Government. The public investigation is now turned keenly on the ways in which the national property is expended; and the strongest anxiety is already directed to the measures to which Parliament is pledged on the subject of retrenchment. A topic of peculiar offence is the Pension-List. The crowd of names which that document exhibits as sharing the public money, has been already severely investigated, and will be brought into inquiry with still more unsparing determination. The popular writers demand, by what service to the State, or personal virtue, or meritorious claim of any kind on the public, have three-fourths of those pensioners been fixed upon the national purse? They state that, in a crowd of instances, the only grounds which they can even conjecture are of a kind which it is not consistent with decorum to name. In other instances, they find the families of men who had long enjoyed highly lucrative employments, and who, though with the most obvious means of providing for the decent subsistence of their families, preferred leading a life of show and extravagance, living up to the last shilling of their income, and then fastening their wives and children upon the State. Others, who, having not even the claim of such service, contrived, merely by some private interest, to secure this provision, and thus support individuals in rank and luxury, whose natural place, whatever their

titles may be, would be in the humblest ranks of society, and whose bread must be earned by the far honester labour of their own hands.

Other objects of investigation must be the Sinecures, Pluralities, and Reversions. It is stated that the Privy Council receive, on an average, £5,000. per annum each, or the enormous total of upwards of £600,000. a year!—that, of course, many of those individuals hold two, three, or four places;—that the land is eaten up with sinecurism;—and that, on this system, the worthless branches of noble families, the dependents of ministers, and the general brood of the idle and useless, are fed out of the earnings of the people.

It is obvious, however, that these charges fall entirely short of striking at the Constitution; that they merely advert to abuses, and leave the principles untouched; that the British Constitution is still the first object of political homage; and that even the most violent advocates for public change declare that their views are directed, not to the overthrow, but to the greater activity and supremacy of the Constitution.

The state of property, as it refers to Agriculture, the Church, Manufactures, and Commerce, presents some new and anxious aspects. Throughout England, the agricultural interests are in a state of depression. Rents have generally fallen, or been voluntarily lowered. The poor-rates have increased; labour is failing; and the agricultural population is either in open riot, or latent discontent. The most singular feature in all this, is the utter difficulty of ascertaining its cause. None of the great casualties of nations—famine, war, sudden loss of market for manufactures or produce, have occurred; yet, undoubtedly, the crisis is now more severe than at any former period. The political economists have, of course, all failed in discovering either cause or remedy. The theory of one is, that the distress is owing to the return to a circulation in coin; but that return is now half-a-dozen years old, and it is totally impossible to perceive how, by giving the extraordinary power to coin, to every man who chose to call himself a banker, any end could follow except that which has followed in every instance of the experiment—an infinite quantity of fraud, of baseless speculation, of loss among the poor, of forgery and its consequent loss of life among the wretched people tempted by the facility of the practice, and—as a result of the whole—a trembling credit, which the first accident would throw into universal bankruptcy.

As matters proceed now, every man who has value can obtain gold; the circulation is unchecked by any paucity of the precious metals, and the only sufferers on the subject are the country dealer in paper, which he can now no more manufacture into pounds, and millions of pounds, on his sole credit, which has so often proved not worth sixpence; or the speculator without capital, who is ready to embark in any desperate enterprize, and borrow at any interest, in the hope of realizing something or other in the chances of the world. We are told, too, that the restricted issues of the country bankers, by preventing the farmers from being able to obtain notes by mortgaging their crops for the time, prevent them from keeping back their produce until the season of the highest prices. But why should the farmers, or any other men, be aided to keep up the market thus artificially, and extract an inordinate price from the public necessities, by the help of fictitious money?* Thus,

* Some remarks on this subject, from an intelligent correspondent, will be found at p. 164.

according to the advocates for the one-pound note, public prosperity is to depend on two fictions—paper-money, without funds—and a monopoly price for corn. This is evidently against common-sense and the nature of things; and the cause must be sought elsewhere.

The true cause of the public pressure is, beyond all doubt, the Taxation. No nation was ever exposed to such tremendous imposts. The taxes of England amount to not much less than seventy millions sterling a-year! Twenty millions to the government; twenty to the local expenditure, poor-rates, highways, watching, lighting, &c. &c.; and nearly thirty millions to the interest of the national debt. We are to recollect too, that this enormous sum is paid by a population of twelve millions, of whom one half are females, and about one half of the remainder infants and old people, classes from whose labour little can be raised; in other words, that about three millions of men pay upwards of twenty pounds sterling each! In America the taxation is nine shillings and threepence a-head! We certainly pay rather high for our privilege in living at this side of the Atlantic.

This frightful taxation must be diminished within reasonable bounds by some means or other; the fact is beyond all dispute. The people of England cannot be rationally expected by any government to see themselves reduced to extremity by enormous imposts, for the vanity, the improvidence, or the vice of others, let them bear what name they may. It is monstrous to conceive, that about two hundred individuals, three-fourths of whom are almost totally unknown as public servants, and of whom not one fiftieth ever performed any service to the State worth fifty pounds, should yearly be suffered to draw from the exigencies of the country upwards of £600,000!

It is monstrous that for fifteen years of Peace, and with the most constant assurances from the Throne that there was not the slightest probability of War with any power of Europe, we should have been keeping up an army of upwards of 100,000 men! and paying for them at three times the rate of any European power besides; namely, eight millions a year! To the advocates of this most unwise expenditure we unhesitatingly say, that this support of a standing army is among the most extraordinary instances in which a people of common sense have ever suffered themselves to be misled.

In all countries a standing army is a declared evil. On the continent the only result of the system has been to inspire kingdoms with mutual jealousy, make military habits supersede those of all the purer, more healthy, and more productive classes of society; set a coxcomb with a pair of epaulettes above the man of science, the merchant, the scholar, the agriculturist, above every body who has any better employment than strutting in moustaches and a laced coat. It prompts princely cupidity to aggression on the neighbouring states, just as when every man wore a sword, every word produced a deadly quarrel. It impoverishes the nation, and, after all, when the time of Invasion comes, the only period in which it can be important for any people to have an army, it is generally found inefficient, and the true defence of the country is found in the multitude who have never received a shilling of pay, and whose natural intrepidity serves their country better than all the drilling and parading of their coxcomb hussars, lancers, life-guards, and the whole haughty and costly crowd of encumbrances of the land. But in England, with her Cliffs for an insurmountable rampart, and the

Sea for an impassable ditch; with the most compact and vigorous population on earth to man this mighty fortress; with Fleets for her outposts, invincible by human force; with the power of sending a force on the wings of the wind to attack any kingdom of the earth on the most vulnerable side;—what necessity can we have for a Standing Army? When all our colonies are fatal to European life, how shall the pretext be advanced, that we require this army for our colonial possessions? It is notorious that a militia raised in the colonies, of men seasoned to the climate, and acquainted with the habits of the natives, and the face of the country, is the only description of force that common sense would think of using. The hideous mortality of the British troops in the West Indies should have long since taught us, on the mere ground of humanity, the senselessness of giving the defence of the West Indies to the raw recruits of England.

We are not to be told that the state of Ireland requires a standing army. Our answer is, that the Irish yeomanry would be more than equal to put down any papist insurrection; that it put down a papist insurrection before; and that from its cheapness, its constitutional nature, and its adaptation to the circumstances of Ireland, it is of all forces the fittest to put down Irish disturbance. To advert to other points.

The burnings have been repressed for the moment in some degree; but they have not been put an end to. The capital condemnations have neither deterred the incendiaries, nor detected the principals. It seems unquestionable that there are some individuals, at least, of wealth, behind the curtain, and neither public justice nor private security will be attained until those criminals, tenfold more guilty than their wretched tools, shall have fallen into the hands of the law. The state of Ireland is the next that forces itself on our contemplation. That country exhibits a scene which must make the members of the late ministry cover themselves with sackcloth and ashes, if they were capable of either shame or repentance. The "healing measure," the "measure of unanimity," the "infallible conciliation," has turned out to be a firebrand, as every friend of the protestant religion and constitution told the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the rest of the Cabinet. They were told as distinctly as words could tell them, "You are blindly holding out a premium by this Emancipation, to a gang of disturbers, who live by disturbance; your measure is actually alienating the whole respectable portion of Ireland, taking the sword out of the hand of the protestant, and stimulating the rude passions, and brute ambition of every low mob-hunter, broken-down political gamester, and characterless hanger-on upon the skirts of life in Ireland. Do you expect to conciliate such men as the Irish demagogues by concession? You might as well extinguish a midnight conflagration by thrusting fuel into the hand of the incendiary. You might as well turn the robber or the cut-throat into an honest man, by shewing him gold, or throwing the object of his hatred and revenge into his power!"

But we find it next to impossible to give any man credit for the simplicity of believing that this measure would produce any fruits, but those which it is producing at this hour. Ignorant as ministers might be, we could not imagine them ignorant enough for that. Yet on what grounds the offence was committed, we will not even conjecture. The mystery is one of bosoms that we disdain to fathom. There let it lie, among the dreams of baffled politicians: and lie only to embitter the re-

flections of men driven out of power by national scorn. But, for this blunder, if to them it were a blunder, we are paying severely now; and well may we execrate the "Measure," which has caused a state of Ireland, unexampled in the history even of Irish turbulence, and which will speedily, unless changed by some interposition little short of miraculous, cover the land with civil blood.

Yet in the midst of all this regret, it is scarcely possible to suppress a bitter and contemptuous joy at the recompence which the crowd of Irish Protestant abettors of the party are undergoing day by day. We now see the popularity-hunters trembling at the work of their own hands, attempting to put down by their silly signatures the fierce spirit which they raised by their own miserable partizanship, and scoffed at for the attempt. We see the whole tribe turned into cyphers. The Viceroy received in silence, or in sneers, by the mob, to "conciliate" whose huzzas this personage stooped to the flattery of the populace; and we see him treated with the most insolent defiance by the leader of that populace. We well remember his letter to Dr. Curtis, telling the papists to "agitate, agitate, agitate;" and we contemptuously exult that the individual who dared to utter this advice, is now compelled to witness the result of this "agitation." But, enough of such triflers. A sterner time is coming. To repel the storm is now all but impossible, at all events it will never be repelled by weak counsels, nor feeble instruments. The fate of kingdoms is not to be averted by such means as reside in the hearts and heads of the present administrators of Ireland.

Their arrest of O'Connell betrays the tardiness of their sense of their situation. They have not ventured to seize the disturber on the ground which would be intelligible to all men, that of conspiring to rouse the populace against the "Incorporation" of England and Ireland, a portion of the Constitution as distinctly declared by law to be irrevocable, as the establishment of a house of peers, or the throne. But they have dwindled down the charge into a legal subtlety, which will be sure to sink under them before a jury; and the defeat of this frivolous attempt will only inspirit the disturbance, and place the disturber beyond all control. "Evading a proclamation!" what is this, but what O'Connell has declared it to be, "giving no opportunity for the proclamation to seize on him?" The very words imply that he has not come within the grasp of the proclamation; and he is now to be seized, in virtue of that prohibition which he is acknowledged not to have violated. But the error lies even deeper. By making O'Connell's crime to be against a proclamation of a Viceroy, and not against the Constitution of the Empire, it makes the charge degenerate at once into a squabble with an official, whose own words are on record, advising "agitation." It opposes O'Connell, not to the majesty of British justice and the established rights of the empire, but to a viceroy who scribbled an actual exhortation to the populace to "agitate;" and to a secretary whose parliamentary harangues were directed against the spirit of the acts which he is now promulgating with his pen. To the principles of the governors, let them throw in the principles of Lord Plunkett, and we shall see how the scale will vibrate. But the contest will be one of mere person. The crime against the Constitution will be merged in the contest with the individual; it will be altogether an affair of character; and no man will care a straw how it is decided. But this state of things cannot last; popular fury will not be calmed by the flimsy contrivances of lawyers. The

first spark will awaken the whole mass of combustibles into a flame, and the flame will sweep the land.

The aspect of the Continent is calculated to excite the strongest anxiety in every mind that feels peace to be essential to the good of nations. France, at all times the prime-mover of the Continent, is gradually sinking from its monarchical attitude. Every hour gives some new evidence of the growing force of Republicanism. Lafayette's abandonment of the king, and his open declaration that he is dissatisfied with the royal measures, on the ground that they are not sufficiently republican; the rapid changes in the cabinet, all tending to Republicanism; the haughty and domineering spirit of the populace, who palpably consider themselves as the ruling power of France; and the fiery generation of clubs in the capital and in the provinces, holding doctrines directly subversive of royal authority, all combine to predict the erection of a great Republic in the centre of Europe.

The Republicanism of Belgium is still triumphant. Belgium, secretly sustained by France, has wrested the recognition of its independence from the European powers; and is, like France, propagating its principles through the entire extent of Europe. Touching the dominions of Prussia in so many points, the influence is already felt there, and the Prussian troops are kept perpetually in readiness for the field, the Prussian court is kept in constant alarm; and the most trivial squabble of the populace throws the whole government into tremors.

Even in the Hanoverian territory the revolutionary spirit has broke out. On the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, a crowd of the citizens and students of Gottingen, arming themselves as a Burgher guard, rushed through the streets, and demanded a "New Constitution." The Duke of Cambridge was sent for, and his arrival was alone awaited, to decide the complexion of this extravagant proceeding.

The cause of Poland is still undecided. The people are enthusiastic, but powerless against the gigantic force of Russia. The Czar's manifesto leaves no hope of reconciliation, and he has directed upon this most unhappy and long injured of all countries, an army to which, humanly speaking, it can offer no resistance. But a formidable obstacle has already interposed, in the season; whose singular mildness has hitherto checked the movement of the Russian troops. The roads are rivers of sleet and mire, the country is a deluge, the artillery and waggons are fixed to the ground, and the campaign, which would have been favoured by the keenest violence of winter, has been hitherto defeated by a softness like that of spring.

Another obstacle, whose name itself strikes terror, is reported to have arisen to repel the invader. The Cholera! is said to have displayed itself in the Russian cantonments. This dreadful disease, acting upon the crowded population of a Russian camp, would speedily unstring all the sinews of war. But we may well tremble for all Europe, at the announcement of an enemy that, if the sword slew its thousands, would slay its ten thousands.

Negociations on the Polish affairs have been already announced by the French minister at war. French officers have already taken service in the Polish levies, the popular feeling of France is eagerly turned on Polish liberty, and it can scarcely be doubted that if the invasion be deferred for a few months more, or if the Poles are able to resist for a

while the impression of the Russian armies, they will receive direct assistance from France.

But, whatever direction may be given to the Continent, one fact is unquestionable—that no year, since the commencement of the first French revolution, ever opened with such universal preparations for War. France is already forming immense camps on her frontiers, and raising her regular force to nearly half a million of men. Austria is arming new levies, remounting her cavalry, and sending troops by the ten thousand into Italy. The Piedmontaise army is to be instantly raised to 130,000 men. Poland is, naturally, exerting all her strength, and ordering every man into the field. Russia has ordered a levy throughout her whole empire. Every manufactory of arms in Europe rings day and night with the note of preparation. Every Cabinet is holding anxious deliberations. Every continental king is alarmed for his throne. Of all the powers of Europe, the only ones who seem to be beyond the sphere of this terror, are Sultan Mahmoud, and our own Monarch. Yet the Sultan is incessantly labouring to reinvigorate the national strength, and prepare, by the full development of the remaining energies of Moslemism, for the storm of war which hangs over him from the North. Our country is still a fortunate exception. Yet, if we can have no fear of foreign conquest, nor of domestic revolution, we have our trials too, and we shall see them deepen from day to day, unless the old spirit of England return, and we meet the evil by that fearless determination to extinguish abuses, to purify the conduct of public affairs, and at all risks to do our duty, without which the fate of all governments tells us there is no substantial power.

TO A LADY, READING.

OH! while polluted lips impart
  High virtue's maxims, boasts, professions,
Which wake no echoes in the heart,
  And leave on our's but cold impressions,—
While in thy life a model shines,
  Of all that's innocent and holy,
All nature prompts, and truth refines,
  In mind so wise, in heart so lowly;—

'Tis strange to hear thee breathe the names
  Of faults which thy pure soul is scorning;
Such zeal thy blest example claims,
  We scarce require, from *thee*, such warning.
Wanderers, who long to find the right,
  Need but be told thine own sweet story;
And none but fiends, who fear the light,
  Would cast one shadow on thy glory.

I—who on none, save thee, e'er gazed
  With envy—daring not, nor deigning—
Still love thee more than I have praised,
  Feel more than are thy flatterers feigning.
Speak what thou wilt, our smiles and tears
  "Chast'ning, by pity and by terror"—
And Heaven preserve thy future years,
  As free from sorrow as from error!

I. H.

ANECDOTES OF BRAZIL.

One thing above all others which extends our acquaintance with human affairs, and enlarges and enlightens the mind—what most eminently distinguishes the present age from every other, is the facility of locomotion. As little is thought now-a-days of circumnavigating the globe, as was formerly of travelling to the northern extremity of our island. In fact, no one can pretend to the rank of a traveller who has not either pic-nicked at the foot of the Pyramids, climbed the heaven-kissing peaks of the Himalaya range, hunted the ostrich on the Pampas, or listened to the deafening roar of Niagara. With what ineffable contempt will this superb locomotive creature look down on his fellow, who merely tours over the European Continent, dreaming away his life amidst the frivolities of its numerous capitals, but deriving no more information of men and manners than what strikes his organs of vision through the windows of his well-padded travelling-carriage! Who would now, with a grain of the *odi profanum vulgus* in his composition, condescend to ascend Mont Blanc, vulgarized as it has lately been by the profanation of Cockney footsteps! The exclusive has now literally nothing left but a voyage to the North Pole, or an attempt to discover the course of the mysterious Niger.

The country that, more than any other, has engaged the attention of mankind in our day, is South America. We do not say that the people of this continent are either, on account of their character or their actual achievements, the most interesting on the face of the globe; but, in their accidental position, they unquestionably are so. Their grand experiment in government and social regeneration; their trial in their voyage onwards to a mighty fulfilment, or a still mightier failure, we cannot but feel places them as no other nation is, for concentrating on them the gaze of a liberal and philosophical curiosity.

So far back as the days of old Montaigne and Montesquieu, the independence of the Spanish-American colonies was a political problem, the solution of which had occupied the attention of speculative politicians; while of late years the revolution which had taken place in men's minds on the subject of colonies, had enabled the practical statesman to demonstrate the event with mathematical certainty. The boundless extent of these magnificent colonies—the colossal proportions of their natural features—their riches, real or fabulous—added to the romantic halo shed around them by the history of their early conquest—had, in every age since their first discovery powerfully inflamed the imagination of men, and generated a wild and chimerical spirit of adventure. It is not, therefore, singular that, at the earliest dawn of independence in the Western World, men of every rank and denomination should have looked towards it as an extended field, for the development of some long-cherished scheme of daring ambition, or all-grasping avarice.

The martial spirits of Europe, whose sphere of action had been narrowed by the setting of the sun of Napoleon, flocked in crowds to the patriot standards. The speculative politician dreamed that the moment for the realization of his Utopia was at length arrived. It was, however, in the mercantile world that the vibrations of the chord excitement was felt with the most powerful effect. The Spanish El Dorado, so long closed to the other nations of the world by the singular system of colonial policy of the mother-country, was at length brought within the

grasp of British enterprise; and, in the blind infatuation of the moment, they wildly imagined that the dream of poetry and romance—the golden age—was about to be substantially realized in the nineteenth century.

It is easy, I am aware, to reason after an event; for the causes and effects being then developed, there remains only to place them in their juxtaposition to arrive at the wished-for result. The history of this singular period, unparalleled in the annals of human folly, will be pointed at by the future historian as a faro on the ocean-rocks of time—a salutary warning to after ages. As a climax to this mania, there was wanting but the formation of a company, whose object was, Titan-like, to scale heaven by piling the huge mass of Cotapayi on the giant Chimborazo.

But the illusion has passed away. This *fata morgana* of the mind, like its prototype in the natural world, after dazzling the imagination with its fantastic imagery, has disappeared. Spanish-America, the subject of so many magnificent aspirations and conceptions, has proved a failure. A fearful reaction has been felt through every gradation of life. The soldier found there a grave—the merchant, ruin; while the political projector has heard the death-knell of his hopes in the words of the master-spirit of the revolution:—"After twenty years' struggle," said the Liberator Bolivar, "we have obtained our independence, but at the sacrifice of every thing else!"

While the tide of public attention was setting with headlong current towards Spanish-America, Brazil—in whatever point we view her—indisputably the most valuable and important part of this vast continent, attracted to itself none of the capital or enterprise so prodigally lavished on the sister colonies. This may, in some measure, be accounted for from the barrenness of her early history, and the absence of all that could gratify the high-seasoned and romantic taste of the present age. What the sagacious mind of the great Pombal was unable to carry into execution, the terror of Napoleon's arms finally accomplished. Threatened with the fate of the Spanish monarchy, the house of Braganza transferred the seat of their empire from Portugal to their extensive transatlantic dominion. Although our commercial relations with Brazil have, ever since this event, been on a most extensive and important scale, it is really singular how little we yet know of the interior of this beautiful country. Thinly scattered along an immense line of maritime coast, the English residents in Brazil, with very few exceptions, were all engaged in commercial pursuits, and were composed of a class of men who, from their previous habits of life, were as little gifted with the requisite powers of observation and deduction, for forming just and adequate ideas of the vast resources and capabilities of the country in which they resided, as they were formed by education and intellectual attainments for inspiring the Brazilians with any more elevated ideas of our own national character, than such as the plodding virtues of a counting-house could convey. But a new era has dawned: the vast mineral resources of this country are on the eve of rapid development, by the combined operations of British science and enterprise, assisted by a train of favourable circumstances, that must ensure the most splendid success.

In this early stage of her history, it would be as futile as vain to speculate on the future destinies that await Brazil. I am well aware that it may be alleged, that all improvement is there personal, and that, in fact,

the whole social system is dependent on so frail a tenure as the existence of one man. "What countervailing chance," it may be asked, "does there exist for this country, that, in the event of the present emperor being snatched from this life ere he has consolidated the disjointed parts of his immense empire, a similar reaction to that which, in the Spanish colonies, has reduced every thing to a chaos of confusion, may not happen?" On a superficial view, it will perhaps be difficult satisfactorily to answer these objections. But it must be recollected that the Brazilian people are eminently monarchical in their habits and prejudices —that, for upwards of twenty years, they have been accustomed to the residence of a court—that the example of the Spanish colonies, so far from proving alluring, will operate as a salutary warning to them—to say nothing of the difference of caste and colour—an insuperable obstacle to a republican form of government wherever it exists.

What most forcibly strikes the stranger in Brazil, is the extraordinary mélange of antitheses in the character of its people. Singularly blended with the most artless simplicity he discovers consummate hypocrisy, the basest superstition with the most frightful latitudinarianism, and abject servility with an impatience of control bordering on savage independence. Unlike the old countries of Europe, morality in Brazil is at a lower ebb in the country than in the towns, in the interior than on the sea-coast. In the latter, by means of commerce, the inhabitants have been kept up to a certain degree of civilization, though, it must be confessed, of the lowest ebb; but in the interior, where the restraints of religion can no longer be observed, the only preservative has failed, and the descendants of the first settlers have fallen into a state infinitely below that of the aborigines they have displaced. Accustomed, almost from the cradle, to wander at will over their extensive and boundless plains, they naturally imbibe ideas of independence, which spurn at all social control, and which but too often betray them into fits of lawless passion, productive of the most fatal results. Of this singular state of manners, I had myself a melancholy example, while in the interior of the province of Bahia. A Senhor d'Eugenho (a planter), of high rank and influence, on his return from the chace, stopped at the house of a lavrador (a farmer), and requested refreshment and shelter from the burning heat of a vertical sun. The farmer was from home; but he was, in the mean time, hospitably received by his wife, who administered to his wants with the best her humble residence could afford. The senhora was a remarkably pretty woman, and her interesting appearance caused her guest to forget the better feelings of his nature. The proposals thus made were indignantly repelled: and, baffled in his criminal designs, the brutal ruffian precipitately quitted the house, breathing revenge—which he was not long in executing; for, on the night of the same day, he returned at the head of a band of hirelings, set fire to the house, inhumanly butchered the husband, and carried off the unfortunate wife. His high rank and influence locked the wheel of justice, and enabled him to enjoy in triumphant impunity the fruits of his atrocious crime.

In this world, the merits of every human conception, whether on a narrow or an extended scale, must be measured by the success of its practical application. Those institutions which, in the improved state of European society, are found to be so prejudicial to its best interest, and dangerous in their operation, were, at the hour of their birth, and during

a long subsequent period of years, attended with results as beneficial as they afterwards proved vicious.

No one, who is not blinded by bigotry or hurried away by feelings of romance, will regret the abolition in Europe of the Society of Jesus; but I know not if he can view with equal complacency the abolition of this celebrated order in South America. The many vices so justly charged to the disciples of Loyola must not prevent our acknowledging the numerous benefits which both literature and science have received from them. It is here, in South America—for the discovery of most of the valuable productions of which Europe is indebted to the Jesuits—that the lover of humanity may be permitted to mourn over their fall. Their singular system of government at the missions—the subject of such contending opinions—will be best estimated by comparing the present deplorable state of morals in those districts with the period when they were subject to the jurisdiction of their order. To the absence of all religious instruction is to be attributed the singular state of manners which so strongly marks the interior province of Brazil. The clergy are in numbers few, while their flocks are scattered over benefices which in extent, at least, will rival a European province. Although I have witnessed some splendid instances of religion and piety among the clergy, the major part of them are totally indifferent to the spiritual weal of their flocks. Thus it but too often happens that those great scenes of life—birth, marriage, and death—pass unhallowed by the rites of religion, and fail to excite those finer feelings which embellish our existence.

If the interior provinces of the empire are so miserably provided with spiritual pastors, the remark does not apply to the sea-coast, in the towns of which the church militants, from the haughty Dominican to the dirty Franciscan, literally swarm. I have often been forcibly struck with the exquisitely fine taste for the picturesque displayed by these reverend fathers in the choice of the sites of their convents. In fact, all the ceremonies of the Romish church are on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, admirably calculated for the purpose of dazzling the imagination of an ignorant people. On one occasion, I lionized, in company with a party of British officers, the city of Bahia. Among other objects, we visited the convent of St. Francis, which, for its extent and the splendour of its internal decorations, powerfully elicited the admiration of the late king on his first arrival at Brazil—a sovereign whose ideas of conventual magnificence were certainly fixed at an elevated point. After devoting some time to its numerous chapels and richly-decorated shrines, our attention was forcibly arrested by a most singular spectacle. In a small glass case was a wax figure of the infant Jesus, but dressed in a style so singularly *outré*, as would have provoked the risibility of a Santon. Picture for a moment the infant Saviour in a wig *à l'aile de pigeon*—a court-dress of *la vieille cour*, blazoned with stars and orders—a cocked-hat and sword completed the toilette!—certainly calculated to produce a laugh at the expense of our cicérone, who apparently guessed what was passing in our minds; for he said to us—

"Senhores, in religion, as in every thing else, fashion will assert her empire. Formerly, the image of the Saviour, arrayed in the simple tunic of the East, was sufficient to command the reverence of the multitude; but now," he added, with a smile, "nothing goes down with them but a full court-dress."

The revenues of the convent would, I have no doubt, have borne ample testimony to the justice of the reverend father's remark. As we were quitting the convent, one of our party, a youngster, indulged in a jest on the ridicule of some passages in the life of St. Francis, which were rudely delineated in Dutch tiles on the walls of the corridors. To our surprise, he was sharply rebuked—though I thought, at the moment, more in jest than earnest—by the lay-brother, in our own vernacular tongue. On our eagerly questioning him as to where he had acquired his knowledge of English, he told us that he had been for ten years a mizen-top-man in the British navy; and, at the close of the war, being paid off, he returned to Portugal, where he exchanged the blue jacket for the flowing robes of St. Francis. Judging from his appearance, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his new mode of life. As the door of the convent swung heavily on its hinges after us, the aphorism "from the sublime to the ridiculous" forcibly occurred to me.

To one accustomed to the gaieties and amusements of European society, nothing can be imagined more dull and insipid than life in Brazil. The existence of the Brazilian may be likened to a stagnant pool, unmarked by any thing to enliven its undeviating monotony, or embellish its career. In most of the large towns there are theatres, many of them really handsome structures; but the artists are execrable—while their performances consist of a few miserable translations from the French and Spanish dramas. During Lent, sacred pieces—termed, during the middle ages, "Mysteries"—are still performed, and, in the shape of dramatic representation, were decidedly the best things I saw. Familiar intercourse between families is almost totally unknown; their indolence and the intense heat of the climate render visiting too great an exertion. The *vrais spectacles du pays* are the churches, which, on the high festivals, are sure to be crowded. In the cool of a moonlight evening, so beautiful in a tropical climate, a Brazilian family will sometimes sally forth. Their order of march is conducted according to all the rules of the military art;—their advance-guard formed by a sable-coloured duenna and her attendants; at some distance follow the young senhoras, in pairs, according to age—their rear scrupulously guarded by the elder branches of the family. In spite of all their vigilance, however, I have often observed a group of gallants hovering, like guerillas, on the flank of the column, succeed, by a dashing manœuvre, in conveying some love-token into the hands of a pretty brunette, whose dark gazelle eye danced with joy at their success. At others, they may be seen inhaling the evening breeze in their spacious verandahs; the mother engaged in animated colloquy with a solemn friar; the father discussing the politics of the day; while the younger branches of the family form a beautiful group in the fore-ground of the picture, and sing to a guitar accompaniment some of their sweet modenhas, with all the impassioned tones of their sunny climes.

The political independence, while it cost the Spanish-American colonies a twenty years' struggle to effect, was in Brazil achieved in only as many months—a result, produced rather by the operation of intrigue than the force of arms. The constitutional system of Portugal, proclaimed in Brazil in 1821, was a prologue to the grand drama of independence. Previous to the dawn of this eventful period, the political condition of this extensive colony had been as still and unruffled as a mountain-lake. Unlike the neighbouring Spanish colonies, she had

not been systematically debased by a tyrannical system of colonial government; but, on the contrary, had enjoyed, ever since the removal of the seat of empire from Europe, all the privileges and advantages of an independent kingdom. Under the mild and paternal government of the house of Braganza, she was silently making gigantic strides in the march of civilization. The political horizon, hitherto so bright and serene, now became clouded; the flood-gates of ambition were burst open, and a torrent of new opinions deluged the country. Liberty, independence, the rights of man, and the dignity of human nature, with other abstract metaphysical questions—the very names of which they were previously unacquainted with—now engrossed the minds of the Brazilians to the exclusion of every other subject. In the blind infatuation of the moment, they enthusiastically dreamed that the golden age was about to be substantially realized; and that, too, without any other exertion on their part than vociferating from morning till night, "*Viva a constituciõ!*"—"Now that Brazil has a constitution," said a young officer to me one day, "England is no longer anything." A very few months taught them the fallacy of their opinions. Disappointed in their magnificent conceptions of the constitutional system, they watched with intense anxiety the star of independence just rising on their political horizon. Ardent, of a lively imagination, and as susceptible of impression as mercury itself, the Brazilian was easily wrought on by the master-spirits of the revolution. The new mania spread with inconceivable rapidity from one end of the country to the other. The ideas of the mass of the political changes going on, must have been vague and indeterminate in the extreme; for I have heard the soldiery vociferating in the same breath, "The perpetual union of Brazil with Portugal for ever!" and then, in singular juxtaposition, "Independence for ever, and death to royalists!"

I was one day highly amused with a colloquy which I overheard between a Sertanejo, just arrived from the interior, and his correspondent in the capital. "Amigo," said he, "what means this '*Indepencia!*' which I hear in every body's mouth?"—"What does it mean, indeed!" rejoined the other, with a look of the most profound political sagacity; "why, simply this—that the English merchant who lives yonder will now be obliged to sell us his merchandize for almost nothing."—"Oh!" rejoined the other, with something like a tone of misgiving, "how will he, in that case, be able to purchase my hides?"—"Independence will do every thing; give yourself no concern!" was the reply. The prophecy, so confidently put forth by the pseudo-politician, was not realized. The ardently-desired political change was effected; but the English merchant still continued to ask and obtain the same prices as before for his wares; while the Sertanejo found, to his astonishment, that many of the channels through which he used to dispose of his hides were most unaccountably dried up. At last, they sagaciously discovered that they had committed a grand mistake by choosing a monarchical form of government. A republic was the grand panacea for their wants; but their further career around the political zodiac was arrested by the stern decision of the Emperor Pedro. Scarcely seated on his new-raised throne, than revolution broke out at the very gates of his palace; the Emperor felt that there are moments when to temporize is madness—to hesitate, is death! With admirable firmness he stopped the wheel of revolution, already in full career; overturned, at the head of

his guards, the constitution; and gave another, infinitely better adapted to the previous habits and imperfect political education of his people. Although the minds of the Brazilian people can scarcely be said to have been prepared for the change, still a great step has been gained: the seeds of genuine freedom have been deeply implanted in the soil, and will, at the proper season, shoot up in luxuriant health and vigour. The dignity of man is no longer insulted by the degrading despotism of the old court. The conduct of Don Pedro beautifully contrasts with that of his late mother, and his brother Miguel, whose arbitrary exaction of the most servile deference was carried to an excess scarcely credible to one accustomed to the free institutions of our own country.

The earliest dawn of Miguel's career gave indication of the fiery wrath which has since marked its meridian height. While yet a child, he was remarkable for his tyrannical and cruel disposition: his chief delight consisted in tormenting animals, or in transfixing the baratos (cockroaches) with pins, and contemplating with savage joy their excruciating torture. No people, I am aware, are more skilful in heaping opprobrium on a man than the Brazilians; but the following anecdote, which I had from a source to which I am inclined, on most occasions, to give implicit credence, displays a cold-blooded depravity of mind and singleness of purpose perfectly characteristic of the individual.

Miguel, at the age of fourteen, had formed into a Lilliputian battalion the sons of the hidalgos about the court. These young soldiers were distinguished by all the pomp and circumstance of warriors of a larger growth. On one occasion, two of these young noblemen absented themselves for a couple of days together from the morning parade. On making their reappearance, they were put under arrest by Miguel's orders, and a court-martial assembled to try them for desertion. Of this most extraordinary tribunal, Miguel constituted himself the president; the proceedings were hurried through, and, to the horror and astonishment of the two youthful culprits, sentence of death passed upon them, by the unanimous voice of all its members. Miguel was resolved that the *dénouement* of this tragedy should as rapidly follow. They were immediately led out to execution—the platoon had already taken its ground—when one of the king's chamberlains, observing a more than usual bustle in the court below, rushed down, and fortunately, in time to save the two victims on the brink of destruction.

As I heard this anecdote, so have I given it. Even in ordinary life, it is often difficult to arrive at truth—but still more so in a court where every thing is coloured by flattery, or distorted by detraction.

CARMEN DI SEPOLCRI.

Come to my narrow bed—
My cold and calm sojourn!
No riot there is bred,
No raging passions burn;
No cruel wrongs their poison shed—
Come to my narrow bed!

Come to my narrow bed—
To her whom thou didst love!
In life we could not wed,
And death our faith will prove;
Come to thy nuptial with the dead—
Come to my narrow bed!

Come to my narrow bed!—
Six boards the couch compose;
The worm, our bridemaid, at my head,
Attends our long repose;
Thy last of life is well nigh sped—
Come to my narrow bed!

Come to my narrow bed!—
Life hath no rest so sweet;
With me thou canst not dread
The sod at head and feet,
Where Spring's sweet flowers are bred—
Come to my narrow bed!

Come to my narrow bed!—
No toil awaits thee there;
Pain never racks the weary head,
Unknown is carking care:
Come where no grief can ever tread—
Come to my narrow bed!

Come to my narrow bed!—
There holy peace is given;
There care-worn souls are led
Up to the land of heaven,
To taste of bliss unlimited—
Come to my narrow bed!

Come to my narrow bed!—
Come to thy parted bride!
Sweet is the slumber, 'mid the dead,
Of lovers side by side:
Come, by our long-told love, and wed—
Come to my narrow bed!

C. R.

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON-SHIP."

It was on the evening of her departure for a transatlantic voyage, that the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war, lying in the Tagus, was splendidly illuminated, in honour of a farewell entertainment given by the British officers to a favoured selection of the residents of Lisbon.

No scene of gaiety presents a more picturesque appearance than that exhibited by the festive decorations of a full-sized man-of-war; and, on the present occasion, the *Invincible* was not behind her sisters of the ocean in the arrangements of her marine festivities. Her quarter-deck was covered by an awning of gay and party-coloured flags, whose British admixture of red glowed richly and gaily in the light of the variegated lamps, which, suspended on strings, hung in long rows from the masts and rigging of the vessel. To a spectator, standing at the verge of her stern, the quarter-deck, with its awning, gay lights, and distinct groups of figures, might almost have resembled the rural and diversified scene of a village pleasure-fair; while behind, the faces of hundreds of sailors, peeping from comparative obscurity on the gaieties of their officers, formed a whimsical and not unpicturesque back-grouud. Below, the tables of the ward-room were spread with the most delicate and even costly refreshments. All was mirth and apparently reckless gaiety; and it seemed as if the sons of Neptune, in exercising their proverbial fondness for the dance, and acknowledged gallantry to their partners, had forgotten that the revolution of twenty-four hours would place a world of waters between them and the fair objects of their devotion, and would give far other employment for their limbs than the fascinating measures to which they now lent them.

There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consorted ill with the gaiety of the surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficient to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmixed, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loëffler and Ernestine Fredeberg had been married but seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loëffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united by the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The husband and wife joined the dance but once that evening, and then—publish it not at Almack's—they danced together! Yet their hearts sickened ere the measure was ended; and retiring to the raised end of the stern, they sate apart from the mirthful crowd, their countenances averted from those faces of gladness, and their eyes directed towards the distant main, which shewed dismal, dark, and waste, when contrasted with the bright scene within that gay floating-house of pleasure. Christian Loëffler united a somewhat exaggerated tone of senti-

* Should the circumstances of this story be criticized as overdrawn, the writer can affirm that the main event is founded on fact; an assertion often advanced, and seldom believed, yet not the less true in the present instance.

ment with a certain moral firmness of mind, which is not unfrequently combined in the German character, and which, joining high-strung feelings with powers of soul sufficient to hold them in subjection, presents an exterior composed, and even phlegmatic, while the soul within glows like ignited matter beneath a surface of frigidity.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure-vessel was ploughing her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loëffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main-shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and, in the voice of humanity, counselled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main-yards which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated to the deck. Loëffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike one so recently warm with vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of "accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main-yard," on the youth's case; and as such it went down in the marine record, amid notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loëffler's repeated representations of the young seaman's previous appearance. Christian's testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened; and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours, death as well as sickness began to shew itself. The captain became alarmed, and a report was soon whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loëffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half-insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind, which had blown favourably for the first ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the midway ocean. But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangways in their restless passage to and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment's warning, be summoned from them to death and eternal doom.

Loëffler had shewn much courage during these fearful scenes; but when he beheld sickness and death mysteriously extending their reign around him, and bearing away the best and the bravest of that gallant

crew, he began to think that the avenging hand of God was upon her; and turning his eye towards the broad sheet of ocean waves which rolled between him and the north-eastern horizon, was heard to murmur, "Farewell!—farewell!"

One night, after having for some time tended the beds of the sick and dying, Loëffler retired to his couch, and endeavoured to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all the thoughts that weighed down his spirit. But a death-like sickness came over him; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on Heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face towards the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain; the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A humane hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loëffler partially slumbered. But who can describe that strange and pestilential sleep! A theatre seemed to be "lighted up within his brain," which teemed with strange, hideous, and portentous scenes, or figures whose very splendour was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and, instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards, and sails of the vessel were all made of living phosphor, or some strange ignited matter, which far and wide sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loëffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacing were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct, and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing top-masts—up which Loëffler strained his vision—seemed to pierce the skies. A preternatural and almost palpable darkness succeeded this ruddy light; then the long and loud blast of a trumpet, and the words "Come to judgment, forgetters of your God!" sounded in Loëffler's ear. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arms violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test, by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were

clustered at his heart. Loëffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance toward the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell! farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loëffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!— warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for Heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested."* But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second-deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes that followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baleful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loëffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself still above deck, but placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet the difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a sea-mess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previously to the sleeper's awakening. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young

* In foreign climates I have often heard the livid spots about the heart, above described, cited as *the tokens* of the plague.

German. But they brought with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength, Loëffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound, either of feet or voices, met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loëffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a *master's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loëffler's eye! The whole deck was strewed with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth and starting eyeballs shewed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep; but the livid and purple marks of these last corpses, scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the "integrity of their dimensions," shewed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than with the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence. The *Invincible*, once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon: sea and sky seemed to meet only to close in that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sic ened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potation, from which his long-confirmed habits of sobriety would formerly have shrunk with disgust; and, under the stimulus of this excitement, compelled himself to the revolting office of swallowing a food which he felt necessary to carry him through the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower-decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loëffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or—as

was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one *living* being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loëffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength were further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sank upon the waters. The GERMAN began to stir in the soul of Loëffler. He was alone—the stillness so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead, whose corpses, here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried, through the darkness, the well-known and reanimate face of some departed shipmate. But Christian's was not a mind to succumb to a terror which, it must be confessed, might—under similar circumstances—have overborne the stoutest heart. He felt that, under all these disadvantages, his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. Sometimes the heart of Loëffler half sunk within him; sometimes he was more than tempted to relinquish his work in despair; yet on he toiled with that energy of body which as much results from mental power as from physical superiority.

On the evening of the following day, but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loëffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial-rites of the church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loëffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, "Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!" The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims awaited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew, which had now disappeared for ever.

A few sails were still furled, and, uncertain whether they were the best or the worst that might be hoisted, Loëffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to *any* port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the *Invincible*.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto-stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loëffler was no seaman; and, there-

fore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, *his* was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the *Invincible*, who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian's mind, as, gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarcely perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel, and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best-beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the Solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled *Invincible*. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but still, as if that were the magical, and even malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light, deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half-fearful, half-hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loëffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and apparently-concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—shewed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediately over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loëffler piercing, and even wintry cold; while the fierce and unintermittant motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lightning, he could see widespread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm-tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loëffler could not determine; but the conviction that she was filling with water forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north-eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud —"Farewell! farewell!"

The loneliness of his situation, to which time, though it had not reconciled, had habituated him, came upon him with the renewed and appalling

sensations of novelty. National and early-acquired feelings obtained a temporary triumph over individual strength of character. The torn and misshapen clouds, as their black forms were from time to time rendered visible by the blue light that darted through them, appeared to our young German like careering spirits of the tempest; and the rent sails, as they flapped backward and forwards, or were driven like shattered pennons of the blast, seemed, as the momentary light cast their dark shadows athwart the deck, to be foul fiends of the ocean, engaged in the malign work of dismantling that gallant vessel. To Loëffler's temporarily excited imagination, even the tossing billows seemed, in that portentous light, to "surge up" by hundreds the faces of those who had found beneath them a dismal and untimely grave; and the lost mariners appeared to be crowding round the vessel they had so recently manned. But Christian authoritatively bade away these phantoms, and they speedily left a mind too strong to give them a long entertainment.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loëffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime-trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit shewed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou too," he said, confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man of war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride, by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his Solitary Voyage.

T. C. A.

BYRON'S MEMOIRS.*

Of course, no one will suppose that we are now going to anatomize Byron in either his character or his verses. The topics are already antediluvian, and are worthy only of the conversaziones of a country town of the tenth magnitude. The discussions on his uneasy wedlock and mysterious separation are equally obsolete; and we shall leave the universe of old women to settle the never-dying gossip of—whether the Lord or the Lady was more to blame—whether the Lord did not behave like a *roué*, and the Lady like a fashionable spouse? We have now nothing to look to but the reliques of his tours, the gatherings of his journals, and those letters on all rambling subjects which, in all his contempt for England, he seems to have spent his best hours in writing, and to correspondents whom, in nine cases out of ten, he was in the habit of turning to ridicule on all occasions.

The world can be mistaken in no man's character; and it has been so saturated and superfluxed with illustrations and documents of every transaction of Lord Byron's life, that there is not a scribbler or *dilettanti* within the bills of mortality, who could not furnish a regular memoir of the poet and peer at an hour's notice. But the whole result of the matter is this—that his lordship was a spoiled boy, who grew up into a spoiled man; gifted naturally with great poetic powers, but either ignorant or wilfully contemptuous of the higher principles that regulate life, and either tasteless enough to discover no beauty in the decencies of human morals, or blind enough to imagine that himself and the set about him were to be the guides of society. But those things are past and gone. He is now where he can do no harm; and as we suppose that the idea of defending his vices enters into no man's head, we proceed, without further controversy, to the selection, or rather accumulation, of letters which Mr. Moore has gathered for the amusement of the public.

The volume commences without preface or remark accounting for its separation from its elder brother, but plunges headlong into the correspondence and journalizing in which Byron evidently delighted. After he had thrown off the chains of matrimony, his lordship's first resource was a journey through Switzerland. There he revelled in torrents, glaciers, jungfraus, and the civilities of that queen of talkers and plague of readers—Madame de Staël.

Byron, with all his contempt of all vulgar things and people, loved his own indulgences; and he commenced his journey with preparations that by no means argued excessive misery of mind. "He travelled," as Pryse Gordon's amusing narrative tells us, "in a huge coach, copied from the celebrated one of Napoleon, taken at Genappe, and with additions. Besides a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a *plate-chest*, and every apparatus for dining in it. It was not, however, found sufficiently capacious for his luggage and suite; and he purchased a *calèche* at Brussels for his servants." His first letter is from Lausanne, in June, 1816:—

"My route through Flanders, and by the Rhine, to Switzerland, was all that I expected, and more.

"I have traversed all Rousseau's ground, with the 'Heloise' before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express, with the force and accu-

* Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore, Vol. ii.

racy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, with the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little, because all that I could say must fall short of the impressions that they stamp.

"Three days ago we were most nearly wrecked, in a squall off Meillerie, and driven to shore. I ran no risk, being so near the rocks, and a good swimmer; but our party were wet, and incommoded a good deal."

The letter concludes with a hint on his authorship:—

"I have finished a third canto of 'Childe Harold,' 117 stanzas longer than either of the two former, and in some parts it may be better. But, of course, on that I cannot determine."

But his journals are much more amusing than his letters; and of journalizing he appears to have been fond. It evidently served to produce a set of common-place-books for his poetry:—

"Yesterday, Sept. 17, I set out with Mr. Hobhouse on an excursion of some days to the mountains. Rose at five. Weather fine. Lake calm and clear. Mont Blanc, and the Aiguille d'Argentieres, both very distinct. Reached Lausanne before sunset."

He then gives some account of the old English republican monuments:—

"Stopped at Vevay two hours. View from the church-yard superb; within it General Ludlow (the regicide's) monument; black marble; long inscription; he was an exile two-and-thirty years; one of King Charles's judges. Near him, Broughton, who read King Charles's sentence, is buried, with a queer, but rather canting inscription. Ludlow's house is still shewn: it retains still its inscription—'*Omne solum forti patria.*'

"On our return, met an English party in a carriage—a lady in it fast asleep—fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world!—Excellent! I remember, at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English also, exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see any thing more *rural?*'—As if it was Highgate or Hampstead, or Brompton or Hayes! Rural, quotha! Rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits of eternal snow far above them—and *rural!*"

He continued his roamings through the finest part of the Swiss scenery, laying up images for new cantos of "Childe Harold:"—

"The music of the cows'-bells—for their wealth is cattle—in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountain in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence, much more so than Greece or Asia-Minor; for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other. But this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal."

Within a day or two after this mountain ramble, he became intimate with Shelley and his wife, and "a *female relative*" of Mrs. Shelley. Here his lordship found the kind of associates that suited all his tastes; but the rest of this lucky intercourse we leave to the gossips, who love scandal better than we do. Yet, whatever were the other results of this association, Shelley was made madder than ever by it; and he disputed, scribbled, talked nonsense, and boated with increased vigour for the rest of his worthless life. Mr. Moore hopelessly attempts to gloss over the wretched career of this man. With the biographer, all Shelley's

crimes were the result of the "persecution he met with on the threshhold of his boyish enterprise to teach and reform the world."—For which purpose of reform, "he with a courage, *admirable* if it had been wisely directed, made war upon authority and experience." Such is the softened tone of the fashionable circles. But the truth is perfectly well known, and it is—that Shelley was any thing but an abstract philosopher; that he was as practical a person, in the matter of his own pleasures, and in his scorn of the obligations of society, as any gentleman who *never* wrote verses, nor talked sentimental foolery on lakes and glaciers. In short, he was a Lord Byron *rasé*—his lordship, in all his loves and libels, but on a lower scale. Shelley's true history ought to be written for the benefit of all young gentlemen who profess genius, and think that the habit of writing verses is to be a full and fair quittance of every kind of moral obligation. The history of his first wife—that unhappy woman whom he abandoned, and whose suicide made so melancholy an impression on the public; the nature of his subsequent life; his open atheism; the palpable and atrocious blasphemy of his writings; his favourite tenets (which even the biographer is forced to acknowledge) of the *community of property* and the *community of wives*, are sufficient to stamp his character. The vulgar bravado of writing in the Album at Mont Blanc, "*Bysshe Shelley, Atheist!*" shews that a miserable vanity prompted him to outrage society, and that crime lost half its charms to him unless he called the world to wonder at him as a criminal. But he perished. His coxcomb impiety met a sudden fate; and, heathen as he lived and died, his noble *friend* gave him a heathen burial—*burned* him—and, as Mr. Galt's narrative tells us, got drunk over his bones!

But Lord Byron, through his whole career, had an extraordinary fondness for associates whom every one else would have rejected. Another of his intimates was a wretched being, whose fate by his own hand a few years ago was the natural consequence of his principles. This was Dr. Polidori, who, after scribbling, gaming, and trying the world in all kinds of ways, was reduced to extremity in London, and, in the true philosophic and march-of-intellect style, either cut his throat or poisoned himself. Mr. Hobhouse must be excepted from the black list of those travelling friends. He has striven for fame by none of the sublimities of those personages who are too refined to follow the common decencies of life. But he seems to have kept aloof from the "midnight conversations" and other deeper mysteries of his lordship's enjoyments; and, in fact, to have at no time sanctioned the orgies of the *set*. Yet it is from him that Lord Byron's personal character has found the most vigilant and manly defence; and while some of those bosom friends and *compotators* have been trying to make money of the unfortunate peer's vices, and publishing all that could sink him in the public estimation, he has kept guard over his remains, and by vigorously punishing some of his assailants, has deterred the general mob whom Lord Byron admitted to his intercourse, from heaping additional disgrace on his memory.

His lordship at last got rid of Shelley and his prosing, and began a new course of intrigue. Of this disgraceful affair, which was no other than a regular business of adultery, he makes Mr. Moore the confidant; —an insult, at which we must presume the biographer was indignant— though, unfortunately, we can discover nothing of his indignation in these pages.

The letter is a specimen of that comic mixture of melancholy in phrase, and practical indulgence in matters of pleasure, which so happily contrives to make the *sentimental* reader grieve over the *sorrows* of a voluptuary, revelling at the moment in the grossest excesses:—

"It is my intention to remain at Venice during the winter, probably as it has always been, next to the East, the greenest island of my imagination. It has not disappointed me, though its evident decay would perhaps have that effect upon others. But I have been *familiar with ruins too long to dislike desolation.*"

He then drops into the practical portion of the tale:—

"I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of a 'Merchant of Venice,' who is a *good deal occupied* with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year. Marianna is, in her appearance, altogether like an antelope. She has the large, black, oriental eye; her features are regular, and rather aquiline; mouth, small; skin, clear and soft"—&c.

"Nov. 23.—You will perceive that my description, which was proceeding with the minuteness of a passport, has been interrupted for several days. In the mean time * * *"

Then follows a break in the letter, which Mr. Moore has filled up with stars, and which every one else may fill up as it pleases his fancy. These breaks are continually occurring, and argue that the general correspondence must have been of a very extraordinary and of a prodigiously *confidential* nature.

In one of these letters, he breaks off the subject of the Venetian's wife, whom he had now taken as his acknowledged mistress, and in her husband's house too—such are the easy manners of foreign life!—to give a little sketch of the world around him:—

"Oh! by the way, I forgot, when I wrote to you from Verona, to tell you that at Milan I met with a countrymen of your's, a Colonel ——, a very excellent, good-natured fellow—who knows and shews all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native here. This is his history, at least an episode of it:—

"Six-and-twenty years ago, the Colonel—then an Ensign—being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa * * *, and she with him. The lady must be at least twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve, not his country—for that is Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and she—Heaven knows what she did! In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the definitive treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese, by the arrival of Colonel * * *, who, flinging himself at full length at the feet of Madame, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish-Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'Why, don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c.; till at length the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue!' (that was the very word); and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence."

All this is followed by a ballad on King Lud, lively and clever enough:—

"As the Liberty-lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will die fighting, or live free,
And down with all kings but King Lud.

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding-sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has poured.

Though black as his heart is its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Lud."

This he winds up in the *dégâgé* style in which it was written:—

"There's an amiable *chanson* for you—all impromptu! I have written it principally to shock your neighbour * * *, who is all clergy and loyalty—mirth and innocence—milk and water.

"But the Carnival's coming,
Oh, Thomas Moore;
The Carnival's coming,
Oh, Thomas Moore;
Masking and humming,
Fifing and drumming,
Guitarring and strumming—
Oh, Thomas Moore."

He frequently made these light verses; and among the prettiest are some lines on a statue by Canova:—

"The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the collection of the Countess D'Albrizzi) is, without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.

"In this beloved marble, view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature could, but *would* not do,
And Beauty and Canova can.
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the bard's defective art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the Helen of the heart!"

We then have the Carnival again:—

"I am on the invalid regimen. The Carnival—that is, the latter part of it—had knocked me up a little. But it is over, and it is now Lent, with all its abstinence and its sacred music—

"So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright;
For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul outwears the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest;
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon."

Byron was now in his felicity—rambling, gondoliering, chatting in opera-boxes, making *love* (such as it was), and writing poetry. He

had thrown off the black mantle under which he had made his retreat, *en grande costume*, from the English newspapers, and was now following pleasure in all ways and forms. He had begun his travels with some of the sentimentality which does such wonders with the boarding-schools; and talked in his early letters the conversazione-tongue of—"I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I have seen some of the noblest views in the world. Yet in all this, the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche," and so forth, "have one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my more wretched identity in the majesty and the power," &c. &c.

All which was the very strain for a speech in "Manfred," and was actually transferred there. But the whole story of Byron's incurable agonies would have been laughed at by Byron himself, first of the first, though they did very well to mystify the infinite race of twaddledom that inhabiteth the western parts of London. The whole might be inscribed with Burchell's expressive word—"Fudge!" What were the facts? Here was a man in the vigour of life, with nothing on earth to restrain him from following his whims from pole to pole, and following them with all his might; galloping through the finest regions of Europe; living where he liked; running a round of operas, carnivals, and conversaziones; indulging himself in all that bears the name of pleasure, good and bad; living among complying counts and tender countesses; and, with all this, enjoying an income of four or five thousand pounds a year—four times as much as three-fourths of his titled associates possessed, and equivalent to fifteen or twenty thousand pounds a year in England. All the exclamations that we hear on this side of the water, about the "weight on his mind," &c. are nonsense; and as to his own sorrowings, we may be perfectly consoled, by knowing that they never went farther than the fingers that held his pen.

In fact, what kind of life would be the very one chosen by a young rake of fashion and fortune but this?—and we have no doubt that the most self-indulgent *roué* that ever decorated Bond-street, or waltzed at Almack's, could go through the whole range, without shedding a tear or heaving a sigh. A journey through Flanders, with all his comforts ensured, even to a service of plate in his carriage; a tour through the Swiss Lakes; a residence at Venice, in the house of a convenient scoundrel of a husband, who had a wife of twenty-two, with "oriental eyes;" the establishment of a promiscuous circle of the same species of persons, with oriental eyes; a houseful of those indescribable inmates at his beck, with a general licensed system of expeditions on the same pursuit among the Signoras of his noble friends; the whole terminating in the tranquil arrangement which secured a Countess Guiccioli for his exclusive share;—all this, we suspect, would be exactly in the line of happiness which the most unsentimental pursuer of the grossest objects of passion would chalk out for his career, and think it quite unnecessary to call the world to witness his agonies at the cruel necessity of—doing everything that he liked. The truth is, that Lord Byron ran the full career of his passions, and must rest on his success in that career for the sympathy of mankind.

He had evidently began to feel that the "sorrowing system" must have its termination:—

"I suppose now," says he, in a letter to Murray, "I shall never be able to shake off my sables in the public imagination, particularly since my moral * * * * clove down my fame. However, not that—nor more than that—has yet extinguished my spirit, which always rises with the rebound.

"At Venice we are in Lent, and I have not lately moved out of doors, my feverishness remaining quiet; and, by way of being more quiet, here is the Signora Marianna just come in, and seated at my elbow."

In some reference to Jeffrey the reviewer, he bids Murray tell him—

"that he (Byron) was not—and indeed is not even now—the misanthropical and gloomy gentleman he took him for; but a facetious companion, well to do with those with whom he is intimate, and as loquacious and laughing as if he were a much cleverer fellow."

As an illustration of his sorrowful temperament, we find a series of critiques—brief, we will allow, but pithy—on the works of some of his acquaintance:—

"I read the 'Christabel'—
Very well.
I read the 'Missionary'—
Pretty, very.
I tried 'Ildezim'—
Ahem!
I read a page of 'Margaret of Anjou'—
Can you?
I turned a page of ———'s 'Waterloo'—
Pooh! pooh!
I looked at Wordsworth's 'Milk-white Rylstone Doe'—
Hillo!"

His *English* feelings are thus described:—

"I have not the least idea where I am going, nor what I am going to do. I wished to have gone to Rome, but at present it is *pestilent* with English. A man is a fool who travels now in France or Italy, till this *tribe of wretches* is swept home again. I staid at Venice, chiefly because it is not one of their dens of thieves; and here they but pause and pass. In Switzerland it was really noxious. Luckily I was early, and had got the prettiest place on the lakes before they were quickened into motion with the rest of *the reptiles*. Venice is not a place where the English are gregarious: their pigeon-houses are Florence, Naples, Rome, &c., &c., and to tell you the truth, this was one reason why I staid here until the season of the purgation of Rome from those people, which is infected with them at this time, should arrive. Besides I *abhor the nation*, and the nation me. It is impossible for me to describe my own sensation on this point, but it may suffice to say, that if I meet with any of the race in the beautiful parts of Switzerland, the most distant glimpse, or aspect, of them poisoned the whole scene."

An anecdote follows, worth a whole quarto of sentimentality:—

"An Austrian officer, the other day, being in love with a Venetian, was ordered with his regiment into Hungary. Distracted between love and duty, he purchased a deadly drug, which, dividing with his mistress, both swallowed. The ensuing pains were terrific; but the pills were *purgative*, and not poisonous, by the contrivance of the apothecary; so that so much suicide was all thrown away. You may conceive the previous confusion, and the final laughter: but the intention was good on all sides."

Some of the best letters are to Murray, whom he treats alternately as a correspondent and a bookseller:—

"Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times!
Patron and publisher of rhymes!
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs—
My Murray!

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all, and sellest some—
My Murray!

Upon thy table's baize so green,
The last new 'Quarterly' is seen;
But where is thy new Magazine?—
My Murray!

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,
'The Art of Cookery and Wine'—
My Murray!

Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast the 'Navy List'—
My Murray!

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without the 'Board of Longitude!'
Although this narrow paper would—
My Murray!"

Mr. Moore then inserts a bitter letter upon the author of "Rimini," which he says he had originally suppressed—

"but the tone of that gentleman's books having, as far as himself is concerned, released me from all the scruples which prompted the suppression, I have considered myself at liberty to restore the passage."

Byron then proceeds:—

"Hunt's letter is probably the exact piece of vulgar coxcombry you might expect from his situation. He believes his trash of vulgar phrases tortured into compound barbarisms to be old English. And we may say of it as Aimwell says of Captain Gibbett's regiment, when the captain calls it an 'old corps.' 'The *oldest* in Europe, if I may judge by your uniform.' He sent out his 'Foliage' by Percy Shelley, and of all the ineffable Centaurs that were ever begotten by Self-love upon a night-mare, I think this monstrous Sagittary the most prodigious. Did you read his skimble-skamble about ——— being at the head of his own *profession*, in the *eyes* of *those* who followed it? I thought that poetry was an *art*, or an attribute, and *not* a profession—but be it one, is that ——— at the head of *your* profession in *your* eyes. I'll be curst if he is of *mine*, or ever shall be. But Leigh Hunt is a good man and a good father,—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt; a good husband,—see his sonnet to Mrs. Hunt; a good friend, see his epistles to different people; and a great coxcomb, and a very vulgar person in every thing about him. But that's not his fault, but of circumstances."

Some hints follow on the "Life of Sheridan," on which Mr. Moore was then engaged, and which he might have advantageously adopted—

"I do not know any good model for a life of Sheridan, but that of Savage. The whigs abuse him; however, he never left them; and such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compassion. As to his creditors, remember Sheridan *never had* a *shilling*, and was thrown, with great powers and passions, into the

thick of the world, and placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no external means to support him in his elevation. Did Fox ———— *pay* his debts? or did Sheridan take a subscription? Was the Duke of Norfolk's drunkenness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues more notorious than those of all his contemporaries? And is *his* memory to be blasted, and theirs respected? Don't let yourself be led away by clamour, but compare him with the coalitioner Fox and the pensioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hundred thousand others in personal views, and with *none* in talent, for he beat them all *out* and *out*. Without means, without connection, without character, (which might be false at first, and afterwards make him mad from desperation,) he beat them all, in all he ever attempted. But alas, poor human nature!"

The biographer proceeds to give a glimpse of the kind of life which his lordship led at this period in Venice. He had dismissed the linen-draper's wife—for such was the rank of the "Merchant of Venice"—and now ranged the realm on a larger scale.—"Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame ———, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of licence, to which, when weaned from that connection, he so unrestrainedly, and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself."

For this license, the same excuse is found which served to palliate all his former exhibitions.—"He had found no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile." And, therefore, and for this reason, of a wounded spirit, his lordship ("assuming the desperation of an outlaw, with the condition, as it seemed to him), resolved, as his countrymen would not do justice to the better parts of his nature, to have at least the perverse satisfaction of braving and shocking them with the worst."

Now, against this language we altogether protest, as lending an easy excuse to the most profound profligacy, in whatever rank it may occur. The libertine who sinks into the most debasing vilenesses, has nothing more to say than that he was driven to them by the world's bad opinion of him, or by his own superior delicacy of feeling, and starts forth a hero; he unites all the gratifications of the libertine with all the honours of the anchorite, makes his reputation by the loss of character, and is the more virtuous the more he replenishes his seraglio. We greatly fear for the prudery of gentlemen of a certain age, that a *Venetian* life will not be always received by the world as an evidence of immaculate virtue; nor that the thick understandings of the British empire will allow any man to have at once all the *advantages*, such as they may be deemed, of a life of unbridled licence, with all the feelings due to the sufferer under an injured sensibility. In common English, if a man gets drunk, he does it for love of wine; if he games, it is for love of the die; if he follows other excesses, it is for love of the vice in question. And of Lord Byron and his Marianna, and his half hundred Mariannas, the world will come to the same conclusion. It can comprehend nothing of this Mulatto mixture of good and evil—this vicious virtue, and sublime debasement—this plunging into the most vulgar profligacy, for the sake of indulging a too exquisite sense of refinement—and this utter and impudent defiance of public decency, from a superabundant value for public opinion.

The story of Margarita Cogni, one of the tribe whom Lord Byron

collected in his house, is curious as a specimen of national manners. In a letter to somebody or other, who had seen this handsome virago's portrait, and who asked some account of her, he gives the following sketch:—

"Since you desire the story of Margarita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

"Her face is of the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine,—taken altogether in the national dress.

"In the summer of 1817,——— and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, among a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About this period, there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated, as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or not, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why don't you, who think of others, think of us also?' I turned round and said, 'Caza tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver bisogna del' soccorso mio.'* She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days.

"A few evenings after, we met with those two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins. Margarita was married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light. * * * * *

"For a long space of time, she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendancy, which was often disputed, and never impaired.

"The reasons of this were firstly, her person—very dark, tall; the Venetian face, very fine, black eyes. She was two and twenty years old. * * * * * *. She was, besides, a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters; except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe under the piazza, to make a letter for her, on some occasion when I was ill, and could not see her. In other respects she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, or person; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the 'Cavalchina,' the masqued ball on the last night of the Carnival, to which all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth and decent in conduct, for no other reason, but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

"At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do: she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her (the gentle tigress), spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As it was midnight, I let her stay; and next day, there was no moving her at all. Her husband came roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back: *not* she. He then applied to the police, and they applied to me. I told them and her husband to *take* her—I did not want her. She had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they might conduct her through that, or the door, if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with her 'becco ettico,' as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days, she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep

* "My dear, you are too pretty and young to want any help of mine."

my countenance,—for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloonery or other,—and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things—high and low; they are all alike for that.

"Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. I was the only person that could at all keep her in any order; and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight,) she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her fazziolo, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful; but alas, she longed for a hat and feathers; and all I could say or do, (and I said much,) could not prevent this travestie. I put the first in the fire; but I got tired of burning them before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure, for they did not at all become her.

"In the mean time, she beat the women, and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape, whether they were feminine or no; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose, as she declared, to open all letters addressed to me, and read their contents.

"That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one:—In the autumn one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—hats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and her long, dark hair streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightning flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea, alighted from her chariot; or the sybil of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment, except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling to me, 'Ah! can' della Madonna cosa vus tu? Esto non e tempo per andar' al Lido.' (Ah! dog of the Virgin! what are you about, this is no time to go to Lido?) ran into her house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the 'temporale.'

"I was told by the servants, that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out into the harbour in such a moment; that then she sat down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs.

"But her reign drew near a close. She became quite ungovernable some months after; and a concurrence of complaints, some true and many false —'a favourite has no friends'—determined me to part with her. I told her quietly she must return home. She had acquired a sufficient provision for herself and her mother in my service. She refused to quit the house. I was firm; and she went, threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table: and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in (having broken open a glass door that led from the hall to the staircase, by way of prologue), and advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whether she meant to use this against herself or me, I know not; probably against neither; but Fletcher seized her by the arms, and disarmed her. I then called my boat-

men, and bid them get the gondola ready, and conduct her to her own house again, seeing carefully that she did herself no mischief by the way. She seemed quite quiet, and walked down stairs. I resumed my dinner.

"We heard a great noise, and went out, and met them on the staircase carrying her up stairs. She had thrown herself into the canal. That she intended to destroy herself I do not believe; but when we consider the fear women and men, who cannot swim, have of deep or even of shallow water (and the Venetians in particular, though they live on the waves), and that it was also night, and dark and very cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her. They had got her out without much difficulty or damage, except the salt water she had drank, and the wetting she had undergone.

"I foresaw her intention to refix herself, and sent for a surgeon; inquiring how many hours it would require to restore her from her agitation, he named the time. I then said, 'I give you that time, and more if you require it; but at the expiration of this prescribed period, if *she* does not leave the house *I* will.'

"All my people were consternated. They had always been frightened at her, and now were paralysed. They wanted me to apply to the police, to guard myself, &c. &c. like a pack of snivelling, servile boobies as they were. I did nothing of the kind, thinking that I might end that way as well as another; besides I had been used to deal with savage women, and knew their ways.

"I had her sent home quietly after her recovery; and never saw her since, except twice at the Opera, at a distance among the audience. She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones. And this is the story of Margarita Cogni, as relates to me.

"I forgot to mention that she was very devout, and would cross herself, if she heard the prayer-time strike. * * * *

"She was quick in reply, as for no instance; one day, when she had made me very angry with beating somebody or other, I called her a cow. (Cow in Italian, is a sad affront). She turned round, curtseyed, and answered, 'Vacca *tua*, excellenza.' (*Your* cow, please your excellency.) In short, she was, as I said before, a very fine animal, of considerable beauty and energy, with many good and several amusing qualities, but wild as a witch, and fierce as a demon."

This style of life, cheap as such living may be in the land of blue skies and Margaritas, appears to have involved his lordship in pecuniary difficulties, and he duns with great vigour. He writes to Murray:—

"I must trouble *you* to pay into my banker's *immediately* whatever sum, or sums, you can make it convenient to do on our agreement, otherwise I shall be put to the *severest* and most immediate inconvenience; and this at a time when, by every rational prospect, I ought to be in the receipt of considerable sums. Pray do not neglect this. You have no idea to what inconvenience you will otherwise put me."

Another of his embarrassments was his quarrel with Southey, whom he seems to have determined to exterminate, not only by the pen, but by the pistol. Douglas Kinnaird was to be his second—

"I have written to request Mr. Kinnaird, when the foam of his politics is wiped away, to extract a positive answer from that ————, and not to keep me in a state of suspense upon the subject. I hope that Kinnaird, who has my power of attorney, keeps a look-out upon the gentleman, which is the more necessary, as I have a great dislike to the idea of coming over to look after him myself."

In this passage the name is not mentioned, we allow; but the same request had been made before, openly relating to the doctor, and with Kinnaird appointed for the second, as "knowing in matters of the duello." Poor Kinnaird's own fate was a melancholy illustration of that

knowledge. Yet it was rather an awkward circumstance that this man-slaying determination should have been thus blazoned to Murray, whose intercourse with the doctor was notoriously so constant, and who would, we must suppose, be not disinclined to prevent the collision of his principal poet and his principal reviewer. However, the menace came to nothing; and Missolonghi, not Hyde Park, was to be the scene of his lordship's castrametation. We here mean no impeachment of his courage; for, so far as pistoling goes, he would have probably stood to be shot at, with as much *sang froid* as the multitude of militia ensigns, St. James's blacklegs, and Cheapside heroes, who love to flourish in the "tented field" of Chalk-farm. His lordship's brains were of another calibre; but he was, as his biographer observed, strangely fond of talking and threatening in those matters; and even his eternal pistol-practice had something in it which a man of nice honour could not have easily reconciled to his feelings. The regular pistol-practiser—the "candle-snuffer at a dozen paces," &c. &c.—is merely a gentleman who does his best to make that shot *sure*, which, by the laws of honour, should be *uncertain*; and to take advantage of the unskilfulness of others, in a contest where the laws of honour require the most perfect equality. The man who has practised till he can hit the ace of spades, and who yet calls out, to stand his shot, an antagonist who may never have fired a pistol in his life, is not a duellist, but an *assassin*.

His lordship had another trouble, too:—

"I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra—a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa. Her mamma is English; but it is a long story—and there's an end."

This unfortunate infant had been sent to him by the mamma—a female *philosopher* of the "community-of-property" school—who had too much superiority to the age to restrain herself from being his lordship's mistress for the time, or to keep the miserable infant which was the fruit of their vices. This child died when about five years old.

From time to time, his letters give us sketches of the figures which he subsequently embodied into his poems:—

"I wish you good night, with a Venetian benediction. *Benedetto te, e la tierra che ti fara.* (May you be blessed, and the earth which you will make!) Is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier, if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large, black eyes, a face like Faustina's, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight,—one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure, if I put a poignard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her;—and into *me*, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. * * * * I could have forgiven the dagger, the bowl, any thing; but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me."

This image he afterwards transferred to one of his tragedies:—

> "I had one only fount of quiet left,
> And *that* they poisoned. My pure household gods
> Were shivered on my hearth." *Marino Faliero.*

It is not very easy to comprehend the sort of admiration that can be felt for a woman ready to dip her hands in *blood*—a quality which we

should conceive must tarnish, or rather extinguish, all human attractions in disgust and horror. Nor can we altogether agree in his lordship's rapture about Medea, who, to the murder of her brother, added that of her children. But he seems always to have made the idle mistake that the more hideous the crime, the more the energy and loftiness of character required for its commission. The fact is almost the direct contrary—the basest and most grovelling committing these horrors, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. There are more cut-throats and poisoners in the hovels of an Italian city at this hour, than could be mustered among all the recorded heroes and heroines of the ancient or modern world. A Roman fish-woman, disputing with her comrade about sixpence-worth of sprats, has all this *energy;* for she, without ceremony, draws her knife, and plunges it into the bowels of the rival dealer. A Lombard bravo, who stabs for half-a-crown, has the same exact degree of energy; he drives his stiletto to the hilt, and then magnanimously cuts with it the loaf which he has purchased by his labours. But the whole sentiment is monstrous, and founded on a total misconception of the "great in human nature."

We have now some observations of Mr. Moore's, touching the Guiccioli affair:—

"It was about this time (1819), when, as we perceive, like the first return of reason after intoxication, a full consciousness of some of the evils of his late libertine course of life, had broken in upon him, that an attachment differing altogether, both in duration and devotion, from any of those that since the dream of his boyhood, had inspired him, gained an influence over his mind, which lasted through his few remaining years; and undeniably wrong and immoral, (even allowing for the Italian estimate of such frailties,) as was the nature of the connexion to which this attachment led, we can hardly perhaps,—taking into account the far worse wrong from which it rescued and preserved him,—consider it otherwise than as an event *fortunate* both for his *reputation* and his happiness."

We are sorry to find those sentiments proceeding from the pen of Mr. Moore. Tenderly as he touches the ground, he here virtually tells us, that a base connection—an open adultery—was a *fortunate* event. On this principle, the grossest vice might find its palliation.—If Lord Byron did not commit adultery, he would have committed something worse—is the plea for an intercourse against which the laws of God and man equally protest; and which, instead of being less offensive to morals, is actually the darkest and most pernicious shape which libertinism can take. As to any palliative to be looked for in the profligacy of Italian life, the ground breaks down at once. All the world knows that Italy is a hot-bed of profligacy; that every honorable tie of life is there utterly derided; and that *adultery* is the matrimonial habit of the land. Italy, we also know, is incureable; and while it submits to that almost incredible corruption of all religion, which acquits men of the basest crimes for money, Italy will always be a sink of abomination and of slavery together. But we must not suffer such maxims to come so recommended to our country. The whole romance of the Countess Guiccioli is, in every sense of the word, vicious; and ought to be called so. In this career Lord Byron hastened on to his life's close. At last *ennui* of the Countess, mingled with, as his biographer says, a painful consciousness of his declining fame as a writer, urged him to try another course. Greece attracted him, her unhappy cause had fixed the eyes of

Europe on her, and with, probably, a sincere zeal for her freedom, he sailed. But he was either too late or too early in the struggle. He also chose his position badly. By fixing himself in an obscure corner of northern Greece, he lost all power of serving the public interests; fell into the hands of a knot of intriguers and beggars; and between rash exposure to the climate, and vexation at the discovery that he was doing nothing, and could do nothing, was seized with a fatal illness, of which he died on the 19th of April, 1824. He was born in London, on the 22nd of January, 1788.

We have now had, we must suppose, the last account which Byron will supply to the gossiping world. The disclosures of these volumes are unfortunate. It would have been better for his fame, if he had been left to the impression naturally made by his poetry. His powers there are unquestionable. He had great poetic talents, and by inventing a style, all whose peculiarities belonged to his own character; and by works, every line of which was a commentary upon his personal career, he had earned for himself a distinguished place among the poets of England. Like the efforts of many celebrated writers, his first works were his best. Of course we speak only of those written after his first residence in Greece. In his later years he was either too idle, or too self-willed, to take the trouble essential to eminence: and the longer he wrote, the more his style degenerated. His Italian life was equally injurious to his literary and his moral fame. But, attaining a high place in authorship, he was unequal to obtain the highest prize. In tragedy he failed altogether; and from an evident and acknowledged consciousness of failure, he at once laboured at dramatic writing, and reviled it. His tragedies, heavy in the closet, are altogether intractable on the stage, and Shakspeare still stands unapproached, if not unapproachable.

PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY—POWER AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE is nothing which has hitherto more eminently distinguished the Constitution of Great Britain than its tendency and power to preserve inviolate the different relations of society, and to establish amongst them that mutual good understanding which is the surest source of peace and good order, as well as of rational liberty. On all its institutions, this character is impressed; and the key-stone of all its written and implied wisdom is the dependance of the poor man for support and protection upon his richer neighbour; and the dependence of the rich, for protection and security, upon the impartiality of the law, and the gratitude of the poor who have experienced his bounty. Independently of the two great classes of the community—the aristocracy and the people—it recognizes three minor divisions amongst the latter; and, in spirit, provides for their distinct preservation. Amongst the more distinguished class, it chooses the members of its legislature, its magistracy, and its sheriffs; and to them it entrusts the protection of the two subordinate classes. Amongst the second class—its yeomen, its lesser gentry, and its tradesmen—it selects those who are to sit on juries, vote in elections, and provide for the distribution of those funds set apart for the preservation of the public tranquillity, and the maintenance of the infirm and

aged amongst the poor. To the lower class, it ensures protection in their labour, safety in their home and family, and the perfect liberty of rising, by industry or fortune, from the subordinate stations in which fate has placed them; and, in addition to this, allows them an unchallenged right of claiming the privileges enjoyed by those to whose level they may have attained.

Such is the state of society which it is the tendency of our Constitution to create and to preserve; and such a state, we have no hesitation in affirming, holds out the greatest assurance of substantial and enduring prosperity to its possessors. There has been no society, in the history of the world, which has stood the test of time, and especially of prosperity, except such as have been based on these principles; and we know that by no other can society be held together, without reverting to its original elements. We could give abundant instances of the truth of this assertion; but it is unnecessary to look beyond our own position in the world, and its causes. We owe nothing to circumstances. We are but a speck compared with the rest of Europe. To what then can we point as the cause of our superiority in wealth—in civilization—in commerce—in power—except we point to our Constitution, and impress upon our own minds, and those of our children, that, whilst the rest of Europe were embarrassed by the ever-changing circumstances of an unsettled and imperfect state of society, the Englishman was free to turn his whole thought and industry to the attainment of the means of happiness? His position in society, and the privileges belonging to it, were alike defined and secured by settled principles. His industry was his own; his wealth protected by those from whom it was derived: and his advancement on the road to honour or to comfort unimpeded by violence or change. There was no fear behind him—no chasm before; but, as he progressed from point to point, the sphere of his privileges and power widened as the substance to be protected increased. To this security of body and mind is to be attributed the integrity of principle and firmness of purpose, which has ever been the distinguishing feature of our character as a people, and the source of all our pre-eminence in the scale of nations.

It is not our purpose to enter into any discussion upon the comparative merits of the state of society, above described, and that which a certain order of politicians have so long and ardently laboured to substitute in its place. We are not enemies to the just influence of the *people* in the affairs of a State; and, on the contrary, deem such influence to be justly and inalienably vested in them by the British Constitution: but God forbid that, by such an admission, we should appear to accord with one sentence of the trash which has of late issued from the lips of the mob-orators and agitators; or circulated, in more enduring form, amongst the peasantry of this land! Our meaning is as different from theirs, as light from darkness—as their own fair seeming from the deep and deadly meaning, which dwells in their hearts and thoughts, like a spirit of evil, exulting in the strength by which its deeds of ruin are felt, whilst the hand that wrought them is veiled from the eye of its victims! The *people*—we repeat—are entitled to an influence—a great influence, in the legislature of every country; but the *rabble*—whom such men seek to exalt upon the ruins of order and civilization—do not, and ought not, to possess one claim to such an influence; for, in allowing this, we

place brute force on a level with moral force. We place crime on a level with virtue—ignorance with knowledge—the shedder of blood with the unpolluted servant of God. We place the safety of our property and of our dearest institutions in the hands of those most interested in their destruction. We confide the peace and welfare of society to the power of men who would not hesitate to trample, in blood, upon the hearths of our family, and the altars of our religion! The only safe system of self-government which a nation can enjoy, is that recognized by our wise and equal laws, in which the *possession of interests to be preserved confers the right of interfering in their preservation.*

The defects which time, and the consequent changes of society, have produced in one elective system, have for years excited the attention of men of every creed and party; but we may safely assert that, until the present crisis, these effects have never been so deeply felt in practice as in theory. The question of reform was long used, by the party now in power, as one of agitation and annoyance to government. The wildest schemes of French philosophy were sought to be engrafted upon our constitution; and a constant tide of invective was levelled against many of its noblest institutions. The influence of property was loudly decried, and the doctrines of universal suffrage as loudly insisted on; but, so long as the reins of government were held by men of integrity and talent, and the great and deserving portion of the community retains its station and prosperity, the cry for Reform, coming, as it then did, from the visionary theorists, who had sprung up into being before the flame of republicanism and revolution which was then desolating the Continent; supported only by the disappointed amongst men of intellect, and by the worthless and designing amongst their partisans, had little weight in determining the course of measures in the state. At the close of the war, however, this question assumed at once a more imposing aspect. The revulsion, caused by a sudden transition from a state of war, to one of profound peace, and the consequent embarrassments of the different interests of the community, came upon men altogether unprepared, by talent or energy, to meet the pressing exigency of the times. A feeble and vacillating policy was pursued in all questions of public interest. The administration of the affairs of the country became a game of strategy—a petty trial of cunning between party and party; each striving for some privilege or some measure, important to its own members, but worthless, and in some instances, destructive to the rest of the community. The pressing demands of the people were daily sacrificed, to support some advantage of party, or to conceal some compromise of principle; and, when the public patience became, at length, exhausted, and the voice of public scorn demanded a change of measures, or of men, the only result was some paltry arrangement—some coalition, which, by the happy balance of contending interests and measures, ensured the public that each would be neutralized and rendered totally inefficient! The consequences of these pitiful shifts are now felt. The parliamentary talent of the present day, nursed, as it has been, in compromise and indecision of purpose, is infinitely below that which the increased intelligence of the age has called forth; and the cause of reform has proportionally gained ground. The shameless prostitution of the last parliament united alike the Tories and Whigs in its support; and we have now a government formed on the express principle of entering freely and decidedly into its arrangements. What this arrangement will be, it is

impossible for us to determine; but we entertain firm hopes that it will be founded on the settled principles of the constitution. The men who are about to undertake it, have outlived most of the wild theories which they once maintained. They have seen the worthlessness of some, and the mischievous nature of others; and they are now unembittered by the disappointments of a long career of opposition. They have gained, too, a place in the opinion of the world, which nothing but a temperate use of their present power can secure to them; and under these circumstances, we do not despair of seeing the question settled without the aid of any of those destructive principles which are sought to be infused into our legislative system.

But we would not have our readers to suppose that, by such a measure of reform, the safety of our civil institutions will be at once secured. On the contrary we assert, that it will depend entirely upon the policy of government in other, equally important, questions, whether the present interference with the law of election be the beginning of a period of national renovation, or only the first step towards anarchy and confusion! The circumstances of the country—the relative position of its different parties and interests—the very organization of its society, have, within the last few years, undergone a serious, a dangerous change; and nothing but a profound attention to the operation of these circumstances can restore it to any thing like tranquillity. We entreat the indulgence of our readers for a few moments, whilst we briefly glance at a few of the leading features of these changes, and attempt to shew their influence upon the general question of reform.

A few months ago a writer would have gained but little credit who had ventured to assert that any serious difficulties were to be apprehended from the state of society in this country. The members of our legislature looked only to the surface of things; and if matters went on with tolerable smoothness; if no violent convulsion of our monetary system convulsed the leading interests of the state; if no *shock* exposed to common view the decaying prosperity of the country; if no sacrilegious hand tore aside the frail shroud which concealed the wasted flesh and gaunt limbs of the skeleton, Poverty, which stalked in darkness through the land; if the cry of disease was faint and stifled, and the victim sunk in hopeless, sullen silence to the grave—then who *durst* assert that England was in distress? Few were they who dared to brave the sneers of the philosophers, and we thank God that we were amongst that few! *Now*, who dare deny the existence of distress in its most appalling extreme? Who dare deny the danger of such distress, when its bare terror has driven a Whig government *(credite posteri!)* even to that most unpopular measure, the *increase of our standing army?* None dare now deny these things. The Joseph Surfaces of the age, the boasting economists, the prosperity-mongers, and the quacks of every denomination, are "dumb-foundered." They hear the cry of ruin, they see the blaze of conflagration, and then—poor, pitiful things! —they creep into their shells, appalled

"E'en at the sound themselves have made."

They talk of incendiaries, of men with dark lanterns and ferocious faces, who instigate the wretched peasantry to tumult, of Belgian and French agents stirring them to bloodshed and revolution (do the poor

wretches understand French?), of Captain Swing (a vender of house-spoons or some such ware) scouring the by-lanes in his gig, and scattering sedition by the ounce per mile; but has it ever struck their enlightened minds that men do not usually set fire to corn-stacks and farm-yards at the bidding of every scrawl they pick up on the high-way? that a spark does not usually cause explosion, except it fall upon gunpowder? If these things have never struck them, why "let them burn their books," as the old saw teaches, "and send their wits a wool-gathering!"

It is really disgusting to observe the mass of drivel which has been spoken and written on the subject of these disturbances. At present we shall go no further than to notice the state of society which they have brought to light *in all its deformity!* Throughout the whole agricultural population of this country—a few years ago the happiest, the most flourishing, the most peaceable class of the community—we now see nothing but penury, degrading ignorance, and crime. The farmer is at open feud, or concealed, but not less dangerous enmity, with his landlord, with the clergyman, and with the tythe owner. He is sinking in the scale of comfort and wealth; and to enable him to gather a hard-earned living for himself and his family, he is become the oppressor of the poor! Instead of supporting a number of contented labourers, he becomes the master of so many miserable slaves, who are born to toil through life without comfort and without hope, degraded in mind by the certain knowledge that they must end their days in the parish poor-house; in such a condition of society men are ready to embrace any measure, however dangerous and however destructive, which holds out the most distant hope of amendment? The change from the wretched hovel to the county jail is to them a relief! Transportation is esteemed almost a blessing!

But this change is not confined to our agricultural population. It has spread through every branch of the community, and is operating in a separation of the whole frame of society into two distinct and all-absorbing classes, the *rich* and the *poor!*

We have no hesitation in expressing our firm conviction that, in the present crisis, any measure of Reform, unaccompanied with other important sanative measures, is dangerous to the welfare of the country; but can ministers refuse to perform the declared object of their accession to office? They are pledged to the country and to their sovereign. Their character is at stake. They *dare* not refuse a concession which the people *are ready to enforce!* What then will be their policy—what *ought* to be their policy? They are pledged to reduction of expenditure and of taxation; yet how little real good will their utmost efforts effect! The reduction of one half the expenditure of the country would be but a feather from the burthen which is now pressing upon its resources; and yet this is impossible! Their only policy, the only just policy which can be pursued, must be founded upon a searching examination of the workings of those mischievous theories which have been so unwisely introduced into our civil system, which have changed the whole form of society, and plunged this once flourishing and happy country into an abyss of crime and wretchedness, unparalleled in our own history, and almost in the history of the world!

We shall proceed to trace a few of the leading causes which have been instrumental in producing, or, at the least, aggravating these disastrous

changes. The most immediate in effect, and the most unjust because impartial in its operation, is the alteration of the value of the circulating medium by the *late* economists. It would be beyond the scope of this article to enter into all the various branches of so wide a question as that of the Currency; but we may be justified in examining a few of its leading features. The principal argument adduced by the economists in favour of a circulating medium based on *real value,* was its safety as compared with one which only *represented* such value, and the comparative stability with which it invested all commercial transactions. This argument was dwelt upon by the advocates for cash payments as one of incontrovertible truth; and the disastrous panic of the years 1825 and 1826, with its accompanying ruin, was triumphantly pointed out as illustrative of the danger of the existing system. Its effects were stated to be overtrading to a ruinous extent, production beyond any possible demand, wild speculations entered into by persons incapable of sustaining the reverses which might ensue, and consequent losses to the community at large. Now amidst these apparently overwhelming evils it is astonishing how few really deserve any serious consideration. The only ones in fact which do so deserve, are not inherent parts of the system, but excrecencies which a little restriction or regulation on the part of the legislature might correct. It was urged that there was no security against the issue of notes by bankers not possessed of capital sufficient to guarantee their safety, if, by speculation or otherwise, they suffered any sudden loss. This certainly is an evil not difficult to remedy; but in fact the evil never existed to half the extent supposed by those who offered it in support of their measure. It has been ascertained that, out of about seventy banking houses, who failed during the two years we have mentioned, the whole, with the exception of less than half a dozen, have since paid their engagements *in full, after all the enormous sacrifices they must have made!* Many of these too were houses who never issued a one-pound-note in the course of their practice. The system, it was added, induced bankers, by the advantages it offered, to extend accommodation to persons possessed of no capital, who were thus enabled to carry on business to the detriment of men of property, and the risk of loss to the community. In this case we should assuredly say, that the risk, if any, was the banker's own; and as to the other part of the argument, we cannot see its pertinence. Here was at least a system which enabled men of industry (for their own sake, the bankers would give the preference to such men) to support themselves and their families in comfort, and to support, besides, the labourers, who would otherwise have burthened the poor-rates. But it was added, that by encouraging such men we encouraged over-trading. What is *overtrading?* We cannot for the life of us tell. We became overproductive. *In what?* Not in *corn,* for abundance of the necessaries of life is a blessing, not a curse. In manufactures then? Not at all, for in the great manufacturing counties, small notes were but little used; in Manchester and London, the great mercantile cities of the empire, they were *entirely unknown!* But further, if we were overtrading, would that not tend to cheapen, and is not cheapness our great strength in foreign markets? Can we be overproductive so long as our goods sell readily, both at home and abroad? and they did sell, both readily and profitably. Why, then, for the dread of this bugbear, "overtrading," have we sacrificed our prosperity? We shall see anon.

The small-note system, in its first institution, was one of wise and *merciful* policy. The capital of the country, by the immense expenditure and consequent taxation of a long and expensive war, had been drawn away from its usual free circulation into the hands of comparatively a few individuals. The mass of the people were impoverished; and even those who were still possessed of wealth, were suffering from its *inadequate representation* by a circulating medium. The commerce of the country was crippled in all its operations, and the evil was one which time would increase instead of diminishing. Under these circumstances the measure was first introduced, and it was and is notorious, that without such a measure the prosecution of the war to its successful issue, and even the preservation of the internal peace of the country, was utterly impossible. Here, then, the *policy* of Sir Robert Peel's measure becomes a question of facts rather than of reasoning. We put out of view the *general policy* of such a measure as applied under more favourable circumstances, and restrict ourselves to the inquiry of its suitableness—of its *justice*—at the present moment, and under existing circumstances. Is the country now more favourably situated than at the period when first the one-pound-note system was introduced—at the period when it was declared to be not *only a measure* of *necessity* but of *justice*—of *mercy?* We apprehend not. The same circumstances are operating now to drain the channels of wealth into the coffers of the state, and into the pockets of the few,—perchance the undeserving. We have still the same funded debt, and the interest of that debt must still be paid—as it has ever been paid—by the great consuming classes of the community, *not the capitalists.* We have still the same standing army to support, and we shall still have the same to support, till by the blessing of God—or the hangman—the arch agitator O'Connell can agitate no more. It is mere absurdity to say, that government has replaced the one-pound-notes by a safe and plentiful gold currency. There is, doubtless, sufficient gold in the country to pay the taxes—to pay wages—to buy food and clothing:—but how is it to be had? We must labour for it—pawn—mortgage—sell: but an honest man, with nothing to give in exchange but industry, ability, or an unsullied reputation, can get marvellous little of it. *He must have thews and sinews, or he must starve!* This is certainly the way of the world, and we are too old in its ways to complain unnecessarily: but we do think that when a *government has given a boon to its people to enable them to lend more freely* to its necessities, that *boon ought not in justice* to be taken *away till the loan be repaid!*

But how did this much vituperated system work in *reality*—for we are not to be for ever blinded by the gloss of knaves and fools—where and what are the secrets of its mystic power for good or evil? It merely *replaced* the wealth, drawn from the pockets of the people by the exigencies of the war, by a circulating medium as safe, as good—yes, *as good* and as efficient for the purposes of the community, as that which it was meant to represent *and which it did represent.* It has been much the fashion to declaim against the issues of the bankers as "filthy rags," "paper promises," and other witty devices of the same class, but, saving the exceeding wisdom of these declaimers, we cannot see that they merited any such cognomina. It cannot be supposed that the bankers circulated these *fictions*—we allow the name—without some value received, some exchange of bills or securities; and if such were the case, did not the issues of the banker, *de facto*, become representa-

tives of this same property, or rather *the same property converted for the convenience of traffic into a circulating medium?* Again, it may be inquired, what became of the real cash of the banker when he was enabled to supply its place as a means of accommodation by his one-pound notes? He would not for his own profit keep it in his coffers, or for his credit invest it in land. He bought stock, or in other words, he *lent it to the State,* and thus his one-pound notes *represented the credit of government.* Are the vilifiers of the system prepared to depreciate a circulation based upon such a foundation? Are the securities of government filthy rags? We hope not. But to come to the effects of the system. It enabled the country bankers to extend accommodation to the tradesman, or in other words, to provide him with capital for the purposes of his business. It stocked the farm of the agriculturist, the profits of which supported his family in respectable circumstances, paid his rent and taxes, and enabled him to increase the number and the wages of his labourers. His stock was driven to market *when it was fat,* and not, as at present, *only when the rent-day was near,* whatever its condition. His corn came to market in season, and was sold at a profit; not sacrificed as at present for need, or to suit the scheme of some gambling speculation in foreign grain. His poor lands were brought into cultivation, and yearly increased in productiveness, because he could afford, out of his surplus income, to pay for labour and to buy manure. But the prosperity of one class of men was not selfish in its effects—it spread through the community at large a grateful and salutary influence. The shopkeeper was first benefited, the mechanic, the lawyer—alas! even the lawyer, for prosperity is pugnacious—and lastly, the manufacturer and the merchant. The revenue came in for its share of good fortune, and the condition of the country, internally and externally, wore an appearance far, very far different from its present desolation.

We cannot view without alarm the tendency of our present commercial policy. The great error of the system is its absorbing spirit, which directs and concentrates all its operations to the aggrandizement of one class of the community—*and only one.* The commercial genius of the people is all employed in the same direction; the strength of the state built upon the prosperity of one mighty interest; and even the internal peace of the country, placed in the power of that interest! We admit that our manufacturers deserved the support of the legislature; because they employ capital and labourers, and increased the aggregate wealth of the community. But we do not think it wise or safe that the entire resources of the country should be forced into one branch of industry; and that one, so susceptible of derangement—so utterly dependant for its prosperity upon uncontrollable circumstances!

Yet such is the effect of our present policy. The amount of capital and of labour employed in manufactures, is daily increasing; and every protection enjoyed by the other branches of industry swept away, as soon as it interferes with the supposed interest of the manufacturers. As the different classes employed in other branches of industry sink into poverty and contempt, the number of our manufacturing population is swelled to overflowing; and—a natural consequence—the remuneration for labour decreases. The consumption of the home market, owing to the rapid spread of pauperization amongst the great consuming classes, is becoming less every year; and, compared with the immense production of the country, is utterly inadequate to draw off the increasing sup-

ply of goods. We are thus becoming every year more dependant upon the demand from foreign markets; and driven into competition with the untaxed labour of other states. We must strive with them in toil—in cheapness—in parsimony. Hitherto we have done this; and our superior machinery and greater skill and capital have overbalanced the advantages resulting to the foreigner, from the comparative light pressure of taxation, and the consequent cheapness of the necessaries of life. This superiority will not avail us long. The foreigner is now provided with our machinery, and emulating our skill. He has attained our level in *power;* we must be content to descend to his level in *condition.*

It cannot, we think, be disguised, that the tendency of such a system is dangerous to the peace of the country, and destructive of the morals of the people; yet he is a bold man who ventures to talk of interference with it. The manufacturers are entrenched behind strong fortifications, and armed with weapons; the bare contemplation of which is sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of their most resolute opponents! They hold in their hands the peace of the country, and the stability of its best institutions. Their remonstrance is, "What will become of our unemployed population?" Yes, what *will* become of it? We shudder to think. The present system bears within it the seeds of its own dissolution! and he is a poor reasoner who does not admit, that the violent dissolution of a system so productive of crime and misery, involves that of the bonds of society. We assert it loudly and distinctly, that nothing but a prompt attention to the workings of this system can secure the safety of the country! We do not advocate any headlong measures—we advise no direct interference. The manufacturers are, and must be, a leading body in the country; but they must not be *the only one!* Their labourers must be protected, and may be protected, without any legislative interference between them and their masters. Let other branches of industry be encouraged, and reinstated in the situation they once enjoyed, and the pressure upon the market for manufacturing labour will decrease. *Let the monopoly of the capitalist be destroyed!*—and give to the agriculturist—the ship-owner—the land-owner—and the other *sacrificed classes* of the community, the protection which has been unwisely, and *unjustly,* withdrawn from them! It is too late now for our legislators to "deprecate any further *tampering* with the currency!" They were warned of its danger once; and now when their own iniquitous measure has destroyed the balance of society, and infused pauperism and ruin into all its branches, they must do an act of justice to the sufferers—even at *the expense of their philosophy!* They *must not be gainers by their own fraud!* These measures will alone do more for the peace of the country, and the real prosperity of the agriculturists themselves, than all the *liberality* of the economists could ever effect.

The preceding considerations are increased to tenfold importance by the present louring aspect of Continental affairs. The great powers of Europe are evidently on the verge of a war, which, if we may judge from the strength and excited feelings of the contending parties, will have no small influence in determining the future prospects of society; and the consequences of which will be severely—although, perhaps, indirectly—felt by ourselves. What the policy of our present government will be, we are at no loss to conceive. We must stand aloof from the struggles; but shall we be *unconcerned spectators?* No; we shall stand by, bleeding at every pore, with a mine charged and ready to burst in

ruin beneath and around us. We shall look on, like the Titan, chained to his rock, unmoved by the glare of lightnings above, or the crash of earthquakes and the roar of the ocean beneath, convulsed alone by the strong agony of the vultures rending at his bowels.

"What will ministers do to avert such evil?" is the question which presses upon our attention. Will they persevere in upholding the mad innovations of the philosophers, when their consequences "glare upon the sense" in such terrific reality? Are the people of England to be for ever sacrificed to theories, or the mercenary devices of the base and profligate? At this time we should not attempt to weaken Lord Grey's efforts for the public good, placed, as we feel him to be, in the most difficult position which ever fell to the lot of any British minister; but we must tell him that the policy, the mischievous and unjust policy, of the last few years *cannot be maintained!* He may be pledged to pursue the miscalled liberal measures of his predecessors; but the attempt will be his ruin. We entreat him to pause whilst he may do so in safety, and to look upon the past as the only criterion for a correct judgment of the future. He must fulfil every iota of his pledge to the people; but he must *turn his back for ever upon miscalled Philosophy!* He must cleanse and purify the dens of corruption which are around him. He must lighten the burthens which press upon the industry of the people; but he must not stop here. The prime minister of England *must do more!* He must establish a new æra in political economy, of which *justice to all classes* shall be the *foundation, sound English feeling the ingredient,* and the *happiness and virtue of the people the end!* We tell him that the bayonet will not stop the cry of hunger; the blood of a suffering population will not quench the conflagration of our farm-yards and dwellings! The cheapening of French silks and French brandy will not benefit the starving weaver; nor the device of funding Exchequer Bills give relief to the agriculturist! He must choose between two *great measures.* He must restore to the country that Currency which the tampering of fools destroyed, or—it will out—*he must sweep away the whole funded Debt of the State!* Which of the two is most safe and most *just,* we leave himself to decide. We merely address to him one parting caution, which he will do well to consider. We differ from him in many points, but in *one* we agree with him, and with all good men. We are disgusted with the *imbecility* and *treachery* of those slaves who have for ever disgraced the cause of Toryism—once our pride and our boast. We are weary of the extortions of titled beggars, of the insolence of Treasury soldiers, and, more that all, of the vapidness and presumption of theorists. Let him, then, shun the rock on which they split. Let him not meddle with theories, but reflect that true *liberality, like charity, begins at home!*

G. B. J.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE:—A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Scene I.—*The Strand. Editor's Public Room.*

Editor, *solus.* Half past nine o'clock and the post not yet come in! Really, we must not think of venturing to press with our present scanty show of advertisements; it is as bad as launching into life, like the late Mr. Perry, with eighteen-pence, a wife and three children. I know not how it is, but our front columns seem visited with absolute sterility. In most cases advertisements have a tendency to self-multiplication; one, it is said, brings another as surely as the first of the month announces a dull article in the Evangelical Magazine; but in our case they are like mules, incapable of propagating their kind. As if this were not sufficient vexation, the office is thronged from morning 'till night with visitors. First comes a retail trader in accidents with a few small pedlar wares, such as a "calamitous fire," a "daring burglary," or a "diabolical murder;" then a reporter to the Law Courts, superior certainly in intelligence to his predecessor, but who might nevertheless be shot into the Thames without subjecting himself to a penalty for setting it on fire: then some hungry member of the Opposition in whose beseeching countenance may be read in large characters, "Wanted: a Place;" then some pamphleteer, critic, or novelist, lean and irritable enough for an epic poet; and lastly, by way of wind-up, some extensive Hibernian adventurer, who in the extremity of impudence and desperation has advertised for a loan—a wife—an agency—or a clerkship, and referred for particulars to this office. My room-door meanwhile is eternally on the swing, an illustration of perpetual motion. It was once intended to shut, but this operation, like the Egyptian process of embalming, has long since fallen into disuse. (*Enter* Office-Boy *with letters, &c.*) Oh, here comes the post. Pray heaven it sends us good news! (Editor *opens a letter and reads.*) "Milsom-street, Bath, July 31st: Sir, be pleased to insert the inclosed advertisements in your paper of to-morrow and apply for payment to Messrs. Barker & Co. Fleet-street, who are duly authorized to settle with you. Your humble servant, Samuel Nosebag, auctioneer and appraiser." A very eloquent epistle. The subject and the style are in beautiful accordance with each other. Junius himself never wrote more to the point. (*Opens another letter and reads.*) "Bolton, July 28th: Mr. Editor, Sir, we are all in commotion here, for His Grace the Duke of Wellington has just arrived at the Cock and Tooth-pick. His Grace looks remarkably well, and is dressed in pepper-and-salt trowsers rather out at the knees; blue frock-coat with a small hole in the elbow; shoes, gaiters, and a black military travelling-cap. Immediately on alighting, he rang the bell for the waiter, and with singular affability called for a glass of brandy and water, cold and without sugar. I have only just time to add that the town bells are all ringing, that a vast crowd is collected, and that the mayor and corporation are hastening in procession with a congratulatory address to His Grace. It is evident from this that some change in the ministry is at hand.—P. S. Four o'clock.—The post is just going out and barely gives me time to add that we are all mistaken in our conjectures. The strange visitor is no duke but a French conjuror, who has but this moment advertised his intention of swallowing a bolster and standing with his heels upwards on a punch-bowl. The mayor is in fits at the mistake and

the corporation have some thoughts of inserting the stranger gent. in the stocks, by way of satisfaction for their disappointment. Should I hear further on this important subject I will not fail to let you know.—*Aristides.*" *(Opens a third letter and reads.)* "Mister Edditur, Zur. Yourself and your house and all as is in it will be blowed up this here night. Swing." Concise, and gentlemanlike, and singularly grammatical. But 'egad, I have no time for complimenting.

Enter Mr. O'Flam, *an Irish Reporter.*

O'Flam. Have I the honor to address the Editor?

Editor. Excuse me, Sir, but I am very busy just at—

O'Flam. Exactly so. I will not detain you a moment. My name, Sir, is Dennis O'Flam—they call me Dionysius for short—and I have but lately arrived in London, where being desirous of bettering my condition, I have—excuse my abruptness—advertised for a wife in your estimable journal. Matrimony, they say, is a cold bath, but perhaps I may find it less chilly than I had expected.

Editor. Oh! never fear; you will be soon enough in hot water. Under what signature did you advertise?

O'Flam. Hercules Broadset, and moreover requested the favour of an interview with whomsoever should answer the advertisement, in a private room at the office, which your clerk, in consideration of one or two reports which I had furnished *gratis* for the paper, was considerate enough to offer me.

Editor. Hercules Broadset! a very attractive compound.

O'Flam. Attractive, Sir! 'tis resistless. Consider what a fine athletic fellow Hercules was—a hero with the lungs of a lion, and the shoulders of an elephant, who by dint of mere muscle actually strangled a man with three heads! Ah, Sir, times are changed since then. So far from meeting a man with three heads now a days, if you meet three men with one head between them, 'tis as much as you can expect.

Editor. Have you received any replies to your advertisement?

O'Flam. Dozens, Sir. But have modestly contented myself with two, "a pensive virgin" and "a disconsolate widow." An instinctive benevolence inclines me to the unfortunate, and accordingly I have appointed to meet them here this day, one at two o'clock, and the other at the half-hour. Till then, adieu! [*Exit* O'Flam.

Enter Job Allwork, *a Reporter of Accidents, &c.*

Job. Oh, Sir! such a fire!—quite a gem! Scampered off to give you the very first intelligence, and nearly broke my neck in——

Editor. Halt, friend! that is the hangman's business.

Job. Don't mention it; you make me nervous.

Editor. To the point, Sir, if you please.

Job. Why you see, Sir, it appears that last night the apprentice of old Mr. Dobbs, pawnbroker in Newport-street—who, I should premise, has got a trick of reading in bed—happened, strangely enough, to fall asleep over a volume of poems.

Editor. There is nothing strange in that; but proceed.

Job. While locked in the arms of Morpheus, the flame of the bed-candlestick, somehow or other, caught hold of the young man's red cotton night-cap; and after singeing him, like Mr. St. John Long, made all possible haste to communicate its ardour to the bed-curtains. Thus

delicately situated, the bed-curtains could do no less than share their afflictions with the bed-post—the bed-post, like the good Samaritan, sympathized extemporaneously with the door-post—the door-post with the wall—and the wall with the staircase, until, in the fulness of time, the whole house, from top to bottom, was one broad blazing sheet of fire. The devouring element was a very alderman in appetite, and no epicure, for it swallowed indiscriminately every thing that came in its way. Just at this crisis, when the fire was in the midst of its meal, the apprentice and his master contrived to escape through the shop-window; but I grieve to add that Mrs. D., who, having supped rather heartily off fried tripe, was suffering under a visitation of the nightmare, rushed out just in time to be knocked down by the three brass balls, which abolished her in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Editor. Was there much of a crowd?

Job. Yes, and very select. But I have written down all the particulars.

Editor. Good; and what remuneration do you expect?

Job. Why, Sir, the fire is far above the usual run of such entertainments, both as regards the style and brilliancy of its execution. The death alone is worth a guinea. However, as I hope to supply you with many more such contingencies, you shall have it at half-price.

Editor. Good; and before you go, allow me, my dear Sir, in the most unqualified spirit of esteem, to venture upon one suggestion. You cannot conceive what a favour you would be conferring on our establishment, in these monotonous times, if you would just try your hand at a burglary. You have an excellent capacity, are not without ambition, and may, I think, with a little industry, cut a figure in the newspapers. The Old Bailey is a glorious arena for aspiring genius.

Job. You are pleased to be facetious, Sir.

Editor. Facetious, my good fellow! I never was more serious in my life. There is a certain something in your voice, look, and manner, that tells me you are born to rise in the world. It is a thousand pities that you should thwart the natural bent of your genius.

Job. Enough, Sir—I understand your hint, and depend on it you shall hear further on the subject. There is such a thing as law, Sir.

Editor. I know there is; you had seven years of it yourself at Botany Bay.

Job. How?

Editor. Surely you do not forget the little *erratum* you made with regard to a gent.'s snuff-box, some years since, in the Strand?

Job. This is positively beyond endurance.

Editor. So the gent. thought, and therefore prosecuted you at the Old Bailey. But come, my dear Mr. Allwork, do not let these trifling reminiscences disturb your equanimity. Flesh is frail, and the very best of us are but bankrupts, so far as morality is concerned. By-the-by, you have started a Sunday newspaper, I hear. Pray how has it been getting on of late?

Job. Very indifferently, until within the last week, when, in consequence of a libel which I had penned against a man of fashion, I was lucky enough to get a horsewhipping, which——

Editor. Excuse my interruption, Mr. Allwork; but if, at any time, you should think such an advertisement would be likely to promote the

interests of your journal, you may command my services to the utmost. I am never backward in obliging my friends.

JOB. Really, Sir, you are very considerate; but I am not altogether without hopes of receiving another in time to give *éclat* to next Sunday's publication.

EDITOR. I sincerely trust you may not be disappointed. But, tell me, have you made any recent additions to your establishment? In other words, have you caught any fresh reporters?

JOB. No, we have had a bad season of late. The agitation of the Union Question interferes sadly with these Irish exports. They are kept at Dublin for the home market.—But enough of such matters for the present. I must now go and invent a burglary—a seduction or two—and a diabolical murder, or my Sunday readers will grumble bitterly at the dulness of my stock of intelligence.—[*Exit* JOB ALLWORK.

Enter a Member of Parliament.

MEMBER. I have come, Mr. Editor, to pay a visit——

EDITOR (*aside*). A manifest *erratum*. For visit, read visitation.—You wish to see the Editor? I am that unhappy man. Proceed, Sir, I am all attention.

MEMBER. Without further preface, then, my name is Edwin Davendot, M.P. for the free and independent borough of Humbug. I made a speech last night in the House, on the Currency Question, which I flatter myself was characterized by its profundity.

EDITOR (*aside*). No doubt: the chief characteristic of the bathos is its profundity.

MEMBER. Under these circumstances, I naturally anticipated a liberal share of consideration from the morning papers. Judge then my horror—to say nothing of my disgust—at finding myself thus cavalierly dismissed—"An hon. Member, whose name we could not learn, spoke a few words on the Currency Question." Now the object of my present visit is to request that you will do me the justice which your contemporaries have denied, by inserting this little abstract (*drawing six folio MS. sheets from his coat-pocket*) of my last night's speech in the columns of your inestimable journal. Ministers will be in agonies at the perusal, and you will have the satisfaction of possessing it exclusively.

EDITOR (*aside*). So I fear.—Really, Mr. Davendot, our columns at present are so full, that——

MEMBER. You decline the honour?

EDITOR. Why, to tell you the truth, I—

MEMBER. Aye, out with it, let me hear the truth, if only by way of novelty. Truth indeed! as if an editor ever knew what it was! Why, Sir, a duck takes to the water, a leech to a horsepond, an alderman to a turtle-feast, or a placeman to a sinecure, with infinitely less alacrity than an editor to a falsehood. But am I really to understand that you decline the insertion of my speech?

EDITOR. You have divined my intentions, Mr. Davendot, with admirable sagacity.

MEMBER. Mighty fine, Sir, mighty fine. But let me assure you, Sir, with all that freedom of debate which is the glorious privilege of a British senator, that the honourable member for the free and independant Borough of Humbug is not a man to be affronted with impunity.

EDITOR. Hear! hear!! hear!!!

MEMBER. Sir, I am a member of the British legislature as established by the glorious constitution of 1688, Sir, and I will bring the subject of your corrupt press before Parliament; I will expose its utter licentiousness, Sir; it's bare-faced effrontery, Sir; its shameless neglect of public spirit, Sir; I will divide the house on the question, I will resolve it into a committee on the question, I will follow up the question, night after night—week after week—month after month—session after session—till the whole profligate, prejudiced and unprincipled press, whig—tory—liberal—or downright radical—finds too late that the honourable member for the free and independent Borough of Humbug is not a man to be affronted with impunity!—[*Exit, out of breath.*

EDITOR, *solus.* What an unlucky dog I am! Bored hourly by all parties from a duke to a dustman. St. James's and St. Giles's have entered into a holy alliance to drive me frantic. I was miserable enough when married, but no sooner did I get rid of my wife, than fate, jealous of my felicity, sentenced me for life to a newspaper. Nor is this my sole affliction. The two proprietors are diametrically opposed to each other. One is an Ultra, the other a Liberal, yet despite the difference of their politics, they coalesce most lovingly in annoying me. Well, well, with all its vexations, there is nothing like a newspaper to inculcate a true knowledge of the world. It is there youth anticipates the experience of age, and enthusiasm finds its level: there the humbug of fashion—of trade—of literature—of the fine arts—of patriotism—of religion—of morality, stripped of its specious drapery, stands out in naked deformity; there and there alone, the novice learns early to discriminate between the true and false in men and things, in nature and art. Not a column in a newspaper but points a sterling moral. The police-reports expose the crimes—the reviews the follies—the advertisements the lucre-loving spirit of mankind. The parliamentary debates prove to what extent the dullness of the human mind can be carried when once it assumes the form of oratory. There are longer ears in St. Stephen's than I ever saw pricking up at the sight of a thistle! As regards the moral influence of the newspaper; never yet did prince or potentate wield such tremendous power! Tyranny is blasted at its voice; the march of armies is arrested at its bidding. It calls on freedom, she comes forth; it proclaims her advent to the world, and the regenerated world leaps up at the tidings. What is the sword? The unwieldly weapon of Goliah. What the pen? The little stone of David. What the newspaper? The sling that drives the pebble home. And "so ends my catechism." *Dixi;* I have done.

SCENE II.—*Proprietor's Room at the Office. Mr. Western, one of the Proprietors, seated at a Table. Pamphlets—Magazines—Bills of Mortality, &c. lying about.*

Mr. WESTERN *reads,* "On the whole, we are decidedly of opinion that parliamentary reform is the sole step now left to preserve the peace of the country." Capital, 'pon honour, I never wrote better in my life, even Brougham himself might envy my deduction. After all, there is no amusement equal to political composition, as dear Lady J—— would say. *(Takes up the Morning Post.)* I wonder who sings at the Opera to-night? Lablache, by Jove! oh, the divine vocal Colossus! *(Hums O Patria!)* A fine air that, and how nobly the Pasta—by the by, I won-

der what o'clock it is? Really, this writing for newspapers is dull work; I hate writing, it looks so like an author.

Enter Mr. Scrip, *another Proprietor.*

Scrip. Any news to-day?

Western. None of any moment. I see by the *Times* of this morning that the bills of mortality have increased considerably within the last year.

Scrip. Indeed! Then our friend Dr. Versailles is getting into practice. But have we any thing from your pen to-day?

Western. A mere trifle. A leading article on parliamentary reform.

Scrip. Sorry to hear it, Mr. Western, I hate the very mention of reform; it sounds so like revolution.

Western. Nonsense, Scrip! the March of Intellect will effectually prevent any commotion of that sort.

Scrip. Aye, there it is. The March of Intellect is now a-days the cant term for every outrageous innovation. It is the golden calf of state—the curse of religion—the ruin of morality. It bids the peasant affect the politician—the commoner the lord—the pickpocket the patriot. It robes philosophy in petticoats—apostacy in lawn-sleeves—roguery in the serjeant's coif. It sends A. to parliament—B. to Newgate—C. to the gallows. It confounds the distinctions between vice and virtue—genius and eccentricity—generous enthusiasm and stark staring madness. It anticipates the millenium of knaves, quacks, fools, and libertines; depraves all human, and supersedes all divine institutions. We live in strange times, Mr. Western. The very framework of society is broken up. Nothing goes on as it used to do, for even the physical follows the fashion set by the moral world. We have our spring in summer—our summer in autumn—our autumn in the depth of winter. A few years, and confusion twice confounded shall dance the hays through Europe. The elements of convulsion are gathering—the fiends of anarchy are abroad—the very atmosphere smells of blood. At this present moment England is panting to abolish France; France casts a sheep's-eye at England; Russia hungers for a fat slice of Prussia; Prussia affects an equal appetite for Belgium; Belgium cuts up Luxembourg for a lunch; and worse—far worse—than all, the funds have fallen three per cent. and I have lost ten thousand pounds by the decline.

Western. Allow me to observe, Mr. Scrip, that this March of Intellect which you so super-eloquently deprecate, has—

Scrip. Shewn itself in an improved method of picking pockets—swallowing prussic-acid—playing waltz-tunes on the chin—curing ladies of consumption by rubbing holes in their short ribs behind a screen—boring tunnels in the earth, and ears in the House of Commons—building theatres one day which tumble down the next—and manufacturing steam-coaches, scaffolds, new churches, rail-roads, and joint-stock-companies.

Western. Well, Sir, and it is by these very improvements, that the country has attained to its present flourishing condition.

Scrip. Flourishing condition! How can that be? Government have curtailed one third of my income.

Western. And my rents in North Wales have risen one-third.

Scrip. The funds have fallen three per cent.

WESTERN. The Opera boxes are all let for the season.

SCRIP. Rothschild says he never knew money so scarce.

WESTERN. Crockford swears he never knew it so plentiful.

SCRIP. Pshaw! who is Crockford?

WESTERN. And who is Rothschild?—(*Takes up his hat abruptly, to quit the room*).

SCRIP. A word, Mr. Western, before you quit, and I have done. The anarchical revolutionary spirit of the age has so wholly bewildered your better faculties, that a return to good sense, though much to be desired, is manifestly not to be expected. I have therefore only to wish—and I do so from the bottom of my soul—that as you are such a staunch advocate for these new improvements, your very next voyage may be in a balloon; your next ride, on a rail-road; your next speculation, in a tunnel; your next residence, in a new square; and your next amusement, in a new theatre.—[*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE III.—*Editor's Public Room.*

EDITOR, Mr. O'FLAM.

O'FLAM. 'Tis time my "pensive virgin" were here.

EDITOR. Do not make yourself uneasy; the lady will be punctual, depend on it. Marriage is not a speculation in which women are apt to be behind time.

Enter an Office-Boy.

BOY. A lady in the private room would wish to speak with Mr. H. Broadset.

O'FLAM. Tell her, I attend. [*Exit* Boy.]—Now, thou guardian deity of Ireland—thou, who hast cased in triple brass the faces of thy chosen Milesians—thou, whose high-priest is an Irish adventurer, whose favourite dialect is the Irish brogue—omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient Impudence! for this once befriend me. Never yet have I invoked thy name in vain.—[*Exit* O'FLAM.

EDITOR. Nor ever will, I'll answer for it.

Enter an Attorney.

ATTORNEY. I have come, Mr. Editor, on some very painful business, relative to a police-report which appeared in your estimable and widely-circulated journal of the 5th instant. In that report, Sir, you are made to charge my client, Isaac—better known by his *alias* of Ikey—Singleton, with being the receiver of stolen goods, well knowing that they were stolen. Hard case this on a gent. like my worthy client, who lives solely by his character.

EDITOR. Indeed! He lives then on what any other man would starve.

ATTORNEY. Of that I am no judge.—However, Sir, to come at once to the point. Mr. Singleton, overpowered by his anguished feelings, and touched to the quick in the most sensitive point, his honour, has empowered me to make the following temperate and reasonable propositions to you. First, that within two hours you place in my hands for his use, the sum of £300.; secondly, that you instantly retract your calumnious accusation, and, in the most conspicuous part of your journal, express your conviction of the perfect purity of his conduct as a man and a gent.

EDITOR. Pay three hundred pounds! Why, Sir, your worthy client's

character is extravagantly over-estimated at as many pence. With respect to retracting the charge, Mr. Singleton, if I mistake not, has lately figured in that part of his Britannic Majesty's Australian dominions, better known by the name of Botany Bay.

Attorney. Ahem! a—hem!—He has been unfortunate, I grant.

Editor. He has also had an affair of honour with the Old Bailey.

Attorney. Misfortunes seldom come singly.

Editor. Moreover, his name was included in the list of fashionable departures for Brixton last spring.

Attorney. The air of that neighbourhood was recommended to him by his physician. He was always weakly.

Editor. You have said quite enough. I shall neither pay—retract—nor apologize.

Attorney. Then, Sir, it becomes my painful duty to inform you that proceedings will be forthwith commenced against you. Anticipating some such reply, I have already engaged the services of Sir J. Scarlett, who assures me that the report in question is an atrocious libel, and that he sympathizes from the bottom of his soul, with the wrongs of my excellent client, who, like himself, has fallen a victim to a licentious press. May I request that you will favour me with your attorney's name and address?

Editor. Attorney! What should I know of an attorney? Do you think I have no respect for my character?

Attorney. Good: that's actionable. If A— wilfully, and with malice aforethought, insult B—, and thereby wound his (the aforesaid B—'s) good name and reputation, then A——

Editor. Will be so good as to quit the room, or else B——

Attorney. Will kick him down stairs. Assault and battery, with intent to provoke a duel. Actionable to the fullest extent. If A— kick B— down stairs, then A——

Editor. Shews that he knows how to do justice to a pettifogger.

[*Exit* Attorney, *and re-enter* O'Flam, *hurriedly.*

O'Flam. What a blunder! But, thank Heaven, I have got rid of her.

Editor. You seem agitated, Mr. O'Flam. Has your matrimonial lottery-ticket turned up a blank?

O'Flam. Sir—I—excuse my agitation, but really my feelings are so overpowered, that——In short, Sir, in the pensive virgin I spoke to you of, I have discovered—how shall I mention it?—a——

Editor. Former *chère amie?* Very awkward, indeed!

O'Flam. Not exactly, but—neither more nor less than my old landlady, whose lodgings I left about a month since, and under circumstances of so unpleasant a nature, that, in the agitation of the moment, I actually forgot to——But excuse my proceeding further on this painful topic—my blushes must plead my apology.

Editor. So I perceive. Does your pensive virgin insist on payment?

O'Flam. Payment! and from me too! No, Sir, the good lady has arrived at that discreet age which forbids her to indulge longer in sanguine anticipations. Besides, her gentle heart was so wrung by the unexpected *rencontre,* that her interest was quite at fault, and she quitted the room, curtseying at every five steps, with a face glowing like a copper saucepan.—But to turn to a more agreeable topic. Allow me,

since I have failed in my matrimonial projects, to volunteer my services as a reporter to your intelligent journal. At Trinity College, Dublin, where my abilities, I flatter myself, met with——

EDITOR. How, then, came you to leave it?

O'FLAM. Why, Sir, I unfortunately happened to have a dispute with my uncle, respecting some money which he pretended to have advanced me, in the course of which, conceiving my honour injured, I was under the afflicting necessity of applying for satisfaction to his nose. This brought on a duel, wherein I had the ill-luck to wing my venerable kinsman. But the worst is to come. The next day I discovered that my uncle was right, so hurried off to his lodgings, and should have made every requisite apology, only——

EDITOR. He was dead before you arrived.

O'FLAM. Yes, Sir, as dead as the small-beer at a Walworth boarding-school. However, except for the look of the thing, 'tis of no great consequence; for so long as pawnbrokers exist in London, and one rag sticks to another on my back, I shall never be in want of uncles to supply me with funds.

Enter Office-Boy.

BOY. Another lady in the private room is desirous to speak with Mr. Hercules Broadset.

O'FLAM. Another landlady, by Jove! Pray, Sir, go and tender her the very respectful regrets of Mr. H. Broadset, that from a previous engagement he is unable to grant the expected interview. I have had enough of matrimony to last me my life. The very thought of it gives me the heart-burn.—[*Exit* EDITOR, *manet* OFLAM.]

SCENE III.—*A Private Room at the Office. A Lady seated alone at a table.*

LADY. Heigho! I feel a strange sensation at my heart. What a thing it is to be so susceptible! But I was always delicate, as poor dear Dr. Killquick used to say. The very idea of a second husband overpowers me. Gracious heavens, how my heart beats! Broadset, what an attractive name! Hercules, how captivating! Oh, if the person of the dear man do but answer to his name, I shall be—bless me, how I tremble! What a trying moment!

Enter EDITOR.

EDITOR. I am come, Madam, on the part of Mr. Hercules Broadset, to say—

LADY (*turning her head aside and simpering.*) Amiable man, what delicacy of voice, what refinement of address!—[*She turns affectedly towards him, at the same time raising her veil.*]—Mercy on me! my husband, Mr. G——!

EDITOR. Damnation! my wife, Mrs. G——!

LADY. How is this? I was given to understand you were dead long since.

EDITOR. So I was, Ma'am, on the same principle that a debtor is "not at home" to his dun.

LADY. Inhuman man! Is this the way you treat me after so long a separation?

EDITOR. Treat, Madam! Would you call it a treat if an apothecary were to set you down to a glass of rhubarb by way of a relish?

Lady. What a brute! Tell me, Sir, now that you look on me once more, have you no regard for the manifest delicacy of my constitution? Mark me well! Am I not—thanks to your prolonged injustice—the very picture of ill-health? Am I not consumptively inclined?

Editor. Yes, at meal times.

Lady *(coaxingly)*. Really now, my dear—.

Editor. *Dear!* Like enough; I always thought I felt antlers sprouting here.—*(Points insignificantly to his forehead.)*

Lady. Fool—dolt—idiot!

Editor. Right, or I should never have married you.

Lady. Ah! my first husband, Mr. T——, never used me so. I lived in heaven with him.

Editor. I wish to God you were with him now.

Lady. Gracious heaven, I shall go mad!

Editor. That's nothing new.

Lady (*weeping*). Cruel, cruel man, how have I deserved this of you?

Editor (*aside*). Tears! She cannot surely be feigning now! I fear I have gone too far.—(*He hesitates, then moves towards her.*) One word, Madam, and it remains with yourself, whether or no we shall again reside together under the same roof. You are well aware of my nervous, febrile temperament, the cause of all our disputes. You well remember those halcyon moments when, in the fervour of domestic discussion, you were in the habit of clinching your arguments with the candlestick, while I rejoined with the footstool. Answer me, then, once for all, and in earnest. Knowing all this, are you again willing to take me and my nerves under your gracious patronage and protection? For my own part—having been always an adventurous speculator, even where the odds were against me—I am willing to resume the experiment. Years have passed since last we met, and have brought, no doubt, proportionate wisdom to both. With respect to external attractions, you, I perceive, have lost your hair, and I my teeth, so that neither is again likely to be jealous of the other. Henceforth, "Othello's occupation's gone." I am far from apprehensive of any Cassio running away with my venerable Desdemona—unless, indeed, for the value of her wig—and as for my running, it is wholly out of the question, I have been lame with the gout for years. A slug would beat me now, even though I had ten yards start of him. Such being the case, I cannot but think we have some slight chance of domestic felicity—at least for one hour in the twenty-four—and let me assure you, Madam, that, as times go, one hour's peace *per diem* is a very handsome allowance for the married state. You see I am far from unreasonable in my expectations.

Lady (*shaking hands with him*). I accede to your terms.

Editor. Then I am the happiest of men.

Lady. Ay, so you said when you first beguiled me from my state of widowhood.

Editor. True, Madam, I have said many foolish things in my time.

Enter O'Flam.

Mr. O'Flam, you behold me in a new condition. I have added an appendix to the volume of my life, and in the person of this lady have discovered a long-lost wife.

O'Flam. Pardon my embarrassment, but I feel myself peculiarly situated. I scarcely know whether to condole with, or congratulate you on the discovery.

Editor. Your hesitation is natural, and as a proof that I respect its motive, allow me the honour of enrolling you in the list of our reporters. I will not insult the delicacy of your feelings by any exaggerated offer of payment. The pride of intellect, I know, disdains the contamination of filthy lucre; you shall, therefore—but enough of such matters for the present. Time wears; and as my whole morning has been wasted in interruptions, and the paper is now on the eve of publication, I shall dismiss all original comment with the very serviceable and saving remark, "that nothing of importance has occurred in the political world since we last went to press."

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE DESOLATE.

BY AN IMITATOR OF

L. E. L.

A bitter blighted lot was her's,
Though fair her fate may seem;
To her the golden tints of life
Were darker than a dream.

Her path was as a garden, strewn
With blossoms wild and fair;
But on her breast a Rose-leaf fell,
And left its shadow there.

Her very morn was as the light
Of a pale starry eve.
With fame and beauty, friends and youth,
How could she fail to grieve!

And still in every sunny spot
A shade was ever near;
It might be from the mountain pine—
Or a proud Cavalier.

Her spirit's finest chord was snapt,
The strains of joy were mute—
What should she do but sing wild songs,
And touch a tuneless lute!

Alas! it is a piteous sight
To see the wine-cup fall,
And the bright brow of youth obscured
By a dark cypress-pall.

Yet thus it is, and still we live
To smile above the dead;
Oh! why—when Lilies are so pale—
Why must the Rose be red?

EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF SECTARIAN INFLUENCE IN COLONIAL AFFAIRS.

We have frequently had occasion to deprecate the manner in which our foreign dependencies are governed. Instead of a number of happy and prosperous communities, rejoicing in the protection of a nation which, perhaps, owes the maintenance of its very independence more to its pre-eminence as a colonial power, than to any other cause, we now see discontent and dissatisfaction universally prevalent, accompanied by great irritation, deterioration of property, and serious apprehensions for personal safety. We have also the mortification to see the colonies of other nations rapidly rising in wealth, and prospering on the ruin of those of Great Britain; and our rulers—instead of listening to the dictates of sound political wisdom in the management of our trans-atlantic possessions—trifling with questions of minor importance, and harassing the authorities abroad with measures which, so far from being calculated to do good to any class of society in the colonies, only serve to make obstinacy more obstinate, apprehension more fearful, and to create universal disquiet!

If the self-constituted society at Aldermanbury, or the Wesleyan *government* at Hatton Garden, receive from any of their agents, or itinerant missionaries, an *ex-parte* statement, containing matter affecting the character of individuals in the colonies—no matter whether these individuals are magistrates, clergymen of the established church, or otherwise filling the most respectable situations; and however incredible, or ill-supported by evidence, may be the allegations brought against them—off goes a detail of these surreptitious and generally slanderous accusations to the colonial department of his Majesty's Government; and, if an answer is delayed for a few days, down comes a letter "to the Right Honourable, &c., &c., his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department," in these terms: "Sir,—On the —— instant, I(?) transmitted to you, *by order of the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society*, a memorial, &c.,"* and in due time Mr. Horace Twiss, or some other secretary, acknowledges its receipt, and courteously tells them, that "The Secretary of State will give due attention to *any* statements which shall be received from the Committee." By the first packet a repetition of this statement is sent off to the colonial governor, who is peremptorily called upon to investigate the matter, with full instructions how to proceed, should the accused parties be found guilty; and commanding his excellency, after due investigation, to transmit *his* "report and opinion, together with the materials on which they shall have been founded." So that the Colonial Department may also form its opinion, and give such further directions as the "saints" may in their wisdom consider necessary!

With as much diligence as if the affair were one of the greatest importance to the welfare of the colony, the governor and the law authorities must, of course, proceed to the investigation:—individuals are, in a manner which necessarily is extremely harassing to them, called upon to answer extra-judicially, accusations which they, perhaps, never heard

* *Vide* Sir Geo. Murray's letter to the Earl of Belmore, dated 6th May, 1830.—*Vide* Mr. Townley's letter to Sir Geo. Murray; and Mr. Twiss's reply.—Parl. Paper, A., No. 91—23, Dec. 1830.

of before; they give the requisite explanations, exculpating themselves, and indignantly add, that they are ready to meet any charge which may be preferred against them in a court of justice, where their actions "will be investigated before a legal tribunal of twelve honest men." The accuser is then called upon to substantiate by evidence the accusations made: he, as in the case before us, *refuses* to do so, and there appears to be no law to compel him. In the meantime, his injurious allegations are made public; they are printed and bruited forth at anti-colonial meetings in all parts of the United Kingdom as indubitable facts; and, ultimately, out comes a parliamentary document on the subject, printed at a considerable expense to the country, in the same manner as if it were a treaty of commerce and amity with some sovereign state, or the particulars of a negociation upon which depended the fate of kingdoms, giving a quite different version of the affair!

The document before us, which has given rise to these remarks, is properly enough entitled "Copies of all communications relative to the reported maltreatment of a slave, named Henry Williams, in Jamaica," but it is headed in large characters, as being "relative to the maltreatment," &c., the word "*reported*" being left out, thus at once creating an unfair impression, by assuming as a fact *prima facie* that which, in truth, and according to the proper title, is only mere report!

This "Return" commences with a long memorial addressed by the committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to Sir George Murray, the main object of which was to persuade government to disallow a bill which had been passed by the legislature at Jamaica under the sanction of the governor, the Earl of Belmore, of which we gave some particulars in our last number. This application, as our readers are aware, was but too successful, and in consequence the slave population, to use the words of Sir George Murray, are still deprived "of the many advantages which the wisdom and humanity of the colonial legislature proposed to confer upon them," and of that legal protection which the Earl of Belmore characterizes as being more favourable to the slaves than any former act!

In this memorial the Wesleyan committee, after reiterating former alleged grievances, long ago investigated and put to rest—bring forward new matter of accusation against the colonists in this distinct form. "The committee have before them the case of a slave, of excellent character, who but a few months ago was almost flogged to death, and is not yet recovered from his barbarous treatment, *for no other causes than attending at the services of a Wesleyan chapel.* They have a still more recent account of another slave who was seized when passing the house of the rector of St. Ann's, and laid down and flogged, by that reverend Gentleman's orders, *because he was a notorious Methodist;* an outrage which, upon the complaint of the owner of the slave to the custos, *the rector was obliged to compromise, thereby rendering the fact indubitable.*" The memorial then proceeds to state, in pretty plain terms, that even if an act did pass prohibiting night-preaching, the negroes would set it at defiance. "Nor is it at all probable that the missionaries themselves would forsake their charge through fear of fines and imprisonment, *unless directed so to do by the committee.*" In other words, that the sectaries and their 20,000 followers (for that is the number said to be attached to them) would obey no law but that imposed by the committee at the Wesleyan Mission-house, 77, Hatton Garden! Without noticing this apparent defiance of government, let us proceed to

the distinct charges above mentioned. The committee, in a subsequent letter, offer to submit such particulars of these cases as they have received from their correspondents, if it be the wish of government; to which Mr. Horace Twiss replies, in substance, that they may exercise their own discretion, and that due attention will be paid to any statements they may send. In reply to this letter, the missionary committee wrote a few days afterwards to say—"The case of the *punishment of slaves* in Jamaica *for attending the mission chapel* in St. Ann's parish were not made matter of complaint," &c., but they send, for the perusal of Sir George Murray, such extracts from the letter of Mr. Whitehouse (the accuser) as relate to the cases referred to, "which are not, however, the only instances which have occurred of the punishment of slaves for attending the ministry of our missions."

Then comes long extracts from the letters and journal of Whitehouse, containing such a mass of contemptible tittle-tattle, alleged to have passed between him and various negroes, his confidants, as we are sure must disgust every man of common sense who reads them;—but, at the same time, throwing out the most bitter calumnies against Mr. Betty, a magistrate, and the Rev. Mr. Bridges, the rector of the parish. "*I* lately fixed," says he, "on Henry Williams for a leader or catechist." This man it appears is a slave on an estate of which Mr. Betty had the management as attorney, and Whitehouse does not pretend to say he ever asked Mr. Betty's consent to Henry's becoming a catechist, a matter which, in common courtesy and seeing that it was very likely to intefere with his duty on the estate, he certainly was bound to do. Mr. Betty is alleged to have said to Henry, "I hear you are becoming a great preacher at the chapel, but if I hear that you ever go there again I'll send you to Rodney-hall workhouse." "This is a place," says Whitehouse, "of *extraordinary punishment*," and negroes are sent from different places of the island "*to this seat of darkness*," because it is generally known that they are treated with the greatest severity.

Mr. Betty, it is said, (for all this is the mere *ipse dixit* of Whitehouse) —visited the estate next day, and threatened the negroes with the severest punishments if ever they went to the chapel again, and hearing one of the women (Henry's sister) sigh, said, "Lay her down, she is one of the preachers too." She, although a free-woman, was immediately laid down, says Whitehouse, and received a very severe flogging! An alleged conversation between the rector and this slave Williams, is next detailed, wherein, "his reverence," as Whitehouse ironically denominates him, is described as telling Henry, "there is an account, in the last week's papers, of the Methodists in England being hanged by hundreds." After a good deal of going backward and forward between Whitehouse's residence, and that of another missionary—Mr. Martin, one of the servants of the latter, is said to have told Whitehouse, that he had met the slave Williams going to the workhouse—lashed round, and his arms bound with new ropes, although he was ready to go unbound. "I felt," says Whitehouse, "how necessary it was to act with prudence; but as I am fully sensible that one poor man in the course of the last year died from punishment which he received in the St. Ann's workhouse, for coming to our chapel, I felt it to be my duty to endeavour at least to prevent a second death of this kind."—And what does he do? He rides off to ask Mr. Betty about it, and what was the result? why, "Mr. B. was from home."!!!

In another letter from Whitehouse, a long, rambling account is given

of conversations with Henry's sister, who is made to call Mr. Betty, "a great fish who would swallow her up," but not one word is said of the flogging she is alleged to have got. And this letter concludes with reflections on the interference of the Rev. Mr. Bridges: "May I not say he is the mainspring in this machine? He says, he is sorry for Henry Williams to be in such a dismal place as the Rodney-hall, *alias* St. Thomas-in-the Vale workhouse; *and yet this reverend gentleman has two slaves at this moment in this wretched place.*"

The next extracts are given from a letter, dated 4th November, 1829, wherein Whitehouse says, in reference to Williams, "Such was his punishment in the Rodney-hall workhouse, that in a few weeks he became so ill, that the manager had the chains taken from him, and placed him in the hospital, where it was expected he would give up the ghost." "Mr. Betty became exceedingly angry that the manager of the workhouse had released him of his chains, said that his sickness was feigned, and that he would remove him to the workhouse of St. Thomas-in-the-East." "His poor wife begged I would undertake the cause of her nearly murdered husband." "I knew of a friendless individual who was thus being literally butchered for no other offence than that of coming to our chapel,"—and what is now done by this intrepid defender of the oppressed? let him speak for himself. "I sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of the Watchman, under the signature of a subscriber!" In a few days Henry was let out of prison in a very pitiable state.

There is yet another paper, entitled, "entry in the journal of Whitehouse," of a date prior to that of the last letter, containing a great deal of gossip about an elderly white lady, a Mrs. S., and her methodist slave, George, who was to be summoned as a witness against Henry. "He (George) is a man of *an excellent character*, as is known to the white people in this neighbourhood, *but his offence, like that of Henry, is coming to our chapel.* Not long ago he happened to be passing the residence of the rev. rector of this parish, *who ordered him to be laid down and flogged;* the order was obeyed, and he received such a severe flagellation that it was with great difficulty he walked home afterwards, which was not more than a mile distant; Mrs. S. became indignant at this abominable conduct of *the parson*, and some time after, as soon as George was able to leave home, she sent him to his honour the custos, with a letter of complaint against the Rev. Mr. Bridges. His honour wrote a letter to Mr. Bridges on the subject, and appointed a day for inquiring into his conduct. The day arrived, and several gentlemen were assembled, whose professed object was to investigate the business, but the rev. gentleman employed a friend of his (?) to compromise the matter with George, which he did, by giving him a trifling sum of money, which he told him he was to consider as satisfaction for the injury Mr. Bridges had done him. This happened but a short time before this rev. gentleman was publicly tried by a special vestry for maltreating a female servant!"—But, as if to shew more clearly the *animus* by which he is governed, Mr. Whitehouse *charitably* omits to mention that on this charge Mr. Bridges was acquitted!!

It has been with feelings of immeasurable disgust that we have waded through the tissue of cant and malignity exhibited in these papers, and compressed it into as short a statement as possible. Let us now see the proceedings adopted to refute or substantiate these charges. On the 6th of May, 1830, Sir George Murray transmits them to the Earl of Belmore, who, on the 10th of August, writes that he had

received the answers of Mr. Betty and Mr. Bridges, which he had placed in the hands of the Attorney-General, for the purpose of considering whether any, and what further investigation may be necessary in regard to Mr. Whitehouse's statement; and, on the 27th of August his lordship transmits the report of the Attorney-General (Hugo James, Esq.), with the answers alluded to; and states that, in compliance with Mr. James's advice, he should "call upon Mr. Whitehouse to substantiate his complaint against Mr. Betty, by transmitting authentic documents, verified on oath, to the Crown Office, when proceedings will be adopted, consonant with the principles of British judicature, to obtain a full and impartial investigation of the matter, so as to ensure a legal conviction or acquittal."

This, our readers will say, was the straight-forward, *the English* course of proceeding. But before we see how Mr. Whitehouse contrived to evade it, let us look at the explanations of the accused, and the Attorney-General's opinion thereon. That gentleman reports to the governor, that as both Mr. Betty and Mr. Bridges decline to enter into any discussion whatever with Mr. Whitehouse, (as, indeed, what gentleman placed in their situation, and possessing the slightest degree of honourable feeling, would?) on the merits, or demerits, of the complaint preferred by him against them, "I am unable to form any opinion on the statement of Mr. Whitehouse, *uncorroborated*, as it were, *by the oath of the accused himself, or by the testimony of others* who are competent to substantiate the same before the ordinary tribunals of the country;" and he therefore recommends, that Mr. Whitehouse be called upon to substantiate his complaint against Mr. Betty, and points out the course which it was competent for him to pursue, as already above stated in Lord Belmore's despatch.—"As far as the Rev. G. W. Bridges is implicated," says the Attorney-General, "it is but justice that I should convey to his Excellency my humble opinion, that *he has refuted the charges which tend to cast a reflection on his character as a clergyman*, by the unjust insinuation of harshness and severity of the confinement of two of his domestics in the Rodney-hall workhouse, which is designated by Mr. Whitehouse as the 'seat of darkness.' Whereas it appears, that ONE IS A CRIMINAL SENTENCED BY THE LAWS OF THE ISLAND TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE, AND THE OTHER IS EMPLOYED AS A HIRED DOMESTIC BY HER OWN FREE WILL AND CONSENT." "The alleged punishment of a slave of Mr. Bridges is distinctly denied, and it relates to an occurrence which took place several years back, when he was ordered off the property, where he was *detected trespassing on the provision grounds of Mr. Bridges' servants*, since which period Mr. Bridges states he has evinced towards the same individual trifling acts of kindness,* which Mr. Whitehouse *has illiberally converted into measures of compromise to avert a prosecution.*"

Here we have the unbiassed opinion of the Attorney-General on the subject of these accusations, and surely no opinion could place the conduct and veracity of Whitehouse in a more contemptible light.

Although active enough in preferring underhand charges against his neighbours, Mr. Whitehouse seems to have made very little open exertion in favour of his suffering disciple. Why, we would ask, did he not go repeatedly to Mr. Betty until he received a distinct answer? or if investigation was denied, why not have applied to the *custos* or

* "I have since," says Mr. Bridges, "married that man, and had the opportunity of rendering him trifling services; but nothing in the shape of compromise."

another magistrate? But this, we presume, would not have answered the *purpose* of the sect of which Mr. Whitehouse is a member!

We consider it unnecessary to give at length the manly and straightforward defence of Mr. Bridges. We believe the above declaration of the Attorney-General in his favour, will be sufficient for his exculpation, in the mind of every honest man. He does not deny, that he used fair endeavours to rescue Williams from what he calls the trammels of the missionaries, "but I used no threat, no compulsion, nor indeed could I use any with those who were not under my control. When I observe around me many who were once contented, now poor, spiritless, and dejected, I cannot, as a Christian clergyman, behold the progress of such extensive mischief, without employing my humble, but zealous endeavours, to save my flock from wholesale misery; but I have never controlled their religious feelings by unfair means; my house is open to family prayers every evening, but I have confined my interference to inviting them there, and to the offer of my best advice."

With regard to the maltreatment of a female servant, Mr. Bridges alludes to it as a former effort of sectarian malignity, perpetrated through the artful accusation of a suborned slave, and "defeated only by the fortunate circumstance of my possessing European domestics:" and he justly complains of the prejudice and injury done to him in his professional character in England, and the ruinous expense entailed upon him in consequence of these unjust accusations.

The letter of Mr. Betty is equally manly and straightforward, although written with a degree of heat which, perhaps, under the circumstances of the case were justifiable, or at least excusable. After deprecating the interference of the sectaries between master and servant, he says, "I certainly did confine Henry Williams in the St. Thomas-in-the-Vale workhouse, *for disobedience of my orders, in fact, openly setting me at defiance before the rest of the slaves.* I had an undoubted right to do so, and I do not consider myself responsible for that act. That he became sick there, and that I removed him, is equally certain; and had he died there, these canting hypocrites would have reproached me with having been the cause of his death, although an able medical person regularly attends the establishment. Twenty-three years' experience, and the visible alteration in the manners and habits of the slaves teach me," says he, "that these dissenting preachers will inevitably bring the country to ruin; *especially if their most improbable calumnies are countenanced by the highest authorities in the State.*"

He states, as a proof of the mildness of his treatment of the slaves, that in every property under his management, the numbers have increased; and, finally, he indignantly adds, "Conscious that I have done nothing deserving of reproach, I am ready to meet any charge which may be preferred against me in a court of justice, where my actions will be investigated before a legal tribunal of twelve honest men; but with all the deference I feel for the Colonial-office, I never will consent to answer interrogatories."—A resolution which appears to have given great offence in Downing-street!

These communications from the Earl of Belmore were followed by a very long letter from Lord Goderich, who had now become Colonial Secretary. We have read over that letter most attentively, and we profess ourselves totally unable to discover any thing like that liberality and fair consideration, and support, to which Mr. Betty, as a

magistrate, and the Rev. Mr. Bridges, as a clergyman of the Church of England, were, in justice, entitled to expect under all the circumstances: on the contrary, the letter evinces a captious disposition to consider them guilty, to bear them down by the weight of authority, and to involve them in the trouble and obloquy of further discussion. In short, we do not think Dr. Townley himself, the organ of the Wesleyans, could have written a letter calculated to give a stronger impression of undue bias in favour of the sectaries! "With the most conclusive moral evidence," says his lordship, "he (Whitehouse) might be defeated, if his witnesses were slaves," (a matter likely enough, if the facts are as we believe them to be!) "or in the humble condition of life to which he belongs, Mr. Whitehouse may not have the funds necessary for conducting a prosecution."—A gratuitous supposition, especially considering that Whitehouse would have had the support of ample funds at the disposal of the Wesleyan methodists!!

In short, Mr. Whitehouse refused to attempt to establish his charge, upon oath, or otherwise; and, in reply to his letter declining to proceed, the governor's secretary tells him, "You had two courses to pursue, had you been able to substantiate your charge against Mr. Betty. One would have been by referring the case to a council of protection, for which you might have called all your witnesses, and their attendance would have been enforced by the magistracy. This course you did not think proper to adopt, and it is now too late to resort to it; and the other, by placing documentary evidence in the Crown-office. But you cannot be ignorant, that it is not in the Attorney-General's power to adopt any criminal proceeding, unless the charge is preferred upon oath." This letter is followed by another explanatory one from Whitehouse, and the correspondence is closed by Lord Goderich's letter to the Earl of Belmore; the character of which is, in our opinion, much of the same complexion as the former one; inasmuch as it evinces a very unfair disposition to consider one party guilty and another innocent, although the charge rested entirely upon the *ipse dixit* of a man who had, at the same time, made several distinct charges against another gentleman, which charges, according to the letter of the Attorney-General, appear to have been malicious and *entirely unfounded.* In the interim Mr. Betty died, and, of course, all proceedings have been dropped.

We are sorry this parliamentary document will go out to the colonies; for we are satisfied it is only calculated to inflame the minds of the colonists, and to destroy all confidence or cordiality of co-operation with his Majesty's present colonial minister.

The unfounded accusations brought by Whitehouse, have in the meantime, however, answered every purpose of the sectaries. They have been trumpeted forth at every anti-slavery meeting throughout the country, as undoubted facts. They have served as the groundwork for declamation, and for raising up those numerous petitions for the destruction of West India property, which have been poured upon the tables of both Houses of Parliament, from the sectaries in all parts of the kingdom; and now that the mischief is done, and after the parties accused, although innocent (*for it is but fair to suppose, under all the circumstances, that Mr. Betty was so*), have been held forth to public execration in every quarter of the United Kingdom—forth comes the refutation!!

Further comment seems unnecessary: we leave it to our readers to draw their own conclusions.

MACHINERY.

The economists seem at their last gasp—glaring, staring facts are driving them to their wits' end, and in the extremity of despair, they have issued, under the high and mighty sanction of the Diffusion-Society, a manifesto, declaratory of the blessings, the irresistible, the illimitable, the universal blessings of machinery. Seizing upon a few favourable circumstances—upon advantages which, undoubtedly, flow readily enough towards those who can command them—in spite of every hour's experience, they insist that the diffusion reaches every class of society, and every soul partakes of them; that because a few are benefited, all must be; because the man with money gets more for it, the man who has none does as much because articles are cheaper, they must be to every body more accessible; because machinery once made more work, it must still make more and more. Rags, hungry faces, and empty pockets are not worth remarking amidst the splendour, and sleekness, and abundance of aristocratic prosperity.

The great wants to the labouring man are of course good wages—which implies plenty of work, if plenty of work does not imply good wages—and low prices. The society tells them machinery universally lessens the cost of production and augments the demand for labour. These are the very things the labourer desires; but he finds the promise is not made good—it "palters with him in a double sense"—his experience contradicts the assurance. As machinery has advanced, his wages, at least of late years, have regularly fallen; the cost of production may have lowered, but his wages have lowered more; if labour in some instances has been more abundant, it has universally been worse paid; generally, where he works more, he earns less, and his command over the conveniences and even the necessaries of life is incomparably less than before.

If the blessings were really such as the economist holds out to the labourer, is it not singular that he, the labourer, should not himself find it out? Is it not incredible that the philosopher in his studio should be the first to discover what fails to strike conviction upon the man himself, in matters too which must come most home to him? If the labourer suffers, no words will blunt the edge of his feelings, or reverse his convictions—it must be idle to tell him, in the teeth of his own knowledge, his situation, upon the whole, as to the conveniences of life, is vastly amended; and if it were indeed so amended, nobody, he must feel, would think it worth his while to urge upon him so plain a fact. This anxiety, therefore, on the part of the "schoolmasters," is good evidence on the face of it, not merely of their own misgivings, but of absolute consciousness of mistake, while their perseverence in wrong is only a proof of a common resolution to go to the stake, and die in the profession of the pure economical faith.

The attempt then to control the convictions of the labourer in what he *must* be the best judge of, is idle or superfluous. He will be influenced by facts, and not by theories. It will not be any mitigation of his sufferings to learn that the rich revel at his cost, nor will he require sympathy or relief if he can live in tolerable comfort by the labour of his own hands.

But our business just now is more with the rich, or rather with the economists, who have been their teachers, and well represent the senti-

ments of the aptest of their pupils. We quarrel with the economists, in the first place, because they attempt to identify the workings of artificial society with the laws of nature, and represent what is essentially changeable, and has been changed a thousand times by the caprices of rulers, as the inevitable results of uncontrolable circumstances. Capital is *power*, and those who have it will use it to their own advantage, and those who have it not must submit to its dominion. This is the very shibboleth of the party. The labourer, in the eyes of the economists, is only a more dexterous animal than a horse, or a machine of blood and bone less manageable than one of wood and iron, and it is the interest of the employer to make the most, at the least cost, of his or its qualities. When he has exhausted them he has done with him, and he is only prevented by certain restraints, which he has not yet been able to throw off, from shooting him out of the way, as he does any other worn-out and useless brute.

Most of these economists, nevertheless, are constitutionalists in politics—a party which profess to consider all as free, and all as possessing an interest in the welfare and government of the society of which they form a part. But in reality they are as tyrannical at the bottom, and as resolved, as the most impudent of the opposite faction, to sacrifice the interests of the governed to those of the governors. Government with them, indeed, is an institution not merely for the protection of a man's own, but of all he *can*, by possibility, make his own. *His own* is something so sacred and divine, that the common good of society must not touch it; must not, in the slightest degree, interfere with it; must not check his enlargement of it to the most pernicious extension. And in fact the overgrown possessions and power of ten or twelve individuals already are capable of controlling the government, and resisting regulations, which the mass of society recognize as generally desirable.

We quarrel, again, with the economists, because on the ground of the early and partial advantages of machinery, they represent them as illimitable and universal. Machinery ministers to the wants of men, and *they* are illimitable, and every man has them. But what then—what is this to the purpose, if the results of this machinery are inaccessible? if the means of attaining them do not grow with them? But they do grow with them, exclaims the economist; if an article becomes cheaper, the difference in the price is thus set at liberty, and is available for other and new purchases. No, no; do you not see that this advantage is applicable only in the cases of those who have fixed resources? Is it not a well-known and general fact, that the resources of the majority diminish, first or last, every where, with diminished prices? Are not most men not their own masters, but in the employment of *others?* And in proportion as the prices of provisions and conveniences fall, are not wages and emoluments reduced? If so, and who will controvert it? the power of purchase, in all dependents, is also proportionally diminished. Are we not even now endeavouring to get the salaries of public functionaries cut down, precisely on the ground that they were raised because prices rose, and ought to be lowered again, because those same prices have fallen? The fact, indisputably, is that the diminished cost of production—the boasted result, and in some instances justly so, of machinery—benefits only those who have fixed incomes, or those who can resist encroachments and invasions on

their resources, or indemnify themselves from other quarters. It is the great, and the great only—the commanding and employing portion of society, who are essentially benefited by the diminished cost of production. And this is the great cause of the gross and growing inequalities in the extreme class of society; it is the main and predominating cause that is daily widening the space between the great and the little; the great source of their irreconcileable interests and of alienated feelings; of haughtiness on the one hand and exasperation on the other, and which, if not timely prevented by some relaxation of power, must terminate in struggle and violence.

How does the economist account for the productions of his machinery becoming comparatively every day more and more, drugs? How is it, in his opinion, that, cheap as they are, they cannot find purchasers? Oh! he cries, it is merely a temporary suspension of activity in the market. There have always been these little interruptions; they are of short duration, and experience shews a re-action will soon take place, and make up, and more, for all. Doubtless, there have been periods of glut and consequent distress, and they have ceased;—but have they not been followed, along with renewals of what has been called prosperity, almost uniformly by diminished wages to the labourer? Nor is there any reason, notwithstanding the most confident assertions as to the principles and progress of civilization, that it should be otherwise. People's means do not, for the most part, grow with the occasion, but are governed by the interests of employers. Nor need they so grow, breaks in the economist, because machinery reduces the "cost of production." Well, but people's means do not even continue stationary, and that at least is indispensable for enabling them to share in the beneficial results of machinery—verily, they obviously *fall* in proportion, and that must surely prove a check to consumption. In short, the commanding portion alone of society can in the long-run benefit, and be the purchasers, and they are too few in numbers, with all their capacities, to promise any long continuance to the reign of machinery. Indeed, when goods begin to sell below the cost price, that reign is all but at an end. But there is the whole world for extending the market. There is not the whole world. Europe and America are manufacturing for themselves; they will soon supply their own wants; they will soon be—in many instances they already are—rivals in the same market. Then how, in the teeth of these facts, can the economists, as the unqualified eulogists of machinery, maintain, that if machinery were to go on for five hundred years, at the rate it has done for the last century, it could be productive of no possible harm?

There is a point, we doubt not, up to which machinery is productive of general and permanent good; but that point, with our institutions, has been passed over some considerable time. To make machinery a blessing to the country, *all* must partake of the good results. How can men, with hearts in their bosoms, see the few in luxury, and the many in beggary, and talk, at the same moment, of prosperity, and the happy and glorious effects of machinery? What blessing can it be, if stockings are two-thirds cheaper than they were, if the makers of them do not get one-third of their former wages? What advantage is it to them, that cottons and woollens are cheaper, if the price of bread swallows all their wages, and meat is utterly inaccessible? For years now, none of our manufactures—cried up as they have been—have paid wages sufficient to

keep up the health and strength of the labourer; nor is there a shadow of probability to expect matters will mend. The very masters complain they cannot get remunerating prices—no adequate return upon their capitals, with all their pinching and screwing of the workmen. This, however, only means that they can no longer get so large a return; but that is surely an indication that they have overdone the thing—have gone beyond the mark.

In the midst of our gloomy view of these matters, here, however, springs up a ray of cheering light. In proportion as great capitals fail of producing great returns, will the owners of them be prompted to withdraw from the conflict, and then the sovereignty of machinery drops the sceptre. It is great capitals that have done the mischief—yes, mischief we repeat, in spite of contemptuous smiles;—without enormous capitals, machinery could never have spread to the pernicious extent it has done, nor could monopoly have scourged the nation so unmercifully.

But the only direct remedy is legal restriction;—and what is a government for, but to prevent, or restrain, one class from injuring another? Do not we English folks, especially, glory in a constitution made, as every body says, for the *common* good? Well, then, when one class is getting every thing to itself, and another losing its all—is it not a time for this superintending government to step in with the exercise of its delegated functions? But you interfere with freedom! *Whose* freedom? That of the capitalists. *What* freedom? That of grinding the poor; and should not such freedom be interfered with? There is interference enough, Heaven knows, on the part of this Government, with our pockets to raise a revenue for extravagant and profligate purposes; and shall there be no interference for the just purpose of rescuing a whole class, and one which outnumbers all the rest, from unparalleled misery and unprovoked oppression?

What would we do then? Would we interpose with acts of legislation? To be sure we would. Are we of the British isles so new to acts of legislation, that we should startle at any fresh application of them? Is there any thing the legislature does not, at times, take under its direction? Is there any institution, however venerable, however old or young, that has not of late been interfered with? Any principle, however respected of old, that has not been handled with authority, or treated with contempt? The will of one party has trampled upon the acts of another; and shall not a legislature chosen for *common* interests, interpose to check tyranny, and protect its victims? Would we then break up machinery, and do that for which we have just been hanging we know not how many? No, we have another remedy—apparently a favourite one for a century past—taxation. Taxation on machinery, and a minimum of wages—Oh! oh! this is breaking in upon all the best recognised principles of government—upon what are the best and brightest proofs of intellectual advancement in modern times! That we cannot help. The existing circumstances of society compel us to break in upon them. They may once have been good—they are so no longer. Expediency is the test; and that has, since the world stood, varied with circumstances. Have the economists themselves any principle more fixed and permanent? They have advocated freedom of trade on the ground of expediency—but in whose favour? The capitalists, and the capitalists only. But in whose favour, they will reply, do we advocate restriction? The workmen, and the workmen only, do we not?—and

that to the sacrifice of the capitalists? No: we only *check* the capitalist. He will go on no longer than while he makes *some* gain, and we only force him while he goes on—he can quit the field when he pleases—to assign a reasonable share to the man without whom he can gain *nothing*. He is at liberty to withdraw his capital when he likes. Well, but he will withdraw it speedily, and then what becomes of the labourer? He will be thrown upon society—upon the poor's rate; and the capitalist, in his capacity of householder, must help to support him. But England will not be worth living in—then let the capitalist leave it. Better he leave it who has something to take with him, than he who has nothing.

But, after all, we do not think there is yet a peremptory occasion for having recourse to this act of expediency, which, however, if the same career is persisted in, will, doubtless, finally become imperative. There is yet the *land*, and the relief which the owners of that land can command. The great mass of agricultural labourers are in as miserable—as oppressed a condition, and perhaps more so—than the manufacturing. What is the immediate cause of this? Diminished wages. What the cause of that? High rents. And what of *that?* The exactions of landlords. Well then, if the landlord exacted less, could the farmer pay his labourers more? Certainly, and the landlord would soon force him, or renew his old exactions. But the case is this—the landlord exacts from the tenant a rack rent, and in return, gives up the labourer to the tender mercies of the tenant. And what then? The labourer has no longer any one to appeal to, because the landlord has sunk into a grasping trader, and has parted with his best rights—the right of protection. The farmer, thus freed from restraint, reduces wages below the lowest necessaries of life, and throws the labourer upon the parish, for the miserable remainder, and thus also forces others, who have no interest in the labour, to help him to pay his exorbitant rents. Landlords are making a grand parading, and get the facts blazoned in the papers, if they reduce their rents ten per cent; whereas, in many cases, a reduction of a hundred per cent. would not bring their rents to what they were forty years ago. It is true, that landlords have ennobled their style of living vastly within that period, and cannot, upon old rents, maintain the new scale of expence;—it is true also, that the farmer, imitating, often at no humble distance, the magnificence of his landlord, has done the same thing, and is still less able, at present rents and prices, to keep up his rate of expenditure—but is all this show and finery, all this ambition and extravagance to be supported at the cost and sacrifice of the miserable labourer? No, no—this is not to be tolerated longer. If a sense of common justice will not alter matters—violence, we may be sure, will.

The relief of the country is wholly in the hands, and within the power of the landlords—the relief not only of the agricultural, but also of the manufacturing labourer. And why do we say *all* is in their hands? Because the condition of the farm-labourer is directly under their control, and if *his* condition be once brought back to the state it *has* been in, and to which, in common humanity, it should with all speed be brought, an improvement in the condition of the manufacturing labourer must immediately follow; for the agricultural labourer will thus become again a purchaser of manufactures, and the workman in his turn, by the consequent advance of his wages, become also a fellow-consumer of the labours of his own hands—and that at present he is not. Exportation abroad, till lately, was greatly inferior to home-consump-

tion—the best market—and would, with this change, quickly be so again.

This is our resource, and these our anticipations of its effects. But we have no notion there is virtue enough in the country to work with full efficiency to the extent such a remedy demands. The landlord clings pertinaciously to his seeming advantages. His friends, the economists, lend him their sophistry. They tell him, emigration is the proper relief for the country. There are too many poor—ship them off to the Antipodes or to the Poles—no matter where—and things may go on as before. No unwelcome changes need be thought of. The landlord of course—not caring one straw, as he has long ceased to do, about the welfare of those who were once regarded as his dependants—a dependency that bound the parties together, and kept alive a great deal of good feeling—of course, he hails with delight a scheme which is calculated to remove a *painful* sight, (it must be such) and not encroach upon his rents. Mr. Wilmot Horton, in prosecution of the same object, is lecturing the mechanics—not the country labourer—upon the charms of emigration, and has also, his friends state, great success in his wranglings with them—that is, it must be supposed, he reduces them to a tacit, or even a verbal acquiescence. He argues them down, which of course a man of any cultivation may do without difficulty, but we do not find that his hearers are at all more disposed to push his plans into practice, than he is himself to set the example.

Mr. Horton is an admirer of existing arrangements, and interested in their continuance. He is himself a landlord, and naturally, in his debates and discussions with the mechanics, says nothing about the great and adequate power actually in the hands of landlords, "for the relief of the country." Taking it for granted that the existing state of things is essentially good, and that all our difficulties originate in excess of population—which is excess of nonsense at most times, as well as in these times—emigration *is* precisely the remedy. We give Mr. Horton full credit for sagacity and consistency; but for our own parts, we are for confining emigration to those who are themselves so strenuously recommending it, and certainly not for *enforcing* it upon others. Let them—as Canada is so enchanting a spot, notwithstanding its six-months' snows—by all means enjoy the blessing; but let those who are at home, and like home, be permitted to make the best of home.

Besides, if occupying waste lands abroad be so very desirable, why should it not be equally or nearly so to occupy them at home? Mr. Horton's parochial loans would at least be spared, though there is no danger of such loans, in any event, being raised. But we have *no waste* lands to occupy. Nay, are there not, according to Mr. Horton's own reports, 15,000,000 acres, and profitable acres too?—for in the same reports stand fifteen millions more, designated, in express contradistinction, as unprofitable. Yes, but *this* waste land is all appropriated—every acre has its owner. What then? If it be left waste—that is, actually uncultivated—the extremity of the occasion generates, again, a right of expediency; and we should not hesitate to recommend the *resumption* of this land, in order to divide some of it among the poor who have none, and are in want, and whom the economists wish to banish to the other side of the globe—to cultivate wastes. It is as easy to cultivate wastes at home as abroad.

We repeat it, the power relief is with the landlords themselves,

and will be, till violence wrench it, or wisdom withdraw it from them, to make something like an equitable distribution. Let them, moreover, give their tenants an interest in the land, something that deserves the name of *interest*—leases—they may be made conditional and equitable—and tenants will soon again cultivate in a very different style from what they now do, and employ, we verily believe, little short of *double* the labour on the same space. There is nothing like *high-farming* now-a-days. Let them, also, reduce the size of farms; for adequate capitals for small farms may far more readily be found than any thing like a competent capital for a large one. Two or three hundred acres, perhaps, should be the very maximum—a size which comes within the grasp of easy management too, and is useful alike to the tenant, the labourer, and, ultimately, to the landlord himself. Let them, also, take the labourer—who, under heaven, has none else to help him—under his especial protection, and assign him, in addition to his amended wages, small patches of land, on which he can spend his own hours, and his family contribute their aid. Machinery has stript of their wonted employment the wives and children of the country labourer, and what can be done in the way of compensation should in common equity and humanity be done. Let them, above all, not listen to farmers and agents in their opposition; one will tell him, as Cobbett was told at Waltham Chase in one of his *laudable* attempts, it will make the labourer "saucy;" another, he will demand higher wages; a third, he will only breed more children. Let them not heed these things, but rather look at the deplorable state of dependence and misery to which *they* have suffered them to be sunk, by abandoning them to the uncontrolled dominion of their merciless tenants. Wretches! we once heard one of them boast of his ability to take the strength of a labourer out of him in three years, just as he did out of his horses—but what else do the economists?

Here is much of the *abnormis sapientia*, and we are driven to it by the force of facts, which conflict irresistibly with the dicta of our pestilent philosophers. They have taken their own imaginations for realities; their own maxims for the laws of nature; Capital is their idol, and the first duty of their new worship is to develope to their full extent its hidden powers *in production*, while they let *distribution* take its own course. It is matter of entire indifference to them whether the labourer, the instrument, eat or not, so that he contributes to produce, and adds to the capital of the employer. They affect to consider the labourer as not coming at all within the pale and protection of government. Nobody employs a labourer for the sake of the labourer, but for *his own* sake—what then has a government to do with the matter? Much; it is not optional with capital to employ labour or not. To make any thing of capital the owner must employ labour; in that employment he may oppress, and the duty of government is to protect, or what is the good of it?

The distress of the country, for we must regard the *people* as a portion of the country, is immeasurably great. Much of it is the result of excess of machinery; much of it arises from pushing erroneous theories into practice; much of it from bad exercise of power, and a worse conception of the best objects of society; much of it from grasping passions and unfeeling haughtiness;—but it is not yet past a quiet or at least a legal remedy. Let landlords cease to lend a ready ear to

economists, and they will discover, *suâ Minervâ*, that they have only to retrace their steps for the last forty years; and if that will not remove all grievances, let them, as legislators, lay a firm and strong hand upon machinery. The country can never be in a safe or a sound state while the *people* are in a state of pauperism. Let them return to their estates and abide there, and abandon the foolish ambition of figuring in Courts and London drawing-rooms. Let them, finally, provide for their own families from their own resources, and cease to be grasping for *place*, and then they will be ready enough to lend their powerful aid to check public extravagance by clipping the source of it—taxation. It is all in their own hands, and high time it is that they should think of the poor, not vaguely as men like themselves, but as placed by the laws of eternal Providence, specifically under their protection.

TO A SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Once, and yet once again,
While my full heart beats heavily along,
Will I to thee awake a gentle strain,
A melancholy song.

For though thou art far away,
Like a bright star in th' enamelled skies,
Still on my soul there gleams one sunny ray,
Whose home is in thine eyes.

And in the silent hour,
When the heart communes with itself alone,
Thy voice falls on my ear with that deep power
That dwells in every tone.

Then, like a magic scene,
Memory recals her treasures of the past;
Raising the shadows of what once hath been,
'Ere life was overcast.

And then, thou true of heart!
I bless thee for the tears that thou hast shed,
When, like a seraph, peace thou didst impart
To the uncomforted.

I bless thee for the wrong,
Thou hast endured for my unworthy sake,
From those who found thy stedfast love too strong,
For pride or power to break.

I bless thee for thy truth,
Thy faith—thy constancy, and gentleness;
The light that shone upon thy early youth,
Each smile, and each caress.

But more than all, I yet
Must bless thee for thy long-tried love for me—
Bright as the pearl that in its shell is set
In the unfathomable sea!

R. F. W.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The Russian manifesto has at length been published, and it is as ferocious a declaration as ever issued from the councils of a despot. The Czar threatens vengeance of all kinds; but there may be a long interval between the threat and the power to execute it. His force is immense, and probably the Poles will not be able to meet him in the field; but an united people has been often shewn to be a hazardous antagonist; and if injuries could make a nation united, what people can have a larger or gloomier retrospect than the unfortunate Poles? There have been no fewer than three partitions of Poland. The first was in 1772, when a small portion of her territory only was taken. The next in 1793, and the final partition in 1795, which was not, however, accomplished until after the infliction of the most inhuman atrocities on the part of the Russian army, under Suwarrow. In 1815 the allies erected a portion of the territory, of which Warsaw was made the capital, into a nominal kingdom, under the sovereignty of Russia. The independence thus pretended to be given was, in every sense, illusory. What could be the independence of Poland, when it was merely a Russian viceroyalty, a place where such a fellow as the Archduke Constantine was left to play his furious vagaries? We have lately seen an account of this Tartar's ordering, at a moment's notice, every person newly arrived in Warsaw to be summoned from his bed at four in the morning, in November, and, no matter what their country or condition, their health or their merits might be, all marched side by side, gentlemen and criminals, merchants and deserters—side by side through the streets in the depth of a Polish winter!—to the antichamber of this man, there to be asked half a dozen insolent questions, and then turned out; some with ridicule, some with orders to leave the realm within twenty-four hours, and some sent under arrest. And who can wonder that any nation, with the hearts of men in their bosoms, should be indignant at these furious caprices, and long for security of person and property?

So far as public privileges are concerned, the Poles have been subjected to the treatment of an enslaved people. The public voice has, upon all occasions, been stifled—in the senate, in the theatres, and at every place of public congregation, this course has been pursued. From Alexander they received a constitution, the provisions of which they were not allowed, however, to put in force. Thus, dispossessed of the substance of liberty, the shadow only remained, to perplex and embitter the national feelings. As serfs and bond-slaves, they would have been happier.

Some of our contemporaries are predicting that France will subside into quietness, and be a model of good government, and so forth. On this point we are thoroughly sceptical. The matter may go on plausibly for awhile; but there are circumstances in the French position, which, by the course of nature, *must* make France revolutionary in a few years.

In the first place, whatever religion the people had, is gone. Even the feeble display of it that was to be found among the gewgaw-exhibitions of popery, is gone. The religion of the state is abolished. The government are no longer pledged to provide any worship for the people; and now every man may worship any whim that comes into his head in

any way he likes, and be discharged from any support of any regular place of worship. Of course, in a few years the buildings for national worship must go to decay; and if a few spruce chapels be raised by a few speculators or devotees, they will not contain a thousandth part of the population, even if they were willing to go to church, which they will not be. In a few years, the young generation will start into manhood; and as they have been educated without the decent habits of religious observance, they will not begin to learn them then. Even for the last ten years, scarcely any MEN went to church: the seats were occupied by women, and the men went whistling about the streets, or went to their regular weekly labours, on the Sunday. The preachers sent by the government through the provinces to recal the peasantry to their former habits, were generally a mere matter of scoffing and insult, though many of the "missionaries," as they were termed, were able men, and some, of singular eloquence. In the course of a few years, if those feelings continue, France will be a nation of atheists, which, by all accounts, it very nearly is already; and as the atheist acknowledges no restraint of conscience, and can have no fear of a superior power, or of a future, the only question will be of force against force: in other words, civil war, terminating in convulsions of all kinds.

Another source of the impending ruin is, the state of property. In France the law of primogeniture is abolished, and every man is *compelled* to give an equal portion of his property to each of his children. By this means, the disobedient child is just as much encouraged as the obedient. And, as the money laid out on a child's education, or advanced for putting him into any peculiar line of life, professional or otherwise, is not allowed in the distribution of the property, but each demands his equal portion still, it is almost the interest of a parent to give his children no education or employment that can cost any thing, as it is giving him his portion twice over. But the evil operates inevitably in a national scale, by utterly destroying all the higher order of France. In England, by giving the estate to the elder son, that estate is kept together; an aristocracy is formed, by which the peerage is supplied, and a most important branch of the legislature, as a protection between the power of the crown, and the rashness of a merely popular assembly, is kept in existence.

But even to the younger children of the peer, the existence of a certain rank and estate in the family, is of the first importance. By having a brother a man of acknowledged rank, the whole family share his distinction in society; they are also supported in their several pursuits by his influence; and they make more honourable connections; and, as in general, the estate is liable to pass from one branch to another, the youngest brother of a great family has his chance of attaining the hereditary honours. Thus the great families are preserved from being lost, by the preservation of their properties under one head; and the estate which, frittered away among a dozen children, would make for each but a pitiful provision—perhaps just enough to keep them in idleness, and thereby preclude them from any honourable exertion—becomes a source of present rank and assistance to every member of the family, and frequently of future possession.

But, in France, all the great families must, before a quarter of a century, be extinguished, if the present law continues. A duke with but £1,500 a-year, is no duke at all, but a beggar; and if he expects to

enjoy even his £1,500 a-year, he had better lay down his title. And, in fact, all the nobility of France are thus perishing as fast as they can. It happens, oddly enough, that no nobility of Europe have so few children as the French; a second child being no common instance in the higher ranks; and thus, by the interdict of nature, the evil of the law may be restrained for a while. But the evil will finally overcome. Even now, all the residences of the nobles in the country are falling into ruin. The proprietors are too poor to live in them, or to repair them, and they fall. In another generation this subdivision will go on, and still proceed until every acre is cut into fragments for younger children; and France, with increasing multitudes, will shew but a great mob, a nation of paupers; and of course discontented with all order, and mad for change.

But the disturbance is not likely to wait even for this. The French themselves tell us that Paris teems with disaffection, which marshals itself under five different banners. The old royalist, the old jacobin, the Buonapartist, the idealist, the polytechnic and school party. It is true, that out of this multitude of parties may proceed the security of government; which would doubtless be more endangered by one strong coalition. Still, here is the material of mischief to any extent, and there is nothing in the character of France to resist the mischief in any shape that it may assume. There is no peerage of any weight whatever, there is no established religion, and there is no force at the direct command of government; for it would be a burlesque to call the present French king the master of any thing, either military or civil; his dominion is during pleasure, and his kingdom is the Palais Royal.

Lawyers are famed for making good bargains for themselves. Old Lord Norbury a year or two since, worn out in office, contrived to make the most of his remaining years after 80! by bargaining for a huge retiring allowance and an earldom, he having obtained a peerage before for his wife, which descended to his second son; thus having obtained in fact two peerages for his family. We now have another Irish lawyer contriving to escape from the labours of office on nearly the same terms. O'Grady, the Irish Chief Baron gets a viscounty and barony on his retirement, an honour rarely conferred on an individual in similar circumstances. He is to be Viscount Cahirguillimore and Baron Rockbarton. The first will be as great a puzzler to the Herald's College to pronounce as was that of Lord Skelmersdale, who, on his elevation to that title, was said to have absolved his godfathers of the original name given him of Bootle Wilbraham. The barbarian name of Cahirguillimore, if he have been foolish enough to take it, may also absolve Mr. O'Grady of some of the merit of his bargain. Yet the public have a right to ask, for what eminent public services is this lawyer to have a viscounty and barony, and a pension of £3,500 a-year besides? he having already received about £150,000! He was probably well acquainted with his profession; and if he were, he was paid for his knowledge by a huge salary of £6,000 a-year (besides other emoluments); which any other man at the bar would have considered an equivalent for all his law and labours. Why then heap on him the supernumerary reward of the peerage, which, we must observe, not merely gives the man himself an undue elevation, but lifts up his descendants, who may not have the slightest of his merits, and who certainly are not likely to render any professional service? The point is, what could have made it necessary to prompt by

a peerage the retirement of a judge, who was reported to have been calling out for retirement before; or who, if he were not calling out, ought to have been left to do his duty, until he had arrived at the period when he would have retired of his own accord? If the business was hurried on to find a bench for some partizan, the ground is changed, but the difficulty is not. However, there is one fact, that no reason exists for making so many lawyers peers; they are generally bad "parliament men," from their previous habits, and seldom add anything to the wisdom or eloquence of the House. Lawyers, with but few exceptions, make an unlucky figure in debate. And, unless in individual instances of peculiar moral dignity, they generally exhibit themselves the slaves of party, which means personal interest; the whole proposition meaning, that lawyers are in the best place, when they are attending to their own profession, and that they are fitter for advocates than for legislators; that their integrity on the bench ought not to be exposed to the temptation of a minister with a peerage in his hand: and, in conclusion, that Chief Baron O'Grady has established no more claim to a peerage, however barbarous its name, by receiving £6,000 a-year as a judge for twenty years, than if he had sat on his bench for six minutes, and then vacated it to give rest to the fluctuations of Lord Plunkett.

Fortunate lord, the latter has been. His chancellorship has anchored him at last secure in the harbour of partizanship. His compatriots lately calculated his provision for himself and his family out of the public purse, at £16,000 a-year. His new office swells the united price of his genius to £20,000! Who shall reproach the country with neglecting great men, or great men with neglecting themselves?

As astronomers, we were delighted with the following intelligence:

"*Eclipses in* 1831.—During the present year there will be four eclipses, viz., two of the sun and two of the moon. Those of the former occur on February 12 and August 7, and will be invisible at Greenwich; and of the latter on February 26 *(partly visible)* and on August 23, which will be invisible.

Here, for our good, we are informed of the coming of three eclipses which we are not to see at all; a piece of knowledge, which thus seems of no great productiveness. But the fourth eclipse is to be partly visible; that is, we are partly to see it, and partly to see it *not;* a species of optics which does not come within our science, but which we abandon to the Sir James Souths and other new illuminators of our darkened age.

"Amelia Opie is at Paris, and a constant visitor at the soirées of General Lafayette, where this celebrated female always appears in the simple garb of a rigid Quakeress, forming a striking contrast to the gay attire of the Parisian ladies."

Poor Amelia, worshipping at the shrine of revolution; past her grand climacteric, and lowering the drab to the tri-colour, the dove-coloured poke to the *bonnet-rouge*. But Genlis is dead, and the world solicits a successor.

"For a few days past an omnibus has been seen at Paris, on the Boulevards, between the Porte St. Martin and the Madelaine, suspended on a new principle. It is much lighter and more elegant than the former ones, and the great advantage of it is that the carriage has no disagreeable motion, and the passengers ride at perfect ease."

All this may be so in Paris, though we entirely disbelieve it. But

no part of it exists in London, where all the names of inconvenience are tame to the annoyance of the omnibus, as all the names of insolence are weak to the habits of the fellows that attend them. Of course, there are some better than others; and where the proprietor himself takes any trouble about the matter, they may be more endurable. But there was some promise last session, of a change in the whole stage-coach system. What has become of it? We were to have had stages running in all directions through the streets, and thereby undoubtedly adding greatly to the ease and quickness of passing the enormous distances of London. But all this seems to have died away. We call upon Lord Althorp to tell us, why?

Will "flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?" We answer, that the times when such things were done are with the years beyond the flood. Flattery is too valuable a thing to be thrown away; and we send those who doubt our assertion to the histories of all "eminent personages," lately deceased. The disembowelling by the surgeons is only a feeble type of the keen ransacking of every part of their existence the moment that they are fairly out of sight, and gone where they can take no actions of battery. Friends, relations, loving acquaintances, all the world, and the newspapers besides, pounce upon them before an hour lies between them and the sunshine; and they are torn, dissected, extravasated, and epigrammatized into a thousand pieces, before even the Magazines can make a grasp at the remains of their reputation.

But, in some cases, the operation commences before the "brains are out," and the reputation is flayed from the living subject. How would the French Ministers, even so lately as the memorable 27th of July, be astonished to find the knife employed on their physiognomies in this style?—

"*Appearance of the Ministers on their trial.*—De Polignac, who is very far from corpulent, is rather above the middle stature, has a great nose, and a bloodless, disagreeable countenance. He has a very low forehead, an expression of insignificance, and, even when he looks most gracious, his manner is by no means pleasing. He cordially accosted De Martignac while the trial was proceeding—De Martignac, whom he formerly denounced to Charles X. as an 'apostate.' He is entirely wrapped up in his own case, and in that of his party, and if his life be spared, will deem himself happy."

With what astonishment would a *premier* in any land find his portrait drawn in that style!—unless he should have found some balm to his feelings in seeing his fellow-minister excoriated in this style:—

"The appearance of De Chantelauze is most unprepossessing. He gives one the idea of a short, ill-favoured, diseased, petty tradesman, and is attired in black."

The French Attorney-General, however, is treated a little more tenderly. The terrors of office protect him still:—

"De Peyronnet has a plump visage, is inclined to corpulency, is rather pale, almost bald, and takes much snuff. He is thought to resemble the late Mr. Huskisson in manner."

Guernon de Ranville—a nobody—escapes with the observation due to that marked personage:—

"He looks young, slender, and seems much frightened!"

They are all now quietly transferred to the castle of Ham, in Picardy, where, by the last accounts, they had began to talk politics, hold cabinet councils on their own blunders, and quarrel so fiercely, that at length they could agree only in a petition to be sent to separate prisons!

Some of our papers mention, that if Prince Polignac, senior, is uncomfortable, his family contrive at least to make themselves happy; and quote the instance of his son, who, a few evenings ago, distinguished himself as a performer of the waltz, at some West-end rout. But as all Frenchmen are philosophers by nature, why—as the papers observe—should not a son dance when a father is in prison for life?

It may sound very well for Mr. Herries to start up for the royal rights in the Pension List; but all men know that the royal rights were untouched, and that the "ministerial patronage" was the true reading. We cannot help agreeing with the language of an intelligent contemporary:—

"Let no meritorious servant of the State be deprived of what he had a right to expect would solace his latter days; but, on the other hand, let no undeserved pension be held sacred, because some pretty lady, or convenient sycophant, may have in its confidence a 'vested interest.' It has been urged that not to respect pensions which have already been granted, will distress individuals. This may be matter of regret; but while the public at large lament the pressure of the times, why should not those, who have too long enjoyed affluence, to which they had no just claim, suffer with the rest? All we call for is, that the grants which have been made shall be explained and vindicated. Mrs. Arbuthnot can have no objection to let it be known what are the services which she has rendered to the State, in the cabinet or the field, to entitle her to more than £900. per annum; and Mr. W. Dundas will, of course, be delighted to prove that his *small* pension of £4,500. a year is far from being a sufficient reward for merit like his. Then the female Bathursts can favour us with the grounds on which they claim the several sums which appear against their names in the Civil List. These ladies, by the way, it has been stated, are members of the family of Mr. Bragge Bathurst."

But to one pension we have peculiar objections. We now see the Scotch Lord Advocate receiving a pension of £600. a year for his wife. The *salary* of the Lord Advocate is £1,500.; but his emoluments are £4,000. a year. Yet this man, after receiving the large sum of £5,500. a year for several years, comes with a petition for £600. a year, or the alienation of a principal of about £12,000. from the country for his wife! Why did he not provide for her out of the profits of his highly-lucrative office? Or why not out of the regular income of his profession, like other barristers? If he had never tasted the sweets of office, he must have done like the rest of his profession—lived within his means, and taken care, by due economy, that his family should not come upon the public. But the very thing which should prevent his degrading them to this expedient, becomes the ground of his adopting it; his receiving £5,500. for a succession of years, substantiates the pauperism of his wife, and his rank entitles him to fix her on the public as in want of public bounty.

Another pension of some notoriety seems to have escaped the general purview. Who has not heard of Lady Hester Stanhope? This lady has had no less than £1,200. a year for at least twenty years—or has received £24,000. sterling. And to what purpose? The descriptions of our travellers represent her as leading a life of the most singular and

repulsive nature. We do not deal in scandal; and we, therefore, leave the details to others. But we have her galloping about Syria in men's clothes, praising Mahometanism, and indulging in all sorts of extravagant and foolish eccentricities; and this woman's fooleries we are forced to pamper at the rate of £1,200. a year! Infinitely better would it be for her, if she were compelled by necessity to recollect that she had other matters to do than indulge in her foreign vanities and Mussulman nonsense, and make herself a show and burlesque to strangers. The instant stoppage of her pension would be the most salutary lesson that she could get; and if she wore fewer pairs of Turkish trowsers, or rode astride on a less imperial stud, she would be only the better for the restriction. But the whole system must be revised.

It is a curious circumstance that in the Law Establishment, if we may so call it, of England, which ought to be the defence against all abuses, there are perhaps more abuses, more licensed and long-standing sources of public plunder, than in any other department of public administration. The Commission on the Irish Law Courts and their sinecures, a few years ago, disclosed abuses of such an inordinate nature, that the public were in a state of general indignation; and the prominent peculations were obliged to undergo some kind of deduction. The state of the English law sinecures, the great clerkships and reversions, the Doctors' Commons, and Testamentary Offices, still affords a fine field for revision; and we hope that some member of Parliament will be found honest and active enough to sift the business to the bottom.

But the Bankrupt Commissioners are now the more immediate grievance. The subject was largely discussed in a late meeting of merchants and traders, at the London Tavern, for the purpose of bringing some proposition on the subject before Parliament. Mr. Bousfield observed, "That, in the first place, though some of the commissioners might be able men, most of them were unfit, by age, &c. for their offices.—That their charges were enormous for their work; the number of bankrupts, between 1824 and 1830 inclusive, being averaged at 757 a year, while the sums received by the commissioners, in pay and fees, were £40,000. a year! The meeting declared the system to be ruinous to the trader, as involving both unnecessary expense and loss of time.—That the bankrupt *fees*, from 1811 to 1826, amounted to £114,000! and, moreover, that the fees of the *Secretary* of Bankrupts, for 1830, amounted to £10,000.!—That in *nine* cases out of *ten*, the effects of debtors were swallowed up by law proceedings."

All this argues an intolerable system; but then we are to recollect that there are *fourteen* sets, or "Lists," of Bankrupt Commissioners, amounting to, we believe, about seventy persons, who receive, as the least salary, £300. a year, to say nothing of the fees. Will this patronage be given up without a struggle? We strongly doubt. Well, then, those who are on the right side must only struggle the more.

In one of the multitude of duodecimo-libraries we find the following apocryphal story:

"In 1534 Blasco de Garay, a captain of a ship, offered to the Emperor Charles V. to construct a machine capable of propelling large vessels even in a calm, and without the aid of sails or oars. In spite of the opposition which his project met with, the Emperor consented to witness the experiment, and

it was made accordingly, in the port of Barcelona, on the 17th of June, 1543. Garay would not uncover his machinery or shew it publicly; but it was evident that it consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and of two wheels set in motion by that means, and applied externally on each side of the vessel. The experiment was made on the *Trinidad*, a ship of 200 tons, laden with corn. The persons commissioned by the Emperor to report on the invention, in general approved of it, and praised, in particular, the readiness with which the vessel tacked about. The treasurer, Ravago, however, who was hostile to the plan, said, that a ship with the proposed machinery might go at the rate of about two leagues in three hours; that the apparatus was complex and expensive; and, finally, there was great danger of the boiler bursting. The other commissioners maintained, that a vessel so equipped might go at the rate of a league an hour at the least, and would tack about in half the time required by an ordinary ship. When the exhibition was over, Garay took away the apparatus from the *Trinidad*. The woodwork was deposited in the arsenal at Barcelona: the rest of the machinery he kept himself. Notwithstanding the objections raised by Ravago, the Emperor affected to favour the project of Garay; but his attention at the time was engrossed by other matters. He promoted Garay, however; gave him a sum of money, besides paying the expences of the experiment made at Barcelona, and shewed him other favours."

So much for philosophy in the 16th century! But how can any body publish such things as possessing the slightest probability? Can any engineer of the present day believe, that steam was ever so applied three centuries ago? Or that a vessel of boiling water in those days could have been applied to move a boat, or anything, or do any thing beyond washing a shirt, or scalding the philosopher's fingers?

The Local Law Bill, on which we made some observations in our last number, continues to excite a great interest among lawyers. The Lord Chancellor's zeal and experience are on the one side, and the alarms and experience of the practising members of the profession are on the other. *Non nostrum est.* But we give a remarkably striking and manly letter from one of the most intelligent individuals of that profession or of any other, which to us seems to set the question in a clear point of view, and which must go a great way to decide the controversy. The letter, it will be seen, was written a short time previously to the Lord Chancellor's appointment to office.

"*To Henry Brougham, Esq., M. P.*

"Dear Sir,—I have carefully read and re-read your Local Jurisdiction Bill and abstract, with a view to draw the account of fees by way of schedule, as desired. But I have been unable to do so on a scale of any in the least degree adequate remuneration for any practitioner of liberal education, and desirous of holding a decent situation and honest character in society.

"Under this aspect, I cannot but consider your measure as calculated to become the greatest civil scourge ever inflicted on this country, by creating an indefinite and universal appetite for litigation, with no other break or interval in the exercise of it than the halcyon month of August. This immediate effect of the act will be industriously promoted and extended with corresponding energy by an accession to the profession in increased numbers, of that class of practitioners designated as *pettifoggers*, whom to discountenance and extinguish has been a primary object with all the best and leading solicitors of the present day.

"It appears to me utterly inconsistent with the avowed purposes of the Common Law Commission, the repeal of the Law Taxes, the appointment of additional judges, the intended laying open of the Court of Exchequer, and the

facilities afforded to practice in the superior courts, thus at once to withdraw from them two-thirds at least of their ordinary business, subjecting it to a new and experimental tribunal, and superseding much of the labour derived from the elaborate machinery of Westminster Hall, with no compensating reduction in the expense of working it.

"Although personally, after a drudgery of nearly thirty years, much withdrawn from active practice, and meditating at no distant day entire secession from it, I feel too much sense of gratitude, and I hope a laudable *esprit du corps* in favour of an employment which has afforded me the means of competence and independence; to be altogether insensible to the degradation to which the profession of an attorney will be reduced by the operation of your proposed new bill, which, I repeat, will necessarily bring into action a large class of low practitioners, who, having no fair means of adequate remuneration, must and will resort to trick, if not to fraud, to supply the deficiency of profit, no reasonable allowances for which (in keeping with the general purview of the bill) will afford a return for the education, skill, and attention the conduct of the business of the local courts will require.

"While on this subject, it is with great regret I would allude to the tenor of your speech, as reported in the *Times*, on the occasion of your giving notice of your plan; you in it assumed a tone of unmeasured contempt for the attornies, imputing to them, in the aggregate, and without exception, gross ignorance, and the most selfish motives, while you at the same time, in equally unmeasured terms, lauded the bar as actuated by the highest, noblest, and most liberal principles, with a possible exception of one in a hundred as not quite perfect.

"Both positions, to your knowledge and *mine*, are equally unfounded; for while, as regards one of them, I can name a Frere, a Swain, a Freshfield, a Vizard, a Teesdale, an Amory, with scores of others of equal claim to confidence and respect, and a fair promise of succession to them from a large body of liberally educated and intelligent articled clerks, now deriving improved instruction from the law-lectures at the University of London, I could, in contravention of your other position, name scores of barristers influenced by the most sordid motives, and seeking and promoting multiplication of fees with the most heartless rapacity.

"If I could for a moment think it possible that the Local Jurisdiction Bill could pass into a law, in anything like its present shape, I should observe on the preposterous amount of salary to the judge of £2000 per annum, thus constituting a valuable object of ministerial patronage and borough influence, like a Welch judgeship, rather than having the direct view of getting some useful plodding man for the situation, as is the case in the County Palatine Court at Preston, where Mr. Addison, for £400 per annum, does as much, and as well, as can be expected from any county judge.

"The total absence of qualification for the office of registrar is fraught with liability to abuse; some son or nephew of the judge will hold it in sinecure; and the duties will be performed by the clerk, who will make it pay better than is in the contemplation of the act.

"The registrar, to give knowledge, experience, and efficiency in the conduct of the business, ought to be an attorney of at least five years certificated standing, and strictly debarred from practising directly or indirectly.

"The summary jurisdiction of the judge over the attorneys exceeds that of the superior jurisdiction; and the power of mulcting them is an arbitrary novelty, fraught with the most mischievous consequences of subjection and oppression, and only of a piece with the whole apparent scheme for degrading to one uniform standard of low cunning and subserviency the great bulk of country practitioners.—I remain, dear Sir, &c.—WILLIAM TOOKE."

"12, *Russel Square, June 23rd*, 1830."

The last year has been unusually marked by the deaths of Sovereigns. Europe has lost George the Fourth; the King of Naples; Pope Pius VII.;

the Grand Duke of Baden; and the Queen of Portugal. No man of remarkable science has died in this country but Major Rennel. Nor do we know of any distinguished scientific deaths on the continent. Among a crowd of women of rank, none of distinguished beauty or public merit, have died, and among the leading artists, but one, Lawrence, the leader of them all.

The well-known Beckford is selling off again. Why, in this life-writing age, is so capital a subject left without a record? Let the biographer give but a chapter each to his Italian, his French, and his Portuguese palaces, and he would make enough even out of those for a modern quarto. His English career may be reserved for his own pen, for whose else could do justice to it? We can scarcely believe that this extraordinary and eccentric personage has become a house-jobber. But his buildings and furnishings, and frequent change of place; and his regularly recurring sales of books, pictures, and bijouterie of all odd and costly kinds, greatly favour the idea.

Fonthill was a piece of architectural coxcombry, which, however, he contrived to turn to the best advantage by the help of as dexterous a manager of such things as any man in trade, George Robins. It tumbled down soon after the sale. But the whole affair was only the more in character. Fantasy was the spirit that presided at its birth, and fairyland was the region round; and as something equally out of the world was the proprietor, it was only natural that the whole should vanish like a castle in the air.

His next sojourn was at Bath, where he astonished all mankind, including the fashionable inhabitants of Lansdowne-crescent, by purchasing two houses, and living in them at once. This, however, he contrived, though having them at opposite sides of a street, by building a handsome Italianized corridor, so as to secure an internal communication between the two houses, and in line with the drawing-rooms:—one house was devoted to domestic purposes, the cooking being performed in it, and Mr. Beckford resided in the other, so that the smells of all culinary preparations were cut off from his apartments. This was the object of having two residences, and the communicating corridor; the dinner and other provisions being brought along the passage. Both houses were furnished in the most splendid style, so much so as to draw forth the marked admiration of all the Bath connoisseurs in *buhl, or molu,* and glittering absurdities of all kinds. Even Prince Leopold's philosophy was moved by the detail; and he condescended to acknowledge, that if Mr. Beckford and he gave pretty much the same number of dinners, which was equivalent to none, the hermit of Bath had the advantage in *meubles,* over the hermit of Claremont. But all this finery is to come to the hammer again; and we have no doubt that it will bring in a handsome return.

The owner's next remove is now awaking the queries of Bath again. Where will he next build his house-to-let? Where shew off his next purchase of old cabinets, figured crystals, cracked china, and *very* odd books with very odd mottoes in them from the pen of the learned and curious owner. Bets, to the largest amount allowable among the card-table ladies, have been laid, that his next journey will be to Pimlico, there to erect a palace, which shall throw the Nash-building out of all fame. Others, that he means to go to Constantinople, and offer himself

as successor to Sultan Mahmoud. Others, that, having lately taken to his devotions, he means to go forthwith to Italy, take advantage of the papal decease, and by a present of his snuff-boxes among the cardinals, win his way to the papal chair; while others say, he contemplates residing at the *Saxon Tower* built by him on Lansdowne-hill, two miles off, filled with splendid gewgaws, and commanding extraordinary views of the surrounding counties. But the furniture, as well as the residence in Lansdowne-crescent, is also to be sold by auction. Amongst the furniture there are "superb cabinets of black and gold japan; beautiful square boxes of the richest japan; a superb and matchless buhl and tortoise-shell cabinet (formerly belonging to Louis the Fourteenth); black and gold japan screens; an ebony cabinet; *oak* book-cases, of amazingly elegant designs, exquisitely enriched with gold mouldings and ornaments; immense looking-glasses," &c. &c. The frippery of a sale-room will make as good a figure in the present auction as the last; and so we shall have Mr. Beckford gathering toys, and selling them, to the end of the chapter.

When will the Bourbons be convinced of the truth, that they have played their last card in France? that the palace of Holyrood is their natural dwelling, and that the day is gone by, when a speech or a smile from royalty could have more effect upon the Parisians, than upon a regiment of nightmares? Yet, on the sale of the Duchess of Berri's books here, lately, a rather undignified transaction too, since the Duchess is said not to be in pecuniary distress—and the books came over, *duty free*—we have the following flourish, worthy of the days of Louis the Fourteenth.

"It having been stated that the 'Henriade,' presented to the Duke of Bordeaux by the city of Paris, had been sold by the Duchess of Berri, Mr. Evans, of Pall-Mall, has given the paragraph a strong contradiction. He says—

"'No inducement could ever persuade the Duchess to part with this volume, in her eyes inestimable. She will frequently recommend it to the perusal of her son, to animate him to imitate the illustrious example of his great progenitor in bearing adversity with equanimity, and enjoying *triumph* with moderation. She would particularly point out to the Duke of Bordeaux the conduct of Henry IV. *after the capture of Paris*—a generous oblivion of political differences.'"

Mr. Evans, of Pall-Mall, is of course, no more the author of this fine affair than Mr. Alderman Hunter, or any other illustrious author, east of Temple Bar. The performance is French all over. But if the Duc waits until he takes Paris by siege, we are afraid he will never enjoy the opportunity of displaying his moderation in triumph. Much the better study for him is patience in adversity: for he may rely on his never sitting on the throne of the Gauls.

There must have been some extraordinary mismanagement, or some extraordinary influence busy in the Sierra Leone matters. The settlement is now announced to be on the point of being dissolved, by order of ministers. Yet for the last twenty years the loudest outcry on the mortality, waste, and utter hopelessness of this settlement has been unattended to. At length, without any additional facts, and in the teeth of a declaration of a few months old, the Colony is to be left to the wild beasts. The recent change of ministers is not sufficient to account for

this: for the business of Colonies and remote dependencies, is generally left as it is found; and in the present instance, the principal ministers have long since exhibited as Sierra Leonists, or protectors of the kingdom of Macauley, as some of the wits term this sepulchral region.

The Colonists, and the machinery of government, are to be removed to Fernando Po. But this new empire labours under a bad name already. One of the papers tells us, with the aid of a comparison, more expressive than poetical:—

"Accounts from Fernando Po describe the mortality there to be dreadful. The removal from Sierra Leone to that island is like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

By all accounts, there never was a finer spot for terminating all the crimes and troubles of our criminal and troubled world. There conspiracy conspires no more; but is reconciled to all things within a week, or, at the farthest, ten days. There ambition burns in no man's breast, longer than he has time to write his will. There litigation loses its chief terror, its length—for all the parties are out of court before the proceedings can be indorsed. There war is unheard of, or never flourishes beyond the first half-dozen drills; there corn-laws, excisemen, assessed-taxes, vested interests, and the other plagues of a long-lived community, perplex no man, but life escapes from the fangs of all, and the dweller of Fernando Po soon defies alike the taxman, the judge, and the jail.

But why, we must ask, unless such settlements are reserved for the younger sons of nobility, half-pay subalterns of the Guards, or ex-members of Parliament, should Fernando Po be settled at all? Have we not the West Indies? The name is enough. The only intelligible purpose would be the discovery of some entrance into Central Africa, by some great river. For this, possibly, Fernando Po might be a favourable point. But we see no attempt made towards such discovery. From time to time, some beggarly German, or half-mad Frenchman, or English rambler, eager for employment at all chances, makes the attempt by land; thus setting out alone for a walk of five thousand miles a head, through countries of savages, epidemics, tigers, slave-traders, and sand as hot as a baker's oven. He begs his way a few hundred miles, writes a journal, to tell the world that he has been buffeted, dungeoned, detected in his mispronunciation of the Moorish, is starved, and is dying. The next post, in the shape of some grim son of blackness, who had run him through with his lance, and robbed him of his rescript and rags, comes to say that he is dead; and claim the reward for his news. Thus have gone, and thus will go *all* the African travellers: all of whom might with equal profit to the nation, and much more comfortably for themselves, have jumped off the centre arch of London Bridge, at high water, and so have gone straight to the mermaids.

But the only discovery worth making would be that of a great river from the interior to the coast; and the only mode by which that discovery will ever be made, will be by the steam-boat. Of the half dozen rivers which fall into the great Bay of Benin, how many have been ever explored by us half a dozen leagues up? The old Portuguese mariners talked of having sailed up some of them for slaves 300 miles, and found them still navigable. The steam-boat would make the trial swiftly, securely, and effectually. And Africa, brutal and burning as it is, may be well worth the trial. Its principal region is still altogether

untraversed by an European foot. We know even the coasts but imperfectly, but the centre of this singular Continent is one mighty table-land, temperate in its climate, and probably abounding in vegetable and mineral wealth and wonders.

We may shew what a field is open for discovery, when we state that this table-land contains not less than two millions and a half of square geographical miles. It is bordered by immense acclivities, supporting ranges of mountains, towards the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, and the country of Nigritia. With what beds of minerals may not those mountains be expected to abound, when the plains at their feet are the sands from which a large portion of the gold of Europe is gathered? Of the variety of valuable woods, and healing plants, to be found in so vast a region, we can form a conception only from the prodigality of nature in all climates where sun and water combine to fertilize the soil. It is to reach this enormous region that our efforts should be directed; and the attempt should be made from the Bight of Benin by water, and the Cape of Good Hope by land. In South Africa, the natives are gentler, and the difficulties to a traveller would be fewer, from the ease of procuring attendants, from the known power of the English settlement, and the respect for the English name; and from the mere circumstance of starting at once, without the delay of a voyage from England, and without the hazards of an unhealthy coast. But the attempt should in neither direction be made by a solitary traveller, nor by any half-dozen. An expedition complete in all its parts; consisting of scientific men, interpreters, and soldiers enough to protect them from any, at least, of the roving bands of the Desert, should be sent from the Cape; and the whole power of the government there should be exerted to provide for their safe conduct, and their ultimate success. The steam-boat, on the Atlantic-side would, of course, have a company strong enough for all the purposes of discovery.

There must be something which we cannot comprehend, in our negociations with America. Either Jonathan has the *organ* of bargaining developed to a degree that throws our diplomatic bumps into eclipse, or we are peculiarly unlucky in our envoys across the Atlantic. We never remember a negociation, in which it was not declared by all sorts of persons, from the London capitalist to the Canadian back-woodsman, that Jonathan had outwitted his fathers on this side of the Atlantic. There is always a discovery, *after* the treaty has been signed and sealed, that we have been hoodwinked out of some millions of acres of barren land, that a swamp of a hundred square miles has been cruelly extorted from us, or that a measureless range of rocks, on which a goat would not find enough for a day's browsing, has been swindled away from the supremacy of Britain. How all this comes, we know not. Nor are the Canadians, who are eye-witnesses of the transaction, at all likely to help us to the elucidation. With the dweller on the north of the St. Lawrence, Jonathan is the perfection of craft; and he couches his fear and his wonder under an apologue worthy of Æsop himself.

"The beavers on a certain stream are said to have once proposed, in a treaty with the fish, that the beavers on their part should have free liberty to enter and use the waters; and the fish on theirs, to come on shore. Nothing could appear more reciprocal. Some old sea-fish indeed had got an idea that it might intercept the communication between them and their young fry, in the lakes above; but all the gudgeons, boobies, noddies, to a great majority,

were in favour of the bargain, being principally directed by cerain flat-fish, who, having always been in the habit of creeping to the bottom, which they justly said was a mere continuation of the shore, possessed some experience of the measure, and declared that by such a treaty food would be obtained cheaper and better, and more abundant. The treaty was accepted. The beavers entered, dammed the stream, and preyed upon the fish. But whether the fish derived much advantage from the reciprocity on their part, remains yet to be discovered."

Yet with all this hoodwinking Canada thrives. England has more land than she can sell even with the help of her joint-stock companies; and we may make Jonathan a present of the swamps, the rocks, and the pine-barrens, for a thousand years to come.

The universal argument for the increase of public salaries within the last few years, has been the rise of price in the articles of life, &c., &c. But whatever may have been that rise, the rise in the value of the circulation, or the difference between the value of the war paper, and the peace coin, is much more than an equivalent. Notwithstanding which, amounting as it does to little less than four per cent. on every guinea, the rise of salaries must be seen to be believed. It has been shewn from official returns, that in 1797 the whole expense of the Treasury was £44,000, and that in 1828 it was £80,000; that at the former period the Foreign-office cost £34,000, and in the latter £65,000; the Colonial office, at the same periods respectively, £9,000 and £39,000. The half-pay and salaries in all our public departments (the pay of army, navy, and ordnance, of course, not included), was in 1797 £1,370,000, and in 1827 £2,780,000,—as nearly as possible two to one; while the number of persons employed in the said departments had increased from 16,000 to 22,000 only, or in the proportion of 11 to 8. Having disposed of the question of value given, the next is, that of value received. Have our Statesmen within the last ten years, been wiser, or more active, personages than in 1797? or have they had weightier interests to manage, or a more formidable enemy to combat? We had then War; France in hostility, and Napoleon at its head. We have since had Peace, and nothing to contend with except the Hunts, Watsons, and other mob-leaders. Captain Swing has at last entered the lists; and he has been a tough antagonist. But still, we think Napoleon's opposers and conquerors as well deserved their pay as the Peels or Dawsons, let their prowess be what it might.—But those things have had their day, and must have their conclusion.

Mr. Sadler has just appeared in the controversial field again, by a pamphlet entitled "A Refutation of an Article in the Edinburgh Review." The article was a bitter attack on his treatise on the "Law of Population." The pamphlet fully substantiates its title, by taking to pieces the reviewer's arguments, and shewing their misapprehensions and omissions. But it does more: availing itself of the *censuses* of the foreign populations lately published, it supplies a large quantity of additional and highly important illustration to the general principle of Mr. Sadler's system, and completely establishes his victory, by shewing that, as Bacon said so long since, "repletion is an enemy to generation;" the more fully peopled a country is, the less rapidly the rate of population increases.

Of the science, the force, and the importance of the treatise on the

"Law of Population," we have no space here to speak. But we think, that Mr. Sadler would render a most benevolent service to the community, by drawing up a brief view of what may be called the "Philosophy of Population," from the period at which the subject was revived by Malthus to the present day, when we may almost say that it has been triumphantly fixed by himself among the great established truths of human knowledge. We desire this especially, because, doubtless, from this principle flow all the chief peculiarities of the social condition, whether in new colonies or at home. Poor-laws, the division of agricultural labour, the apportionment of taxes, tithe, rents, every thing connected with the necessities and pressures of society, all form topics closely connected with the principle. Their due consideration might suggest remedies for the chief calamities of civil life, and to the mind of a philosopher whose natural benevolence is exalted and directed by Christianity, must open views of a nobleness and beauty in the prospects and progress of the human race, which no man could contemplate without an increase to his virtue and his wisdom.

Every body regretted the late Mr. Huskisson's death; not that there was any thing in the man himself to regret, for he was a *trading politician*, a name which comprehends every meanness of the human mind. His desertion of the friends of Canning, so immediately after his having been brought into office by that unlucky minister, gave rise to the strongest public contempt; and his subsequent exposure of himself in the paltry and abortive attempt to regain office under the Duke of Wellington, made him ridiculous for ever as a statesman. But the manner of his death was so sudden and frightful, that the public compassion, which it was impossible to offer to the political trimmer, was freely given to the dying man. The following odd announcement of widowed gratitude has lately made its appearance in the papers:

"Mrs. Huskisson has, in the handsomest manner, presented to Mr. Surgeon Ransome a gold snuff-box; to Mr. Surgeon Holt, of Eccles, and Mr. Surgeon Whatton, each a silver one; and to the other surgeons who attended her late husband, on the occasion of his fatal accident, the sum of five guineas each."

This seems one of the most novel styles imaginable, of recompensing medical men for their attendance. The five guineas may be regular enough—but the snuff-box presentations! We have generally heard of such donatives as connected with matters of congratulation. The freedom of cities, &c., is conferred in a box: it might be too "critical" to suppose, the freedom of widows signalized in the same mode. But this snuff-box prodigality is the first instance of its being made the expression of a matron's sorrows.

St. John Long has distanced the majesty of British justice in the persons of the coroner, the bailiffs, and the Bow-street magistrates, after all. We knew that he would do so; but in this we take no possible credit to ourselves, for every one knew that he would do so. Public opinion is, we must confess, still divided as to the place of his retreat, some pronouncing it America, where his purpose is, to set up a bank with Rowland Stephenson; others, New South Wales, by a natural and pleasant anticipation; and others, Paris, which of late years has

superseded Philadelphia, and even New York, as the general receptacle of "the unfortunate brave," the asylum of those men of genius, who have too much talent to live in England, the favoured spot of regeneration for those brilliant speculators whose conceptions equally outrun their credit and their age. However, the majority are clearly for Paris; and the objects of the visit are said to be political, and not personal. The friends of the ex-ministers, it is understood, have succeeded in engaging him; and he is about to put in operation a very extensive system of *counter-irritation* among the *canaille* of the French capital. Should his exertions be attended with success, he will, on his return, be retained by the Home-office, and despatched into the disturbed districts to *counter-irritate* the erring disciples of "Swing."

On the whole, we are convinced that St. John Long will be seriously missed at the West-end. His house was a pleasant lounge; his chocolate was unimpeachable, whatever his honesty might be; no one could ever question the strength of his coffee, whatever might be surmised of his science; and the sandwiches which promenaded the rooms regularly every half-hour, were a triumphant answer to all the aspersions that his patients lived upon air. We have no doubt that it was a much pleasanter place than the bazaars, to which such hosts of old peeresses order their carriages every day at one, with such matchless punctuality, to buy sixpence-worth of ribbon, and kill three hours. To this, St. John Long's promenade was a paradise. The comfortable manner in which all the comforts of the old ladies were provided for; the pleasantries arising from the nature of the scene between the various *rubbed;* the files of young women, with their mouths fixed to gas-pipes, and imbibing all sorts of vapours; and, never to be forgotten in the catalogue of attractions, the men of all ages who came to learn the art of being cured of all calamities, that of the purse inclusive. Then, too, St. John's own judicious generosity; the presents of invaluable snuff, of first-growth Champagne, of Mocha coffee to one, and of gunpowder tea to another, shewed a knowledge of women and human nature, that must, but for the malice of justice, inevitably have led to fortune. What will now become of the countess, who led her daughters to this palace of Hygeia as regularly as the day came; and with a spirit worthy of the great cause, declared that, if she had twenty daughters, she would take every one of them every day to the same place, for the same rubbing? What will become of the heavy hours of him who declared St. John's gas a qualification for the Cabinet, and that a sick minister applying to this dispenser of all virtue, would be on his legs in the House, and making a victorious speech within the twenty-four hours? What will become of the battalion of beauties who, at every puff of the gas-pipe, ran to their mirrors, and received the congratulations of the surrounding dandies, on the revived carnation of their cheeks? "Othello's occupation's o'er." But a St. John Long, of some kind or other, is so essential to the West-end world, that a successor must be rapidly erected in his room. Every age has its St. John Long, formed by the mere necessities of the opulent and idle. A new Perkins, with a packet of metallic tractors on a new scale, would be extremely acceptable in any handsome street in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square. Animal magnetism would thrive prodigiously between this and the dust-months, when London is left to the guardsmen and the cab-drivers; and when, as Lady Jersey says, nobody who is

anybody is to be seen in the streets from morning till night, that is, from three till six. But the true man of success would be Dr. Graham, of famous memory; the heir of his talents would make a fortune in any season of the year; and now that St. John Long has vacated the throne, nothing could be more favourable for his ambition, than to take advantage of the interregnum, and make himself monarch of charlatanry without loss of time.

Dr. Philpotts has reached Exeter, been received with triumphal honours by the children of the charity-school, passed through a whole street handsomely lined with the parish paupers, and under an escort of beadles, a detachment of sextons, and the pew-openers of the venerable cathedral, taken his seat in the episcopal chair. This scene of public joy and voluntary respect must be a full answer to all the impudent and insulting things that the papers of Exeter, and of every other town in the empire, poured out with such surprising remorselessness on the supposed conduct of the Right Reverend Father *in God!*

In the mind of all honest men and good christians, it must be to no purpose that Dr. Philpotts has been called all sorts of foul names. Here is the ample refutation—"He was welcomed to his stall by the charity-children of a parish in Exeter." What if irreverent words, which have sunk fifty great men a-year, at the lowest computation, within the last five years, were showered on the doctor here; he may lay his hand on his heart, and trampling his pamphlet on Canning and the Catholic question, demand whether any man can be base enough to remember a single pledge, or protestation, there; while he can appeal to the irresistible fact of his being cheered into Exeter by the charity-children. For our part, we congratulate the English Church, prosperous and popular as it is at this moment, on its acquisition of such a pillar of learning, piety, and unshaken political principle! Other men of rank in the church may by possibility lay themselves under the charge of time-serving, trickery, Jesuitism, saying one thing and doing another, &c.; but now, who can doubt, that for pure integrity, and the absence of all worldliness, we have in Dr. Philpotts a model of a Christian pastor, an Israelite in whom is no guile; a bishop worthy of the apostolic age? We leave it to others to enumerate the vigour, usefulness, and variety of his theological works; the eloquence and sincerity of his sermons, and the distinguished aid which his writings have given to the knowledge of the scriptures. If men will be sceptical, and deny the existence of any thing of the kind from the doctor's labours, we cannot stop to convince them. We stand on the notorious merits of his public consistency, on his public abhorrence of saying one thing and doing another; and appeal in proof to the unrivalled popularity which has exhibited itself on his reception in Exeter. Happy bishop of a happy people! happy clergy who are to have the benefit of his example! and happy church which, in this its day of security, is to have the splendid superfluity of virtues so apostolical, and so publicly honoured a name!

As the world of London delights in foreign intelligence, we give them the following from the land of blue skies and macaroni, where our bankers' wives carry themselves to get "attendants," and their daugh-

ters to get billiard-markers and hair-dressers, denominated Counts, for husbands.

"*Extract of a Letter from a Lady of Rank at Naples, Dec.* 1.—Henry de R. proposes passing the winter here. He is in miserable health. He gambles away his whole time, and wins a great deal of money. There are but few English people of distinction here at present. Lady D. goes about with her daughter, who is very ugly; they ride together, and sit their horses in the way that men do, which has not a good or an interesting effect.

"Lady C. having made her formal protest against the English vulgarism of being restricted to a husband; flourishes about on all occasions in the uniform of her cavalry regiment, and is calculated to have more of the *dragoon* in her, than her deserted spouse, as she certainly exhibits more impudence and gold lace than any female on the Chiaja.

"Since the Honorable Miss F.'s being carried off to the mountains by Fra. Jeromimo Malditorre, letters have been received from her by her noble family. She describes her situation as the most romantic thing possible. The band consists of fifty persons, the oldest not above five and twenty, and the whole the most gallant cavaliers imaginable. They spend the day in practising with the rifle, playing at tric-trac, robbing on the highway, and telling their beads. They occasionally bring in prisoners, whom they shoot, or compel to part with their toes and fingers until their ransom is paid. They often stab or pistol each other, but it is the etiquette to take no notice of those matters, and the community of every thing, loves and lovers included, makes it quite a life of the golden age. The last letter was concluded in haste, as the fair writer was obliged to clean her pistols, preparatory to her going on a secret expedition, with her *Carissimo*, which had for its object the capture of the Sardinian Ambassador's plate chest."

It is added, that "the noble family" having suffered this charming correspondence to transpire, the effect was instantly visible in the sudden departure of several of the fair daughters of noble houses, none of whom had subsequently returned; but who were ascertained to have gone to the mountains for the purpose of sharing their young friend's felicity. Mr. Hill was still ambassador, but he was unmusical and lived with his wife; two circumstances of the highest degree of disqualification in a British ambassador at Naples. The news of Lord Burghersh's appointment had raised the spirits of all the resident British; concerts, operas and eternal fiddlings were eagerly anticipated; but the disappointment was heart-breaking on the arrival of the despatches, annulling the news. However they still had the very sensible consolation that they cannot be compelled to listen to any of his Lordship's operas.

The *Morning Herald* has shewn the cloven foot, by attacking the parochial guardians of the church in its neighbourhood.

"It is rumoured that the authorities of the wealthy parish of St. Mary-le-Strand have it in contemplation to take into their early consideration the expediency of causing the face of the clock—which, it is said, is to be found on the steeple of their church—to be washed at their cost; so that it may not only be visible to the passers-by, but, its dingy digits being once more gilded, the curious in that respect may be able to learn from it the time of

day—an accommodation it has not been known to afford to any within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of the parish. It is also said, that the weathercock surmounting the steeple in question is to be made to demean itself more in accordance with the spirit of the present changing times, 'ever varying as the wind;' for, from some cause, weighty and sufficient doubtless, it has for many years seen fit to point only one way."

The malice of this attack is incontestible. What is it to any newspaper, all whose preparations and mystifications are made under cover of midnight, whether the church clock is as visible as the Lord Mayor's wisdom, or as invisible as the police after dusk? It is evidently no affair of theirs. The world goes goes on as well as if there were neither clock nor church there, and what more can be asked? As to the money intended for the "beautifying" of this fearful evidence of modern architecture, we have no doubt that it is well and wisely employed in something else, and there is an end of the matter. The weather-cock allusion is still more malicious. Who cares how a city weather-cock turns, or what purpose does it ever answer but to fix the eye of the innocent passenger while his pocket is picking? We say, let the world and St. Mary alone. All is very well as it is. "Whatever is, is right," especially in parish business!

There is a rumour that the Duke of Devonshire is about to be suffered to purchase the Pimlico Palace! and purchase it too, for about a fourth of what the public have been compelled to pay for it. We know not what the spirit of kings may be in this age of shaking thrones; but we know that the spirit of the nation would feel itself most prodigiously surprised by any such transaction. His Grace of Devonshire's pride is sufficiently bloated already, not to require any addition, by being thus permitted to thrust himself into the very tenement of royalty. In Buckingham House the good and venerable King George the Third lived many a happy and honoured year. We admit the dishonour brought upon those recollections by the architectural abomination of Mr. Nash's structure; but still the public money built the palace, and how many farthings of that money would the public have given to build a palace for the Duke of Devonshire? The sale of York House to Lord Stafford was a matter of the deepest public disgust, and to this moment it is an offence to the national eye to see the house intended for the lamented son of George the Third, tenanted by the little canal proprietor who hides himself in it. But the sale of Buckingham Palace would be a still less endurable meanness, an open and degrading confession that there is nothing in England, however high, secluded, or sacred, which mere vulgar weight of purse may not master; and which may not be the prize or prey of the greatest miser, or coxcomb, or booby, in the realm.

A fierce war is waging in York, in which the combatants are: Mr. Vernon, the archbishop's son, one of the canons, Mr. Smirke, and their followers, on the one side, and a large proportion of the gentry on the other; and the cause of the war is the removal of the famous cathedral screen. The subscribers insist that the original framer of the screen had more brains than Mr. Vernon, and more knowledge of architecture than Mr. Smirke and all his tribe, and that, besides, as they subscribed

their fifty thousand pounds, expressly for the "restoration" of the Cathedral, they would be swindled by any attempt to change instead of restoring it; and to have to pay for this change too, not less than twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Etty, the artist, who has more taste than all the combatants, has written a pamphlet to put this point in a clear view, and he has completely succeeded. The champions for the removal say, that the Cathedral will be much more sublime, romantic, and so forth, by transferring it to another corner of the building, where, of course, the original designer of this singularly fine piece of workmanship, would have seen all the canons hanged, before he would have suffered his work to have been put up. It strongly argues too, against the architectural removers, that by the removal twenty thousand pounds are to be set in motion too, while, by letting the screen stand where it is, nobody is to be the richer. With all our deference for the delicacy of the leading architects of our time, we can think them no more dignified than their predecessors, and we know that there was not an architect of the last century, who would not look on the quietude of twenty thousand pounds with a dissatisfied eye. But the fact is, that no architect living is entitled for a moment to put himself in competition with the erector of the York screen, nor with any, even the humblest of the builders of that edifice, or of any of our cathedrals. Of all the mediocrities of England, in our day, our architectural mediocrity is the most undeniable. Our new churches, unless where they have directly followed the Gothic model, or have servilely copied some Greek temple, are actual scandals, our palaces are eyesores; the whole science seems to be reduced to the art of laying one brick upon another, and charging five per cent. upon the outlay. And is it in this dry, dull, and heavy æra, that we are to presume to meddle with works of the most unequivocal genius; this day of builders, whose proudest art should never have ventured beyond the fabrication of a coal-cellar, or a public sewer; this race of genuine Bœotianism, when on seeing a church, palace, or street, of their workmanship, our only consolation for its architectural monstrosity, is in the flimsiness of its construction, and we congratulate English taste on the certainty that it will never offend the eyes of a second generation? And are the fine labours of antiquity and talent to be pulled down or dragged about according to the blundering of those personages? We hope that the subscribers will steadily and indignantly repulse this tampering with things almost sacred, will disdain to be counteracted by pocketfulls of proxies, or by any of the contrivances of men whose zeal is but another name for the obstinacy of absurdity, and that they will not allow an honour to their city, and one of the finest ornaments of England, to be defaced by any Hun of an architect or Vandal of a canon.

There has been a great deal of ill-blood lately, about the state of the Peerage, which is described to be degenerating as fast as possible; and certainly the late exposures of the Pension-list are not qualified to make us wonder at the vehemence of the grumbling. Some noble lords, notoriously supported solely by the government five hundred a year, and a multitude of them living on sinecures, pensions, and offices, afford but a disheartening sketch of the proud peerage. But it is going to have a powerful reinforcement. A contemporary tells us—

"Mr. Baring, we hear, is to be raised to the peerage. We do not know why Mr. Baring should not be made a peer; but what we want to know is, where this lord-making is to end? There may be room for lord Rothschild, Lord Cohen, Lord Ricardo, Lord Heseltine, and a few more; but where are we to sit, when we are all lords together?"

We cannot answer this question, and we must leave it to Sir George Naylor, or any of those useful individuals who provide blue spirits and white, black spirits and grey, green dragons, blue boars, and bloody hands, for the coach pannels of prosperous aldermen, and other rising characters of this world. But in the case of men like the bankers, we think that nothing but the most stubborn prejudice could be blind to their claims to the peerage. What can be more dignified than the perpetual putting up of money in one till, and taking out of another, spending twelve hours out of every twenty-four in calculating how many pence discount are to be deducted from a country bill, or keeping five hundred accounts for five hundred Tom O'Styleses and John O'Nokeses, in palpitating over the rise or fall of stocks a farthing per cent., and dabbling with both hands, and all the soul, in ink, arithmetic, money-broking, and bill dealing, for fifty years together. If all this will not qualify a man to be a Noble, to regulate the national affairs, to display personal dignity, and be capable of the large views and manly conceptions essential to the guidance of states, we do not know what will.

To Mr. Baring we can have no objection. But one point is worth remembering. A good deal of the national displeasure at some of these hasty promotions has arisen from finding, that after giving the honour, we have to pay for it ourselves; in other words, that besides making a Peer we have been performing the supererogatory work of making a Pensioner. Now it becomes a matter of some import to ascertain the means of any new candidate to support his title. Of the opulence of the individual in question far be it from us to hint a doubt. The truth is, we know nothing about it, and he may be either as rich as Crœsus, or not worth Sir George Naylor's fee, for any thing that concerns us; but, must confess, that we have a general mistrust of the money of trade. We can look at the salt-pans of a Duke of Devonshire; the Duke of Bedford can show us a Covent Garden Market; Lord Grosvenor can exhibit a vista of brick-kilns poisoning the air of half a province; Lord Gwydir can defy fate, as long as there is virtue in mooring-chains. All those substantialities, if not altogether of the most chivalric nature, are yet something tangible. But where are we to look for the substance of a race of men who carry their wealth in a Bill of Exchange? Whose ledger is their gold mine; and whose desk is their goods and chattels? What was Monsieur Lafitte a month ago? The Plutus of France, commanding, with a touch of his pen, a flood of gold to flow wherever this more than magician willed; striking one dynasty out of the land, and fixing another. Yet, if the stories from Paris are true, Monsieur Lafitte is now fit only "to point a moral and adorn a tale." M. Rothschild is our Plutus—his throne too is declared to be founded on a rock of gold; and we have no objection to its being as solid as the poles, but we would not pledge our smallest coin that there is any thing like solidity in bank paper under the moon; and have we not peers enough, when we have four hundred and twenty?

The appointment of Mr. Burge as agent for Jamaica, will be received with great satisfaction by all who are connected with that important island, and who desire to see its interests supported by ability, experience, and integrity. The choice is the more remarkable, as Mr. Burge had been for twelve years the King's Attorney-General, an office in which lawyers at home are so seldom lucky enough to discover the means of endearing themselves to their fellow-citizens. Indeed, the general result of the office is, to display all the hidden blots of character, and transmit the holder to posterity as a paltry slave, or a bitter and malignant abuser of power. It is certainly no trivial honour to the present choice of the Jamaica House of Assembly, that he tempered his office with such qualities as to make the island thus take the first and the highest opportunity in its power, of expressing the public gratitude.

On the Report of the Joint Committee of the Council and Assembly, nominating this gentleman as the agent, an opponent was fortunately started in the person of a Mr. Colville, an eminent merchant—*fortunately*, we say, as it gave an opportunity for a manly and clear detail of Mr. Burge's conduct in the most delicate point of his office. After some discussion, the question was put, when the votes for Mr. Burge were—twenty-eight to eleven. In this debate, Mr. Bernard, a member of high character, delivered the following handsome and fully-recognized tribute to the late Attorney-General's conduct:—

"All," says that gentleman, "have concurred in admitting the talents and acquirements, the zeal and application of Mr. Burge; but his opponents have accused him of endeavouring to carry into effect the measures recommended by his Majesty's ministers for the slave population, and with having advised the officers of the Customs to levy duties under Acts of Parliament. He (Mr. Bernard) well knew Mr. Burge, both in his public and private character; the leading points of his politics were *melioration of the slave population, and an admission of persons of colour to political and civil rights.* If the House had not gone the whole length of Mr. Burge's opinions, they had at least recognized and adopted most of them. The slave law of 1826, which had been again passed last year, contained many enactments which were suggested by Mr. Burge. The admission of the slave evidence, a measure for which Mr. Burge had always strenuously contended, had been passed by the House, and the general tenor of that law, and the one conferring additional privileges on persons of free condition, shewed that the House went with Mr. Burge in many of his opinions. As to the charge of authorising the collection of duties, the House would recollect that it was the bounden duty of Mr. Burge, as his Majesty's Attorney-General, to support his Majesty's Government. Mr. Burge was charged with other acts of obedience to his Majesty's Government. He (Mr. Bernard) had always been taught that the faithful discharge of one trust by a man, was the best reason why another should be committed to him. If Mr. Burge had, as his opponents asserted, faithfully served his Majesty's Government as Attorney-General, it was fair to infer that he would as faithfully serve Jamaica as her agent."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A Narrative of the Peninsular War, by Major Leith Hay, 2 vols. 12mo.—Not a narrative of the war, but a book of and about the said war; or, more correctly, a sketch of what fell under the writer's own eye—at all times worth more than a statement compiled from reports, where every thing is of necessity generalized, or at least where every thing like individuality must disappear. Major Hay, for a subaltern,—as he then was,—had unusual opportunities of witnessing the varieties of service in the Peninsular struggle, and abundant as have been memoirs on the subject, we scarcely think his superfluous. No two men are placed precisely in the same circumstances, and of course, if they keep their eyes open, one sees something different from his neighbour. In general Major Hay is eulogistic, and one motive for publishing is to commemorate the achievements of inferior officers, overlooked by others, though now and then, when the tide of opinion is too strong to stem, he yields a confession of the possibility of error; but with respect to the French, he gives free wing to his censures—*they* rarely did anything but blunder. He attributes in fact most of our successes to French blunders, without perceiving that in the same proportion he detracts from the merits of his friends. To be sure, there is merit in seizing upon an adversary's slips; but higher, at least in the estimation of most persons, in creating occasions, and higher still in playing your own game, than in following your opponent's.

Major Leith Hay was in the Peninsula as early as August 1808, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to General Leith, who was despatched to the north coast to collect information. Under General Leith's orders were Major Lefevre, Colonels Jones, Paisley, and Birch. None of these officers are so much as noticed by Colonel Napier, who very flippantly, in the opinion of Major Hay, and erroneously in fact, represents the officers, so employed, all as their own masters, and with no earthly qualification for the office, but some little acquaintance with the language of the country. To Major Hay this seems excessively harsh and unjust, and with some bitterness he affirms that, Colonel Jones, for instance, was a man of at least equal authority with Colonel Napier himself. Information at head quarters was sadly defective, but the English were new to the country, and the Spaniards lazy. Before General Moore's disastrous retreat, Major Hay and his superior joined the army, and were present at the battle of Corunna. "The misfortunes of Moore's army," says the Major, "were occasioned by inexperience in campaigning, by an ignorant commissariat, by bad roads, and dreadful weather – but never by the enemy." Major Hay was also with his regiment at the battle of Talavera, the success of which, if success it could be called, is thus accounted for:—"Great firmness to grapple with responsibility, self-possession to rise above adverse circumstances, a vigorous mind to decide promptly and correctly, brave troops, *and the good fortune of being indecisively and injudiciously opposed*, brought Sir Arthur Wellesley through the battle of Talavera."

Of the 10,000 who filled the hospitals on the plains of Estramadura, after the battle of Talavera, the author was one; and though he had full three months to speculate on the causes which induced the commander-in-chief to linger on these miserable plains, with the troops perishing by thousands, Major Hay "never, neither then nor since, could discover a sufficient reason for Lord Wellington's subjecting his army to this mortal and apparently unnecessary infliction." After his recovery, the Major joined the army in Portugal, and assisted in the conflict at Busaco; and after reaching the lines of Torres Vedras, accompanied General Leith to England, before Massena shewed any symptoms of evacuating Portugal. Early in January of the following year (1812) he was again in the field, and time enough to witness the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. At the battle of Salamanca he was wounded, but again on his legs in time to reach Madrid and join in the retreat from the capital, which was all but as disastrous as Sir John Moore's. Circumstances luckily were more favourable—the soldiers were better seasoned, and in the opinion of Major Hay, if we understand him, better commanded.

During the following winter, and till May 1813, the Major was employed as a scout, and such were the facilities afforded by the goodwill of the natives, that he was able to keep close to the enemy's quarters for months without detection or danger. He ventured, however, once too often. He was discovered and secured, and refusing to give his parole, was treated with some harshness; but the treatment was not surely to be complained of, for the refusal of his parole was equivalent to an avowal of a design to escape. In fact he was liberally treated, for a few days before the battle of Vittoria he was exchanged for an officer then in England, who had been captured *in the field*. To the Major's

annoyance, however, he was kept on parole till the exchange was completed, though allowed to proceed to the British head quarters. His opportunities enabled him to give Lord Wellington proofs of the enemy's intention to make a stand at Vittoria, and put him upon his guard. Though precluded from fighting, he was not, it seems, from being present at the battle, and accordingly he was with the commander-in-chief during the whole of it—expressly, because there might be points upon which Lord Wellington might wish to question him. To our notions this scarcely falls within the chivalrous limits of a soldier's honour. In the action, while the aides-de-camp were all dispatched on different errands, the commander turned to Major Hay, but recollecting his situation, he observed—"No, you cannot." This is remarked not merely as creditable to the commander, but as an instance of self-possession at so tumultuous a moment; and truly it is an eminent one, and the circumstance is worthy of being recorded on both accounts.

Basil Barrington and his Friends, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—The author of this production has thrown his offspring upon the world, like a bear's cub unlicked, without symmetry or shape. Its limbs hang together like those of a paper harlequin, with no proportions or proprieties in their movements. Yet there is nerve and vigour in them. Some of the sketches, in plain terms, are excellent—well worked up—attesting the possession of strong and original conception, with a capacity for entering with depth and discrimination into painful feelings and harassing positions. But a want of skill to link the results, and give force and effect to his combinations is deplorably manifest.

Barrington is a gentleman who suffers his affairs to run to ruin while he is in pursuit of his own enjoyments—the knick-knackeries of a virtuoso. He gets of course into difficulties, and with a wife and children, those difficulties involve him in the most excruciating distresses. In his extremity he tries—as men in such situation will, in spite of all experience and all warning—to solicit loans; and every body, he finds of course, has excuses ready cut and dried at command to baffle his purpose. He has a brother, a man of immense wealth, but with a heart naturally—there are such things—as hard as a stone, and made still harder, if possible, by a perversion of religious principle or formality. His unfortunate brother has run himself wilfully into difficulties—he has done wrong and must bide the penalty; to relieve him is flying in the face of Providence—an attempt to obstruct the natural consequences of the laws of nature, &c.

To him, of course, all appeals are made in vain, till finally a lady, a common acquaintance, of manners, by the way, that set common rules at defiance—a person, such as nobody, in our well-drilled state of society, can now-a-days, by possibility meet with—undertakes apparently the cure of this religious and hypocritical professor. Through the agency and connivance of friends she contrives to seduce him into hazardous speculations in mines and share bubbles, till he believes himself at last the dupe of knavery; and in that belief curses his fate, and recals his cruelty to his brother. The scheme, if scheme it can be called, is so unskilfully conducted, that by a mere accident, a circumstance not to be calculated upon, the unhappy Barrington is only at last rescued from irremediable misery by the act of an actual madman, whose story, told at the length of nearly a volume, finally proves to be the suggestions of his own phrensied fancy, and wholly unconnected with the texture of the tale.

The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq., 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—This correspondence consists almost wholly of letters addressed to Pinkerton. Very few of his own letters have been preserved. The letters now printed were arranged by himself for publication. Mr. Dawson Turner has here and there added a note by way of explanation, and cut away what appeared to him we suppose less insignificant than the rest. The whole would have doubled the mass now printed, and now there is too much by half. Pinkerton himself was devoted, body and soul, to the manufacture of books, but possessed neither of temper, judgment, or taste to serve the cause of literature. His prejudices were quite ludicrous, and his violence intolerable. He was born at Edinburgh in 1758; the son of a merchant; and articled at the usual age to an attorney of the same town. Just at the expiration of his articles his father died, and with the property which then fell into his possession, not considerable, but enough for a man of moderate habits and wants, he hastened to London, and surrendered himself to the vexations, perhaps to the pleasures, of literature. His first effort was spent on the ancient poetry of Scotland; and very early he distinguished himself by a volume of letters upon literature, which brought him into favourable notice among the would-be patrons of letters of that day. Successively he appeared as a writer on medals, on Scotch history, on geography, geology, &c. He gained but little by his productions, compared with the labour of many of them, and in his latter days fell into poverty, and died at Paris in 1826. The correspondence, though

little connected, tells the story of his life, that is of his publications, for almost all are spoken of more or less. Many of the letters are from men of rank in society, if not in literature, such as Lord Buchan and Horace Walpole, but more from men of inferior rank in all respects. Pinkerton was, as we have said, of an irritable temperament, and many of the letters are connected with his quarrels and misunderstandings. A reply of Godwin's, so far back as 1799, on some supposed offence, is admirable. Every body seemed to Pinkerton to use him ill, and nobody will wonder who conceives his bilious portrait. He was a very little and very thin old man, with a very small, sharp, yellow face, thickly pitted with the small pox, and decked with a pair of green spectacles.

While publishing engravings of distinguished Scotchmen, very miserable ones by the way, he wrote Sir John Sinclair a dissertation on the Scotch philibeg. According to Pinkerton the old loose Braccæ, covering leg and thigh, were followed by tight hose, which hose were covered at last, for the sake of decency, by the *haut de chausses* (or top of hose). At first this, which was very short and loose as a philibeg, was lengthened by degrees, till Henry IV. of France wore it down to within three or four inches of the knee, and gathered like a petticoat tucked. Louis XIII. appeared with what are now called breeches. The Germans call breeches *hosen*, a term which we confine to stockings. But the haut de chausses has become among the Highlanders most indecent, because they do not wear, as they ought, long hose under the philibeg. "It is not only grossly indecent," adds Pinkerton, in his usual way, "but *filthy*, as it admits dust to the skin, and emits the fœtor of perspiration; is *absurd*, because while the breast, &c. are twice covered by vest and plaid, the parts concealed by all other nations are but loosely covered; is *effeminate*, being mostly a short petticoat, an article of female dress; is *beggarly*, because its shortness, and the shortness of the stockings, joined with the naked knees, impress an unconquerable idea of poverty and nakedness."

In reply to this antiquarianism and tirade, Sir John thinks that *haut de chausses* means trowsers, and not the philibeg; "Indeed," he continues, "it is well known that the philibeg was invented by an Englishman in Lochabar, about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen would be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid; and that it was more decent to wear it than to have *no clothing at all*, which was the case with some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods in Lochabar."

Did not Sir John see the absurdity of naked men in the Highlands of Scotland?

Memoirs of the War in Greece, by Mr. Millingen.—Mr. Millingen, in 1823, had just terminated his professional studies, when the Greek committee were beating up for medical recruits; and seizing the opportunity for active employment, he forthwith enrolled his name in the lists of candidates. He was well recommended, and his services of course were promptly accepted. At Cephalonia, he was introduced to Lord Byron, and at Missolonghi, *his* recommendation obtained him an appointment in the Greek service. He was, moreover, consulted by him in his last illness—conflicted with Bruno as to his medical treatment, and was present at his death, and the post-mortem examination. Some time ago, in the Westminster Review, it seems, Bruno threw the blame of improper treatment upon Millingen, while in fact, as Millingen in his defence asserts, Bruno, as chief physician, had every thing his own way. Millingen's statement is this: Lord Byron had a horror of bleeding, and thought, as Dr. Reid said or wrote, the lancet had killed more than the sword; he had besides promised his mother never to be blooded, and in short peremptorily resisted Bruno's urgency. Getting alarmed, however, as he grew worse, he consulted Millingen. Millingen was equally earnest for bleeding, and finally worried him into compliance. The operation, apparently too long delayed, was not attended with the success anticipated by both Bruno and Millingen; but Millingen was for persevering. In his opinion, antiphlogistic remedies alone had any chance. Bruno insisted upon antispasmodics, and actually administered Valerian, with ether, &c. The consequence was convulsions, or at least convulsions immediately followed, and in spite of all remonstrance, on the part of Millingen, a second dose was given, and the patient was soon gone.

After Lord Byron's death, Mr. Millingen continued in the Greek service till the capture of Navarino. Unluckily he was in the town, and thus fell into the hands of Ibrahim, who having just lost a physician, insisted upon his taking the vacant office. No alternative was left him, he was in the hands of a barbarian, who considered the life of his prisoner at his disposal. Mr. Millingen of course yielded, and in spite of all the interest exerted in his favour by friends, he was not able to escape the fangs of his tormentor till the following year. In his absence his enemies—every man has them—were busy, and maliciously charged him with

giving up the Greek cause, and "basely, for the sake of better pay, deserting the cross for the crescent." Much of Mr. Millingen's very intelligent book is accordingly occupied in *defence*, but independently of personal matters, his narrative of events, and especially his sketches of distinguished Greeks and Philhellenes are executed in a style of discrimination that entitles them to attention. But the portion of the volume which will prove most attractive is undoubtedly what concerns Lord Byron. Of the accounts relative to his last days we have seen none that bear the marks of veracity so distinctly stampt upon them.

The old Scotch fortune-teller's—"beware of your thirty-seventh year," seems to have pressed upon Lord Byron's recollection. He entered this thirty-seventh year in January, while in Greece; and repeated the story of the warning with great emotion, in the presence of Mr. M. The party laughed at his superstition. "To say the truth," replied Lord B. "I find it difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto live a free-thinker. You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days; but no consideration can now induce me to undertake any thing either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes, and God knows, I have had my share, have happened to me on one of those days. You will ridicule, also, a belief in incorporeal beings. I could give you the details of Shelley's conversations with his familiar. Did he not apprise me, that he had been informed by that familiar, that he would end his life by drowning? and did I not, a short time after, perform on the sea-beach, his funeral rites?"

Three or four days before his death, he asked Millingen to inquire for any very old and ugly witch. M. turned the request into ridicule. "Never mind," said Lord B., "whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the 'evil eye.' She may devise some means to dissolve the spell!" One was found, but as he did not repeat the request, she was not introduced. Mr. M. attributes the attack to drinking punch to excess with Parry.

Blisters on the legs were proposed. Lord B. asked if they could not both be applied to the same leg. "Guessing his motive," says M. "I told him I would place them above the knees. 'Do so,' said he, 'for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot. Did not I tell you,' he said repeatedly, 'I should die at thirty seven?'"

Encyclopædia Britannica, Parts IX. and X.—Professor Leslie's dissertation proves quite worthy to fill up the vacuam left by Playfair. The writer's hazardous undertaking was to resume his predecessor's discourse, and conduct the history of mathematical and physical science through the eighteenth century. We had read the piece without observing this limitation, and were surprised occasionally to find the story, for the most part, for any notice it took of recent advances in science, might have been written as well twenty or thirty years ago. In some branches of physics, electricity and astronomy for instance, the progress is brought nearer to our own times, and the whole surely should have been worked out quite up to the date of the edition of the Encyclopædia it was destined to accompany and illustrate. What is done, however, is well done. Mr. Leslie had a much more laborious and difficult task to accomplish than his predecessor. The regions of science expanding so immensely in the eighteenth century, the effort required more resolution, more research, and above all, more selection. The materials, in proportion as they were ampler, were more scattered. The outline of his subject was at once more extensive, and the details incomparably more abundant. The result is a very useful compendium of a multitudinous subject.

In the body of the Encyclopædia, the article America is able and comprehensive, and would have been improved by a glance at the general statistics of the United States, to complete, what apparently was intended, a view of the western world.

The Military Bijou, by John Shipp, 2 vols. 12mo.—When Shipp had his own unique story to tell he told it well, and every body was delighted with it; but the narrative exhausted his resources. It contained the pith of his materials, and the volumes before us present nothing but scraps, the greater part of which were scarcely worth collecting or recollecting. Too often he mistakes breadth for humour — vapouring for frankness—stale romance for generous sentiment, and is perpetually tripping in chace of fine writing, and ever and anon is on the brink of slip-sloppery. But it is a soldier's book, and need not be severely handled. A courtship scene has perhaps truth and humour enough in it to balance the coarseness.

THE SOLDIER'S SWEET-HEART.

It is an old saying, that soldiers and sailors have one at every port. There is more truth in

the adage—I know from my own experience—than is attached to many sayings of the olden time. More is the pity, says the moralizer; so say I; but I have known the most unsullied pledges of love to be given by such lovers. And do dear women not deserve it?—they do. But I am going from my subject:—what is meant by a Soldier's Sweet-heart? If you don't know, I will tell you.

After evening parade, soldiers generally go for a recreative stroll, for the purpose of meeting some fair maiden, in whose young bosom there is an inclination to be beloved by the brave defenders of Albion. The greeting, if strangers, is this:—

Soldier. Good evening, my little beauty; by my bayonet, well pointed, but I wish I had so sweet a girl for a sweet-heart.

Maiden. Come, hands off, fellow!—don't you go for to handle me—you are mistaken in your mark.

Soldier. Me! you little black-eyed, rosy-cheeked beauty! I never miss my aim—that is always a dead one.

Maiden. Then you have missed for the first time.

Soldier. Oh, no, my dear—it is only a flash in the pan; come, come, don't be so coy; come and kiss me.

Maiden. There, take that.

Soldier. Pray, what do you call that? I'll have you hung and gibbeted for striking your superior officer; I will, you little dimpled-cheeked hussey; you have knocked out my right eye.

Maiden. So much the better; it will save you the trouble of shutting it when you make your dead shot.

Soldier. By my well-cleaned musket, but you have hit your shot in right good earnest, and I am resolved to take the forfeiture of striking a soldier.

Maiden. What is that?

Soldier. Why, amongst men, blow for blow; but, from lovely woman, for a blow we take a kiss. By Jove, but I would have the other eye bunged up for another such a honied kiss; so I would, and call myself a gainer.

Maiden. Then there it is.

Soldier. And there it is; now we are quits.

Maiden. You are a good-for-nothing fellow, so you are; and I'll tell my mistress, so I will—indeed I will.

Soldier. Do, my little Phœbe, and I will serve her the same.

Maiden. Ay, but you dare not, for she is a lady.

Soldier. A lady! so much the better; they are as fond of kissing as their maids.

Maiden. Oh! but she is married.

Soldier. Better still; then she understands it.

Maiden. Oh, dear!—there, it is four o'clock. What will my mistress say? You may depend upon it I will tell her of your *imperance*, so I will.

Soldier. So do, my little sloe-eyed dear; and there is another kiss for you for your trouble.

Maiden. And there is another box in the face for you.

Soldier. May my firelock miss fire, if I stand it any longer; so I will e'en make up the round dozen.

Maiden. Is that what you call a round dozen?

Soldier. Yes, my dear, a soldier's dozen.

Maiden. Do you pay all your debts as honestly?

Soldier. To the fair sex, certainly, my pretty little black-eyed, black-haired, rosy-cheeked dear. If I had you for a sweet-heart, I would not change places with the great captain of the age; I should be the happiest man in England.

Maiden. Yes, if all the rest are out of it.

Soldier. But, my love ——

Maiden. Your love, indeed!

Soldier. I hope you will be.

Maiden. What should I see in your ugly face to become your love, I should like to know?

Soldier. Not ugly, either—that's too bad; I flatter me that there are worse going mortals than myself.

Maiden. But you are only a private soldier.

Soldier. Pardon me, my dear; I am a lance-corporal.

Maiden, A lance-corporal!—what is that?

Seldier. An officer who carries a lance.

Maiden. Then I beg your corporalship's pardon. Hark! half-past four as I am a sinner! I shall certainly lose my place.

Soldier. I hope so; I have one for you.

Maiden. Where?

Soldier. In my heart.

Maiden. Deary me!—have soldiers got hearts?

Soldier. Yes, and faithful ones, too.

Maiden. Indeed! Well, I can really stay no longer; but mind you never speak to me again; and if you come past our house—No. 2, Love Lane, you may depend upon what you will receive.

Soldier. Good bye, lovely creature.

Maiden. Good bye, you impudent fellow.

Thus soldiers make love, and this surreptitious courtship forms the misery of both for life. My heart has ached, when marching through England, to see groups of these unfortunates, following their lovers hundreds of miles, to see them embark for foreign stations, when the agonizing grief of those faithful women was truly heart-rending. On their re-landing, they are there to hail their lovers' return, and welcome them to their native land.

Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries, &c. by Andrew Picken.—A commendable attempt to separate the general information discoverable in the travels of missionaries, their researches, and adventures, from the common details of missionary labours. Within the last half century many countries have been visited by them, to which the pursuits of the philosopher or the merchant, or the mere gazer at wonders, seldom conduct them. No mere occasional visitor, again, whatever may be his immediate object, can have the opportunities which the missionary has. He mingles and lives among the people, and long enough often to penetrate below the surface, and strip off the ostensible motives of action. But rarely has it happened that the missionary himself has been a man qualified to make the best use of his opportunities; some, however, have, and the compiler's object

is to gather together what he considers calculated to add to the stock of our knowledge of the globe.

The earliest missions in modern times were Catholics, both in the east and the west. But very early the reformers of the continent made several efforts. Before Calvin's death even, a party of Swiss passed over to the Brazils, but with a result most disastrous to themselves. After a residence of some months, they were driven out to sea in a miserable vessel, with scarcely any food, and very few survived their sufferings. A few years afterwards Gustavus Vasa dispatched some missionaries to Lapland, and early in the following century the Dutch sent out more than one expedition to Ceylon and Java. The Danes were still more conspicuous, and made several attempts both in Greenland and the East Indies. Our own American colonists, towards the middle of the same century, promoted similar undertakings among the Red Indians—the names of Brainherd, Ellis, and Serjeant, as missionaries, are familiar. None, however, were so indefatigable as the Moravians during the last century under the patronage of Zinzindorf, assisted occasionally by the English friends of missionary exertion.

But no direct attempt was, we believe, ever made in this country,—save some slight and inefficient efforts by the Church Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,—before that of Dr. Coke, the methodist. He and three others, destined for Nova Scotia, were driven by adverse winds to one of the West India islands, an event which, in its successful results, laid the foundation of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In 1792 the Baptist Society despatched Carey and Ward to the East Indies; and four years after the London Society fitted out a mission to the South Seas. With this latter expedition the compiler commences his volume, and sketches in sufficient detail the voyage of the ship Duff among the islands of the South Sea. Though calculated to cool persons of less ardour than the patrons of missions, the result only animated them, and the ship was again despatched with a reinforcement of pious labourers. Unluckily they were captured by the French, and put ashore at Monte Video, from whence they at last got back to England. In the meanwhile the original mission met with rough treatment from the natives of the island, prompted by two or three worthless shipwrecked sailors. The greater part contrived to escape, but a few persevered. No fresh attempt was made to relieve them from home, though the London Society never quite abandoned the hope, and in 1815 a Mr. Wm. Ellis was commissioned to reconnoitre the scene, and put the society in possession of adequate information. On his representation another batch of missionaries was prepared, and Mr. Ellis continued to prosecute his researches, and labour in his vocation with more or less success for eight or ten years. These matters fill up nearly two-thirds of the volume before us, and the remainder is taken up with the pith of Vanderkempt's narrative, and M. Campbell's two journeys over the dreary regions of the Cape.

The compiler purposes to proceed, and we wish him success in his labours. Half a dozen similar volumes may be readily got up, with matter full of interest, and very little known.

Stories of American Life, by American Writers; edited by Miss Mitford, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—There is no longer any need of complaint about lack of native talent in America. Writers multiply every day, and their productions already appear in numbers numberless. How long, or rather how short a time is it since Americans depended wholly on reprints of our works! and now we are ready to return the compliment, and reprint *theirs.* Browne, Cooper, and Miss Sedgewick are the only *names* yet familiar among novel readers--for Washington Irving's subjects are almost all English--but in addition to these now pretty well known writers, the Americans have annuals, magazines, and other periodicals, which embrace some of the most popular productions of the most popular living writers in the world of the west. Verplante, Paulding, Hall, Neale, Barker, Willis, &c.—all men of renown, and mighty in their hemisphere.

Miss Mitford accordingly, commissioned by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, has made a copious selection of short pieces, eight or ten to the volume, and they are beyond all question entitled to class with any collection of tales which fill similar volumes with our own native productions. The clever editor has studiously confined her selections to pieces which have something national and characteristic of the country in them. They are, therefore, not merely European characters and incidents coupled with American names. "Many a clever essay have I rejected," says Miss M., "because it might have been written on this side of the Atlantic; and many a graceful tale has been thrown aside for no graver fault than that, with an assortment of new names, it might have belonged to France or Switzerland, or Italy, or any place *in Christendom* (not, we suppose, meaning to exclude America from the regions of Christendom), where love is spoken and tears are shed; whilst I have grasped at the broadest caricature, so that it contained indications of local

manners; and clutched the wildest sketch, so that it gave a bold outline of local scenery. I wanted to shew the Americans as they are, or rather make them shew themselves." An arduous task for one who has no personal acquaintance with the country, and must trust to books, with nothing but her own sagacity, on which however she may safely rely, to guide her. In the stories, variety of course was a leading point—some relate to the towns, and some to the forests; some to the shores, and some to the prairies; some are broad and coarse; some sentimental, some moral, others romantic, but none of them heavy. You need not go to sleep to escape from any of them. Good sound sense, with nothing of the lack-a-daisical, runs through the whole of the pieces, and in this respect they might have been written all by one person. Many of the pieces are anonymous at home, but the editor has not given the names even of those she must have known, which is something like defrauding the authors of their fair fame. We have space neither for extracts nor outlines, not to say that the whole are so equally respectable, that it would be invidious to attempt to give priority to any. If we did notice any in particular, it would probably be Pete Featherton, because the story involves a point of superstition, from which America is thought to be as free, as Ireland from snakes. The scenes in Washington too, might justly, if any, claim distinction; crowded with the holders of office, and candidates for office, and speculators of every age or sex.

The Vizier's Son, or the Adventures of a Mogul, by the Author of Pandurang Hari, &c. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—By moguls are meant in India, specifically, foreigners, whose complexions are fair, and who profess Mahometanism, such as Arabs, Turks, and Persians. The writer, a very competent person, has before given us the Adventures of an Hindoo. The scene of his new tale is the court of Shah Jehan, and the basis and most of its materials consist of the cabals and intrigues of his four sons towards the close of his life, to succeed him. The hero of the tale is involved, in spite of all his efforts, and in defiance of honest intentions, in their several schemes, and in general escapes from one peril only to plunge into another. He is himself, though he does not know the fact till the final dénouement, a nephew of Shah Jehan; but is brought up in the family of the Vizier, represented as his son, and very early introduced into office and command. The youth is of a mighty inflammable temperament, and a pair of bright eyes bring him into frequent conflict with the duties of his station. The Shah's daughters are as restless and intriguing as his sons. Never was king, indeed, more plagued with his family, except perhaps our own second Henry; but the workings of Nemesis were, as usual, just enough. The Shah had destroyed many of the members of the race of Timour—all as he thought—and his greatest vexations finally proceeded from his own children. His domestic cruelties were visited on his own head by his own family. A brother, the father of the hero of the tale, had however escaped the general carnage, and after submitting to a long obscurity reappears, and recognizes his brave and noble son, in concurrence with whom he resolves to attempt the recovery of his regal rights. The result is not pursued in the volumes before us, and the silence of historical records implies a failure or a fiction. Aurungzebe, that son of Shah Jehan who finally triumphed over all his brothers, we know seized his father's sceptre, and kept it to his 90th year, and handed it over quietly, quietly for the east, to his own offspring. The story is not altogether without interest; but so abhorrent are the habits of the east to those of our western world in our day, that with difficulty can any warm sympathy be raised in our bosoms by the revolting details. So perverted are the natives in principle and so despotic in practice, such contempt of life and security appears on all sides, such ups and downs, such fury and revenge, such cold selfishness and burning passions, that there is no going along with them. The finest sources of interest, which spring from the delicacies of domestic feeling, are absolutely withered and swept away. The volumes, however, are calculated to extend our acquaintance with the country, but must be read, if read at all, for the sake of dry information; amusement they can scarcely furnish to any one, not already orientalized.

Sunday Library, by Dr. Dibdin, Vol. I.—The value of a selection does not depend wholly upon the selector. The best he can do is to give the best he can find. *Ex nihilo nihil;* and if it be true, as it probably is, that out of the writers of sermons within the last fifty years, amounting to some hundreds, perhaps thousands, nothing better could be found than the contents of this volume, the Editor is not to blame, save for not abandoning an undertaking, which, however well conceived, could not be executed with any credit either to himself or the profession. With two, or at the most, three exceptions, the eighteen sermons here reprinted—the volume has nothing but reprints—really present

nothing that can arrest the attention of any intelligent person, as to manner or matter. Among the seven or eight selected from *living* preachers, two are the production of the Bishop of London, and more lifeless pieces of inanity we scarcely ever looked upon—there is no vigour of conception in them—no spirit in the handling—no novelty of illustration—no, nor one single flash of eloquence—merely humdrum. A sermon of Benson reflecting upon Lord Byron, gives occasion for a note by the editor on the subject of Kennedy's conversations with the noble poet. Dr. Dibdin thinks Kennedy did not treat his patient skilfully. He should have administered steel doses of Paley and Herbert Marsh, instead of drenching him with thin potations of methodism. The Editor has, apparently, no doubt that, had Dr. Dibdin prescribed, the result would have been—a cure.

The Gentleman in Black, Illustrated by Cruickshank.—A smart little *jeu d' esprit* descriptive of some of the wily manœuvres of the Gentleman in Black. A portion of it appeared some time ago in a publication called the Literary Magnet, which, though a work of some value, shared the fate of scores of even good periodicals. The tale is now completed, and illustrated by some of the touches of Cruickshank's pencil—never so *happy* as when *exposing* the devil. A young French spendthritt, pestered by tailors' bills, exclaims, "What the devil shall I do?" "Did you call, Monsieur?" inquires the Gentleman in Black, suddenly presenting himself at this invocation. The youngster, after getting over his surprise a little, enters into a formal compact for unlimited supplies of money, on condition of sinning (quite to his taste) annually a definite quantity, beginning with one moment, but proceeding in a geometrical ratio. In pretty much the same circumstances a young Englishman makes the same bargain. Both, of course, go on for some time in the full swing of indulgence, checked only by the sable Gentleman, when either appears on the point of doing, which rarely occurs, any thing likely to conflict with his general views. For some years, of course, the advantages of the contract are all on one side—the *quid pro quo* is of the lightest kind, but gradually it grows too weighty to be longer borne. In some thirty years the stipulation demands the work of four thousand days at the rate of sixteen hours a day in a single year. Even the sum of his early excesses, though liberally placed to his credit, scarcely relieves him, and in his despair he lays the bond before an old cunning fox of a lawyer to see if he can detect a flaw. The bond is correctly drawn, but the lawyer proves the bank-notes which had been supplied to be forgeries, which cuts away a large slice of the devil's demands; and as to the rest of the debt, the lawyer finally frightens him into accepting a composition, by threatening to throw the case into Chancery, where, of course, it is not likely to be decided in *his* time. (This, it will be remembered, occurred before the accelerating days of Chancellor *Brougham.*) The bond is accordingly cancelled, and the victorious litigant turns over a new leaf.

In the meanwhile the Frenchman has recourse, in his embarrassments, to his confessor and the church, but obstructed by a thousand forms and appeals, he luckily consults his English friend, who of course recommends his own lawyer, and the lawyer, elated by his recent triumph, readily undertakes the matter. The case is already before the church, and must be prosecuted in its courts. The lawyer makes an alliance with a Jesuit, and the devil, through bravely resisting these fearful odds, finally gives way, seduced by the glorious prospects opened to him by the schemes of the Jesuits, already in agitation, and sure to be productive to him of the most satisfactory results.

Cabinet Library, Vol. I.—Dr. Lardner *again.*—Dr. Lardner is taking the whole corps de littérature into his grasp and his pay. Whoever cannot be made available for the service of the Cyclopædia, may in one shape or other be crimped into the miscellanies of the library—nothing will be too great or too little; too hot or too heavy. Captain Sherer takes the field in this new war, and the gallant Captain details the active life, ten times told, of the Duke of Wellington, with a spirit and intelligence that augurs well for the new campaign of his literary chief. Considering the Duke's incessant activity in India for seven years, in the field and in council, a larger space might have been assigned to that portion of his life, especially as it is precisely the least known to the public. Captain S. is of course highly eulogistic; but he lays too much stress upon the Seringapatam address on Sir Arthur's departure from India, as if such addresses were voluntary things, or indicative of any thing but fear, flattery, or interest. The volume before us, the first of three, carries on the Duke's story to the battle of Talavera. Though the Captain sees nothing wrong in the field, let who will be commander, he can detect nothing right in the cabinet at home, and talks in good set terms of regiments idling at home which might have contributed to victories abroad. Strong beginnings, he assures us, very

sententiously, make campaigns short and decisive.

The Waverley Novels.—The Abbot, Vol. XX.—The explanatory introduction is occupied not now in communicating any details as to the origin of the "Abbot," or its object, or again, in obviating and defending, as was the case with the "Monastery;" but with a statement or suggestion of the motives, which on its first appearance prompted a speedier publication than usual. The Monastery and the Abbot were but parts of one subject, and of course less time was spent in search of a new story. But the author—considering the Monastery in some respects as a failure, though he had no serious alarms of any fatal or permanent effects upon his popularity, thought it good policy to hasten to fetch up his lee-way. Not to advance was in some sort to recede, and he felt it to be of some importance still to shew by a fresh and more successful effort, that the failure was rather the effect of an ill-chosen subject than an ill-managed story. He was not, as he says, in his own happy way, one of those, like fashionable publishers by the way, who are willing to suppose the brains of an author are a kind of milk which will not stand above a single creaming, and of course did not despair. In sending the Abbot forth so soon after the Monastery, as he did, he acted like *Bassanio*,

> In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
> I shot another of the self-same flight,
> The self-same way, with more advised watch,
> To find the other forth.

and he succeeded—the scene between Mary, Lindsey, Ruthven and Melville, is equal to any thing ever painted—spun out as it is. We are right glad to learn, that the profits of this progressing edition have relieved the author from his most vexatious embarrassments.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV.—The subject of this volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia is a discourse on the study of Natural Philosophy, and of all the discourses, and there are scores of them, on this especial topic, we know none that can at all compete with Mr. Herschell's, for distinct views, specific statements, and above all for easy and appropriate illustration. Nothing so intelligible or so accessible to the common sense of plain folks was to be anticipated from a gentleman who was before known only—except among his friends for his excellent doings in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana—as a dry mathematician, an observer of stars and calculator of positions. The advantages of the study of physics are dwelt upon, not forgetting, *en passant*, the self-gratification of the student—principally on the first division, as being applicable to the practical purposes of life and influencing the well-being and progress of society, and moreover, as capable of being usefully prosecuted without any very profound acquaintance with abstract science—the great bug-bear of all general and gentle readers. The importance of positive *experience*—the great principle and protection of physical science, and the effect of adhering to rules built upon it, constitute the second division, while the third takes a survey of the distinct branches of physics and their mutual relations, bringing down the history of science to the latest period, for nothing of any importance, in any branch, has escaped his vigilant eye. The discourse deserves, and will no doubt receive, the fullest attention from numbers who are new to the subjects. It is the most exciting volume of the kind we ever met with, and cannot fail of essentially promoting the sovereignty of science, by bringing new volunteers within its realms.

Constable's Miscellany.—Conquest of Peru, by Don T. De Trueba.—The story of the conquest of Peru is better told than that of Mexico by the same writer, and is indeed in itself a more extraordinary tale, presenting more varied materials—a wider range—a more complicated struggle, to animate the exertions of the historian. The interest is made, we think, to turn too exclusively upon the quarrels and wars of the Pizarros with the Almagros. The conduct and condition of the Peruvians, their manners and habits and tactics, are all comparatively thrown in the back ground. The elder Pizarro gets a little white-washed; and doubtless, though an unlicked soldier, he exhibited qualities, which must always command, however vilely directed, the admiration of man—perseverance in the teeth of the most appalling obstacles, contempt of *peril* and personal suffering, unconquerable firmness, readiness of expedient, and unhesitating decision, in the execution of an object, which astounds by its magnitude. The narrative is carried on to the execution of *Gonzalvo* Pizarro; and certainly the most interesting portion and the best executed is the progress of the wily priest Lagasca, who accomplished the destruction of the Pizarro faction, by means apparently so utterly inadequate to so violent a consummation. The career of Lagasca is unique in the annals of diplomatic craft and insidious warfare.

The Romance of History, France, by Leitch Ritchie, 3 vols. 12mo.—Mr. Ritchie has thrown some spirit and variety into *his* romances, and told them with

a laudable but somewhat pedantic reference to the times, and recorded characteristics of national manners; he has plunged into French libraries—forgotten the cast and tone of his own land's tales, and caught up at the same time the gaiety and vivacity of the people he writes about. The series begins with a story of one of Charlemagne's daughters, who—the cunning virago! carried her lover on her own shoulders through the snow to prevent the appearance of a man's footsteps through the court-yard; and concludes with the tale of Madame de Maintenon, which has in it as much of the real romance of history as even that in later days of Josephine.

In conformity with the practice of his predecessors, Mr. Ritchie has introduced the tales with historical summaries, and his are admirable in their way. He takes an ironical tone, and often reminds us of the shrewdness and sarcasm of Voltaire, as well as occasionally of his levity. The author is capable of throwing a very useful, because independent and enlightened glance upon historical character and incident; and might, with a prospect of doing some service, bend his efforts in that direction. Three-fourths of our heavy history is written as if the writers believed the rulers of mankind thought of *anything but* the interests of themselves, and the orders, parties, factions or sects which supported their authority.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

We can give little more than a list of a portion of the contents of the seventh, eighth, and ninth parts of *The English School*, a work of great beauty and utility. It comprises, among others, Stothard's Creation of Eve, Hogarth's March to Finchley, West's Regulus, Kidd's Poacher Detected, Bacon's Monument to Chatham, Stephanoff's Visit to Rich Relations, West's Lear, Clint's Scene in the Merry Monarch (injudiciously chosen, because the effect depends upon portrait and individual expression, which are here impossible), Wilkie's Jew's Harp, Opie's Death of Rizzio, Gainsborough's Cottage Children (Fuseli's Oberon seems to have been accidentally omitted in the copy before us), and lastly, Wilson's Cicero at his Villa. These outlines are executed with singular precision, and the effect in many instances is very curious and pleasing. Brief criticisms and explanations, in French and English, are appended by Mr. Hamilton. We leave the work to be appreciated, as it must be, by all lovers of art, whether here or elsewhere. Every outline is at least a memorandum of something which no one, having once seen, could wish to forget.

The *Views in the East* lose none of their "original brightness" by repetition; part the fifth being as brilliant as part the first. Here is another view of Benares, "taken from the upper part of the city, looking down the Ganges," not equal in variety to the last, but very light and pleasing. It is executed by Boys and Heath. The next is the Cave of Karli, beautifully executed, and strikingly curious in itself: this is by Cattermole and J. Bishop. The third, and perhaps the "most pleasing," is El Wuish, a little harbour on the north coast of the Red Sea, in which the engraver (Goodall) has given the brightest possible effect to the pencil of Stanfield. The boats, boatmen, sails and water, are all the "gay creatures" of his own peculiar element; the mountains are less delightful to look upon—for where nature has done nothing, art cannot be expected to do much. The descriptive accompaniments comprise considerable information.

Here is a number, the twenty-first of the *National Portrait Gallery*, which contains two remarkable portraits of celebrated men; one of the Marquis of Anglesey, an exquisitely soft and finished engraving, by S. Freeman, from Lawrence's picture; the other, of Capt. Sir John Franklin, by Thomson, from a picture by Derby. The contrast between the naval and the military hero is curious, and the engravings come very properly into the same number. Of the portrait of Lord Anglesey, as regards resemblance, we cannot judge, but the expression is at once mild and severe, with a character of decision and simplicity which is faithful we should think to the original: it is Lord Anglesey in *repose*. That of Sir John Franklin is an excellent likeness, but not a favourable one; and the engraver has so mismanaged his "lights and darks" as to give almost a *mulatto* tint to a complexion which, considering the changes and the climates which the distinguished voyager has encountered, is singularly delicate and clear. The portrait of Lord Carlisle, by Jackson and Dean, is among the best of the series, and the biographies are full of interest and anecdote.

The ninth part of the *Waverley Landscape Illustrations* contains two views by Dewint, Kenilworth Castle and Jorvaulx Abbey; one by Daniell, Kirkwall; and one by Robson, Dunstafnage, "the

original of Ardenvohr in the Legend of Montrose." These views are executed with the same taste and neatness that have prevailed from the first number, and which render them such desirable accompaniments of the magical tomes of the north.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The following are preparing for publication:—

By William and Mary Howitt: The Book of the Seasons.

By Don T. De Trueba, author of the Castilian, &c.: a satirical work, in three volumes, called Paris and London.

By Nicholas Michell, Esq.: The Siege of Constantinople; a poem.

By a Contributor to the Principal Periodicals of the Day: a volume called The Twelve Nights.

By Sarah Hoare: Poems on Conchology and Botany; with plates and notes.

By William Bennet, Author of "Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character:" poems, entitled Songs of Solitude.

By the Rev. R. Warner, F.S.A.: The Anti-Materialist; a manual for youth.

By Thomas Landseer, Author of "Monkeyana," &c.: A series of Satanic Sketches, in illustration of the leading features of the Devil's Walk.

By James Bird, Author of "The Vale of Slaughden:" A poem, historical and descriptive, called Framlingham; a Narrative of the Castle.

By William Rae Wilson, Esq., F.S.A.: Travels in the Holy Land; with letters from foreign sovereigns on the Protestant Faith.

The Cameleon; a collection of original essays, tales, sketches, and poems.

The Rose; a collection of the best English songs.

By the Rev. W. Foster, M.A.: Examples in Algebra.

By the Author of the Templars: An historical novel called Arthur of Britanny.

By Mr. Booth, Author of "the Analytical Dictionary:" The Principles of English Composition.

By Mr. Roberts: The Welsh Interpreter; containing a concise vocabulary, and useful phrases.

By N. H. Nicolas: A Refutation of Mr. Palgrave's Remarks on the Observations of the State of Historical Literature.

By the same Author: The Privy Purse Expences of Elizabeth of York, and the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the Fourth.

By J. W. Thomas: A Popular Sketch of the History of Poland.

Observations on the Present Defective State of English Timber; the causes which retard its growth, &c.

By Col. Bouchette: A work on the British Dominions in North America, and on Land-granting and Emigration, &c.

By the Author of Headlong Hall: A volume entitled Crotchet Castle.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Lord Byron. Vol. II. By Thomas Moore. 4to. £2. 2s.

Paris's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. 4to. £3. 3s.

Vol. XIX. Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters. Vol. 3. 5s. By Allan Cunningham.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LXIII. The Achievements of the Knights of Malta. Vol. 1. 3s. 6d. By Alexander Sutherland, Esq.

Lardner's Cabinet Library. Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington. 2 vols. By Capt. Moyle Sherer. Vol. I. 5s.

Cartoniensia, or a Historical and Critical Account of the Tapestries in the Palace of the Vatican. By the Rev. W. Gunn. 8s. 6d.

The Poll for Two Knights of the Shire for the County of Cambridge. 1830. By Thomas Allen. 8vo. 5s.

Strictures on Certain Passages of Napier's History of the Peninsular War, which relate to the Military Opinions and Conduct of Gen. Lord Beresford. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

LAW.

Woodfall's Laws of Landlord and Tenant. By S. B. Harrison. Royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Chitty's Equity Index, corrected to 1831. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. £3. 13. 6d.

Selwyn's Nisi Prius. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. £1. 18s.

Exchequer Practice Epitomised. By an Attorney. 8vo. 6s.

Bennett's Practice of the Masters' Office in Chancery. 8vo. 13s.

Surtees's Horseman's Manuel and Law of Warrantry. 12mo. 5s.

Dax's Exchequer Practice. 8vo. 16s.

An Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Clauses in the General Turnpike Acts. By John Tasker. 12mo. 2s.

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Cases, to determine the right of the Corporation of Cambridge to exact certain Tolls. 8vo. 10s.

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An Introduction to the Differential and Integral Calculus. By James Thomson, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. 9s.

Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with the First Principles of Analytic Geometry. By James Thomson. 4s.

MEDICAL.

Observations on Mental Derangement; being an Application of the Principles of Phrenology to the elucidation of the Causes, and Treatment of Insanity. By Andrew Combe, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The First Principles of Medicine. By Archibald Billing, M.D. 8vo. 6s.

Dr. Allison's Outlines of Physiology. 8vo. 12s.

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The Freemason's Pocket Companion; containing a Brief Sketch of the History of Freemasonry, &c. Royal 32mo. 2s.

Naval Researches. By Thomas White, Capt. R.N. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Treatise on Naval Timber Marine and Arboriculture. By Patrick Matthew. 8vo. 12s.

Observations on Fossil Vegetables. By H. Witham. 8vo. 15s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV.; A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., A.M. 6s.

An Experimental Inquiry into the Number and Properties of the Primary Colours, and the Source of Colour in the Prism. By Walter Crum, Esq. Royal 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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Index Græcitatis Æschylæ. Studio atque opera B. W. Beatson, Collegii Pembrochiani apud Cantabrigienses Socii. 8vo. 12s.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Temple of Melekartha. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 27s.

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PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in January, 1831.

To Daniel Papps, Stanley End, King Stanley, Gloucester, machine maker, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing or roughing woollen cloth.—December 23rd; 2 months.

To William Wood, Summer Hill, Northumberland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the application of a battering-ram, to the purpose of working coals in mines.—December 23rd; 4 months.

To Marie Elizabeth Antoinette Pertius, No. 56, Rue du Bac, Paris, spinster, for the fabrication and preparation of a coal fitted for refining and purifying sugar, and other matters.—December 23rd; 6 months.

To John Ferrabee, Thrupp Mill and Foundry, Stroud, Gloucester, engineer, for improvements in the machinery for preparing the pile or face of woollen or other cloths, requiring such a process.—December 23rd; 6 months.

To John Blackwell and Thomas Alcock, Claines, Worcester, machine makers, and lace or bobbin-net manufacturers, for certain improvements in machines or machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin-net.—January 13th; 6 months.

To Samuel Seaward, of the Canal Iron Works, All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, engineer, for an improvement or improvements in apparatus for economizing steam, and for other purposes, and the application thereof to the boilers of steam-engines employed on board packet-boats, and other vessels.—January 15th; 6 months.

To William Parker, Albany-street, Regent Park, Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing animal charcoal.—January 15th; 4 months.

To John and George Rodgers, Sheffield, York, cutlers, and Thomas Fellows, junior, New Cross, Deptford, Kent, gentleman, for an improved skate.—January 18th; 2 months.

To Andrew Smith, Princes-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements to machinery for propelling boats and other vessels on water, and in the manner of constructing boats or vessels, for carrying such machinery.—January 22nd; 6 months.

To John Gottlieb Ulrich, Nicholas-lane, London, chronometer-maker, for certain improvements in chronometers—January 22nd; 18 months.

To Charles Mepham Hannington, Nelson-square, Surrey, gentleman, for an improved apparatus for impressing, stamping or printing, for certain purposes.—January 22nd; 6 months.

To Louis Schwabe, Manchester, for certain process and apparatus for preparing, beaming, printing, and weaving yarns of cotton, linen, silk, woollen and other fibrous substances, so that any design, device or figure, printed on such yarn, may be preserved, when such yarn is woven into cloth, or other fabric.—January 22nd; 6 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of January, 1817, *expire in the present month of January*, 1831.

10. John Raffield, London, *improved fire-stove.*

20. William Marton, London, *improved carriage-spring.*

23. Joseph de Cavaillon, London, *improved method of clarifying sugar, &c.*

23. Robert Dickinson, London, *improved way of making roads.*

23. Daniel Wilson, Dublin, *improved process of boiling and refining sugar.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

Henry Mackenzie, "the Addison of the North," was the son of Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, of a distinguished branch of the ancient family of the Mackenzies of the north of Scotland. He was born in the year 1745, or 1746—we believe the former. After receiving a liberal education, he devoted himself to the law; and, in 1766, he became an attorney in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. Ultimately his practice in that court produced him about £800 a year; he become comptroller-general of taxes for Scotland, with a salary of £600 a year; and, altogether, his annual income was upwards of £2,000.

When very young, Mr. Mackenzie was the author of numerous little pieces in verse; and, though of a kind and gentle temper, the credit which he enjoyed for wit induced him occasionally to attempt the satiric strain. It was, however, in tenderness and simplicity—in the plaintive tone of the elegy—in that charming freshness of imagery which belongs to the pastoral, that he was seen to most advantage. He next aspired to the novel—the sentimental and pathetic novel; and, in 1768 or 1769, in his hours of relaxation from professional employment, he wrote, what has generally been considered his masterpiece, *The Man of Feeling*. At first, the booksellers declined its publication, even as a gratuitous offering; but difficulties were at length surmounted—the book appeared anonymously—and the warmest enthusiasm was excited in its favour. The ladies of Edinburgh, like those of Paris on the appearance of *La Nouvelle Héloise*, all fancied themselves with the author. But the writer was unknown; and a Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, was desirous of appropriating his fame to himself. He accordingly was at the pains of transcribing the entire work, and of marking the manuscript with erasures and interlineations, to give it the air of that copy in which the author had wrought the last polish on his piece before sending it to the press. Of course, this gross attempt at deception was not long successful. *The Man of Feeling* was published in 1771; and the *éclat* with which its real author was received, when known, induced him, in the same, or following year, to adventure the publication of a poem entitled *The Pursuit of Happiness*.

Mr. Mackenzie's next production was *The Man of the World;* a sort of second part of *The Man of Feeling;* but, like most second parts, continuations, sequels, &c., it was, though clever and interesting, inferior to its predecessor. Dr. Johnson, despising and abhorring the fashionable whine of sensibility, treated the work with far more asperity than it deserved.

Julia de Roubigné, a novel, in the epistolary form, was the last work of this class from the pen of Mr. Mackenzie. It is extremely elegant, tender, and affecting; but its pathos has a cast of sickliness, and the mournful nature of the catastrophe produces a sensation more painful than pleasing on the mind of the reader.

In 1773, Mr. Mackenzie produced a tragedy under the title of *The Prince of Tunis*, which, with Mrs. Yates as its heroine, was performed with applause, for six nights at the Edinburgh Theatre. Of three other dramatic pieces by Mr. Mackenzie, the next was *The Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity*. This was an alteration and amplification of Lilly's horrible but rather celebrated tragedy of *Fatal Curiosity*, suggested by a perusal of Mr. Harris's *Philological Essays*, then recently published. Some new characters were introduced with the view of exciting more sympathy with the calamities of the Wilmot family. Rather unfortunately, Mr. Colman had, about the same time, taken a fancy to alter Lilly's play. His production was brought out at the Haymarket, in 1782; and Mr. Mackenzie's at Covent Garden, in 1783 or 1784.—*The Force of Fashion*, a comedy, by Mr. Mackenzie, was acted one night at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1789; but, from its failure, it was never printed. The object of this piece was to ridicule those persons who effect fashionable follies and vices, while in reality they despise them. Its language was elegant; but its characters, though not ill-drawn, wanted novelty; and, altogether, its deficiency in stage effect was palpable. Another unsuccessful comedy of Mr. Mackenzie's, mentioned in Campbell's History of Poetry in Scotland, was *The White Hypocrite;* produced at Covent Garden in the season of 1788-9.

Turning back to the year 1767, we find that Mr. Mackenzie then married Miss Pennel Grant, sister of Sir James Grant, of Grant, by whom he had a family of eleven children.

About ten or twelve years afterwards, he and a few of his friends, mostly lawyers, who used to meet occasionally, for convivial conversation, at a tavern kept by M. Bayll, a Frenchman, projected the publication of a series of papers on morals, manners, taste and literature, similar to those of the Spectator. This society, originally designated *The Tabernacle*, but afterwards *The Mirror Club*, consisted of Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Craig, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Bannatine, Mr. Macleod, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Solicitor-General Blair, Mr. George Horne, and Mr. George Ogilvie; several of whom afterwards became judges in the supreme Courts of Scotland. Of these, Mr., now Sir William Bannatine, a venerable and accomplished gentleman of the old school,

is now the only survivor. Their scheme was speedily carried into effect; and the papers, under the title of *The Mirror*, of which Mr. Mackenzie was the editor, were published in weekly numbers, at the price of threepence per folio-sheet. The sale never reached beyond three or four hundred in single papers; but the succession of the numbers was no sooner closed, than the whole, with the names of the respective authors, were republished in three duodecimo volumes. The writers sold the copy-right; out of the produce of which they presented a donation of £100 to the Orphan Hospital, and purchased a hogshead of Claret for the use of the Club.

To *The Mirror* succeeded *The Lawyer*, a periodical of a similar character, and equally successful. Mr. Mackenzie was the chief and most valuable contributor to each of these works.

On the institution of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Mr. Mackenzie became one of its members; and, amongst the papers with which he enriched the volumes of its transactions, are, an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend Judge Abercrombie, and a Memoir on German Tragedy; the latter of which bestows high praise on the *Emilia Galotti* of Lessing, and on *The Robbers*, by Schiller. For this memoir he had procured the materials through the medium of a French work; but desiring afterwards to enjoy the native beauties of German poetry, he took lessons in German from a Dr. Okely, who was at that time studying medicine at Edinburgh. The fruits of his attention to German literature appeared farther in the year 1791, in a small volume containing translations of the *Set of Horses*, by Lessing, and of two or three other dramatic pieces.

In 1793, Mr. Mackenzie edited a quarto volume of *Poems by the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Blacklock*, together with *An Essay on the Education of the Blind, &c.* In political literature, he was the author of a *Review of the Proceedings of the Parliament, which met first in the year* 1784, and of a series of *Letters under the signature of Brutus*. In all those exertions which, during the war of the French revolution, were found necessary to support the government and preserve the peace of the county, no person was more honourably or more usefully zealous.

Mr. Mackenzie was remarkably fond of the rural diversions of fowling, hunting, and fishing. In private life, his conversation was ever the charm and the pride of society.—He died at Edinburgh, his constant residence, on the 14th of January, 1831.

THE PRINCE DE CONDE.

The Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, and father of the Duc D'Enghien, who was executed—more correctly speaking, murdered—at Vincennes, by the command of Buonaparte, in March 1804, was found dead in his chamber, at the *château* of St. Leu, on the 27th of August, under circumstances which leave it doubtful whether he had died by his own hand, or that of an assassin. The weight of evidence, however, strange as it may seem that he should have committed suicide, is much in favour of the former opinion.

This unfortunate Prince was born, we believe, in the year 1756. He married an aunt of Louis Philippe, the present King of the French, who died suddenly in the month of January 1822. Many years since, he became attached to a handsome young Englishwoman, a Miss Sophia Dawes; and, although she was afterwards married to Colonel Baron de Feuchères, who commanded a regiment in the late expedition against Algiers, the attachment between her and the Prince is believed to have never undergone a change. However, she and her husband separated. A niece of Madame de Feuchères is married, by the sanction of Charles X., to the Marquis de Chabonnes; and, by this marriage (the Marquis's next brother, the Count de Chabonnes, having married Miss Ellis) Madame Feuchères is connected with the noble families of Bristol, Liverpool, Seaford, and Howard de Walden, in England; and with the Talleyrands and other distinguished families in France.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien had so violent and enduring an effect on the Prince his father, that, having no descendant left to inherit his estates and honours, he uniformly refused to assume the title of Prince de Condé, choosing to be addressed only as the Duc de Bourbon. For many years his chief amusement and employment had been hunting; but after the departure of Charles X. from Paris, he, in deference to public opinion, determined to relinquish hunting the boar, and to reduce his vast *équipage de chasse*. His habits were simple, and he was in perfect health the very day before his death. It is understood that he contemplated the events of "the three days" with much satisfaction; and it has been asserted that, on the evening previously to his decease, he addressed a most affectionate letter to the present King of the French.

Under such circumstances, it is astonishing that he should have meditated suicide. However, on the morning of August 27, he was found dead, suspended by two handkerchiefs from the window-bolt of his chamber. The room had no private doors: its window and its only door were securely fastened within-side. It was necessary to employ force to obtain entrance; and when the Attorney-General of the Royal Tribunal attended to investigate the circumstances of the case, there was no appearance in the apartment to sanction the belief that the unfortunate Prince had died otherwise than by his own hand. It is probable, therefore, that the reports of an opposite character since put into circulation, must have origi-

nated in sinister motives. That the Prince perpetrated the act in consequence of the derangement of his pecuniary affairs, as was at first insinuated, cannot be correct, for about 40,000 francs, in gold, had been in his secretaire for more than a twelvemonth; and a million of francs, in notes, had recently been placed in his hands, by his Intendant, Baron Surval, to meet any exigencies that might arise from the political state of the country.

By the reported will of the Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, dated on the 30th of August 1829, his whole fortune passes to Henry Eugene Philippe D'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, and Dame Sophia Dawes, Baroness of Feuchères. He has bequeathed—1st, two millions of francs—2d, the château and park of St. Leu—3d, the château and estate of Boissy, and all their dependencies—4th, the forest of Montmorency, and all its dependencies—5th, the château and estate of Morfontane, and its dependencies—6th, the pavilion occupied by Madame de Feuchères, at the Palais Bourbon, as well as its dependencies—7th, the furniture contained in this pavilion, and the horses and carriages appertaining to the establishment of this lady, all free from charge and expenses chargeable on bequeathed property. These various legacies to Madame Feuchères, are valued at twelve or fifteen millions of francs. The surplus of the property of the Prince de Condé, except some private legacies, is left to the Duc d'Aumale, third son of the King of the French, as residuary legatee.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE judicious and indispensable measures of the Government have fortunately put an end to the unprincipled and destructive insurrections of the labouring classes. Wherever the mobs were opposed, even by the most trifling force, they were with little difficulty dispersed. These troubles of the past year have been chiefly confined to the southern and most productive parts of England, where rents moreover have been comparatively the lowest. The wary, discreet, and economic Scot has been on roses, as regards our southern calamities, and a similar proportion of fortune has attended nearly the whole of the northern English border. Wales, so far as information has reached us, has been equally fortunate.

The *rationale* of the use of farming machinery appears to us to have been grossly misunderstood, not only by the vulgar, but by many who would feel high dudgeon at being so characterized. BURNS, once a laborious thresher, has left the opinion upon record, that "the man who invented the threshing-machine, well merited a statue of gold." It is the opinion of the most experienced judges, that those machines are greatly and materially economical of the bread-corn of the country; and where they have been at all injurious to the interests of the peasantry, it must have arisen solely from the defective system of the earth's culture. Shutting up able-bodied men in barns, swinging of flails, when they might, and ought, to be so much more advantageously employed abroad, is surely neither for their benefit, for that of their employers, or of the community; and with respect to the choice and good-liking of the men, we, who have so long known them, have never discovered in them a predilection for barn-labour.

The weather, since our last, has continued thoroughly English, the wind chopping about from east to west, and from north to south, in the veritable style of a merry-go-round. However, its chief and favourite residence, during a considerable time past, has been in the east, and from north-east to south-east, with the accompaniment of fogs and drizzling rains, giving us hopes of a course of mild and balmy south-westers in the spring. Our aged bones *yearn (cum licentia)* for so desirable a consummation. Accounts from the country are yet nearly unanimous, *malgré* fogs and dirt, and drizzle, in favour of the weather throughout, as propitious to all the operations of husbandry, and alike "healthful to man and beast." During the short continuance of the frost, and where there was a sufficient cover of snow, the forward wheats were favourably checked in their luxuriance, and the young wheats, winter-vetches, and turnips, so far protected. The wheats generally appear healthy, but are not forward; and even in parts of the most fertile districts, the latter sown were scarcely visible a week or two past, in fact, more backward than those of the last crop at the same period. The late protracted harvest, and the subsequent troubles considered, our national husbandry is to the full as forward as could be rationally expected. Cattle improved much throughout the autumns, but the old concomitant complaint of no profit from grazing, is as ripe as heretofore. Should the turnips run, and running rot, during the present warm and moist weather, much distress will be felt for cattle and sheep-food in the spring; and then the general recourse will be to artificial food, and our beef, mutton, lamb, and veal (bar pork) will be impregnate with oil-cake, to the annoyance of all delicate stomachs. Much apprehension is entertained prospectively on the enhancement of price in these same cakes, which (under the rose) we should rejoice to see at a guinea per pound. Grass and corn-fed meat, as in days of yore, for old England! The

turnips, at the utmost, will not average at more than half a crop; the quality of the best, inferior; those on heavy and improper soils, worthless. The last wheat crop, as to quantity, seems yet descending in the scale. All seeds failed. It is a speculation, we trust an erroneous one, that the spring crops may not, in the ultimate, prove so abundant as has been generally prognosticated. The farmers of dry and sound, if poor land, did well last year, both with their corn and cattle; nevertheless, complaints of the exorbitance of rents and tithe are universal, whilst the *mania* for farming is so epidemic, that on notice of an estate to be let, the competition is usually so strong, that a higher rent is obtained than even a proprietor could possibly contemplate in times like the present. This information we received a few days since, from a country friend and witness of the fact in various instances. From some quarters, but in none of which we have personal knowledge, we hear of rents as high as those of 1800; and also of an unfortunate demur as to the promised advance of labourers' wages, on the allegation, that the tenantry are unable to fulfil the engagement, independently of the aid of their landlords. The allowance of small portions of land for the labourers, has ever proved successful, and ever must be so, from the very nature of things; but under the present defective system, or even perhaps under any system of culture, it will be found impossible to keep down the surplus, such a perpetual tendency subsists to the increase of population. Whatever may be said of emigration, men had far better become industrious and thriving colonists, than starvelings and rioters at home; but though we can afford to build magnificent churches, splendid palaces, playhouses, and squares, we have not the means, it would seem, of exportation for this most valuable species of live stock. The rot in sheep continues to spread far and wide, even upon land hitherto unsuspected, and has proved the utter ruin of many small farmers. The long continuance of moist weather is the cause, and the remedy can only be expected from a change. The prices of all produce seem on the advance. The stocks of wheat, whether in this country or upon the continent, have not been so reduced, during many years, as at present. In America, they have been more fortunate, and considerable supplies, if needed, may be obtained from thence. The quality of all grain, in Scotland and Ireland, is reported as particularly inferior.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 5s. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 60s. to 84s.—Barley, 32s. to 50s.—Oats, 21s. to 34s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 40s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 55s. to 110s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 38s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, Jan. 21st.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—Muscovadoes have been in general and rather extensive demand; in the refined market there is little alteration in prices; the mild state of the weather promises an early spring trade. The sale of crushed has been very limited, but no alteration in price has taken place; fine descriptions entitled to the double refined bounty are still inquired after, but the offers are rather under the quotations, for which the refiners are at present holding.—East India Sugar. The Manilla is a shade lower, the White Siam, 21s. to 25s.; low to good white soft China fine yellow, 13s. 6d. to 21s. which is 6d. to 1s. lower. Foreign sugar. The purchases by private contract are parcels of brown to low yellow; Havannah, 21s. to 23s.; 170 chests white Pernam low, to good white, 26s. 6d. taken for refining.

Coffee.—There has been extensive purchases by private contract. In foreign and East India Coffee, at rather higher prices; for St. Domingo, 35s. 6d. has been paid; good old Havannah, 33s. to 36s.; fine old, 36s. 6d. to 37s. 6d.; old Batavia, 31s. 6d. to 33s. 6d. The Jamaica Coffee is steady in price; Demerara and Berbice Coffee, dull; East India Coffee, sold 1s. higher; good Ceylon, 34s. to 35s.; old Sumatra, 28s. to 28s. 6d. The market is firm. British plantation same as usual.

Rum, Brandy, Hollands.—The transactions have been more extensive this week, owing to the rapid advance of the Corn Market. The chief purchases are still in Leewards proofs, at 1s. 9½d. and 5s. over, at 1s. and 10s. In Brandy and Geneva there is no alteration; Jamaica Rums are held for higher prices.

Hemp, Flax, Tallow.—The Tallow Market remains very steady. In Flax and Hemp there is no alteration. Stock of Tallow in London—1830: 38-295.—1831: 51-043.—Delivery weekly—1830: 1-561.—1831: 1-175.—Price Mondays—1830: 34s. to 34s. 6d.—1831: 47s. 3d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. 1⅛.—Hamburgh, 13. 12.——Altona, 0. 0.—Paris, 25. 30.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Frankfort, 152. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 11.—Trieste, 0. 0 —Madrid, 36. 0¾.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 36. 0¾.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 49. 0¼.—Leghorn, 49. 0¼.—Genoa, 26. 70.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 38. 0¼.—Palermo, 117. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0.—Oporto, 46. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 0. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (⅛ sh.) 270*l.*—Coventry, 850*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 73*l.*—Grand Junction, 240½*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 400*l.*—Oxford, 00*l.*—Regent's, 18½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 600*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 280*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock) 00*l.*—West India (Stock), 00*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 120*l.*—Grand Junction, 49*l.*—West Middlesex, 72*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8¼*l.*—Globe, 00*l.*—Guardian, 24½*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52½*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 1⅛ dis.—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from December 23d, to January 23d, 1831, *in the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

C. Copland, jun., Leeds, spirit-merchant.
J. Taylor, Carlisle, wine-merchant.
W. Leeson, jun., Nottingham, hosier.
E. Harrold, Wolverhampton, cotton-spinner.
T. Pierse, Belle-Isle, training-groom.
J. Oldland, Wootton-under-Edge, clothier.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 110.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Benyon, J., Scarborough, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Blinman, T., Bristol, brazier. (Meredith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Osborne and Co., Bristol.
Barber, B., Chorley, victualler. (Walmsley and Co., Chancery-lane; Barratt, Manchester.
Baldwin, E., Manningham, worsted-spinner (Walter Symond's-inn; Tolson, Bradford.
Botcherley, J., Darlington, linen-manufacturer. (Mewburn, Walbrook; Mewbury, Darlington.
Baker, F., Creekmore, iron-founder. (Stephens, Doughty-street; Castlemar and Sons, Wimborne.
Beet, C. G., Stamford-street, bill-broker. (Bowden, Southwark.
Bloom, A., Basinghall-street, tea-dealer. (Crosby, Bucklersbury.
Botcherley, J., Bethnal-green, dyer. (Ashton, Old Broad-street.
Burt, W. A., Christchurch, coal-merchant. (Waugh, Great James-street.
Bedwell, J., London-road, bed-maker. (Gunner, Great James-street.
Buckland, J., sen., and J. Buckland, jun., Deptford, linen-drapers. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.
Brough, P., Boston, scrivener. (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn.
Cuming, G., Bedford-place, timber-merchant. (Burford, Muscovy-court.
Cockshaw, A., Leicester, stationer. (Taylor, John-street; Dalby, Leicester.
Charlton, C. P., Stourton, dealer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath.
Crisp, J., Colchester, butcher. (Bignold and Co., Bridge-street: Sarjeant and Co., Colchester.
Cohen, G. A., Mile-end-road, merchant. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.
Cue, C., Gloucester, hatter. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Kay and Co. Manchester.
Chandler, T., Bow-lane, carpenter. (Payne and Co., Aldermanbury.
Chapman, J., Wisbeach, ironmonger. (Simcox, Birmingham; Watson, Wisbeach.
Cherry, J., Coventry, painter. (Rye, Golden-square.
Cleaver, H., Market Lavington, linen-draper. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Wall, Devizes.
Coates, W., Leeds, grocer. (Smithson and Co., New-inn.
Doubleday, W., Manchester, tea-dealer. (Chester, Staple's-inn; Gandy, Liverpool.
Evans, G., Ketley, grocer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Nock, Wallington.
Elliott, J., Holloway, carpenter. (Pocock, Bartholomew-close.
Evennett, B., Fleet-street, hat-dealer. (Howard, Norfolk-street.
Earle, G. and C., Great St. Thomas Apostle, wine-merchants. (Piercey and Co., Southwark,
Earle, W. F. B., Regent-street, auctioneer. (Wright, Bucklersbury.
Field, W., Brighton, carpenter. (Patten and Co., Hatton garden.
Gear, S., Nottingham, fishmonger. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham.
Grant, E., jun., Oxford, cornfactor. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square; Dudley, Oxford.
Gevard, W., Frome, grocer. (Swain and Co., Old Jewry.
Gill, G., Uxbridge, linen-draper. (Loxley and Co., Cheapside; Fry, Uxbridge.
Goodwin, J., Congleton, grocer. (Coles, Serjeant's-inn.
Hales, W. Wem, cabinet-maker. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Burley and Co., Shrewsbury.
Hardwick, J., Cheltenham, carpenter. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Whatley, jun., Cirencester.
Hayllar, J., Brighton, horse-dealer. (Heathcote, Colman street.
Houghton, M., Ipsley, grocer. (Lowndes and Co., Red-lion-square; Cresswall, Redditch.
Hemsted, W. and J., Bury and Sudbury, linen-drapers. (Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury.
Hook, J., Nicholas-lane, merchant. (Chilcote, Walbrook.
Harland, H., Fell-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Fawcet, Jewin-street.

Harris, W., Bristol, silk-mercer. (Bridge and Co., Red-lion-square; Hare and Co., Bristol.
Harnett, E., Wapping, coal-merchant. (Baddeley, Leman-street.
Hill, G. J., Camberwell, oil-man. (Fysen and Co.
Hebir, J., jun., Leigh, baker. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Parker and Co., Worcester.
Hooper, R., St. Philip and Jacob, malster. (Brittan, Basinghall-street.
Harrington, J., Stanway, victualler. (Hall and Co., Salters'-hall,
Isles, F., King-street, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Ironside, A., Louth, nurseryman. (Shaw, Ely-place; Wilson, Louth.
Izon, T., Handsworth, merchant. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.
Jackson, A. C., Horselydown, coal-merchant. (Rottenbury, Horselydown.
Jones, E., Canterbury, grocer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle.
Jones, D., Gwyddalwern, victualler. (Jones, Crosby-square; Anwyl, Bala.
Key, J., Great Prescott-street, general merchant. (Rippingham, Great Prescott-street
Lamb, G. P., Somers-town, cheesemonger. (Hannington and Co., Carey-lane.
Lyon, A. and C. N. Jacob, Birmingham and London, dealers. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.
Lee, T., Liverpool, cotton-dealer. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Gregory, Liverpool.
Middleton, J. and H., Seven Oaks, upholders. (Turnley, White-lion-court.
Minshull, J., Stockport, victualler. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Boothroyd and Co., Stockport.
Mottram, W., St. John-street, victualler. (Selby Serjeant's-inn.
Meyer, H. L., Clement's-lane, merchant. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street.
Mills, W., Greenwich, linen-draper. (Street and Co., Brabant-court.
May, J., and P. Brodie, Fenchurch-street, tavern-keepers. (Williams and Co., Bedford-row.
Marshall, E., Liverpool, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Maudsley, Liverpool.
Naish, F., Shepton Mallet, clothier. (Pope, Gray's-inn.
Neale, W., Leicester, woolstapler. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Moore and Co., Leicester.
Nyren, J. W., and W. Adam, Battersea, colour-manufacturers. (Fyson and Co., Lothbury.
Nathan, N. and W., Mansell-street, quill-merchants. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings.
Oakden, J., Radsley, manufacturer. (Abbot and Co., Symond's-inn; Welch, Ashbourne.
Patrick, J., F. and G., Brampton-en-le-Morthen, malsters. (Taylor, John-street; Badger, Rotherham.
Perkins H, T., Angel-court, scrivener. (Nokes, Southampton-street
Pritchard, C., Bath, upholsterer. (Frowd, Essex-street; Crittwell, Bath.
Parkin, J., Holehouse Clough, clothier. (Clarke, and Co.. Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield.
Pearson, J., Long Eaton, grocer. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Mousley and Co., Derby.
Pluckwell, H., Old-street-road, potatoe-dealer. (Donne, Great Turner-street.
Roberts, M., Little Eastcheap, grocer. (Sandom, Dunster-court.
Richardson, H., Taunton, haberdasher. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Royston, J., Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford row; Boardman, Bolton.
Reterneyer, M., Aury-court, agent. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.
Robertson, J., Berkhampstead, surgeon. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Ridout, W., Ringwood, linen-draper. (Holme and Co., New-inn.
Southgate, S., Gate-street, builder. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place.
Stephenson, D., jun., and L. Mitchell, Dewsbury, dealer. (Jacques and Co., Coleman-street; Archer and Co., Ossett.
Seaman, G., Clerkenwell, livery-stable-keeper. (Forbes, Ely-place.
Stoddart, W., Freshford, cloth-manufacturer. (Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; Watts and Son, Bath; Dixon, Calthwaite.
Storry, F. W., York, dealer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Ord and Co., York.
Smith, T., Edgeware-road, coach-proprietor. (Turnley, Lombard-street.
Simkin, G. R., Redcross-street, grocer. (Hanley, Furnival's-inn.
Smith, G., jun., North Shields, master-mariner. (Lowry and Co., Pinner's-hall-court; Lowrey, North Shields.
Smith, W., Brick-lane, baker. (Simson, Copthall-buildings.
Skipp, M., Commercial-road, iron-merchant. (Evitt and Co., Hayden-square.
Shears, A., Friday-street, silk-warehouseman. (Lloyd, Thavies-inn.
Skinner, G., Aveley, grocer. (Lofty, King-street.
Teale, J., Quadrant, hardwareman. (Gem, Chancery-lane.
Thorogood, W., Chipping-Ongar, victualler. (Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road.
Vine, T., Brighton, toyman. (Freeman and Co., Coleman-street.
Whitfield, R., Brixton, American-merchant.
Wilmshurst, T., Oxford-street, artist. (Joyes, Chancery-lane.
Wright, W., Southwark, publisher. (Smith, Basinghall-street.
Wilson, W., Mincing-lane, sugar-broker. (Lewis, Crutched Friars.
Waring, J., Charles-street, ship-owner. (Pearce and Co., Swithin's-lane.
Wharton, T., Bidstone, farmer. (Lake, Cateaton-street; Foster, Liverpool.
Wild, J., and G. Shaw, Oldham, cotton-spinners. (Ward and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester.
Williams, J. E., Norwich, grocer. (Wire, St. Swithin's-lane; Marston, Norwich.
Williams, G., St. Paul's Church-yard, warehouseman. (Harris, Lincoln's-inn.
Walton, D., Oldham, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple,
Ward, G., Leeds, innkeeper. (Wilson, Southampton-street.
Young, W., Rochester, coach-master. (Simmons, New North-street.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Hon. and Rev. E. Grey, brother of Earl Grey, and Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate-street, London, to be Dean of the Cathedral Church of Hereford.—Rev. J. C. Whalley, to the Rectory of Ecton, Northamptonshire.—Rev. J. Besley, to the Vicarage of Long Benton, Northumberland.—Rev. C. H. Watling, to the Perpetual Curacy of Charlton Regis, *vulgo* Charlton King's.—Rev. J. Beauchamp, to the Rectory of Crowell, Oxford.—Rev. D. Daires, to the Perpetual Curacy of Marston, near Birmingham.—Rev. J. Stanton, to the Vicarage of Moulton, Northampton.—Rev. T. K. Arnold, to the Rectory of Lyndon, Rutland.—Rev. T. P. Wright, to the Vicarage of Roydon, Essex.—Rev. J. L. Lugger, to the Rectory of St. James, Tregony, with the Vicarage

of Cuby, Cornwall.—Rev. C. Tookey, to be Head Master of Wolverley Free Grammar School.—Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke to the Rectory of Walford, with the Vicarage of Ruardean, Hereford.—Rev. L. B. Wither, to the Vicarage of Herriard, Hants.—Rev. J. O. Zillwood, to the Rectory of Compton, Hants.—Rev. R. Tomes, to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwick.—Rev. T. S. Evans, to be Head Master of Kensington Grammar School.—Rev. J. Buller, to the Curacy of St. John's, Plymouth. — Rev. J. Graham, to the Vicarage of Comberton, Cambridge.—Rev. W. A. Hare, to the Vicarage of Newport Pagnell, Bucks.—Rev. J. N. Shipton, to be Rural Dean of Bedminster.—Rev. J. C. Aldrich, to be Curate of St. Lawrence, Ipswich.—Rev. M. Evans, to the Rectory of Newton Kyme, York.—Rev. Dr. G. Cooke, to be one of His Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary for Scotland.—Rev. G. Brett, to be Morning Preacher of Hanover Chapel, Regent-street, London.—Very Rev. Dean of Cork, to be Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Rev. J. H. Harrison to the Rectory of Bugbrooke, Northampton.—Rev. H. Richards, to the Vicarage of Keevil, Wilts.—Rev. J. W. D. Merelst, to the Perpetual Curacy of Darlington, Durham.—Rev. J. J Blunt to be Hulsean Lecturer.—Rev. Mr. Mountain, to the Rectory of Blurham, Beds.—Rev. R. A. Cox, to the Perpetual Curacies of Charminster and Stratton, Dorset.—Rev. G. Hall, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. J. R. Sheppard, to the Rectory of Thwaite, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Crockett, to be Chaplain to Lord Lilford.—Rev. G. Goodman, to the Rectory of Kemerton, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Fayner, to the Perpetual Curacies of Chillington and Seavington St. Mary, Somerset.—Rev. F. D. Gilby, to the Vicarage of Eckington, Worcester.—Rev. E. Hibgame, to the Curacy of St. George, Norwich.—Rev. J. Burnett, to the Rectory of Houghton, Hants.—Rev. J. Clementson, to the Vicarage of Wolvey, Warwick.—Rev. P. Fraser, to the Rectory of Kegworth, Leicester.—Rev. W. M'Douall, to a Prebendal Stall in Peterborough Cathedral.—Rev. R. Etough, to the Rectory of Great Addington, Northampton.—Rev. W. Pauli, to be Head Master of Chester King's School.—Rev. T. H. Cassan, to the Vicerage of Bruton and Perpetual Curacy of Wyke Champflower, Somerset.—Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Philpotts), to a Prebendal Stall in Durham Cathedral.—Rev. W. N. Darnell, to the Rectory of Stanhope, Durham.—Rev. G. Davys, to a Deanery of Chester.—Rev. J. Armihead, to the Perpetual Curacy of Barlings.—Rev. W. Vaux, to a Prebendal Stall in Winchester Cathedral.—Rev. J. Besly, to the Rectory of Aston Subedge, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Higgins to the Perpetual Curacy of Stoulton, Worcester.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Dec. 26. By order of the Privy Council, form of prayer read in the churches "on account of the troubled state of the kingdom."

— 27. A meeting of a body of persons denominating themselves "The Tradesmen of Dublin," prevented from assembling by Proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The intention of the meeting was for a Repeal of the Union. An address was, by deputies, presented to Mr. O'Connell.

Jan. 3. The American President's Message, delivered December 7, to both Houses of Congress arrived; it states, among other things, the expense of its government as follows:—"According to the estimates of the Treasury Department, the receipts in the treasury, during the present year, will amount to 24,161,018 dollars, which will exceed by about 300,000 dollars the estimate presented in the last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The total expenditure during the year, exclusive of the public debt, is estimated at 13,742,311 dollars; and the payment on account of public debt for the same period will have been 11,354,630 dollars: leaving a balance in the treasury, on the 1st Jan., 1831, of 4,319,781 dollars." !!!

— 5. By abstract of the net produce of the Revenue up to this day, it appears that the decrease on the last year has been £640,450., and that on the last quarter £29,480.

— 7. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland issued a second proclamation for suppression of dangerous associations in Ireland.

— 8. The Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias' Manifesto against Poland arrived; it is therein stated that the revolution is "a terrible treason"—"a torrent of rebellion"—and, "that they have proposed conditions to the Emperor, their *legitimate* master"!!!

— 10. Carlile convicted (at the Old Bailey) for publishing a malicious libel in the *Prompter*, entitled "An Address to the Insurgent Agricultural Labourers;" he was fined £200., and imprisoned for 2 years—and entered into securities

for 10 years' good behaviour, himself in £500., and 2 securities of £250. each.

— 11. Prince of Orange published a proclamation, in London, to the Belgic Nation.

— 15. Old Bailey Sessions ended, when 4 prisoners received sentence of death, 47 were transported, and several imprisoned.

— 18. Messrs. O'Connell, Lawless, and others, ordered into custody at Dublin by the Lord Lieutenant, on a charge of conspiracy, and admitted to bail.

MARRIAGES.

At the King's Palace, Brighton, Lord Falkland, to Miss Fitzclarence.—W. R. Courtenay, esq., to Lady Eliz. Fortescue, daughter of Lord Fortescue.—Lieut. E. F. Wills, to Louisa, daughter of Sir C. W. Bampfylde, bart.—E. H. Cole, esq., to Mary, widow of Lord S. H. Moore.—At Warwick Castle Chapel, J. Neeld, esq., M.P., to Lady C. M. A. Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.—At Craigsend, Lord John Campbell, to Miss Anne Colquhoun Cunningham.—Rev. J. James, to Miss Wilberforce. — S. Newbery, esq., to Fanny, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Le Blanc.

DEATHS.

Lady Louisa Mary Lennox, aged 92, widow of the late Lord George Lennox, and grandmother of the present Duke of Richmond; she had been upwards of 50 years on the Pension List!—At Derby, W. Strutt, esq., F.R.S., 75.—In Bedford-row, T. Davison, esq., 65. — At Norwich, J. Gurney, esq., 75.—In Grosvenor-square, the Marchioness of Aylesbury.—In Stanhope-street, Hon. Elizabeth Mary Poyntz, wife of W. S. Poyntz, esq.—Catherine, wife of Sir J. Murray, bart.—Hon. Philip Roper, 94, uncle of Lord Teynham. — At Halifax, John Logan, 105, commonly called "Old Logan". He was born in Montrose, Sept. 1726. He has lived in five kings' reigns—50 years were spent in the service of his country, in England, Ireland, and the West Indies—19 years he belonged to the 26th Cameronian reg., 23 years to the 32d reg. of foot, 3 years to the 83d reg., and 5 years to the Bredalline Fencibles. Of the last regiment he was drum-major.—This long service was rewarded with a pension of 1s. 11½d. per day. He has been twice married, and has been the father of 32 children—8 by his former, and 24 by his second wife. His last child was born when Logan was in his 77th year.—R. Clarke, esq. 93, Chamberlain of London. — At St. Leonard's, G. J. Wood, esq.—At Broughton, Alice Quainton, 100.—James Blackstone, esq., son of the celebrated Justice Blackstone.—Viscountess Massareene.—Charlotte, Baroness de Roos. —Mrs. Ford, 86, mother to the Duchess of Cannizzarro —Hon. Louisa King, 19, daughter of Lord Lorton.—Sir C. J. Smith, bart.—Sir T. Frankland, bart., 81.—The Bishop of Cork.—At Edinburgh, Henry Mackenzie, esq., author of "The Mirror," &c.—Viscount Sidney.—F. Canning, esq.—Hon. Charlotte Grimstone.—In Berkeley-square, Ellen, wife of T. Legh, esq., M.P. This was the lady about whom so much interest was excited, in consequence of her abduction by Mr. E. G. Wakefield.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Munich, at the house of His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, Henry Francis Howard, esq., to the Hon. Sevilla Erskine, fourth daughter of Lord Erskine.—At the Hague, P. F. Tinne, esq., to Henriette, eldest daughter of the late Vice-admiral Baron de Capellen.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Mr. J. Donaldson, from disease brought on by over exertion and fatigue in the late revolution. He was a native of Glasgow, and well known as the author of the "Eventful Life of a Soldier," and "Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland."—At Trinidad, Mme. Gollivette, 116.—At Paris, Mme. de Genlis, 86.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND. — The trustees of the Savings' Bank established at Newcastle-upon-Tyne state, their receipts up to Nov. 20, to have amounted to £231,945. 7s. 3d, paid in by 4,063 depositors, and 12 charitable, and 80 friendly societies.—The moral advantages of these institutions in raising the character and increasing the comforts of the poor are incalculable. In England, Wales, and Ireland (for Scotland makes no return to the National Debt Office) there are 487 Savings' Banks, in which the number of depositors is 403,712; the amount of deposits £13,523,428.; of these depositors more than half the number, or 203,691, have deposits under £20. each, or on the average £7. 4s. 5½d.; there are also 4,549 Friendly Societies, having deposits to the amount of £747,124. or on the average £164. 4s. 9d. each, and 1,684 Charitable Societies. The total number of accounts is 409,945, and the

total amount of deposits with interest £1,443,492; the average of the same placed to each account is £35. 4s. 2d.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of South Shields has been held at the Town Hall for the purpose of taking into consideration the sending its own representatives to the Commons House of Parliament; when a petition to both Houses was unanimously agreed to and several resolutions entered into for the purpose.

YORKSHIRE.—The inhabitants of Knaresborough have recently held a meeting at their Sessions House, Sir W. A. Ingilby, Bart., M.P., in the chair, on the state of the country, when several resolutions were passed, and petitions to both Houses of Parliament resolved on. Resolution 4 states—"That the People of this country, especially the Middle and Lower Classes, are now labouring under an Oppressive Weight of Taxation, a circumstance which this Meeting principally ascribes to the Defective State of Public Representation, the Want of a due Sympathy with those Classes, and a Profuse or otherwise Unwarrantable Expenditure of the Public Money."

LANCASHIRE. — The new and beautiful church of Blackburn has been nearly burnt down. It was considered one of the noblest pieces of Gothic architecture erected in modern days, and its estimated cost, when totally completed would not have been far from £50,000.

A very numerous meeting has been held at Manchester on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, when resolutions were passed, and petitions ordered to be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying for immediate Reform.

Nothing has yet transpired to lead to the discovery of the parties guilty of the diabolical murder of Mr. Ashton, at Hyde, although a reward of £500. has been offered by the father of the unfortunate youth; another £500. by his other relatives; and £1,000. more by Government, with an offer of pardon to any accomplice, excepting the hand that actually fired the pistol, who will come forward and give the desired information.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. — The amount of cash received at the Savings' Bank of this county from its institution in August 1816, to December 20, 1830, is £354,162. 11s. 0½d.; out of which upwards of £200,000. have been repaid to depositors.

DORSETSHIRE.—During the sitting of the Special Commission for this county, no less than four incendiary fires took place.

WORCESTERSHIRE. — The present amount of the Droitwich Savings' Bank is £14,452. 14s. 10d.; the total number of accounts being 320.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The trustees of the Birmingham Savings' Bank have published their account up to November 20, last, from which it appears that £72,839. 3s. 8d., have been received since its institution by 3,139 depositors.

WILTS.—Twenty-five prisoners were sentenced for death at the commission for holding the special assize for this county. There were upwards of 300 persons for trial.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—At a public meeting held at Dursley Town Hall, the Bailiff in the chair, the inhabitants, amongst other resolutions, unanimously "Resolved, that this meeting deplore that any of their countrymen should be guilty of those acts of outrage and incendiarism, which have unhappily disgraced various parts of the kingdom, but cannot refrain from ascribing them to that lamentable Pauperism, which is the result of an intolerable burthen of Taxation, occasioned by long and destructive Wars, by expensive Establishments in time of Peace, by Sinecures and Grants, by immoderate and unmerited Pensions, and useless Places; whereby a sum of money is wrung from an impoverished people astounding in amount and ruinous in its pressure, on the springs of productive industry."—Petitions were voted to both Houses of Parliament upon the subject.

A public meeting of the bankers, merchants, and other inhabitants of Bristol and its vicinity has been held at the Guildhall, for the the purpose of petitioning Parliament for a Reform in the Representation, when the petition and several resolutions were unanimously passed for that purpose, as well as for the Repeal of Vexatious Laws, the Removal of Unjust Monopolies, the Abolition of Sinecures and Useless Places, and Shortening the Duration of Parliaments.

The Dursley Savings' Bank account up to November 20, 1830, amounted to £18,992. 5s. 10d., contributed by 441 depositors and 17 charitable and friendly societies.

The receipts at the Custom House, Gloucester, have increased prodigiously since the opening of the Canal between 3 and 4 years ago. In 1827 the receipts were £28,500.; in 1830, £90,300.

The calendar at the last Gloucester Quarter Sessions consisted of 183 prisoners !!!

SOMERSETSHIRE.—At the 13th Annual Report of "The West Somerset Savings' Bank," it appears that the accounts made up to November 20, last,

amounted to the sum of £179,661. 19s. 9d. the savings of 3,625 depositors, 5 charitable societies, and 53 friendly societies. The Queentock Savings' Bank account up to November 20, last, amounted to £34,487. 4d., by 524 depositors, and 15 societies.

The inhabitants of Yatton and Kenn, Somersetshire, have sent a petition to the House of Lords, stating—"That believing that nearly all the statutes enacted in the earlier ages, when barbarism and superstition prevailed, are either revoked or so ameliorated as to have some reference to the present improved state of society, with the exception of the Tithe Laws; they, therefore, pray for their abolition, which would materially promote the cause of religion, the comforts and welfare of all the productive classes of society, and destroy a fruitful and never failing source of litigation."

The county expenses of last year amounted to £24,820. 19s. 8d.

ESSEX.—There are in this county 15 Savings' Banks, established at Barking, Chelmsford, Colchester, Dunmow, Epping, Halstead, Harwich, Castle Hedingham, Leyton, Manningtree, Rochford, Romford, Saffron Walden, West Ham, and Witham. The total number of depositors in these Banks is 7,897: the total amount of deposits, including interest, is £273,182. 8s. 7¾d.; average amount of each depositor's account is £34. 4s. 0¾d.; and of these depositors there are 4,340 whose deposits are under £20. each, amounting in the whole to £32,521. 4s. 6d. There are also 173 Friendly Societies, having £21,977. 2s. 5¾d., and 56 Charitable Societies, having 3,909. 9s. 9d. deposited, making the total amount in the several Banks £299.069. 11½d.

The committee appointed to carry into effect a plan for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor, at Saffron Walden, &c., have published their Report, on the successful issue of the plan adopted of spade husbandry, and small allotments of land—which plans they hope will be adopted in other districts.

NORFOLK.—Lord G. Bentinck, in presenting a petition to the House of Commons from Lynn for a remission of the duty on sea-borne coals, gave the following statement of the partial burthen this tax inflicts upon the county; which, with 351,000 inhabitants, and assessed to the property tax, in 1815, its greatest prosperity, at no more than £1,541,000., actually pays £90,000. sterling to the coal tax; whilst Yorkshire, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, and a yearly income of more than four and a half millions, contributes but £7,432.; and Lancashire, with a population of upwards of one million, and with an income rated at three millions and upwards, pays but £3. a-year.—Norfolk is computed to consume 300,000 chaldrons; the removal of the tax would be to the inhabitants of that county alone equal to a boon of 75,000 chaldrons of coals.

A meeting has been held at St. Andrew's Hall, by the inhabitants of Norwich, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, Taxation, Sinecures, &c., and a petition, founded on several resolutions, ordered to be presented to the Legislature.

A Parliamentary Reform Meeting was lately held at the Guildhall at Lynn, and various resolutions entered into, and a petition unanimously passed to the legislature. Allusions were made to the present institutions of the country as necessary to undergo a radical change, many of them having existed from five to 600 years, and although they might originally be well suited to the necessities and the ignorance of those times, it was monstrous to suppose that they would suit every age and circumstance of the people.

The receipts of the Norfolk and Norwich Savings' Bank up to Nov. 20, 1830, amount to £106,178. 11s. 7d.—depositors 2,781.

SUFFOLK.—The total number of depositors in Bury Savings' Bank, November 20, last, was 871, and the amount then due to them £35,867. 10s. 2d.

LINCOLNSHIRE AND RUTLANDSHIRE.—At the last annual meeting of the "Stamford and Rutland Savings' Bank," their property amounted to £42,680. 14s. 11½d., and the total number of accounts to 832. The Spilsby Savings' Bank amounted to £8,904. 16s. 11d.; the actual number of depositors were 255.

A meeting has been called by the High Sheriff for petitioning the Legislature upon the excessive Taxation of the Country, and the best means of reducing it without breach of National Faith, the wasteful Expenditure of Public Money, and the means of checking it, and that all-important question, Reform of the House of Commons. Several resolutions were passed and a petition founded thereon.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—The inhabitants of Leicester have held a public meeting in favour of Reform and Retrenchment, and to support his Majesty's ministers; when 10 resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition to Parliament resolved on for those purposes. Among the observations elicited on the occasion, it was remarked by one of the speakers, that "the present misery and distress are the results of ruinous wars, wanton expenditure, unequal tax-

ation, and unjust monopolies, which, whilst they benefit and enrich the few, ruin our agriculture, destroy our commerce, and starve our population!!!"

BERKS.—A county meeting took place at Reading, having been summoned by the High Sheriff, for Parliamentary Reform, when a petition to the House of Commons for that purpose was carried unanimously. A resolution in favour of vote by ballot was also carried.

The amount at the last meeting of the trustees of the Reading Savings' Bank, appears to be £87,777. 6s. 3d., and the depositors numbered 2,025, including 17 friendly societies.

Sentence of death was passed upon 26 prisoners at the High Commission Assizes for this county; and about 70 were either transported or imprisoned.

HANTS.—Sentence of death was recorded upon 101 prisoners at the Special Commission held at Winchester—6 only were left for execution! 36 were transported, 65 imprisoned, and 67 acquitted.

At the last meeting of the governors of the Chichester Savings' Bank it appeared that £53,374. 11s. 5d. had been received up to Nov. 20, 1830; and that the number of contributors amounted to 970; including 16 Friendly and 8 Charitable Societies. The Newport Savings' Bank, up to the same period, had received £36,012. 11s. 1d., and the depositers were 833.

CORNWALL.—By the general statement of the Penzance Savings' Bank, made up to Nov. 20, 1830, it appears that £43,966. 7s. 6d. had been received from 903 depositors, and 11 Charitable and Friendly Societies.

A county meeting has been held at Bodmin, when the freeholders passed, unanimously, resolutions for a Reform in Parliament, and petitions to Lords and Commons, embodying them, were likewise passed.

There has been for some time past considerable excitement amongst the fishermen of Paul, near Penzance, Newlyn, and Mousehole, in consequence of a demand made on them for Tithes of Fish; this tithe was for many years fixed at 20s. each boat, but now it is raised to £4. 10s. A solicitor of St. Ives went there a short time since to demand the tithes for his client, but was so roughly assailed that he was obliged to retreat.—From *The Cornubian*, Jan. 7; which paper also states, that at a vestry held at Callington, it was considered that, instead of 6s. in the pound, under the present extraordinary pressure of the times, 2s. would be a fair composition for their tithes this year. The same paper states, through the medium of one of its correspondents, "That the rental of the land, in the parishes of South Hill and Callington, amounts to only £3,800 a year; and that the Rector actually receives from the farmers nearly £1,000. yearly as Tithes!!!"

SUSSEX.—The magistrates assembled at the Quarter Sessions have agreed to a petition to the House of Commons, specifying that, in the present unfortunate state of the country, they feel themselves called upon to press most strongly upon the attention of the House the very distressing condition of the occupiers of farms, whether proprietors or tenants, in a great part of the eastern division of Sussex, and of their inability of paying their labourers, occasioned by abuse of the poor-laws; to the changes in the currency; to the excessive burthen of taxation; and to the system of tithes.

WALES.—The Swansea Savings' Bank deposits amounted, November 20, to £15,675. 3s. 11½d., and to 406 depositors.

The disturbances which existed in Wales have entirely subsided. The men have returned to their work; but in almost every instance the demands of the men have been complied with. The distress is not attributable to any local cause, but to that which afflicts the whole country—excessive and overwhelming taxation.—*Chester Courant.*

SCOTLAND.—New Year's Day last the waters of Loch Leven were admitted into the new channel which has been preparing for their reception during the two last years. This was an operation of the greatest delicacy, not unattended with danger, as the new cut is made to penetrate a considerable way into the lake, which had lately risen to an almost unprecedented height, and was threatening every moment to burst its barriers. Had this taken place, the immense tide of waters which would have escaped, would have carried along with it devastation and ruin. Thus a thousand acres of excellent land will be recovered from the lake, and several thousands of acres of marshy soil will be made perfectly dry, rendered capable of the highest cultivation, and will form one of the finest tracts of champaign country. The lake still consists of six square miles.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle, Jan.* 5, 1831.

A Meeting for Reform has taken place at Glasgow, at which various resolutions were adopted, and petitions passed, to which an immense number of signatures have been attached.

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MARCH NIGHT-THOUGHTS OF GOG AND MAGOG.

Scene—Guildhall. *Time*—Midnight.

THE feast was done, the lamps were out,
The clamours of the hall were past;
The orators had ceased to spout,
The Lady Mayoress broke her fast;
My Lord had left the yearly throne—
The day of callipash was done.

Yet on the ear—if ear were there—
Had come by fits a fearful sound,
Like Aldermen bemused in beer,
Taking their doze the hall around;
'Twas Gog to Magog sent the groan—
Majestic, angry, and alone!

GOG.

"What think'st thou, MAGOG, of the times?
Is England going to the dogs?
Does SOUTHEY steal or make his rhymes?
Is GREY's a cabinet of logs?
Is all this prate about Reform
A trick to keep their benches warm?"

The Giant paused; a thunder-roll
Was like the sigh that spoke his soul!
Grimly the Brother-Giant rose—
A mountain shook from its repose!
Then spoke his sorrows in his turn,
With upraised club, and eyes that burn.

MAGOG.

"Now let me ask one question, GOG:
How long shall England play the Quaker,
When scoffs her every son of bog—
When DAN turns Ireland's undertaker,
And all his yelping rascals dabble
In riot, robbery, and rabble?"

Down fell his club with crash profound!
The ghosts of Sheriffs gibbered round;
And Aldermen, no longer men,
Flocked, fat and fungous, round the den,
Though all their bulk was empty air—
A nothing—like a last year's Mayor!

GOG.

"How long will PEEL for place keep boring,
Still swearing that he hates the thing?
Or DAWSON keep his tale encoring—
Both true alike to God and King?
Or pious GOULBURN cease to pray
Four times a year for quarter-day?"

MAGOG.

"How long will BROUGHAM in Chancery ride,
Kicking the Masters from their stools?
Or HUME display the ass's hide?
Or WOOD and HUNT be noisy fools?
Or gallant GRAHAM redeem the pledge
That set old BATHURST's teeth on edge?"

GOG.

"Now, Brother, let me put a case,
Plain as the crack in STANHOPE's skull—
Plain as the nose in MORPETH's face:
How long will England's purse be full,
When—robbed alike by foes and friends—
Said purse is open at both ends?"

MAGOG.

"Now, Brother, for your case take mine:
How long will JOHN BULL bear the saddle
That galls the marrow in his spine,
If all he gets is change of twaddle,
Whoever rides him, Whig or Tory?
My question's like the nose before ye?"

The Brother-Giant looked awhile,
Like HUME, the grimmer for his smile;
Then let his wooden eyelids sink,
Like Melville when he strives to think;
Then, like the ocean on the shore,
Sent through the hall his solemn roar.

GOG.

"How long shall this Lord's cousins' cousins,
And that Lord's tribe of dancing daughters,
And t'other's nameless friends by dozens,
From John Bull's bottle sip the waters?
Reform be taxes, places, pensions?
And Humbug have the 'best intentions?'"

MAGOG uprose; but clamours broke
From roof to floor—a general screech!
A thousand phantoms screamed, "spoke! spoke!"
Thick as when Limerick makes a speech.
Were MAGOG gifted like CHARLES WYNN,
Or BEXLEY's self, he must give in!

EUROPE, AND THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The Continental kingdoms exhibit at this moment the most extraordinary problem that ever perplexed the politician. They are all arming—yet all protesting the most anxious desire of peace! all intriguing for alliances, and the other diplomatic means of commencing war in the most formidable state of preparation—yet all disclaiming any compact that can imply either the fear of war or the wish for war! and all talking in the securest style of the cause of kings and established sovereignties, while disaffection is in their streets, uncertainty in their councils, and the grand terror of every throne is the fear of its own people!

It must be expected that a vast variety of contradictory reports should float about the Continent in the present crude state of those great transactions; and we accordingly have to encounter every extravagance that can be invented by the genius of the bureau, and propagated by the genius of the coffee-house. But something of higher reliance is given to the rumour that Austria, Russia, and Prussia are about to form a confederacy for the suppression of revolutionary principles—in other words, for the suppression of the progress of France in her almost openly avowed projects of aggrandisement. This involves an anxious question with ourselves. Laying aside all conjecture, we have the *fact* that France *is* raising an immense army; and for what purpose, if not for aggression in some quarter? The raising of her National Guard had already secured her from invasion; and there can be no doubt that, in the present state of Europe, any unprovoked attempt at the invasion of France would have produced an immediate and intimate connection with England, which must have settled the war at once; for whatever our old hostility to France might have been, it could not be for the interest of England to see her now broken down, and Russia made still more powerful in Europe than she has so unwisely been suffered to become. The direct results of a successful war by the combined powers against France, would be to make Russia, in every sense of the word, the leading power of Europe, with Austria and Prussia as her vassals; and this supreme influence of Russia would be inevitably so injurious to England, that she must, for her common security, make every effort to resist the growth of this ambitious power. There is scarcely a point of our foreign empire on which Russia might not do us more mischief than any other European government. In India, we are singularly open to attack; and even the slightest impression that might be made by a Russian army would be productive of so enormous an expense of money, and perhaps of life, that it would be the first duty of a ministry to strike any blow by which her Indian march might be paralyzed. Even in the rear of Canada, the Russian settlements are encroaching to an inordinate extent; and, however we may be inclined to disregard a territory so remote, yet it rises into importance when we look to its influence on our Colonies in the Pacific. A Russian naval force from the north-east of Asia, or north-west of America, would be within a few weeks' sail of our settlements in New South Wales, and the various positions of our commerce among the islands; while it would take as many months for an English expedition to reach them for their defence.

But the truth is, that a commercial people has its territory near to every other that borders the sea. The waters are its territory; and a

blow as severe might be struck against this country in the Baltic, the Black Sea, or in the Mediterranean, as in the Channel.

For these reasons, and many others, any attack by Russia on France, unless occasioned by the clearest necessity, must arm England on the side of her neighbour; and this is well known by the French Cabinet. The natural conclusion is, that not fear, but ambition, is arming France; and that not ambition, but fear, is arming the continental powers.

The French ministry, people, and king, are curiously at variance in their declared opinions of the course to be pursued in the present juncture. The king is all for peace; he declares that France desires nothing but good fellowship with all the world, and even requires peace for her commerce, institutions, and freedom. The ministry verge a little more into the old French style, and while they deny all idea of aggression, promulgate to the world that they have an army of half a million ready for any service. The people leave both king and ministry behind, and declare that France is not merely able to make a stand against all the world, but to resume her old place at its head. The popular cry of France is for an advance to the Rhine. There is not a coffee-house waiter in Paris who does not consider himself wronged of his proper glory while France is restricted within the bounds of the old monarchy. The possession of Belgium is dear to the souls of politicians who are not worth a sou; and the prospect of conquering the Prussian and Dutch provinces disturbs the dreams of patriots who, on rising at morn, are unconscious where they are to find a meal for the day, or a bed for the night.

The opinions of those classes of legislators in England, would be of no very serious consequence; and we might leave them to evaporate at the hustings, or in New South Wales, where so much premature patriotism has found its natural retreat. But, in France, the colour of affairs is different. The legislators are the multitude; and what is once the will of the populace must soon be the act of the nation. Brussels has chosen the Duke de Nemours for its king. Louis-Philippe has distinctly refused his consent to this arrangement. The allies have expressed the strongest determination on the subject, and are said to have even threatened to withdraw their ambassadors, if the duke should be suffered to avail himself of the election. Yet with what feelings will the French people see this chance of laying hold of Belgium escaping from their hands? But a new candidate is started, in the person of the son of the King of Naples. Is he less obnoxious than the Duke de Nemours? If the one be the son of the French king, the other is the nephew of the French queen. But whoever may be the future sovereign, the question is much less of the person than of the power. If he be any one of the royal youths already proposed, his kingdom must be built on a foundation of sand. In the first place, he will have to make head against the factions in Belgium, which are bitter, and inflamed to a degree unequalled in any other part of Europe—a tolerable task for a boy of sixteen, whether bred up in the dancing court of the Tuileries, or in the opera-hunting, lazy, and licentious court of Naples. Of course, he will be involved in perplexities in the first month, which it may take his life to unwind.

But if he were a Solomon, what is to protect a little strip of territory, lying open to England, France, and Prussia, from being torn in pieces on the very first collision of the great powers. England could throw an army into it within a month, Prussia within a week, and France

within a day. If Belgium is to have a prince, and that prince is to have a permanent kingdom, he ought to be chosen among the established powers of Europe. The Nassau family would probably be the most eligible. But they seem to have given some irreconcilable offence to the people of Brussels, and they come with the unlucky imputation of having been beaten. The Belgians, therefore, treat them with scorn. This was the old policy of Europe, when Poland received a foreigner on her throne. It was the acknowledged and wise policy to place on that throne some individual whose hereditary dominions would supply him with the means of preserving the throne independent. While the electors of Saxony and the king of Hungary were thus in possession, Poland was independent. But when Russia was weakly suffered to put Stanislaus on the throne, a man taken from the common order of the nobles, from that hour Poland became little more than a Russian fief. In the same manner, while the Netherlands remained connected with Austria, they retained their influence in European affairs, and their independence of the neighbouring powers. They were, of course, involved in every war of Europe, from their situation in the centre of the great military powers; but though a regular exercise-ground for all the Continental armies, they underwent no separation; they retained their rank, and by their location, which, unlucky as it was in war, was the source of commerce and prosperity in peace, they continued one of the most opulent portions of Europe. But if a young Beauharnois, or any other waltzing boy of the Continent, with nothing but his moustaches and spurs to sustain his throne, shall be invested with the Belgian destinies, it is impossible that either the people will endure, or the ambitious and warlike powers of the Continent will respect him. Prussia will partition his dominions, the Dutch will buy them, or France will seize them at one fell swoop, and there's an end.

The world beyond the Rhine is still in that state of silence, yet of confusion, which is "between the acting of a dreadful thing and the conception." Prussia is drilling, arming, and parading in every quarter. The Polish insurrection has called large bodies of troops into the provinces, her share of the plunder of that unhappy country. The Belgian insurrection had drawn away another army to the provinces on the Rhine. The sulkiness of the populace in Berlin, and of the students and professors in the universities, is understood to be sufficiently marked to keep another army in the centre of the kingdom, and, at this moment, Prussia without a war, or any thing to gain by one, is in the same attitude as if the armies of Europe were thundering at the gates of Berlin, and is undergoing an expence that is preying on the vitals of the land.

In Italy symptoms of that insurgent spirit, which is known to exist in every corner of that fine country, have lately broken out even in the quiet districts of the Modenese and the Bolognese. They will be put down, and the insurgents be forced to hide themselves, as usual, until a more favourable opportunity. But the chance has put Austria on the alert, and her army is in preparation for marching alike to the Rhine and the Brenta.

The Polish insurrection seems to have failed. A want of concert between the people and the nobles was the first source of weakness. The next was the want of a leader. We are too remote from the scene to know the circumstances under which Klopicki, the dictator, has

acted. But his double resignation shews that he has found some reason for doubting the chances of Polish liberty. The armies of the revolt are on paper, while the Russian troops are actually in the field; and if they have paused hitherto, appear to have done it warily, to give the insurrection time to dissolve away, and thus achieve an easy triumph. Unless some extraordinary interposition occur, whether of France, or of those accidents which have before now broken up the designs of the most powerful empires, the Polish insurrection must perish, and Russia derive new power from this attempt at its diminution.

But we have a more important and anxious topic in the State of British Affairs. On the accession of the present ministry the strongest hopes were entertained of their applying themselves vigorously to the correction of all the abuses of the country. England was weighed down by taxes, and it was fully acknowledged that the personal expenditure of government, the pension list, the sinecures, the places in the different departments of office, the diplomacy, and the colonial appointments, were exorbitantly overstretched, and must be reduced, or extinguished altogether. The expences of Ambassadors were stated by the ministry, when in opposition, to be enormous, as such they undoubtedly were; for it was monstrous to see the services of such men as generally held the chief embassies, paid at the rate of £12,000. a year, which, in those cheaper countries to which they were commissioned, was at the rate of thirty or forty thousand pounds a year in England. It was proposed that the highest diplomatic salary should be reduced to about a sixth of the sum; and that by selecting men capable of the situation, not noble lords, whose whole merit consisted in their being the relatives of a minister, or creatures of a court; but men of capacity and experience, the whole expence, which amounted, with retiring pensions, &c., to upwards of half a million a year, might be reduced within £50,000. No one took up the subject with more vigour, or pursued it with more keenness, than Sir James Graham.

The next topic was the Sinecures: it was found that they burthened the country with an inordinate expence, without even the excuse of the diplomatist, that of having something to do. The sinecurists were gentlemen, who, having been the sons, cousins, or *menials*, of other gentlemen, who had the opportunity of handling the public purse, and whose conscience was not included among their principles, lived pleasantly upon handsome sums, drawn quarterly from the treasury, without more trouble or care than the lilies, that neither sow nor spin. It was declared in the strongest language that this abominable abuse should insult common sense and defraud the country no longer, but that lazy noble lords, and lazy commoners, should be taught that state pauperism was at an end, and that another shilling of public money was not to be sunk in the private pocket.

Yet the majority of the sinecures seem to be left in precisely the same situation in which they were found, and the whole generation of noble paupers are exulting in having a renewed lease of public charity.

The Pension List was another abomination. It is idle to tell us that, by touching it, we are touching the royal interests. The very assertion throws disrespect upon royalty. The true interest of a British king is identified with that of his people. A nation degraded by visible corruption, no matter where that corruption may originate, is not worthy of a

patriot king. An impoverished nation is no honour to any king, let his prerogative be however vigorous, or his pension list however well stocked. But the fact is, that in nine instances out of ten, the king has no more to do with the pension list than he has with the list of bankrupts. It is a ministerial machine, a government purse, a treasury tool, and the minister is the man whose prerogative is endangered by the popular demand for its reduction. The pension list in its present state has been pronounced, on the most competent authority, to be one great job: and it remains to be seen whether the nation will endure the lavish distribution of its hard-earned money among the families of noble paupers. Lists of those paupers have been published. We find among them names of the most notoriously haughty personages, male and female, in the empire; keepers of sumptuous equipages, and opera-boxes, givers of feasts which figure among the memorabilia of the London winter; making *progresses* through the kingdom, from one country-seat or watering-place to another, all of which they consider of sufficient importance to the public, to register them duly in the newspapers. We find other names, of more than equivocal reputation, from which no demand of the public can extract the most trifling reason for their drawing an income from the national purse; honorable ladies, if not ladies of honour, and a crowd of others, for whose claims we can account only under one supposition. Is all this as it should be? Is the public demand that those pensions should be cut away, an offence to the king's character? Quite the contrary. We think that the purer the nature of the public expenditure, the more honour redounds to those by whom it is regulated.

But we will go further, and say, that the Nobility are deeply interested in seeing this list abolished. They are not in high odour at present. If some individuals of unimpeachable integrity exist, the great majority have shewn themselves as willing slaves to the minister for the time being, as ever the Grand Turk found in his viziers and pashas. They are cravers for the public money, almost with a more voracious appetite than the most plebeian hanger-on of office. One of the newspapers observes:—

"It ought not to be forgotten, that, besides the pensions already published, there is a host of beings who, in addition to the enjoyment of those provisions, are accommodated with suites of apartments in the different palaces, *rent and taxes free;* whilst the people who supply the taxes to defray the support of those State paupers, are exposed to both. The Seymour family—or, as they stupidly style themselves, the Saint Maurs—alone afford a striking proof of this. The Chairman of the Excise, Captain Seymour, R.N., who is the Serjeant at Arms and Keeper of the Robes; Horace Seymour, M.P., who is Deputy-Keeper of the Robes, are domiciled in Hampton Court Palace, notwithstanding the pay and emoluments they derive from those situations; and such is the detestation in which these gross perversions of the public money is viewed, that Hampton Court Palace is as often called Seymour Place as it is by its proper name; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Wellesley family, their venerable mother is suffered to reside there as a State pauper."

We suppose the cry of "vested interests," and such nonsense, will not be suffered on this occasion. The meanness of this wretched dependence on the national purse is boundless, and all who can by any possibility avail themselves of the plunder, do it without the slightest respect for their own rank, reputation, or income. A noble lord of £20,000 a year, will struggle as eagerly for the retention of some beggarly pension, or

sinecure, not amounting perhaps to the wages of his cook, as if he were not worth a shilling in the world. But he has two or three votes in the house, and the minister, to whom the first consideration is to secure those votes, must give way. So runs the world.

But how long is this insult to common sense to be borne? We say that a government which did its duty, would instantly extinguish the whole sinecure list, and cut off from the pension list, every individual whose services were not distinctly public. This would be acting honestly, and as such, would be acting wisely even for the permanency of the ministry itself. For there can be no truth more unquestionable than this, that England will now be content with no half-way cabinet, no meagre and shifting contrivance to keep every abuse that can by possibility be kept, and to concede nothing but what is extorted by the public indignation. The cabinet that will expect to survive the first session, must adopt perfect honesty for its policy, and then its stand may be as long as that of the empire. What the Whigs will do we can only conjecture. But, as yet, they have done nothing. Their contrivance for dividing the Pension List is totally ineffectual for the object which the nation demand, who care not a straw whether the pensions be paid from one fund or another; but demand that they shall be instantly reduced. The Sinecures seem to have undergone no reduction whatever. Lord Ellenborough's £9,000 a year, in the King's Bench, is still duly paid; Lord Melville's £3,000; Lord Rosslyn's £3,000; with an endless multitude of others equally heavy, and equally unearned, go on in the most flourishing style imaginable, and will go on, until the cabinet learns, that its existence depends on their going on no longer. If the fear of raising an opposition among the sinecurists be the bugbear of the Cabinet, it is undone; for every noble lord and patriotic commoner, who sees the remotest chance of his pittance being diminished by a farthing through its continuance, hates the Cabinet like poison. But the matter will ripen at last, and before long. The only Cabinet that will be endured in England, will be one that will lay the axe to the root of the tree, and without regarding the outcries of pampered individuals who have fattened on the miseries of the people, or feebly and dishonourably dreading their combination, will sweep the land of the locusts; and make England what it ought to be, a place where an honest man can live by his industry. Let the Cabinet trust to the Nation; and it will not be disappointed. There it will find fidelity which cannot be alienated, strength which cannot be shaken, and honesty which defies corruption.

The debate on the Civil List has disappointed the country. We expected to find important reductions—we find comparatively none. But in place of those, which all men pronounce essential to the well-being of the empire, we find a mere change in the manner of drawing up the accounts. The sums payable for the king's actual expenditure are separated from those for the ambassadors, judges, &c., which once formed a part of the list, and which, after all, none but the most ignorant person could have ever confounded with the actual expence of the royal family. The privy purse now amounts to £110,000.; the expence of the household to £171,000.; and the *service* of the household to £130,000.; or £400,000 in all. No one can object to see a King of England supplied as a king should be, with the due means of royal living. But the item of the "service of the household," adding nothing to his comforts, and

nothing to the public respect for his station, but quite the contrary, and being merely a mass of enormous salaries to noble lords, and other persons who are in reality only the ministerial trainbands, the cousins of this minister and the dependants of that, we see no possible reason why their salaries should not be extinguished. They may be very convenient for nominal peers, but actual paupers, who are content to eat the bread of dependence, and walk about the halls of St. James's with white rods in their hands, and liveries on their backs. But the nation see those things with measureless disgust, and ask how it is possible that any man leading this utterly useless life, this mere mummery, can consider himself performing the part of an English gentleman, while he does this empty duty for hire? But, that English noblemen possessed of property, and entitled to feel that they have a name to support among the gentlemen of this country, should stoop to the acceptance of money for this nonsense and puerility is altogether astonishing. What can we think of a Duke of Devonshire, with his immense estates and high rank, taking his £3,000 a year, for walking from one room to another, before the king, with a gold key, or some such foolery, at his button-hole? Let him so walk, if he likes; but let him disdain to accept money for an employment which costs no trouble, and which to a man of honourable feelings should be amply repaid by the honour of the royal presence. Or what can justify a nobleman of the Duke of Buckingham's rank and fortune, in receiving another £3,000 for sitting in a coach in a red coat twice a year, and following the king's coach from Westminster to St. James's? The nation asks, how can such things be? How can those noblemen, who look upon themselves as the *elect* of the earth, a race of beings altogether superior to the common breathers upon the surface of the world, yet come to the treasury-desk, with the quarterly regularity of a Chelsea pensioner, and put their hire in their pockets as if they were not masters of another shilling in the world? The fact is, that the "household" in its present state, however it may be stocked with lofty names, is nothing more than a most obnoxious branch of the Pension List, a mere retaining fee for a ministerial menial; not an appointment for royal attendance, but an expedient to pay men, whom not even the proverbial daring of ministers would dare to put into public office of any active kind, and who, if they were put into such office would inevitably and immediately betray their unfitness for any thing but the receipt of their salaries. We say then, that the household, as now constituted, deserves to draw the national eyes to its abuses; and unless the splendour of a court is to be sustained by the degradation of the nobility, the comfort of the monarch ensured by surrounding him with a group of "walking gentlemen;" or the national respect to be enhanced by compelling every man of honour and delicacy to ask, how can those men be beggarly enough to receive salaries which they cannot want, for duties, which are either nonentities, or which they are not adequate to perform; the king's dignity and the national feeling would both be best consulted by sending those noble menials adrift, and cutting off from the national incumbrances one, alike heavy and ridiculous.

The Budget was introduced on Friday the 11th of February, and is much more satisfactory than the other ministerial measures.

Its first head relates to the reduction of places, which amount to two hundred and seventy-three:—

Vice-Treasurer of Ireland	1
Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance	1
Clerk of Delivery ..... ditto	1
Auditor of the Civil List	1
Treasurer of the Military College	1
Ditto..... Military Asylum	1
Resident Surveyor	1
King's Stationer, Ireland	1
Clerks of Privy Seal	4
Commissioners of Victualling	2
Ditto..... Navy	2
Superintendent of Transport	1
Paymaster of Marines	1
Officers of Dock-Yards	78
Husband of 4½ per Cent. Duties	1
Inspector of Stamps, Manchester	1
Receiver-General, Scotland	1
Receivers-General, England	46
Commissioners of Sufferer's Claims at St. Domingo	1
Paymaster of American, &c. Officers	1
Unenumerated	126
	273

All those reductions are good. Every burthen removed is so much gained to the nation. But it must be observed, that none of the great offices, of which the strongest complaint is made, are touched, that the Sinecures are as safe as ever, and that the majority of these abolished places were held by poor officials, whom the public would most regret to see deprived of their pittance. We have thus 78 officers of dockyards, and 126, whose offices are too obscure to have a name. The abolition of the 46 "Receivers-General" of England is, however, a public good, and to this extent we give credit to Lord Althorp's pruning-knife.

We next come to a still more anxious topic, the taxes to be levied or extinguished. The taxes to be reduced originally were—

"Tobacco, reduction of fifty per cent.
Newspapers, stamp-paper duty reduced to 2d.
Ditto ..... advertisement-duty reduced to 1s. for advertisements of less than ten lines, and 2s. 6d. for such as are of more than ten lines.
Coals and slates, taxes abolished.
Candles, tax abolished.
Printed cottons, tax abolished.
Glass, tax abolished.
Sales of land by auction, and miscellaneous, in all 263 articles, taxes abolished."

This is doing good so far as it goes. The abolition of the tax on coals is capable of giving great relief, provided it be not counteracted by the knaveries of the coal-owners. The tax on candles was a heavy burthen, and its abolition will be gladly received; but the tallow-dealers and the manufacturers will do all that they can to put the first profits of the abolition into their own pockets, by the usual arts of monopoly. However, even they must give way at last, and share their profits with the people. The tax on glass we are sorry to see is again laid on, but no one can fairly regret that the noble Lord's second thoughts have restored the tax on tobacco. The attempt to lighten this impost was

one of the oddest modes of administering to national prosperity that ever entered into the ministerial brain. Were not our streets sufficiently infested with tobacco already? is there not a cigar in the mouth of three-fourths of our shopkeepers? and how were we to call the further propagation of this national nuisance a public benefit? But if Lord Althorp thought that he could draw into the revenue the sum now paid to the smugglers, he was mistaken. No contrivance of his could bring it down to its price on the French coast, whence a puff of wind and three hours sail will bring it into England. If we are to be told that the poor man's comforts are to be attended to, we say that the use of tobacco is one of the most injurious presents that can be made to the poor man, or to the rich. That it undoubtedly enfeebles the bodily health in a remarkable degree, dozes the understanding, and where much used, destroys all inclination to the active pursuits of either mind or body. It is a minor kind of opium, and like it, however *comfortable* to those to whom use has made it second nature, is productive of diseases of the lungs, and of general debility, itself amounting to disease. If legislators have found it their best policy to substitute mild liquors for gin and other deleterious excitements, notwithstanding their productiveness to the revenue, we might understand the wisdom of Lord Althorp's policy in laying a triple tax on an offensive, and even an injurious article; certainly not in taking it off, while there were so many others on which any degree of alleviation would be received with national gratitude.

The whole amount of the relief to the public on these various items is estimated at £4,160,000.; of loss to the revenue, £3,200,000. The loss Lord Althorp proposed to make up by an equalization of the duties on wines, which he would change from 7s. 3d. for French, 4s. 10d. for Peninsular, and 2s. 3d. for Cape, to 5s. 6d.; by an addition to the timber-duty, by which that on the load of European timber will be raised to 50s., and on the load of Canadian, to 20s.; a new duty of 1d. per lb. on raw cotton imported, with a drawback of equal amount; a tax on steam-boat passengers, where the distance does not exceed 20 miles, 1s., from 20 to 30, 2s., above 30 miles, 2s. 6d.; 10s. per cent. on the actual sale of landed property, and 10s. per cent. on the actual transfer of funded property. The whole calculated amount of these new taxes is £2,740,000.—The rise on Cape wine is since withdrawn.

Great discontent had arisen with respect to the tax on the transfer of funded property; and it was subsequently withdrawn, on the ground of its being a breach of faith with the public creditor. The tax on steam-boat passengers has also excited some animadversion. But if there must be taxes, we scarcely know where one could be better placed than on steam-boat passengers. The cheapness of passage from Ireland has overflowed the entire west of England with the rambling Irish, who came nominally to work, but really to beg annually in England. The price of their passage is said to be often as low as three-pence a head; and as the journey and voyage are made much more for the sake of the adventure, than from any real necessity, we should by no means regret any impost which could stop the incursion. The whole affair is looked upon as a frolic by the Irish population, a gay summer excursion, while it actually reduces them, in a multitude of instances, to the most miserable destitution, crowds the roads of England with them as beggars, and, in not one instance out of a hundred, sends them back a shilling

richer than when they came. As to the Margate steam-boats, the spirit of competition will still keep down the price; and if, as we conceive, 150,000 passengers go down the river in a season, their profits will still be considerable.

Lord Althorpe concluded his statement with a general view of the financial state of the country.—"The income for the year 1830, was £50,060,000. If from this sum were deducted the loss by the taxes taken off in 1830, which amounted to £2,910,000, the income left for the present year would be £47,150,000. Now he found that, owing to the increased consumption which had been created of several articles by the reduction of the taxes upon them, there was an arrear due to the Excise of £580,000, at the beginning of this year, more than there was at the commencement of the last. He might therefore reckon upon that sum as part of the increased revenue for the year, and then it was £47,730,000. He deducted from this sum the taxes which he had taken off, and which he estimated at £3,190,000; and this left £44,540,000 for the revenue of the year. He added to this sum £2,740,000 for the amount of the new taxes which were to be imposed; and that raised the income to £47,280,000. Deducting from this sum the estimated expenditure for the year, which he had before shewn would be £46,850,000, it would leave a clear surplus of £430,000. These were the propositions which he intended to submit to the consideration of the House. It happened he had shewn them that very morning to a gentleman who was well skilled in matters of finance, and had asked him what he believed would be the result of them upon the country? His friend told him that the monied interest of the country would not like them, but that the manufacturing interest would. He thought that this was the greatest praise which his system could receive."

Some keen encounters have occurred in the House of Lords, between Lord King and the bishops. His lordship amuses himself with those displays of his reading, and as decorum prevents his adversaries from advancing beyond the line of argument, he gains his point, which is the laugh. The bishops, of course, vindicated the right to the Tithes, but seemed not unwilling to allow that some modification in the mode of collecting them might be desirable. Lord King immediately exhibited his fertility in projects, by presenting them with three plans, which however have not the merit of novelty of any kind. A statement from the *Quarterly Review* gives the closest account that we have seen of the actual value of that part of the tithes which is contributed to the clergy, in all their ranks.

"Total number of acres in England and Wales	37,694,400
Deduct waste land, about one-seventh.....	5,299,200
Number of acres in tillage	31,795,200
Abbey-land, or land exempt by modus from tithe, one-tenth	3,179,520
umber of acres actually subject to tithe	28,615,680

This number, divided by 10,693, the number of parishes, gives 2,676 tithe-able acres to each parish.

In the Patronage of the Crown, the Bishops, Deans and Chapters, the Universities, and Collegiate Establishments.

1,733	Rectories, containing 4,637,508 acres, at 3s. 6d.....	£811,563
2,341	Vicarages, containing 6,264,516 acres, at 1s. 3d.	391,532
	Annual Value of Public Livings.....	1,203,095

In the Gift of Private Patrons.

3,444	Rectories, containing 9,216,144 acres, at 3s. 6d.	1,612,825
2,175	Vicarages, containing 5,820,300 acres, at 1s. 3d.	363,768
1,000	Perpetual Curacies, averaging £75. each.....	75,000
645	Benefices, not parochial, averaging £50. each.....	32,450
	Annual Value of Private Benefices	2,084,043
8,000	Glebes, at £20. each	160,000
	Total income of Parochial Clergy.....	3,447,138
	Income of Bishoprics	150,000
	Ditto of Deans and Chapters.....	275,000
	Total Revenues of the Established Clergy ..	3,872,138"

It is thus seen that nearly twice the amount of the livings disposable by the church, and even by the crown, are in the hands of private individuals, and are in fact of the same nature as private property, being capable of being sold like any other part of their property, of being willed, &c. Thus of two millions, out of little more than three, the possession is strictly belonging to the people themselves, which it may be presumed, the owners are by no means willing to get rid of. As for the general tithes of the kingdom, amounting to about eight millions, five millions are computed to be in the possession of laymen, and to be but another name for rent, with which the clergy have nothing whatever to do, by service, or otherwise. In fact, after all the declamation that has been wasted on the subject, the actual property of the Established Church down to its lowest ranks, is not above a million and a half a year, little more than a fiftieth part of the national expenditure.

The state of Ireland continues anxious. O'Connell's trial and his pleading guilty, or suffering judgment by default to pass against him, does not appear to have checked the popular discontent in any important degree, nor even to have checked himself. In a speech which he addressed a few days since to one of those meetings, for organizing which he had been arraigned, he told the multitude, that, so far from pleading guilty, he still stood upon the law; that so far from making any compromise, he was more determined to advocate the Repeal of the Union than ever; and that he was then on the point of setting off for London, to present the petitions for Repeal to the Legislature. Mr. Stanley, the Irish Secretary, on being called on to state whether any compromise had been entered into with O'Connell, declared himself in the negative in the strongest terms, and stated that he would be brought up for judgment, like any other person found guilty.

Yet with all those declarations, there is something puzzling in the

general aspect of the affair. We cannot understand how an individual charged with one of the most violent and direct offences imaginable to the public peace, and the King's direct authority—the attempt to excite a spirit which has been pronounced by the Government the immediate precursor of civil war, and whose results upon the public mind of Ireland must be disastrous, in the extreme; yet should find the means of repeating all the mischief that he had done before, of haranguing, defying, and finally coming over to England to propagate, by his privilege of Parliament, every sentiment he may please to utter. If his seizure were for the purpose of preventing this, its purpose has failed already. His pleading guilty, if he have so pleaded, which he denies, has not plucked a feather from his popularity; and his speech, after this kind of trial, is not less defying and contemptuous than before.

The truth is, that we cannot pin our faith to the statement that *no* compromise has been entered into. Perhaps no formal compromise has occurred. But if the Irish Government had acted according to the usual proceeding, we should have expected to find the accused instantly brought up for judgment, the sentence of the Judge directly following the verdict of the Jury, and the convict immediately undergoing the result of his conviction. This was the case in the English state trials, and we never heard of the culprits being let loose to harangue when and where they would immediately after, suffered to approach the legislature, or talk of writs of error, and the other inventions and evasions of legal dexterity. One thing at least is certain, that the result of this mismanaged affair is to make O'Connell's partizans talk more audaciously than ever, while it has to an extraordinary degree damped the reliance of the friends of order upon the activity of the law.

The only individual who has undergone any real inconvenience on the occasion is the unlucky Lord Lieutenant, who with rather unnecessary curiosity, or chivalry, or perhaps relying on the "love" which his epistolary exertions might be presumed to have wrought for him among the rabble, during the height of the excitement produced by the appearance of the conspirators in Court and other concomitant circumstances, rode from the Castle, accompanied by one of his sons, through the crowded streets to the Courts, the very centre of the confusion, where his Lordship experienced not only the insults which words and hootings and yells could convey, but was pelted, and forced to dismount, in consequence of the pony he rode having been hit on the neck by a stone. Having subsequently found it necessary to quicken his pace to a gallop, the mob followed, uttering the most violent execrations and throwing mud—the Guard ran to arms, and his Excellency reached the Castle in safety, but bearing ample evidence on his person of the popular feeling against him.

However insolent the treatment might be to any individual, we have no very vehement sorrows for the insulted person on this occasion. The Marquis wanted a lesson in politics, and he has got it. The pitiful sacrifices which he made to win mob popularity have now found the true reward, and he at last may feel that to recommend "agitation, agitation, agitation," however it may secure a few huzzas for the time, has a natural tendency to end in such favours as he received on his late ride through the streets of Dublin!

The last topic which forces itself on the public attention is Parliamentary Reform. To speak of the ministerial plan would be premature. But the real sentiment of the nation is easily ascertained. The conduct of the apostate parliament of 1829, so thoroughly disgusted every man of honour, that all are now satisfied that some change in the mode of choosing representatives is necessary. Nothing could be clearer than that the Parliament of 1829 represented a party and not the people. The abominations too, of the hustings, the bribery, treating, and collusions of all kinds, the purchases, and other vilenesses, which have been declared to be notorious as the sun at noon-day, have entirely disturbed the confidence with which the people looked to the old system. And the Tories are now perhaps the loudest and the most determined in seeing that the system shall be purified. They desire to keep aloof fromthe extravagant theories of Radicalism: they pronounce the doctrine of universal suffrage a gross absurdity, annual parliaments a burlesque, and the ballot an indignity to the common sense and character of England. They have no objection to see rank and wealth, particularly when connected with high character and public spirit, exert their natural influence in elections, as they have a right to do in all public interests. But they fully agree with those who say that the sale of seats in parliament is a scandal, that the purchase of votes at elections is an incitement to perjury, and that the return of members for places which have no electors, or next to none, the Old Sarums, Westburys, and others of their class, is not to be endured any longer. They say that their resistance to Parliamentary Reform arose merely from their suspicion that its most violent advocates meant Parliamentary Revolution, and from their belief that from various counteracting causes, it, on the whole, "worked well." But having at length worked ill, in the most signal instance that had put public good or evil into the hands of a parliament, for a century, they have altogether acknowledged the necessity of some change, not which would give the House of Commons more power, for it has enough; nor the people more, for in a legislative sense they should have none; but which would make it more difficult for men to enter the House by dishonest arts for dishonest purposes. They agree with those who desire to see every Englishman of mature age and a certain property, entitled to vote, whether the rate of property be regulated by actual income, or by the simpler way of the amount of his taxes payable to the king. The Tories have no quarrel with the present ministry, they charge them with none of the vilenesses of the last, they wait to see what they will do—and then by their deeds they will judge them.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.*

ABOUT three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers, who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer; and a young midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man; and his young favourite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians, as guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder, I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch; the paroquets chattered incessantly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. The farther we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side: the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves; the singular soap-tree; the splendid mongolia; the tall wax-tree, and the evergreen-oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time, they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of our guides in a similar tone; and, after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning, we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm. Suddenly, one of the Indians motioned us to be silent, and bending his ear to the ground, appeared to be listening to some sound, which, however, was unheard by us. We paused, and attentively watched his motions. In a few minutes he arose, and beckoned us to follow him into the forest: he stopped often, and laid his ear to the ground, and shortly after we heard a female voice shrieking for help. We hurried on; with difficulty restraining our young midshipman from advancing before the rest of the party; and had proceeded but a short way, when the shriek was repeated close beside us. We

* We give this narration upon Danish authority. It is related by A. F. Elmquist, of Copenhagen.—[ED.

stopped, on a motion from our guides, who, parting gently the intervening boughs, gave to view a scene which caused us hastily to grasp our arms.

In an open space blazed a large fire, round which were seated several men in tattered uniforms: they were armed, and appeared to be holding a consultation regarding a beautiful Indian girl, who was bound with cords to a tree. The Indians prepared their bows and arrows; but we beckoned them to desist, until we gave the signal for attack. On the termination of the conference, one of the men approached the girl, and said, "So, you will not conduct us to your village?"—"No," answered the young Indian, firmly, but sobbing.—"Good child!" he replied, with a scornful laugh, "so you will not be persuaded to lead us to your hut?"—"No" she again replied.—"We shall see how long the bird will sing to this tune;"—and with these words, the ruffian snatched a brand from the fire, and again approached her. We hastened to get ready our guns; but the impetuosity of Lincoln could not be restrained, and casting his from him, he sprung forward just as the brand had touched the shoulder of the girl, and struck the villain lifeless to the earth. At the same instant, the Indian arrows whistled through the air, and wounded two of the others, but not, it appeared, dangerously, as they fled with their terrified comrades.

Our midshipman, meanwhile, had unbound the girl, who, the instant she was free, knelt before him, and poured out her gratitude in the most impassioned language. We learned that her name was Yanna, and that her parents dwelt in a village in one of the deepest recesses of the forest—that she had left home early in the morning to gather cocoa—and that, having strayed too far, she had suddenly found herself surrounded by the ruffians from whom we had just rescued her, and who had endeavoured, by threats and violence, to force her to guide them to the village. We could not withstand her prayers to accompany her home. There we were quickly surrounded by the Indians, whom we found to possess an almost European fairness of complexion. Yanna immediately ran up to her parents, who were chiefs of the tribe, and spoke to them with animation, using all the while the most expressive gestures. As soon as she had finished her narrative, her parents hastened forward, and kneeling before us, kissed our hands with expressions of the deepest gratitude; and the whole of the tribe knelt along with them, pouring forth mingled thanks and blessings. Then on a sudden they started up, and seizing us, they bore us in triumph to the hut of the chief, where we were treated with the utmost hospitality. Wharton smiled to me as he remarked, that our young midshipman and Yanna had disappeared together. Shortly after, Yanna returned, holding Lincoln with one hand, and carrying in the other a chaplet of flowers, which she immediately placed on his head. On the following morning we again set out, and as we parted, the beautiful eyes of Yanna were filled with tears.

On leaving the village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel-work of our

watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopt. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash —above, around, beneath—every where a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar-trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain-stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!"—and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however,

left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance; but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they, therefore, proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his claws. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance shewed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs;

and before we were aware of his intention, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighbouring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of

trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion, he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow: he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed and listened to his deep breathings. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immoveable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Yanna burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay insensible to every thing around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning, a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was weeping beside it. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who, it is possible, had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved; he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot; "there it stands!"—and he fell back and expired.

COAL DUTY AND COAL TRICKERY.*

Unlucky as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has been with his Budget, the Coal Duty meets with no opposition, and will, it may be presumed, let who will be ministers, be finally repealed. If ever tax deserved to be branded with the epithet of atrocious, that upon Coal does—it falls in a cold and wintry country, where other fuel is not to be got, upon a necessary of life, a necessary as essential for the poor as the rich—with a most preposterous selection, it falls exclusively upon regions the most remote from the source of supply. The coal exists only in the north and west; the rest of the country, east, south, and south-west, can procure it only by importation, and, from the distance, only by sea: and this sea-importation it is, which the equity of the government has long burdened with a tax of six shillings a chaldron. In the districts where coal is to be had for the digging, no tax is levied—so that those precisely who can best afford to pay, are studiously exempted. Those who can most readily get at the coal, are gratuitously left untouched, while those who, from their geographical position, are compelled to pay dearly for the cost of conveyance—to make the matter worse—are perversely saddled with a heavy and vexatious incumbrance. The advantage was already with the coal countries, and of course, if a tax was, in spite of all consistency and humanity, to be raised upon this article of necessity, they were the parties to levy it upon. The more distant parts of the country must of necessity pay smartly to procure it, and should at least be suffered to procure it at the cheapest rate, and not be compelled to pay also for the right of purchasing. The first duty of a government professedly instituted for the benefit of the *whole* community, is to balance, to the full extent of the practicable, the inequalities arising from natural as well as artificial circumstances.

But not only is this tax upon coal conveyed by sea, thus oppressive—by a kind of political favoritism, it is not levied universally—a whole region is privileged—the whole coast of Scotland is exempted from this sea-duty—and why? Because Scotland, for more than half a century, has always had a friend at court! She escapes, not because she is poor, but because she has influence, and cannily makes the most of it. The Monmouthshire Canal Company, too, contrived to wheedle the same favour from the government of 1797; they obtained—by what means it will not, perhaps, be easy now to discover—the privilege of exporting, duty-free, as far west as the Holmes' Islands at the mouth of the Channel, within which limits come Bristol and Bridgewater, and other populous places. The consequence is, that Newport, the seat of the Company's trade, exports 550,000 tons annually, while Cardiff, at a very short distance from Newport, and quite as well supplied with coals, can export at the most, only 60,000.

The tax will now, however, without doubt, be disposed of; but the effects it has mainly contributed to produce, will not speedily vanish with it. The coal districts have become almost exclusively the seats of our manufacturers. They must go, now that steam-machinery enters into all of them, where coals are cheap; but had the trade been free, uncrippled by this iniquitous tax, the growing facilities of conveyance would long ago have all but equalized advantages, and made it almost as desirable to prosecute manufactures in one spot as in another. The perpetuation of the tax, has by degrees drawn all to the same neighbourhood; the consequences are comparative desolation and desertion in three-

* Observations on the Duty of Sea-borne Coal, &c. Longman and Co. 1830.

fourths of the country, while the remainder is covered with a dense mass of people, that threatens, on every occasion of excitement, a popular commotion. But for this destructive tax, we repeat, our manufactures would have been more equally diffused, every district would have shared in the beneficial results that spring up in the confines of activity, and none would have been drained to supply demands at a distance, at the cost of its own prosperity. Norwich, once a flourishing seat of manufactures, has been materially affected by this very tax. As long as yarn was spun by hand, all that was used in the town was spun on the spot: but when machinery was employed, Norwich lost wholly this branch of her industry, not because her people were less industrious, or less disposed to adopt the use of machinery, but simply because the heavy duty on coal forbade their competing with the machinery of the north. The export duty to Ireland, too, though less than the home duty, has long been one of the most effective hindrances to the prosecution of manufactures in that forsaken country.

This six-shilling duty, however, is not the only grievance that surcharges coals—they are encumbered with others, and those also, most of them, originating in the busy-body spirit of interference, which has characterised the government of England, more especially, for a century past. The government, indeed, never stirs voluntarily—it is always set in motion by interested parties, and interest is never at rest; and thus it is, that we see law after law passed for the sake and benefit of particular "interests," as they are rightly enough termed, while those of the community are wholly overlooked. Coals, even withdrawing the six-shilling duty, are at enormous prices—"Oh, all of course," is the common cry, "the results of monopoly on the part of the coal proprietors." The assertion is false in fact, and fatal in its effects. It has silenced inquiry for years. Yet one plain fact is enough to repel the charge—the coals which cost the consumer 50s. are sold by the owner at 12s. or 14s. What becomes of the difference? We shall see presently.

But first, we have a word or two with respect to this 12s. or 14s., the price which the owner receives. Monopoly, as we have said, we do not believe, for coal owners are a numerous body, and the trade is accessible to capitalists—we do not believe it exists to any extent worth insisting upon; but this 12s. or 14s. were it not for legislative interference, might itself be reduced at least a fourth. Nothing but LARGE coals are *shipped* for London and the coast. The coals are *screened*, that is, before they are shipped, they are thrown over a grating, which lets the small pieces through; and this smaller coal, amounting to a fifth and often a fourth of the whole, though it costs just as much to bring it from the pit, is burnt upon the spot in utter waste. The owners of course are obliged to throw the loss upon the coals that are shipped—which, together with the labour of screening, and the damage done by the fires to the crops of the neighbourhood, swells the price from what on the average might be 9s. or 10s. to 12s. or 13s. Nor should it be overlooked, that this refuse coal is not nearly so small as every body, especially in London, finds the coal he daily burns to be;—and that, but for some particular interests, it would be shipped along with the large, without discrimination.

Now what particular interests are these? Those of the shippers. And how is it their interest to reject the small and insist upon the large? Because the laws interpose and direct coals to be *retailed* not by weight but by measure; and the retailer finds that coal in a small state measures

more advantageously than it weighs. The same quantity in a broken state will fill up a given measure sooner than in an unbroken state. The difference is very much greater than would be at first imagined by any one. A cubic yard of coal will break into small pieces that will fill a space of almost double the dimensions. The consequence is, that what is sold as a chaldron of coals at the screening place, before it comes to the consumer's cellars, gets broken often into a chaldron and a half, and never less, certainly, than a chaldron and a third. At every change of hands, from the shipper to the retailer, in succession, the coals get a new breaking, till finally, the lowest dealer depends wholly for *his* profit upon the breakage; and thus the poor get nothing but dust, and every body else is compelled to burn a bad article instead of a good one. The complaint of small coal is universal, and here is the obvious cause. A change from measuring to weighing would, first and last, effect a diminution in the ultimate cost of another six shillings.

Every body complains, we say, of coals, and is ready enough to suspect all is not right in the dealer. But people direct their suspicions to the wrong point. If they have *full* measure, with a few *roundish* coals, they seem to themselves to have justice, or at least, all that is within their reach. But this full measure, we see, is no security against their being cheated. The more coal is broken, the greater space it fills. The more coal is broken, the more the consumer is cheated; and therefore every man may judge for himself to what extent he is cheated; but, under the existing laws, he has no remedy. To change his dealer, is of little use; for, of course, every dealer *breaks*. The tacit combination of the coal-merchants is universal—for small coal, in London, is universal; and complaint is answered by an impudent assurance that it is the nature of the coal. Not one in a thousand knows, or at least *believes* that nothing but large coal is shipped, and that it is pounded in its passage through the hands of successive dealers.

But, even if coals were sold by weight, the seller, it is hastily said, will add to their weight by *wetting*, and so nothing will be gained—it will be but a shifting of fraud. Nobody, of course, hopes to obtain perfect security against all fraud. The grasping spirit of trade is cunning almost past finding out; but wetting coal is not a source of fraud that will even pay its own expence. Every man can *see* if the coals which are brought to his cellar are wet; and the fault is his own if he takes them in such state, while the option is with him to refuse them. The matter has been put to the test of experiment. Two hundred-weight of coal, or 228 lbs. were thoroughly wetted, and put into a wet sack, and *immediately* weighed. They had gained 28 lbs., or one eighth. After standing one hour—they *will* drain—the additional weight was reduced to 20¾ lbs.; at the end of *three* hours, it was only 14 lbs.; and at the end of *six* hours, when the weight was still farther reduced, the coals were, after all, too wet to be sent to a consumer. These, it will be observed, were *small* coals.

Good-sized coals—every one will recognize the force of the term without our closely defining the dimensions—when they were wetted and weighed in the same way, were found at the end of *three* hours to have gained only 6¾ lbs. on the two hundred-weight; and what every one would call *large* coals, treated in the same way, at the end of the same number of hours, gained only 4 lbs. Nothing, therefore, is to be apprehended from wetting, whatever other frauds the sagacity and cunning of the craft may eventually discover. Measuring, in short, upon the authority of facts, beyond the daring of contradiction, occa-

sions the destruction of vast quantities of coal—opens a ready door to the commission of fraud—and, of course, flings, proportionally, a burden upon the consumer, who pays for all. The facts are irrefragable, and nobody dreams of impugning them.

In the existing state of things, coals cost, we have said, originally, that is, as purchased by the shippers, from 12s. to 14s.; and they come to the consumer, in London, as every body knows, on an average, at 50s. The number of charges, great and small, from the owner's pit to the consumer's cellar, is very considerable—of which, some few are possibly no higher than is indispensable—some, however, are excessive—and some quite superfluous and gratuitous. These last, in particular, are all sanctioned by laws, which must be repealed, let who will be in power, and let who will obstruct the repeal. Here are the particulars.

CHARGES UP TO THE TIME OF ARRIVAL IN THE PORT OF LONDON.	£.	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
I. *Coal-Owner.*						
Paid Coal-owners for Coals		0 14	0			
Deduct River Duty paid by him for Improvement of Sunderland Harbour		0 0	3			
				0	13	9
II.—1. *Coal-Fitter.*						
Keel Dues, and Fittage (including Seven Miles' Water-Carriage)		0 2	3			
2. *Ship-Owner.*						
For Freight, including Insurance of Ship and Cargo, Pilotage, Seamen's Wages, Wear and Tear of the Ship and Materials, discharging Ballast, &c.		0 8	$6\frac{1}{8}$			
3. *Municipal Dues.*						
River Duty, as above	£0 0 3					
Pier Duty, Lights, &c. paid by Ship	0 0 $5\frac{1}{4}$	0 0	$8\frac{1}{4}$			
				0	11	$5\frac{3}{8}$
CHARGES IN THE PORT OF LONDON.						
II.—1. *Government Tax.*		0 6	0			
2. *Municipal Dues.*						
Trinity and Nore Lights, Tonnage Duty, Trinity House for Ballast, &c.	£0 0 5					
Entries, &c.	0 0 $2\frac{7}{8}$					
Corporation of London Metage	0 0 4					
Ditto Orphans' Dues	0 0 10					
Ditto Meter's Pay and Allowance	0 0 4					
Ditto Market Dues	0 0 1					
Ditto Lord Mayor's Groundage, &c.	0 0 $0\frac{1}{2}$					
Ditto Land Metage	0 0 6					
Ditto Undertaker	0 0 1					
Coal Whippers	0 1 7	0 4	$5\frac{3}{8}$			
3. *Coal Factor.*						
Factorage and Del Credere Commission		0 0	$4\frac{1}{8}$			
4. *Coal Merchant.*						
Buyer's Commission	0 1 0					
Lighterage	0 2 0					
Cartage	0 6 0					
Credit	0 2 0					
Shootage	0 1 6					
(See Com. Rep. p. 8.)	0 12 6					
Add for Discount, Scorage, and Ingrain. (See same Rep. p. 9.)	0 2 $2\frac{1}{8}$	0 14	$8\frac{1}{8}$			
				1	5	$5\frac{3}{8}$
Making the price paid by the Consumer		.....		2	10	8

Here then, we see, the charges upon coals, up to their arrival in London, amount to about twenty-five shillings; and the charges, in the port of London, and till they reach the hands of the consumer, to another twenty-five shillings. The first portion consists of the coal-owner's demands, which we have already glanced at sufficiently for our purpose, and of the ship-owners' expences, including freight, &c. which we have no intention at present to discuss. Apparently these charges cannot be materially reduced—the trade is open, and competition, seemingly, brings them to their lowest point. The cost of coast lights might perhaps be diminished, especially if any of them be family properties, like Mr. Coke's, at Dungeness! We turn, therefore, to the other batch of charges, and at the head of them stand the "municipal dues;" that is, charges made upon coals by the corporation of London, or sanctioned by that body. These, ten in number, amount, to avoid fractions, to four shillings and sixpence the chaldron; among them is what is pharisaically called the Orphan's Duty—a charge of tenpence the chaldron. This same duty has been a grand job and juggle from the very beginning. It was imposed by statute in 1694, by Whig influence of course, to enable the city to discharge a debt, which it had itself voluntarily incurred to the Orphan charity. The sums raised by this duty extinguished the said debt so far back as 1782; but it is still levied to this very day. The corporation has had influence enough to get one charge after another, on one pretence or another, fastened upon this miserable *orphan* duty to this day, and at present the whole proceeds are appropriated to the payment of the money borrowed for completing the approaches to the New London Bridge.

The metage, again, deserves a word or two. It is wholly the fruit of the measuring laws, and is, besides, three or four times in amount more than it need be, to compensate the labour. There are two sets of meters, both appointed by the city—one to superintend the delivery of coals from the ship, and upon their returns the duties are all levied. The abolition of these duties would supersede the office; but the removal of the *government* duty alone will not. In one way or other, these metres are paid 5½d per chaldron, or twenty-two farthings for precisely the same duty as is done in the north for two. The other set —land-meters—appointed still by the city—have 6d. a chaldron; and it appears, conclusively, from the evidence given to the Committee of the House of Commons, that three-fourths of the coals are, after all, never measured at all. Even if they were all actually measured, and any security accompanied the measurement, the duty might be performed for two-pence—but it is City patronage!

Among the municipal dues also figure the coal-whippers, at the cost of no less than one shilling and seven-pence a chaldron. What is the business of these coal-whippers? To transfer coals from the ship to the barge or lighter—no more. Well, but could this labour be done for less? Certainly it could. At Newcastle a chaldron of coals is thrown into a waggon for three-halfpence; and double that sum would, without doubt, be a liberal allowance for transferring them from the ship to the lighter, though it may be somewhat harder work. But, observe, in all the outports, this labour is performed entirely by the ships' crews themselves, and no extra charge whatever made for it—and why not in the Thames? Because the City make a job of it, and employ none but

their own men—they have the privilege of excluding all others, and, of course, of defying all competition.

Into the smaller particulars it will be wearisome to enter—they are, however, full of abuses. Our parting glance must be cast upon the coal-merchant's charges. Here we see, among them, two shillings a chaldron for lighterage, that is, for *conveying* coals from the ship in lighters to the wharfs. Were the trade free—none but watermen free of the City can engage in it now—this charge would be brought down to about one-third. The difference of course goes to the City in money or in patronage. In the Tyne river the conveyance of coals to the ships, with a navigation of seven or eight miles into the bargain, costs only 1s. 6d., even though the labour of shoveling the coals from the keels (coal-boats) through the port-holes, is far heavier and more toilsome than from a lighter to the wharf.

In addition to the cartage, to which we cannot now advert, is a farther charge of 1s. 6d. a chaldron for *shooting*, that is, for unloading the waggon, and dropping the coals into the consumer's cellar. Next to the whippers' charge, this is the most impudent and extortionate. Thousands of labourers would be glad to perform the same labour for a groat—one of the witnesses before the Commons' committee declared they would be glad to heave them back again for two-pence.

The elaborate packing, again—the curious and not untasteful arrangement of the sacks in the waggons—and the very sacks themselves—all, of course, adding to expence—are all perfectly superfluous. Let coals be sold by weight, and close waggons may be filled, and emptied into the cellars with half the trouble. Trouble implies time, and time money. In Scotland—that favoured, or fortunate, or intelligent and awakened land—this is the case. There, there is neither measuring nor packing. At Edinburgh and Glasgow they weigh the coal, to check the seller, on the machine, at the entrance of the town, and there is an end, and security withal.

Without going farther into more of the minutiæ of these charges, here is surely enough to stir up every man that knows what the cost is of keeping fires in his house, to join in one common and urgent demand, to have these nuisances cut away at the root. On the very lowest computation, ten shillings in every chaldron are added to the necessary expense of coals—exclusive of the government duty, which will, of course, now be abolished—and all by the mere operation of laws, which sanction corporation encroachments, and facilitate, on all hands, the execution of fraud upon fraud.

We have not noticed—we recollect too late—what is called the "Richmond shilling"—a duty of one shilling a chaldron upon coals. This duty is exacted upon the coals exported from the Tyne only; but of course it influences the price of all sea-borne coals—either the Tyne shippers gain less, or all others gain more than the fair price—for all are sold at the same price in London. This duty was imposed when kings could do what they can dare no more. It was granted by Charles II. as a provision for one of his sons, the young Duke of Richmond. Two-and-thirty years ago the government compounded with the Duke of the day, but the tax was not repealed—nor has one word been said about repealing it *even now!*

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.*

It has been a matter of surprise to many, that, while the press has teemed with information in every possible shape from the favoured regions of the Continent, whither the tide of English emigration has flowed, none of our adventurous tourists have dared to cross the Pyrenees, although the country beyond is as fair as the fertile plains of Lombardy, and the far-famed Alps cannot boast of more romantic features, nor half so varied, as that gigantic barrier which separates Spain from the Continent.

Perhaps a salutary fear, caused by the recollection of that terrible engine of despotism, the Inquisition, chills the heretical blood of an Englishman; or the alarming accounts which, from time to time, have been whispered of the indifferent accommodations furnished by certain houses of etertainment, called *posadas*, have contributed to damp the ardour of our patriotic and enlightened travellers. Be this as it may, it is no subject of regret with me; for had abler pens been employed, I question whether this specimen of my talents, as an author, had ever seen the light. I have been engaged for many years in important commercial transactions with Spain, and, undaunted by the difficulties to which I have alluded, travelled during that time over the greater part of that very interesting country. In default of better information, I therefore propose to give a few sketches from actual observation, which may best serve to illustrate Spanish character and customs, and not prove unentertaining to the general reader.

My first journey into Spain was during the short-lived dominion of the Constitution; and as the alteration of the government had a corresponding effect on the conduct of the people, creating some novel scenes which it may be some time before we see again, I shall date my observations as far back as August, 1821, at which period I had made my way from London to Bayonne, with my son as a companion, and attended by one servant. On my arrival at Bayonne, I called on Captain Harvey, the British consul, by whose polite assistance our passports were regulated for Madrid. At this period, the roads on the frontiers were so infested with brigands, that travelling was considered a dangerous pastime. They had burned all the public conveyances; and to travel alone was neither safe nor economical. Fortunately, we found a coach on its return to Madrid, which saved us further trouble or delay. It was rather a crazy sort of vehicle; but having no choice, I agreed with the mayoral, or conductor, to set us down in Madrid within the space of nine days, for eight napoleons, which was considered a good bargain. We left Bayonne at twelve o'clock, accompanied by the Marquis of Luco and two other Spanish gentlemen of rank, and arrived at St. Jean de Luz the same evening. The next morning, we crossed the Bidassoa in a boat, the bridge having been destroyed by the French in their retreat after the battle of Vittoria, and entered the province of Guipuscoa in Spain. We continued our journey along the banks of the Bidassoa until we arrived at Irun, the frontier town, when, after the accustomed inspection of baggage and property, we were allowed to proceed. It was suggested by one of our fellow-passengers, that we should hire horses, and make an excursion to San Sebastian, which was at no great distance

* From the unpublished Notes of Sir Paul Baghott.

from our route, and meet our carriage again at Hernani, the next stage. To this proposal I gladly assented. Horses and mules were speedily engaged, though rather rudely caparisoned, and, under the conduct of a guide, we commenced our *détour*.

We passed through a beautiful vale, richly covered with oak and chestnut-trees, and proceeded till our progress was arrested by the Bay of Pasages, which we crossed in a boat, sending our horses round to meet us. The boat was conducted by two very interesting young females, who evinced every disposition to be communicative; but as they spoke nothing but Basque, which unfortunately was unintelligible to every one of our party, our understanding was limited to an animated pantomime, in which, however, they evidently had the advantage. The features of these girls were eminently handsome; their complexion was of a clear olive, with sparkling black eyes, teeth as white as alabaster, and their long black tresses gathered into a braid, hanging down to the waist. They were finely formed, a little above the middle height, and dressed in the costume of the country. They were altogether a fine specimen of the female beauty of Spain.

The Bay of Pasages forms a secure and spacious harbour. During the siege of St. Sebastian it was filled with British ships of war and transports, which supplied the besieging force with every thing necessary for their operations. Near the small town of Pasages, which is divided by the neck of the bay, and inhabited by fishermen, we remounted our horses, and rode to St. Sebastian. This beautiful little town, so celebrated in modern history stands on a small peninsula, the natural defences of which are heightened by well-constructed fortifications, commanded by the citadel, which is built on the summit of a conical mountain, having its base strongly defended by outworks. Both the town and fortifications were at that time exactly in the same condition as they were at the termination of the siege. The breaches effected in the walls by our well-served batteries, and the dilapidated, tenantless houses, presented a sad picture of the desolating effects of war. Many streets were entirely deserted, and an unnatural stillness seemed to have succeeded to scenes of strife. Cannon-balls and pieces of broken shells, intermingled with fragments of ruined houses, were heaped together in the silent streets—places formerly echoing with the busy hum of commerce, or the lighter sounds of hospitality, but now presenting a melancholy scene of loneliness and desolation. Few men can stand unmoved on the spot which has been the theatre of glorious deeds; and, as I leaned against a huge fragment of the wall, which had fallen in the breach, and surveyed the place where the work of carnage had been most rife, it was with a melancholy feeling that I thought of the transitory meed of valour. In a few years, perhaps, fresh walls would arise from the ruins on which I stood, and other battles be fought at their feet—the recollection of former deeds would be effaced by the brilliancy of later—and to the memory of thousands, who had shed their blood before that very breach, nought would remain but a single line of history to record the event their lives had purchased. A few years more, and the stranger would unconsciously repose on the grave of heroes, and the listless hind crush with his plough the mouldering bones of the brave!

Having refreshed ourselves with that most sentimental of fare, fruit and wine, we remounted our horses, and, at about the distance of a

league, reached Hernani, where we rejoined our carriage. Before the evening closed, we arrived at Tolosa, the capital of Guipuscoa. The country through which we had travelled was particularly interesting; the mountains on each side of the road rose one above the other in graceful outline, and were clothed to their summits with verdure; the valley was highly cultivated, and the river Oria meandered through the meadows, sometimes forming picturesque cascades as it broke over the huge stones and fragments of rock which occasionally impeded its course. The posada, to which we were conducted by the mayoral, though it bore the respected and gallant sign of the Cross of Malta, was not one which the fastidious traveller would have chosen for his resting-place. We soon foon found the interior was as comfortless as the exterior was unpromising. The only room for the entertainment of guests was a large dining-apartment, which contained a table and a few chairs, and also several beds, placed in recesses or alcoves, as our domitory. The fire-place in the kitchen was raised on a platform of bricks, and the white curling vapour which issued therefrom was suffered to roam about and make its exit from an aperture in the roof. The fire was made up with the roots of old trees, covered with stable-litter; and before it were placed eight or ten earthen pots, containing hot water, *puchero*, and other necessary articles, to regale the muleteer or other traveller.

Our hostess was particularly attentive to the *puchero*, a standing dish among Spaniards; it is composed of a piece of fat pork, part of a fowl, a bit of beef or mutton, Estremadura sausages, and a peculiar kind of cabbage and *garbauzos*, or Spanish pea; the whole mixed together with oil, and seasoned with salt, red pepper, and garlic. Three fowls were then put down to roast; others were cut into small pieces, mixed in a deep frying-pan, with oil, lard, salt, and red pepper, together with some cloves of garlic pounded in a mortar. When this mixture had simmered some time, a quantity of rice was added, and it remained on the fire till the whole was of a fine brown colour. The cook then broke half a dozen eggs into the pan, gave it another turn, and dished it up. By this time the fowls were done, and we were summoned to supper. The cloth was laid in our bed-room, where the different dishes were served; and if one may judge of their excellence by the degree of respect by which they were regarded by my fellow-travellers, the most confirmed *gourmand* might not have desired a better sample of cookery. As I was but a young Spanish traveller, my stomach was not proof against the abundance of oil and garlic. I, therefore, contented myself with some of the roast fowl, which did not require either a knife or fork to separate; and the desert which followed our repast, consisting of grapes, figs, almonds, raisins, and biscuits, and afterwards a cigar.

We were aroused by the mayoral at an early hour, and, before proceeding on our journey, were served with a cup of chocolate, a thin slice of bread, and a piece of frosted sugar. The bill was moderate; but I found there was another and much better posada in the town, though we were brought to the Cross of Malta, in consequence of an engagement of the mayoral to provide some of the passengers with entertainment on the road, which of course he effected with as little cost as possible. I have been thus circumstantial in describing the comforts of inferior Spanish posadas, as it may be considered a fair sample of similar establishments throughout Spain.

The country through which we travelled was much of the same description as that we had passed the day preceding; the mountains,

however, assuming a bolder character, and the river continuing its course along the valley to Villa Franca. Our road now took its direction across a steep mountain, at the foot of which we alighted, with the intention of walking to the top. Our movements, though not particularly rapid, had greatly the advantage of the unwieldy machine we had left; and having arrived nearly at the summit of the hill, the winding of the road completely concealed it from our sight. We beguiled our way by merry sallies at the expense of our conveyancer, and complimented ourselves on our own nimble heels, little thinking there might be greater occasion for them than we had at first contemplated, when suddenly we were surrounded by armed men. Immediately all the horrors of banditti became apparent; our numbers were too few to think of successful resistance, and escape was impracticable. Before our fears, however, had time sufficiently to magnify our peril, a person from our group of captors advanced, and demanded our passports. Knowing that robbers have but little respect for such documents, I was convinced our alarm was groundless; and we soon found that these persons were placed there by the local authorities for the protection of travellers, as the roads were considered in a very dangerous state from the frequent attack of robbers. The guard had constructed a hut of turf and the branches of trees to protect themselves in their bivouac, and seemed to have made themselves as comfortable as the situation would admit. We were guarded by a party of them to the foot of the hill, as that was considered the most dangerous part of the road. On our arrival at Answuella, a small village, but with good accommodation, we met a man carrying an immense wolf, slung on his back, which he had just shot in the mountain; I offered him a *peseta* for his brush, which he declined, as he was about to take it to the Alcalde, to claim the reward of eight *pesetas,* which the Spanish government has very wisely ordered to be paid to any person who shoots one of these destructive animals.

We shortly afterwards entered the Province of Alava, and passed through a well cultivated country to the town of Vittoria, the capital of the province. At the posada, to which our mayoral conducted us, we met a coach on its way from Madrid to France. Among the passengers was Mr. Hall, brother of Captain Basil Hall; they were all in a most unfortunate predicament, for Mr. Hall informed me, that at no great distance from Madrid they had been intercepted by a party of banditti, who had stripped them of nearly all they possessed. Twelve men, well armed, had attacked their coach, and, having drawn it off the road, dragged the passengers out. They next tied some of them together, and with very little ceremony laid them down with their faces to the ground, with the comfortable assurance, that on the least outcry or noise from any one, a knife would be drawn across the throats of the whole party; then in the most deliberate manner they ransacked the coach, examining every thing it contained, and packing up for their own use all that was valuable or of utility. This done, they regaled themselves with some wine belonging to one of the passengers, and then liberating them, they disappeared with their booty. Mr. Hall was deprived of his gold watch and seals, which I afterwards found had been beaten up and sold in Madrid. I paid my respects to General Alava, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and he advised me, in pursuance of the object for which I entered Spain, to leave the coach at Miranda, and visit the town of Escaray, in the Rioxa, before proceeding to Madrid.

On quitting the town of Vittoria we entered the plains, which are

upwards of three leagues in extent, celebrated for the discomfiture of the Cantabrians by the Romans, under Augustus, and in our times, for the total defeat of Joseph Buonaparte by the British force commanded by the Duke of Wellington. This discomfiture was the death-blow to the French ascendancy in Spain. At the posada, in Vittoria, we were shewn the travelling carriage of Joseph Buonaparte, which he was obliged to quit for a swifter conveyance, in consequence of the rapid pursuit of our advanced troops: it is a plain chocolate-coloured chariot, and of a very unpretending appearance. The host of the posada informed me it was the property of the Duke of Wellington, though I question whether his grace is at all aware of the value of his possession in Spain.

I left the coach at Miranda, which divides the Province of Alava from Old Castille, and engaged mules to carry us and our baggage to Escaray, which lies about forty miles from the direct road to Madrid. We crossed the Ebro, and winding round a sterile mountain, descended into a fruitful plain, abounding in corn and vines, along which our route lay, until we halted at the small town of San Domingo de Calzada. While the mules were feeding, I sauntered towards the cathedral, the antique appearance of which attracted my attention. It is an edifice, built in a very remote age, in the simplest style of Gothic architecture. A pious father of the church, taking compassion on me in my forlorn character of stranger, undertook to explain to me the mysteries of the interior. Upon entering the church, that which more particularly raised my curiosity, amongst the numerous objects which set forth their claims to the reverence of the faithful, was a large cage containing a white cock and hen. On approaching these, I doubted not, sacred birds, the father made a low genuflexion, and crossing himself, looked at me as though he expected I should follow his example. The cock thrust forth his beak and clapped his wings, intimating, according to my heretical notions, a desire for something more substantial than devotion. My companion, however, corrected my error, by informing me it was merely a way the cock had of expressing his satisfaction at the homage of a believer. Notwithstanding this assurance, I was about to tender my homage to the birds, in the shape of a piece of biscuit, which was however speedily abstracted from my hand by the agitated padre, who declared he would not answer for the consequences, if the birds were scandalized with an offering from the hands of a heretic. He further informed me, in the impressive under-tone of one who communicates a fearful mystery, that they were miraculous poultry, and, according to the records of the cathedral, could be proved to have existed in that church upwards of 400 years! "How much longer," continued my guide, "I will not take upon myself to say."—"There is some doubt then beyond the time you mention?" I observed.—"Yes," returned the unsuspecting padre, "seeing that there is a flaw in our records about that time; but there is every reason to believe they have lived here a thousand years!" I expressed a wish to learn the history of poultry thus marked by the especial care of Providence; in reply to which my guide informed me, "that in the dark ages of the pagan Goth, before the light of Christianity had illumined the heathen, the spot on which the town of San Domingo now stood, was the site of a palace, which in former ages belonged to one of the Gothic commanders. It happened that a convert to the newly-received faith of Christianity had incurred the resentment of the powerful heathen, who, without considering it

necessary to adopt the tedious forms of law usual in our own time, ordered the supposed culprit to be forthwith gibbeted. Great interest was made to save him, but without success; and the cord was actually about his neck as he stood under the gibbet in front of the governor's palace, when the wife of the Goth rushed into the apartment of her husband, and on her knees begged the prisoner's life. At that moment the Goth had seated himself snugly at dinner, and a slave had placed before him two roasted fowls smoking in their rich gravy. Irritated at what he conceived to be an opposition to his will, the Goth seized one of the fowls, and, in the unceremonious manner of those days, disclaiming the aid of knife or fork, was about to tear it asunder, but first raising it in his hand, he said—'When this fowl shall fly and crow, I will believe the prisoner innocent, and he shall be liberated.' Suddenly the bird slipped from his grasp, and recovering his plumage, to the utter amazement of all, began to fly about the room and crow, in such a manner as cock never crew before. Indeed he proved that his organs of articulation had not been at all injured by the roasting he had undergone. At the same moment, his companion on the dish, who had likewise been his companion on the perch, liberated herself in the most extraordinary manner from the thraldom of the skewer and string, discharged her stuffing on the dish, and splashing the gravy in the face of the astonished Goth, sprung round the room with a vigour and freshness that seemed utterly at variance with the preconceived idea that she had been at least an hour and a half under the care of the cook. The miraculous birds then flew out at the window, and alighted, one on each shoulder of the culprit, just as the order was given for his execution. This singular appeal of course stayed the proceeding, until the wondering Goth, unable to resist such testimony, liberated the prisoner. The pagan was converted; but history does not mention," continued the padre, "whether he most regretted his unjust condemnation of the Christian"—"Or the irretrievable loss of his dinner," I added. The padre, I thought, smiled in pity.—"This, however, is certain, and which even the sceptical must admit," he continued, in the most triumphant tone, "as it is recorded, that the fowls were actually caught on the spot, and placed in this sanctuary, so it is certain they have existed in this very situation for a thousand years; for are they not here before our eyes, as vigorous as when the miracle was first wrought? What do you say to that?" "May they live for ever!" I exclaimed, in answer, and with an appearance of devotion, which the padre himself might have envied.—"Amen!" he replied; and on his part making his usual cross and genuflexion, we left the church.

I recommenced my journey shortly afterwards, passing over a flat but pleasant country, and arrived in the evening at the town of Escaray. My principal object in visiting Spain was to inspect the mode of preparing wool for foreign markets, and to suggest some alteration in the method of working it, and improving its condition. It was therefore with great pleasure I recognized an old friend in the person of Mr. Bradley, who saved me some trouble by introducing me at once to Señor Don Agipito Maria Texada, who was a deputy of the Cortes, and an eminent *ganarado,* or flock-holder, and director of the Royal Cloth Establishment belonging to the Cinco Gremios in Madrid.

On the following day I was invited to inspect the manufactory, which is of modern construction, and sufficiently large to admit of making fifty long pieces of cloth per week; the machinery was new, and in great perfection, as it was all made at Paris; but I observed great inexperience

in the method of using it. I passed the whole day in giving the workmen instruction in the several points wherein I discovered they were most deficient. The next morning the principal inhabitants of the town called on me, from whom afterwards I received many presents of game; and the priest sent me some potatoes, which are highly esteemed there on account of their rarity. Having taken a lodging (for which I paid 100 rials per week, about a pound English money, which included my diet, wine, desert, a dining-room and bed-chamber, and also a stable for my horses and dogs), I made the acquaintance of several *ganarados*, and commenced treating with them for their piles of wool, intending to prepare it for the French or English market. I employed upwards of forty workmen in this operation, and having sorted about fifty bags, I determined to give a public exhibition of my superior method of sorting and washing. I had taken a complete washing establishment of Señor Don Barnachea, and a day was appointed. Great was the curiosity manifested by all classes, as the day arrived, to witness an attempt at what they had been, by their own account, a thousand years endeavouring to accomplish. A large concourse of *ganarados*, merchants, and shepherds, were present; and the wool, which had been previously sorted, was shewn them, and elicited universal approbation. I then took a few gallons of my prepared liquor, on the efficacy of which I had staked my reputation, and mixing it with the hot water in one of the vats, I selected two bags of the first quality, on which I intended to try my experiment. This sample I submitted to the tests, stirring it gently about with a stick, and when I judged the grease was beginning to separate, I threw it into the basket, through which ran a stream of water. My servant stood with a stick similar to my own, who turned it over in the cold water for a time sufficient to cleanse it, and then landing it, I presented it to the company, as white as snow. My experiment was completely successful; and the wool thus prepared brought from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per pound more in the market than wool of a similar quality washed and sorted after the old method. Don Pablo, from whose father I had bought a considerable quantity, rather envying me the gain likely to accrue, paid some attention to the process, and thought he had discovered the secret. He accordingly bought up several piles, for which I was already in treaty, by out-bidding me, and succeeded, by the excellence of his discovery, in fixing the grease so completely in the wool, and turning it so many colours, that he was at last obliged to resort to his old system, with a heavy stock and a falling market.

The Spanish sheep are of two distinct classes—one they call Carneros, and is exclusively kept for milking and the butcher. The wool of this class is spun at home, and manufactured into coarse cloth and serge, for the use of the friars and peasantry. The other class is called Merinos, and is kept for the wool alone. It is supposed there are four millions of the latter class in Spain. At the approach of winter they are driven from the mountains in the north, to pasture in the milder climate of Estremadura and the borders of Andalusia, whence they return in the spring to be shorn, and to enjoy the mountain pasturage. I have heard the shepherds say, the Merinos know the time of their departure from the north instinctively, and that they would travel into Estremadura without a conductor. By the regulation of the *mesta*, there are lands appropriated for the rest and pasture of the flocks during their annual emigration, which in some instances exceeds the distance of four hundred miles.

A *cavana*, or flock of Merinos, on route, has a singular appearance to a stranger. The last I saw was in May, 1826, as I was returning to England, when I overtook several large flocks near Siguenza, returning from their winter quarters near Cordova, to be shorn in Soria. They generally travel four leagues, or sixteen miles a day. It is curious to see the admirable regularity which is preserved amongst these immense flocks during their peregrination, and the attention they pay to the call of the shepherds and their dogs. I questioned one of the shepherds respecting his flock, and expressed a wish to examine their wool. He blew a shrill peal from a whistle, which he carried for the purpose, when instantly, as with one consent, the *cavana* halted. Eight or ten of the rams then scampered from the head of the flock, and running to the shepherd, raised up themselves against him, and placing their fore feet on his breast, seemed ready to devour him. He gave to each a small piece of salt, with which they seemed highly gratified; and they suffered me to pluck some of their wool, which was of a superior quality. The shepherds being constantly exposed to the sun and air, necessarily become swarthy, and their limited use of a razor, added to their uncommon attire, give them a singularly strange and wild appearance. Their garments are made of the skins of black sheep; the wool is left about half an inch long, and form a costume more comfortable than seemly. They wear a *facha* or sash tied round the waist, and in the folds is seen a knife, the use of which is pretty generally understood by the lower order of Spaniards. The legs and feet of these men are encased in dried sheep-skins, laced with a thong, and a huge *sombrero*, or slouched hat, as a covering to the head, completes their costume. They lodge at night under a rude sort of tent, covered with turf and skins, round which the flock is gathered, the dogs forming an out-post to protect them from the wolves. I inquired of the mayoral whether he had lost many of his flock by the wolves; he told me they had suffered considerably among the mountains of Guadalaxara, the wolves being much more ferocious than those in Estremadura; and my servant, who had been a soldier, said he saw three prowling about not a month since when he was on guard amongst those very mountains.

The dogs which attend these flocks are of a large size, not unlike the Newfoundland dog, though standing higher on their legs. They are branded in the face with a particular mark, and are protected in their frequent desperate encounters with the wolves by thick leathern collars, covered with sharp iron spikes, which presents a formidable barrier to their ferocious assailants; it is not always, however, that these faithful and courageous animals are a sufficient protection to the flock from the hordes of these ravenous animals which always hang on their track. The dogs have a daily allowance of bread, and that, with the flesh of the dead sheep and goats, keeps them always in good condition. The shepherd told me, that one night, a wolf had eluded the vigilance of the guardians, and succeeded in capturing a lamb; the theft, however, was immediately discovered, and the offender was pursued and overtaken by a single dog. The first intimation the shepherd had of the transaction was by the faithful animal returning to his tent with the lamb in his mouth; the blood on the dog shewed he had not recovered his loss without a severe conflict, which was confirmed the next morning, by finding the wolf mangled and dead near the spot. I was so much pleased with this anecdote of the dog, which was pointed out to me, that I offered the shepherd a considerable sum for him; the

man however honestly told me, that even if he were tempted to take the money, the dog would never acknowledge me for a master, but would seek the first opportunity of returning to his companions of the fold. The camp equipage of the wandering shepherds is carried by asses, and mules, and moves in the rear of the line of march. It consists of guns, pots, gridirons, the skins of deer and sheep, stags horns, (for they have frequent opportunities of regaling themselves with venison and game,) and poles for the erection of their tents, or huts. A number of goats generally accompany a *cavana*, which are the property of the shepherds, and with the milk, and kids, the men live pretty well. I should not think mutton was scarce with them, for as no one can tell the number of sheep in a flock, but the shepherds themselves, they are in no danger of detection, should they occasionally wish to vary their repast. There are flocks belonging to the Duke of Infantado, and other noblemen, amounting to thirty or forty thousand sheep.

Soon after my arrival at Escaray, a party was formed to visit the celebrated convent of St. Milan. It is situated about twelve miles from Escaray, the road, all the way, presenting a picturesque and beautiful appearance. The monastery, the object of our visit, formerly belonged to a fraternity of Benedictine monks, which was suppressed by a decree of the Cortes, and was now offered for sale on very advantageous terms to the purchaser. This splendid residence was untenanted; the inmates had been compelled to relinquish a life of luxury and ease, and seek their support in a more meritorious manner, than by taxing the industry of their fellow creatures. We met with a priest who still officiated in the church attached to the monastery, who conducted us through the various apartments. They are approached by a noble staircase, twenty feet wide, of grey marble, and are of the most spacious and magnificent description. There are three hundred separate cells for the use of the monks, and on measuring one of the corridors I found it to be four hundred and twenty feet in length. The library and chapel have not suffered, but the hall of the Inquisition has been stripped of its books and furniture. The monastery stands in the centre of a park, enclosed by a high wall, and a fine stream of water runs through the whole domain. The situation is enchanting, mountains rise above each other, on every side, in the most beautiful variety; the river is seen winding through a luxuriant plain, teeming with the richest of Nature's gifts, till it is lost amongst the mountains of Navarre, which are seen dimly in the distance. In fact, I have always observed, that the pious fathers of the church, have invariably fixed their lot in the most pleasant places, and have found it a matter of both conscience and duty, to appropriate to themselves the most goodly heritage. This magnificent territory of 32,000 acres, might have been purchased for £12,000, by paying for it in *valeas eiales*. The peasantry seemed humble and poor, but contented and happy; all they appeared to regret in the suppression of the monastery, was the loss of the soup which they had been in the habit of receiving from the Benedictines. At Escaray, I found a letter from Mr. Thomas, of Azuagua, in Estremadura, whom I had heretofore been in correspondence with, requesting me to meet him in Madrid, as speedily as possible. He informed me, the merchants in the south of Spain had heard of the success of my experiment with wool, and had determined to submit an advantageous offer to my consideration. I therefore resolved to meet that gentleman in Madrid, according to his appointment, and in a few days set out for Burgos, on my way to the capital.

The month of October was not far advanced, yet the mountains which surround Escaray were tipped with snow, but the valleys were still verdant and fruitful. Fine streams of water intersected the country through which we passed, winding occasionally through huge forests of beech, many noble trees of which I saw lying on the ground in a state of decay. We travelled for miles by a horse-track, over, almost, inaccessible mountains, without encountering a living thing excepting eagles and vultures, on their way to regale themselves on the carcase of a dead mule. After travelling sixty miles we arrived late in the evening at the ancient city of Burgos, and put up at the house to which we were recommended, called Las Palomas, immediately opposite the cathedral. This city is the capital of Old Castile, and was in former times a place of great importance. The cathedral is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, enriched with pinnacles and elaborate carvings in stone. The twelve apostles are placed in niches over the eastern front, and form a prominent feature before entering the church. The interior is crowded with paintings, statuary, and bas-reliefs. In the convent of St. Augustine, they shew a crucifix incontestably proved to be the genuine fabrication of Nicodemus. If we may judge from such a specimen, Nicodemus must undoubtedly have been an amateur workman of considerable merit. The citadel which once stood near the city is now demolished, and the ditches are filled up. It was there that the British troops were repulsed, in their assault, with great slaughter. Amongst the ruins of the citadel, I picked up many musket balls, and pieces of shells, and I thought of the soldier's adage, that "every bullet had its billet."

Our route now laid through a sandy and sterile country, producing little beside the fir tree, lignum vitæ, and the gum schistus, the latter however, perfuming the air with a most delicious fragrance. The deficiency of amusement on the road, was by no means compensated by the comfort of the posadas, which were generally of the most wretched description. Little could we procure by way of solace to our appetite, besides those highly seasoned Spanish dishes, so repugnant to the uninitiated English stomach, until we arrived at Buitrago. The mouldering walls and towers of this ancient Moorish town, were distinguished in the distance, as we wound round the side of a mountain, and we entered it by the very picturesque approach, of an ancient bridge, and a steep paved causeway. The Duke of Infantado has a large property here: he has a flock of 40,000 sheep, and a lavadero in the neighbourhood, which I visited. The pile is designated the Infantado, and is marked within an escutcheon. On leaving Buitrago the road traverses a wild open country, and possesses a singular natural phenomenon. Before we approached the small town of Lozayuela, we observed a large tract of ground covered with stones of most extraordinary dimensions; they are strangely dispersed, and bear the appearance of having been tossed about by one of those great convulsions of nature in a distant age, the traces of which alone remain to excite our admiration and wonder. Many are seen lying in huge disorderly masses, while others bear a more regular appearance, like the Stonehenge in Wiltshire, but of so gigantic a character as to ridicule the pigmy efforts of human ingenuity. They are of grey granite, quite smooth, and are not discoloured with moss, or lichens. But little pasturage is afforded in this singular place for cows and sheep, the stones are spread so thickly as almost entirely to prevent the growth of herbage, and occupy an extent of several miles. The road afterwards becomes interesting from its rural scenery. The ground

rises on the right, and is covered with pretty villages, here and there interspersed with convents and churches; on the left is seen a boundless plain, which is lost in the horizon, and a huge pyramidical stone, apparently detached by some charm, from the group before mentioned, raises its giant head, and forms a conspicuous object for a considerable distance.

We arrived at Madrid by the gate of Burgos, and having submitted to the usual examination of passport and baggage, we were graciously permitted to proceed to our quarters, in the street of Alcala, to the dwelling of a certain Italian, who e e ps the Posada San Fernando. Here I entered into the necessary agreement with my host for the usual accommodations, after which, I met Mr. Thomas, by whose representation I visited Madrid. Mr. Thomas informed me that the government and the inhabitants of Azuagua, intended to offer me an estate in Estremadura, on condition that I should reside there, and endeavour to improve the method of sorting and washing the wools of that province, which are well known to be of a more dingy appearance than those of any other part of Spain. I had a long conversation with Mr. Thomas on the subject, whom I found to be an intelligent and enterprising gentleman; he was moreover a great favorite with his Catholic Majesty, to whom he had free access. He related me the following anecdote of an interview with the King of Spain. When he presented the memorial for the grant of an estate in Estremadura, to Ferdinand, the king placed it, with a number of other documents in his right-hand pocket. Mr. Thomas having been previously informed that the memory of his majesty was exceedingly treacherous, with respect to all documents that found their way into that particular receptacle, after a little conversation ventured to address him on the subject. "Pray may I take the liberty of inquiring, into which pocket has your Majesty placed my memorial?"—"Why, Thomas," replied the king, "does that make any difference?"—"Every thing to me, please your Majesty," returned the merchant, "for if you would favour me by transferring it to the left-hand pocket, which I observe is empty, it would have a better chance of attracting your majesty's notice." The king laughed. "Well, then, Thomas, I believe I must send you away in a good temper," and he transferred the memorial to the favoured side. Mr. Thomas found shortly afterwards the estate was conveyed to him, which his son now possesses.

From the representation made to me by Mr. Thomas, I was induced to believe that in Estremadura the golden fleece was to be obtained; I therefore determined to visit the province and judge for myself. I purchased a handsome Andalusian horse of one the king's equerries, for forty-five dollars, and equipped him for the journey with a singular kind of long saddle or pad, made for the convenience of carrying and strapping on all my camp equipage, and necessary cooking utensils; a bridle manta, and a pair of alforja, or large pockets, (which are curiously manufactured of wool, wrought in many colours, and serve to carry provisions), a pair of holster pipes, and the whole surmounted by a black sheep's skin, for a covering to my saddle and baggage. When every thing was ready for my departure, intelligence arrived that the yellow fever had broken out, and was making such ravages in Cadiz and Seville, that a cordon of troops was placed for security as far as Azuagua: I therefore deferred my expedition till the spring.

THE LETTER-BELL, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

COMPLAINTS are frequently made of the vanity and shortness of human life, when, if we examine its smallest details, they present a world by themselves. The most trifling objects, retraced with the eye of memory, assume the vividness, the delicacy, and importance of insects seen through a magnifying glass. There is no end of the brilliancy or the variety. The habitual feeling of the love of life may be compared to "one entire and perfect chrysolite," which, if analyzed, breaks into a thousand shining fragments. Ask the sum-total of the value of human life, and we are puzzled with the length of the account, and the multiplicity of items in it: take any one of them apart, and it is wonderful what matter for reflection will be found in it! As I write this, the *Letter-Bell* passes: it has a lively, pleasant sound with it, and not only fills the street with its importunate clamour, but rings clear through the length of many half-forgotten years. It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse—a hubbub of confused noises, a chaos of shifting objects—and when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud-tinkling, interrupted sound (now and then), the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the horizon, a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf-oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening-breeze, and the road from —— to ——, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain, but from time and change not less visionary and mysterious, than the pictures in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I should notice, that at this time the light of the French Revolution circled my head like a glory, though dabbled with drops of crimson gore: I walked confident and cheerful by its side—

> "And by the vision splendid
> Was on my way attended."

It rose then in the east: it has again risen in the west. Two suns in one day, two triumphs of liberty in one age, is a miracle which I hope the Laureate will hail in appropriate verse. Or may not Mr. Wordsworth give a different turn to the fine passage, beginning—

> "What, though the radiance which was once so bright,
> Be now for ever vanished from my sight;
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of glory in the grass, of splendour in the flower?"

For is it not brought back, "like morn risen on mid-*night*;" and may he not yet greet the yellow light shining on the evening bank with eyes of youth, of genius, and freedom, as of yore? No, never! But what would not these persons give for the unbroken integrity of their early opinions—for one unshackled, uncontaminated strain—one *Io pæan* to Liberty—one burst of indignation against tyrants and sycophants, who subject other countries to slavery by force, and prepare their own for it by servile sophistry, as we see the huge serpent lick over its trembling, helpless victim with its slime and poison, before it devours it! On every stanza so penned would be written the word RECREANT! Every taunt, every reproach, every note of exultation at restored light and freedom, would recal to them how their hearts failed them in the Valley of the

Shadow of Death. And what shall we say to *him*—the sleep-walker, the dreamer, the sophist, the word-hunter, the craver after sympathy, but still vulnerable to truth, accessible to opinion, because not sordid or mechanical? The Bourbons being no longer tied about his neck, he may perhaps recover his original liberty of speculating; so that we may apply to him the lines about his own *Ancient Mariner*—

> "And from his neck so free
> The Albatross fell off, and sank
> Like lead into the sea."

This is the reason I can write an article on the *Letter-Bell*, and other such subjects; I have never given the lie to my own soul. If I have felt any impression once, I feel it more strongly a second time; and I have no wish to revile and discard my best thoughts. There is at least a thorough *keeping* in what I write—not a line that betrays a principle or disguises a feeling. If my wealth is small, it all goes to enrich the same heap; and trifles in this way accumulate to a tolerable sum.—Or if the Letter-Bell does not lead me a dance into the country, it fixes me in the thick of my town recollections, I know not how long ago. It was a kind of alarm to break off from my work when there happened to be company to dinner or when I was going to the play. *That* was going to the play, indeed, when I went twice a year, and had not been more than half a dozen times in my life. Even the idea that any one else in the house was going, was a sort of reflected enjoyment, and conjured up a lively anticipation of the scene. I remember a Miss D——, a maiden lady from Wales (who in her youth was to have been married to an earl), tantalized me greatly in this way, by talking all day of going to see Mrs. Siddons' "airs and graces" at night in some favourite part; and when the Letter-Bell announced that the time was approaching, and its last receding sound lingered on the ear, or was lost in silence, how anxious and uneasy I became, lest she and her companion should not be in time to get good places—lest the curtain should draw up before they arrived—and lest I should lose one line or look in the intelligent report which I should hear the next morning! The punctuating of time at that early period—every thing that gives it an articulate voice—seems of the utmost consequence; for we do not know what scenes in the *ideal* world may run out of them: a world of interest may hang upon every instant, and we can hardly sustain the weight of future years which are contained in embryo in the most minute and inconsiderable passing events. How often have I put off writing a letter till it was too late! How often had to run after the postman with it—now missing, now recovering, the sound of his bell—breathless, angry with myself—then hearing the welcome sound come full round a corner—and seeing the scarlet costume which set all my fears and self-reproaches at rest! I do not recollect having ever repented giving a letter to the postman, or wishing to retrieve it after he had once deposited it in his bag. What I have once set my hand to, I take the consequences of, and have been always pretty much of the same humour in this respect. I am not like the person who, having sent off a letter to his mistress, who resided a hundred and twenty miles in the country, and disapproving, on second thoughts, of some expressions contained in it, took a post-chaise and four to follow and intercept it the next morning. At other times, I have sat and watched the decaying embers in a little *back* painting-room (just as the wintry day declined), and brooded over the half-finished copy of a Rembrandt, or a landscape by Vangoyen, placing it where it might catch a dim gleam of light from the fire; while the Letter-Bell was the only sound that drew my thoughts

to the world without, and reminded me that I had a task to perform in it. As to that landscape, methinks I see it now—

> "The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
> The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail."

There was a windmill, too, with a poor low clay-built cottage beside it: —how delighted I was when I had made the tremulous, undulating reflection in the water, and saw the dull canvas become a lucid mirror of the commonest features of nature! Certainly, painting gives one a strong interest in nature and humanity (it is not the *dandy-school* of morals or sentiment)—

> "While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

Perhaps there is no part of a painter's life (if we must tell "the secrets of the prison-house") in which he has more enjoyment of himself and his art, than that in which after his work is over, and with furtive sidelong glances at what he has done, he is employed in washing his brushes and cleaning his pallet for the day. Afterwards, when he gets a servant in livery to do this for him, he may have other and more ostensible sources of satisfaction—greater splendour, wealth, or fame; but he will not be so wholly in his art, nor will his art have such a hold on him as when he was too poor to transfer its meanest drudgery to others—too humble to despise aught that had to do with the object of his glory and his pride, with that on which all his projects of ambition or pleasure were founded. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." When the professor is above this mechanical part of his business, it may have become a *stalking-horse* to other worldly schemes, but is no longer his *hobby-horse* and the delight of his inmost thoughts—

> "His shame in crowds, his solitary pride!"

I used sometimes to hurry through this part of my occupation, while the Letter-Bell (which was my dinner-bell) summoned me to the fraternal board, where youth and hope

> "Made good digestion wait on appetite
> And health on both"—

or oftener I put it off till after dinner, that I might loiter longer and with more luxurious indolence over it, and connect it with the thoughts of my next day's labours.

The dustman's-bell, with its heavy, monotonous noise, and the brisk, lively tinkle of the muffin-bell, have something in them, but not much. They will bear dilating upon with the utmost license of inventive prose. All things are not alike *conductors* to the imagination. A learned Scotch professor found fault with an ingenious friend and arch-critic for cultivating a rookery on his grounds: the professor declared "he would as soon think of encouraging a *froggery*." This was barbarous as it was senseless. Strange, that a country that has produced the Scotch Novels and Gertrude of Wyoming should want sentiment!

The postman's double-knock at the door the next morning is "more germain to the matter." How that knock often goes to the heart! We distinguish to a nicety the arrival of the Two-penny or the General Post. The summons of the latter is louder and heavier, as bringing news from a greater distance, and as, the longer it has been delayed, fraught with a deeper interest. We catch the sound of what is to be paid—eight-pence, nine-pence, a shilling—and our hopes generally rise with the postage. How we are provoked at the delay in getting change—at the servant who does not hear the door! Then if the postman passes, and we do

not hear the expected knock, what a pang is there! It is like the silence of death—of hope! We think he does it on purpose, and enjoys all the misery of our suspense. I have sometimes walked out to see the Mail-Coach pass, by which I had sent a letter, or to meet it when I expected one. I never see a Mail-Coach, for this reason, but I look at it as the bearer of glad tidings—the messenger of fate. I have reason to say so.—The finest sight in the metropolis is that of the Mail-Coaches setting off from Piccadilly. The horses paw the ground, and are impatient to be gone, as if conscious of the precious burden they convey. There is a peculiar secresy and despatch, significant and full of meaning, in all the proceedings concerning them. Even the outside passengers have an erect and supercilious air, as if proof against the accidents of the journey. In fact, it seems indifferent whether they are to encounter the summer's heat or winter's cold, since they are borne through the air in a winged chariot. The Mail-Carts drive up; the transfer of packages is made; and, at a signal given, they start off, bearing the irrevocable scrolls that give wings to thought, and that bind or sever hearts for ever. How we hate the Putney and Brentford stages that draw up in a line after they are gone! Some persons think the sublimest object in nature is a ship launched on the bosom of the ocean: but give me, for my private satisfaction, the Mail-Coaches that pour down Piccadilly of an evening, tear up the pavement, and devour the way before them to the Land's-End!

In Cowper's time, Mail-Coaches were hardly set up; but he has beautifully described the coming in of the Post-Boy:—

> "Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
> That with its wearisome but needful length
> Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
> Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:—
> He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
> With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
> News from all nations lumbering at his back.
> True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
> Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
> Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
> And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
> He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
> Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
> Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
> To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
> Houses in ashes and the fall of stocks,
> Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
> With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
> Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
> Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains
> Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
> His horse and him, unconscious of them all."

And yet, notwithstanding this, and so many other passages that seem like the very marrow of our being, Lord Byron denies that Cowper was a poet!—The Mail-Coach is an improvement on the Post-Boy; but I fear it will hardly bear so poetical a description. The picturesque and dramatic do not keep pace with the useful and mechanical. The telegraphs that lately communicated the intelligence of the new revolution to all France within a few hours, are a wonderful contrivance; but they are less striking and appalling than the beacon-fires (mentioned by Æschylus), which, lighted from hill-top to hill-top, announced the taking of Troy and the return of Agamemnon.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK; A LEGEND OF THE OLD TIME IN LONDON.

DINING some time back with a friend, whose house is situated in one of those out-of-the-way courts in the City, where one would hardly think of searching for anything picturesque or beautiful, but which, nevertheless, abound with various rich memorials of the past; while seated with him at his window, overlooking a small yard containing two mulberry-trees at least a century old, I observed, with no small sorrow, that an old stone wall, the rounded gable of which was pregnant with recollections of the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James, was being removed, in all probability to be succeeded by a piece of modern, uninteresting brick-work. By this removal, however, another morsel of antiquity, which had previously been concealed, was now exposed to view: this consisted of a hovel or shed, built against one of the interior sides of this stone wall, and apparently the remains of some more extensive and important building; for though, in many places, the large, irregularly-shaped slates had been displaced, or perhaps had fallen away, and been re-placed by modern tiling, still several of the massy stone pillars, supporting strong oaken arches, were remaining, and appeared as though they were the vestiges of a colonnade or cloister, which at some former period had run round the whole interior of the wall. I mentioned this idea to my friend, who concurred with me that it was probably correct.

"By the way," observed he, "the spot which has attracted your observation, I believe even that very shed, was once the scene of a murder, the perpetration and discovery of which were attended by some very singular circumstances."

This information, of course, led to an inquiry on my part; and that, in its turn, elicited the following Legend of London:—

Towards the middle of the second half of the seventeenth century, or, in plainer English, about the year of grace, 1672, there lived in London a very rich, and therefore very respectable merchant, who, having come to the rare resolution that he had made money enough, and having, as he said, no kith or kin, tacked to this said resolution one of more frequent occurrence, namely, that he would take a wife, to be the superintendant of his household affairs, the sharer of his fortune, the soother of his sorrows, if ever he should have any, and so forth. And to a man of so much importance as was Master Edward Edwards, there were very few obstacles in the way of his accomplishing such a purpose, as he might easily pick and choose among the maidens or widows of his ward, who would all be but too proud of an alliance with so honourable and substantial a citizen. He did not, however, deliberate so long on the matter as might perhaps have been expected, seeing how wide a field he had wherein to exercise his speculations; for at the same time that he informed those friends, whom he chose to consult on the occasion, of his before-named intention, he gave them to understand that his choice had already fallen on Dorothy Langton, the daughter of a poor Goldsmith, and reputed papist, but, nevertheless, a maiden of good fame, seemly bearing, and twenty-six years of age. She was tall, fair, and well made, but with nothing striking about her face that would call for particular description, unless one may advert to—what indeed was no part of her face—an unusual breadth at the back part of her

head, behind her ears, which seemed to give her features an appearance of being too small. The lady was, truth to confess, not very much admired in the neighbourhood; and, to continue the confession, she was as little liked. She was said by those who knew her best, or rather as it might seem worst, to be of a sullen temper, and yet, withal, violent; and the death of one young man was laid at her door, all the way from the East Indies, whither he had gone in despair, after having been for eleven months her accepted suitor, and then discharged in a fit of peevishness. How far this incident, which happened before she was twenty, might have formed her after character; or how far even her earlier character might have been moulded from the fact of her having been left motherless while yet an infant, and bred up afterwards under the sole care of her father, a harsh and severe man, it is not for me to determine; and much less so how or why Master Edward Edwards came to fix on her as his partner. Master Edwards himself, at the time we are speaking of, was in the very prime and vigour of life—that is, in his own opinion; it may be stated, however, that he was in his five-and-fiftieth year; rather corpulent and very grey: but the former fact he asserted, and not without truth, was a proof of his stoutness: some men, he observed, quite young men too, (that is, younger than himself,) had contracted a bad habit of stooping, which shewed their walk through life had not been upright; then, as to his grey hairs, he boasted that they were once the veriest black, but that thought and honourable labour had blanched them; besides, his worst foes could not say he was bald. For the rest, Master Edwards was a man of tolerable parts, as times went, of an easy and good temper, and one who loved to crack his bottle and his joke as well as any man living, either now or then.

For some time, say thirteen months, after the marriage, they lived together in all seeming harmony. I say seeming, of course speaking only of what met the eyes of others; for far be it from me to intrude any unnecessary inquiry into the discomforts or discrepancies (if any such existed) of the domestic circle—a rather small one, to be sure, seeing it consisted of only two individuals, unless, as a third segment thereof, may be reckoned Master Edwards' clerk, a young man, an orphan, of the name of Simon, who had lived with him from his childhood. He was a youth of good favour, but did not seem to find it in his mistress's eyes; or rather, *latterly*, he did not: for at her first coming she had behaved with great kindness to him, while he, on the other hand, always treated her with that distant respect, so becoming in an inferior, but so mortifying to a superior, who may happen, for some purpose or other, to wish to be on more familiar terms. After a little time, Mistress Edwards evidently took a great dislike to poor Simon, and by the exercise of a little domestic despotism, she made his home sufficiently uncomfortable. Master Edwards seldom interfered in the matter; and to do his wife justice, she concealed the alteration she had caused in the lad's comforts, as much as she could from his master; and if ever he did happen to make any reference to the subject, she was pat with a complaint against Simon for being so often away from the house; which was no more than truth, as she frequently made it too hot to hold him; and also that during his absence, he was continually seen to be in very bad company—at which his master would sigh; and which I am sorry to say was also no less than the truth, and probably the consequence of her harsh treatment. Various little trinkets and other nic-nacs were

also said by Mistress Edwards to be from time to time missing—and her lamentations and anger on such subjects were always uttered in Simon's hearing, plentifully interlarded with expressions of wonder, "who the thief could be,"—and assertions, "that such things could not walk off without hands:" whereat her facetious husband never failed to remark, "Yes, deary, they might, if they had feet." And this as regularly put her in a passion, and made her vow that, "for her part, she could not see what use there was in keeping about the house such lazy, loitering, good-for-nothing vagabonds," with various other such ungentle epithets, all of which were quite plainly launched at the unfortunate Simon.

At the end of these thirteen months, Simon, together with several articles of plate, was found missing in real earnest—all mere suspicion on the subject being removed by the following note, which Master Edwards found on his breakfast table:—

"Even in the very commission of a deed of wrong and villany, can I not refrain from bidding you farewell—my kind, mine honoured, my loved master!—even while I am doing wrong to you. But I am driven to it, and away from your house, by the cruel and unjust treatment of your wife: beware of her, master of mine, for she is evil. Whither I go, God knows—I care not—nor will He; for I have abandoned his ways, and broken his commands—but I am forced to it—forced to rob, that I may not starve of hunger—to rob you, to whom I owe every thing—but indeed, indeed, I would not so do, knew I not that what I take from you can be little missed, and that if I spoke to you, you would not let me quit your house: and sure I am, that if I did so without means of living, you would sorrow that the child of your fostering—the boy of your rearing—whom you have ever treated more as a son than a servant, should be * * *"

The words that immediately followed were quite illegible, being so blotted, as though the writer had written over drops of water: then followed a short thick dash of the pen—and then in a large and hurried hand, the following:—

"But this is foolish—and fallacy—farewell, Sir,—dear master, farewell:—forgive me—I cannot pray for you—I ask you not to pray for me—but do, if *you* think it will avail me aught—if not, forget me—and oh! forgive me. I *am* going wrong—good bye."

The signature was also much blotted, but it could be traced to be, "the thankful orphan, Simon."

The effect produced by this event was very different, both on Master Edwards and his wife—as well as from what might have been expected: the former, to use a homely word, took on greatly about the matter, was evidently much hurt, became silent and abstracted, and went so far as to shed tears; a thing which his oldest friends—those who had been his school-fellows—declared they had never known him do in all his life—not even when under the infliction of Doctor Everard's cane—the right-reverend high master of Saint Paul's School, where Master Edwards had learned Latin and peg-top. Mistress Edwards, on the other hand, shewed a great share of rejoicing on the occasion, declaring she thought his room cheaply purchased at the loss of the trumpery he had taken with him. That same afternoon, during dinner, she hinted that she had already a young man in her eye, as the successor of Simon; at which observation, her husband merely sighed, and made no inquiries—and yet he probably had no conception whom his wife had in her eye, though if some of their neighbours had been present, they

might, if they had liked it, have helped him to an inuendo concerning a handsome young man, of whom no one knew any thing, except that he was frequently seen walking with Mistress Edwards of evenings under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields. There were some hints of a yet more scandalous nature—but these shall be omitted.

The stranger however came after the situation, and a handsome young man he was—his name was Lambert Smithe—but as for his qualifications for the new place, which Mistress Edwards really seemed uncommonly anxious he should obtain, as little had best be said as may be; and the less need be said as Master Edwards was decidedly of opinion that he was utterly unfitted for the office; for the expression of which opinion he was downright scolded by his wife, and indeed fairly warned that she would have her own way after all.

* * * * * *

A few nights after Simon's departure—a dark and stormy November night it was—Mistress Edwards was seen—no matter yet by whom—to cross the cloistered court-yard, at the back of her husband's house, bearing a lanthern in her hand, which she partially covered over with the large cloak wherein she was muffled, probably with the intention of concealing its light—perhaps only to prevent its being extinguished by the gustful wind and rain. She approached a low postern-gate, which gave into a passage leading to Cripplegate Church—she unlocked it—opened it hesitatingly—looked out, as though for some one—came back again—re-locked the door—placed the lantern in one of the angles of the cloister, and began slowly pacing up and down under its shelter. In a few moments, she stopped, and listened—her body and head slightly bent rightward, towards the postern: a low whistle was heard without—she flew to the gate—opened it, and let in a man also muffled in a cloak: she addressed him, by exclaiming, "Late, Sir!"

The stranger began some excuse probably, but was at once stopped by a sharp "hush!" and they conversed in whispers.

At length they shifted their position, and advanced towards the house, Mistress Edwards having taken up her light, and leading her companion forward with the other hand. Of a sudden the man stopped, and she also. He sighed, and said, though still in a whisper—"I cannot do it."

"God gi' me patience!" she cried, impatiently, and in a much louder tone; then in a lower, added—"Come, Lambert, dearest Lambert, take heart."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot—any thing but that!"

"Any thing *but* that! Why, what else is there to be done? Will you not be master of all?—of *me?* Nay, come, dear Lambert."

The man passed on. As he turned a second angle, close to the house door, a sharp-pointed weapon was driven into his breast, by some one standing behind one of the thick stone pillars, and with such force, that the point pierced one of the ribs, which prevented the wound from being mortal. The young man shrieked with agony; and grasping towards the spot whence the blow came, seized hold of part of the assassin's dress, who struggled, and extricated himself from his grasp, but left behind him part of a chain, with a watch hung to it; at the same time he wrenched the dagger from the lacerated bone, and, with a surer blow, drove it into his victim's heart.

All this was the work of little more than a moment; during which Mistress Edwards, who at first had been struck with a stupor of surprise

and horror, rushed forward, screaming "Murder! murder!" and fell, swooning, within a few paces of the body.

When she recovered, she found several of her neighbours and of the watch standing round, and among them her alarmed husband. She looked round wildly for a moment, fixed her eyes on him for another, then shrieked wildly—"Ah! I see—I see—him—him! Seize him—the murderer," and again fell senseless.

Edwards was accordingly seized, though few could understand why or wherefore; but when he protested he knew nothing about the matter, people began to think him guilty, especially as some declared the murdered man was the same youth with whom his wife had been often seen walking under the tall elms in Goodman's Fields; and, upon her second recovery, Mistress Edwards confirmed this declaration by clinging round the young man's body, and calling for vengeance on the murderer of her Love.

Edwards was carried before a justice of the peace, and after a short examination, committed to Newgate to take his trial in the Court-house there at the next sessions, which were to take place within a week.

The day came, and the trial commenced. At the very outset an argument arose between the counsel for the prosecution and the defence, whether the exclamations used by the wife on the night of the murder, accusing her husband, could be given as evidence by those who had heard them. For the defence it was urged, that as a wife could not appear as a witness either against or for her husband, so neither could any expression of hers, tending to criminate him, be admissible; on the other hand, it was contended that as confessions were admissible in evidence against a party, so a husband and wife, being as one in the eye of the law, such expressions as these were in the nature of confessions by the party himself, and therefore should be admitted—and so the Recorder decided they should be. In addition to this, other—circumstantial—evidence was produced against the prisoner; the poniard, with which Lambert had been stabbed, and which in falling he had borne down out of his slayer's hand, was a jewelled Turkish one, known by many to be the property of the prisoner, and to have been in his possession many years; he having brought it home with him from one of his voyages to the Morea; the watch also was produced, which, with part of the chain, the deceased had held in his clenched hands; it was a small silver one, shaped like a tulip, and chequered in alternate squares of dead and bright metal; its dial-plate of dead silver, figured, with a bright circle, containing black Roman figures; in the interior, on the works, it bore the inscription—"Thomas Hooke, in Pope's-head-alley," the brother to the celebrated Robert Hooke, who had recently invented the spring-pocket-watches. This watch was proved to have also been the property of the prisoner, to have been given by him to his wife, and lately to have been returned by her to him in order to be repaired. These circumstances, together with the natural imputation that was cast upon him by the consideration of who the murdered man was, were all that were adduced against Edwards; and he was called on for his defence in person, being, by the mild mercy of the English law, denied the assistance of counsel for that purpose: it being wisely considered, that though a man in the nice intricacies of a civil cause may need technical aid, he cannot possibly do so in a case where the fact of his life being dependant on the success of his pleading, must necessarily induce and assist him to have all his wits about him. The

prisoner's situation, however, in this instance, seemed, unaccountably, to have the contrary effect on him, and he appeared quite embarrassed and confused; he averred he could not explain the cause of his wife's extraordinary error; but that an error it certainly had been. For the poniard's being in the man's heart he was equally at a loss to account; and as for the watch, he admitted all that had been proved, but declared that he had put it by about a week before the murder in a cabinet, which he had never since opened, and how it had been removed he was unable to tell. Of course this defence, if such it could be termed, availed him very little, in fact simply nothing. The jury found him guilty; and the Recorder called on him to say why judgment should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner seemed suddenly to have recovered his old, or gained new powers; he broke out into a strong and passionate appeal, calling on the judge to believe his word, as that of a dying man, that he was innocent, and concluded by solemnly calling upon God so to help him, as he spoke the truth.

He was condemned; the prisoner hid his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud; he was removed from the bar to his solitary cell.

About half-past ten that night, as the Recorder was sitting alone, dozing in his easy chair over the fire and a tankard of mulled claret, he was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door, followed up by the announcement of a stranger, who would brook no delay. He was admitted—a young man, whose features were fearfully haggard and drawn, as though with some intense inward struggle; in fact, the good magistrate did not half like his looks, and intimated to his servant that as his clerk was gone home he had better stay in the room—which was on the whole a confused remark, as, in the first place, he knew his servant could not write; and in the second, he did not know whether any writing was required; but the youth relieved the worthy Recorder from his dilemma, by peremptorily stating that the communication he had to make must be made to him alone. The servant therefore withdrew, the Recorder put on his spectacles, and the youth began.

"I come to tell you, Sir, that you have this day unjustly condemned an innocent man to death."

"Bah! bah! And pray how know you that he is innocent?"

"By this token, Sir, that I know who did the deed for which you have condemned Master Edwards to suffer. Lambert's murderer stands before you."

The Recorder, horror-stricken at the notion of being so close to a murderer at large, gabbled out an inarticulate ejaculation, something of an equivocal nature betwixt an oath and a prayer, and stretched out his hand towards the silver hand-bell which stood before him on the table; and still more horrified was he when the youth caught his hand, and said—"No; with your leave, Sir."

"No; with my leave, Sir! What, mean ye to murder me, with my leave, Sir?"

"I will do you no harm, Sir. But my confession shall be a willing and a free one."

He removed the hand-bell beyond the Recorder's reach, let go his arm, and retired again to a respectful distance. He then proceeded to relate that his name was Simon Johnson, that he was an orphan, and had been

bred up with great kindness by Master Edwards. In detailing his story, he hinted at an unlawful passion which his mistress had endeavoured to excite in his mind towards her; and to his resistance or carelessness of her wiles he partly attributed her hatred and persecution of him: his home made wretched thereby, he had sought relief in society; unfortunately for him, he had fallen in with some young men of bad character—among others with this very Lambert, who had been among his most strenuous advisers that he should from time to time purloin some of his master's superfluous wealth, for the purpose of supplying himself and his companions with the means of more luxurious living; he had, however, for a long while rejected this advice, until at length goaded by the continual unjust accusations of his mistress, charging him with the very crime he was thus tempted to commit, he had, in truth, done so, and had absconded with several articles of value; but his companions, instead of receiving him with praise, as he had expected, had loaded him with invectives for not bringing them a richer prize. Instigated by their reproaches, and, by a mingled sense of shame and anger, he had intended, by means of a secret key which he had kept, to rob Master Edwards's house on the very night when the murder was committed. Having gained access to the court-yard, he was just about to open the house door, when he heard footsteps; he retired, and concealed himself. From his place of concealment he had seen and heard Mrs. Edwards encouraging Lambert, by many fond and endearing professions of love for him, and of hatred of his master, to the murder of her husband; and as Lambert, conquered by her threats and entreaties, was passing him within arm's length, an irresistible impulse had urged him to save his master's life by sacrificing Lambert's; and having done the deed of death, he had leaped the yard wall and fled. The poinard and watch were part of the property he had stolen when he left the house. He ended thus—

"After I had left the spot, Sir, I fled, I know not whither; for days and days I wandered about in the fields, sleeping in sheds, numbed with cold and half starved, never daring to approach the dwellings of men to relieve my wants, till dark, and then ever feeling as though every eye scowled upon me; and when I left them again, and was again alone in the fields, I would suddenly start and run, with the feeling that I had been followed, and was about to be taken. In vain I strove to overcome these feelings—in vain I struggled to reconcile myself to the deed I had done—in vain I represented it to my heart as one of good, as one which had saved a life infinitely more valuable than his whom I had slain: it was all vain, a something within tortured me with unnatural and undefinable terror; and even when I sometimes partially succeeded in allaying this feeling, and half convinced myself that I had done for the best, it seemed as if I heard a voice whisper in my own soul, 'What brought *thee* to thy master's court-yard that night?' and this set me raving again. Unable longer to bear this torture, I made up my mind to self-slaughter, for the thoughts of delivering myself into the hands of justice drove me almost mad; my heart was hardened against making this even late atonement, and with a reckless daring I resolved on self-slaughter; but how, how to do this, I knew not; drowning was fearful to me, I should have time perhaps to repent; and so with starving, even if nature would allow that trial. I returned to the suburbs—it was this very evening—

a lanthern hanging on the end of a barber's pole caught my sight—I hastened into the shop, with the intention of destroying myself with the first razor I could lay my hands on; but the shop was quite full. I sat down in a corner, doggedly waiting for my time, and paying no heed to the conversation that was going on, till my master's name struck on my ear. I listened—his trial, condemnation, and coming execution, were the general talk. I started up, and with a feeling of thankfulness to God that there was something yet to live for—I think I cried out so—I rushed out of the shop, hurried hither—I am not too late—to—to supply my master's place to-morrow."

The young man sank exhausted in a chair, and dropped his head on the table. The astonished magistrate leant forward, cautiously extended his hand, seized his hand-bell, and rang loud and long, beginning at the same time to call over the names of all the servants he had ever had from the first time of his keeping house.

But at the first jingle of the bell Simon started up from the chair, and said, "Aye, I am your prisoner now."

"Yes, Sir, yes," said the Recorder. "Geoffrey! Williams! very true, Sir—by your leave, Sir—Godwin! Ralph! there's your prisoner, Sir," he added to the one wondering servant, who answered this multitudinous call.

The sequel may be told in a few lines. A reprieve for Edwards was immediately sent to Newgate, which was followed up by a pardon; for having been found guilty, of course he could not be declared innocent. The wretched wife of the merchant died by her own hand, on the morning of her husband's reprieve. Simon was tried for Lambert's murder, of course found guilty, and sentenced to death; but in consideration of the extraordinary circumstances attending his case, this sentence was changed into transportation for life. My Lord Chief Justice Hale delivered a very voluminous judgment on the occasion; the main ground on which he proceeded, seems to have been, that as Simon had not been legally discharged by Edwards, he might still be considered in the light of his servant, and that he was therefore, to a certain degree, justifiable in defending his master's life.

Simon died on his passage. Edwards, from the time of his release, became a drivelling idiot: he lived several years. It was not till the death of the old man that a secret was discovered—it was ascertained that Simon was a natural son; and that, in preventing the intended assassination of the Merchant, he had unconsciously saved the life of his Father.

SIR HENRY PARNELL ON "FINANCIAL REFORM," &c.

IT has been very well observed that the abstract reasonings and theoretical doctrines of speculators in political economy, are seldom in unison with the experience of practical men who conduct the real business of life. Hence it often happens, that the latter finding many of the reasonings of the theorists incompatible with every day practice, entertain an undue contempt for their opinions; and finding them decidedly wrong on certain points, conclude that they are wrong in all. They make no allowance for the immense field of inquiry embraced by the economists, or for the impossibility of one man being able to comprehend, and give a clear view of every particular question. The theorists, on the other hand, are, in the absence of practical knowledge and experience, apt to reason upon things as they, in pursuance of their own arguments, would wish to have them, not as they actually are; and by substituting matters of opinion for matters of fact, they deceive themselves, and mislead those who place confidence in their judgment and research.

Sir Henry Parnell's book on Financial Reform, of which, within these few days, a third edition, "with additions," has appeared, affords a strong proof that one man may reason very accurately on certain points, to which he has specially directed his attention, whilst on others, not so much within the sphere of his observation, his opinions and statements may be at variance with well known facts, and even contrary to common sense.

We would place under the first division almost every thing Sir Henry has said relative to taxation and retrenchment; while we think that a slight examination of many of the assertions and dogmas put forth in the chapter, specially appropriated to Colonial affairs, will justify us in considering them erroneous and inadmissible, in so far at least as they may be supposed applicable to our West India possessions.

It is justly observed "that no parliamentary documents shew what the whole expence is that is paid, by English taxes, on account of the Colonies; and that it is generally estimated that from two to three millions are paid for the army, navy, and various civil charges." But so ignorant does Sir Henry appear to be on this subject, that he actually quotes an erroneous statement made on the subject of West India expenditure, from that mendacious publication, the Anti-Slavery Reporter! He, further, refers to a treasury letter of the 24th of March, 1827, in which it is stated that the collective expenditure of five of our colonies has exceeded, on an account of ten and more years, the colonial revenues applicable to the discharge of it, so as to have constituted a deficiency of £2,524,000; but Sir Henry might have seen by a subsequent official document that this deficiency does not relate to our West India colonies, but is referable to Ceylon, Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, Malta, &c.; and it certainly appears to be no proof of candour on the part of Sir Henry, to quote from a degraded source, leaving authentic documents on the other side of the question, unnoticed.

We believe that the expenses actually paid by Great Britain in governing her West India Colonies, has been variously estimated at from £700,000 to £1,100,000 or 1,200,000. The whole charge on account of the leeward and windward islands in 1828 was stated at nearly £500,000, and allowing £350,000 for the naval and military expenditure of Jamaica,

and £200,000 for naval purposes *generally*, the whole expense does not exceed about a million sterling—a considerable part of which sum would be necessary for the maintenance of our commercial and other interests, although we no longer possessed a single trans-atlantic colony; and were the whole of the money, raised in the West Indies, and applied towards the maintenance of British troops, forts, fortifications, barracks, salaries to Governors, Judges, ecclesiastical establishments, public officers, and miscellaneous services—fairly stated, its gross amount would be found equal to more than *the whole* expense which, under ordinary circumstances, might be necessary for the defence and good government of these possessions, supposing their various institutions assimilated to those of the United States.

Moreover, it will be found on an examination of the documents lately submitted to the Board of Trade by the West Indians, that independently of the immense sum drawn from them in the shape of enormous duties on their staple commodity, they are, by British restrictions, put to an expense of *nearly a million and a half* in the cost of their supplies, in support of the British fisheries, manufactories, shipping, and other interests not directly connected with these plantations!*

Whether the business of the colonial department will now be put upon a more efficient footing, so that at least clear accounts may be kept, is matter of doubt;—hitherto we have seen no symptoms of amendment.

Sir Henry recommends that the system of applying the revenues of the Colonies in paying enormous salaries, building Governor's houses, making canals and roads, and improving in various other ways the estates of the colonial proprietors, should be abolished. "The official establishments in the Colonies should be revised, and reduced to what is merely necessary; excessive salaries should be diminished, and none but efficient officers should be appointed." A great part of these reforms would operate in favour of our West Indian Colonies—others do not apply to them. "All restrictions on colonial trade" (including, of course, restrictions on the Slave Trade?) "should be taken off, and then each Colony should be made to pay its own expenses."—We have no hesitation in saying, that were this to be the case, the West Indians would compete with any Colonies in the world. These restrictions on their trade are, upon close examination and laborious calculations, said to amount to 5*s.* 6¾*d.* upon every cwt. of sugar, and nearly 6*d.* on every gallon of rum made in the British West Indies! while, at the same time, the foreign planter can, in consequence of his continuing to carry

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* These sums are thus stated:—

Enhancement of price paid for fish, *to support the North American fisheries*	£75,544
Enhancement, *to suport the British fisheries at home*	368,668
Enhancement, *to benefit the British North American Colonies*	86,677
Enhancement of Freights, *to support British Shipping* in the North American Trade	94,801
Enhancement of price for American articles	187,576
Enhancement of price for British articles, *to support Manufacturing interests at home*	372,575
Enhancement of Freights, *to benefit British Shipping* employed in the European Trade	513,825
Total sum paid by the West Indians in consequence of the restrictions on their Trade	£1,399,665

on the Slave Trade, and by being at liberty to receive his supplies from, and send his produce to, any market he may think proper—raise sugar cheaper by 17*s.* the cwt. than the British planter!—Remove all these restrictions, or in the name of justice and humanity give him *some* advantages to counteract the onerous restrictions you forcibly impose upon him, in all his operations!

Sir Henry affirms that the Colonies form so small a portion of the market for British goods, that it would be a groundless exaggeration to say, that the British manufacturer would sustain injury from the removal of all restrictions on the intercourse of the Colonies with foreigners. "In the states of North and South America, where trade is free (?) with all nations, the great mass of imports are received from Great Britain, because the *British goods are cheaper than others.*" This may be true to a certain small extent:—but we would ask Sir Henry whether he can maintain that the linens and fish of the north of Europe, or provisions, lumber, staves, &c. of the United States, are not cheaper than those of Great Britain, or than such as are furnished in a circuitous manner, under present restrictions? We presume to think that, although, in the event of the productive industry of the Colonies being kept up, the loss to the British *manufacturer* (however the agriculturist and fisherman might suffer) might not be so great,—yet supposing these possessions to be thrown out of cultivation, the loss of such a market to the British manufacturer and agriculturist would not be so trifling as Sir Henry, in hammering out his theory, seems to imagine. We perceive by a return, No. 292 of the last session of Parliament, that the total export of British and Irish produce and manufactures to our West-Indies, in 1829, amounted to £3,726,643
and that they were our customers for Foreign and Colonial merchandize (independent of fish provisions and lumber from our North American possessions) to the amount of 323,213

£4,049,856

Now the total amount of our exports to "South America, where trade is free to all nations," during the same year, is according to the same return, as follows, viz:

Mexico	534,380
Guatemala	10,493
Columbia	556,961
Rio-de-la Plata	484,364
Chili	1,182,140
Peru	518,873
	£3,287,211

To Brazil our exports are considerably greater, but it must be recollected that no inconsiderable part of the goods sent to that country, are re-exported to Africa, and exchanged there for slaves! We may further state that the British and Irish produce and manufactures taken in one year by our West-India Colonies, are, as appears by the same return, greater in official value than the exports to Russia,

Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, France, Spain and the Canaries, Turkey and Continental Greece—combined!

Under these circumstances it requires some consideration of the probable consequences before we can accede to the proposition that the British manufacturer would sustain little injury by the loss of the West India market!

Sir Henry justly observes, that "no law, perhaps, that was ever made, is so entirely at variance in its enactments with the principle on which it was proposed and professedly framed, as the Colonial act of 1825." In this we perfectly agree with him; and we would be glad if he could point out a single legislative measure devised at home and imposed upon the Colonists during the last fifty years, which has operated beneficially? The only operations of the acts alluded to, were to create an annoyance to the Colonists, and entail an additional charge of £50,653 per annum upon them for custom-house officers—beyond what they formerly paid!

"If the planters of our Colonies are ever," says Sir Henry, "to carry on a successful competition with foreigners in supplying foreign countries with sugars, it is absolutely necessary that these restrictions on food, lumber, &c. should be done away, or that they should be countervailed by continuing to tax the people of England by high duties on foreign sugar." In this also we agree with him. But if the people of this country are to impose upon the Colonists restrictions on his trade, equal to £1,400,000 per annum, or 5*s.* 6$d\frac{3}{4}$ per cwt. of sugar, *to promote their own interests*, and if they allow the foreigner to carry on the slave trade, which is interdicted to our planters, and which gives the foreigner an advantage over us on raising sugar, of about 17*s.* 3*d.* per cwt., surely the people of England are in common justice entitled to give the planter *something* as an equivalent?

Let *all* these restrictions be removed, or let Europe redeem its pledge to put down the slave trade; and let the British planter have an equivalent for the 5*s.* 6$d\frac{3}{4}$ imposed upon him, and he *will* then be in a situation to compete, successfully, with foreign colonies, "instead of continually looking to Government and Parliament for relief."

In arguing for the repeal of the old monopoly system, he asserts, "that the possession of Colonies affords no advantages which could not be obtained by commercial intercourse with independent states." We think that at least, as regards our West India Colonies, this assertion is equally absurd and unfounded. The same number of foreigners will not consume the same quantity of British manufactures and produce, as an equal number of British Colonists; neither will they employ the same number of British shipping and seamen; in time of war they will not, like colonies, form stations for the maintenance of our foreign trade, nor assist in enabling the mother country, as in the late wars, to maintain her independence; but, indeed, when we see in the very next page Sir Henry asserting that "*the capital which supplies commodities for the Colonies would still prepare commodities if the Colonies ceased to purchase them, and these commodities would find consumers,* FOR EVERY COUNTRY CONTAINS WITHIN ITSELF A MARKET FOR ALL IT CAN PRODUCE!!"—we may cease to feel surprise at any absurdity which, on Colonial subjects, he may choose to put forth.

With respect to the question whether our commerce with the Colonies is more beneficial than with independent countries, the question,

says Sir Henry, is one "easily solved, because, where the employment of capital is free, the nett profit that may be obtained by the employment of it in commerce with independent countries, will always be as great as if it were employed in the Colonial trade. The trade we carry on with the United States proves this."

On this point we would take leave to observe, that the trade with the United States is one which can scarcely be classed as a trade with foreigners. It is a trade which was first established *through our ancient Colonial policy,* and which is still maintained by the essentially English manners and habits of the people of the United States. Sir Henry will not attempt to contend, that if the manners and habits of these citizens approximated to those of the Russians, the French, the Spaniards, or any other European nation—that they would be our customers for *one tenth* part of the goods they now buy from us?—The Russians, for instance, from whom, in 1829, we took tallow, hemp, flax, &c., to the amount of £3,442,653, only received from us British and Irish produce and manufactures to the value of £1,849,312; whereas, the people of the United States took our produce and manufactures to the extent of £6,541,428, and we only required their produce, in return, to the extent of £5,820,580. The French were our customers to the extent of £448,437 only; whilst we took their produce to the value of £3,159,307. Spain and the Canaries only £410,822; although for their encouragement, we received to the value of £978,612 of their commodities.* But what then? "every country contains within itself a market for all it can produce!" and, therefore, who cares for their custom?

Another material point has been entirely overlooked in estimating the advantage of our West India Colonies. The whole of the profits upon capital employed there returns and is spent in the mother country. It has been estimated, that for a long series of years, the sum thus brought to enrich the mother country was somewhere between *three and five millions sterling per annum.* We would ask Sir Henry, what trade with "independent states" would yield any similar advantage?

With respect to another question, 'whether the capital employed in our Colonies is more beneficially employed, than if employed in the United Kingdom?' Sir Henry affirms that "in the West India islands it feeds and clothes slaves:" very true! But who derives profit and employment in furnishing a great part of the food, and the whole of their clothing? Is it not the British agriculturist? fisher? and manufacturer? "It pays British agents, clerks, and managers,"—who could not find employment at home, but who return to their native country to spend their earnings so soon as they have acquired a moderate competency—"It employs ships and sailors"—who could not find employment elsewhere;—"and although the gross profit upon it seems, in prosperous times, to be very high, the nett profit is not greater than it is on capital employed at home;"—perhaps not—but suppose that the capital employed in the West Indies could be transferred to Great Britain, how could it be profitably employed at home? We apprehend it is not a want of *capital,* but a want of customers to give employment to our manufacturing and agricultural labourers, that is the cause of our present distress; and that this distress has been augmented by diminishing, through our absurd Colonial policy, the usual return of profits to the

* Parliamentary Return No. 292, Sess: 1830.

mother country on capital employed in the Colonies—can hardly be doubted. "When capital is employed in England," says Sir Henry, "for instance, on manufactures, it pays English workmen, instead of buying clothes and food for slaves; it employs agents, clerks and managers, it employs ships and sailors to import raw materials, and to export the finished goods. The incomes derived by West India proprietors from profits on their capital are spent like incomes derived from rent, and add nothing to the national wealth; but the profits made on capital employed in trades at home are added to capital, and thus promote the constant accumulation of it." All this may be very plausible, but at the same time it is evidently fallacious; Sir Henry entirely *overlooks* one point, namely—that before any profit can be obtained, goods must find purchasers; in so far, therefore, as the West India proprietors are purchasers of clothes and food for their negroes, the profits go to augment the capital of the manufacturer and agriculturist at home; and incomes, derived from rent, especially rent from abroad, certainly go on, in the same way, to augment British capital.

"It is clear, therefore, that on the whole," says this financial reformer; "the public derives no commercial advantage from the Colonies, which it might not have without them." We think it clear that the very reverse is the fact! "They do not," says he, "even afford any advantage, as some persons suppose, by enlarging the field for the employment of capital. *The capital which supplies commodities for the colonies, would still prepare commodities, if the colonies ceased to purchase them*: and these commodities would find consumers—for every country contains within itself a market *for all it can produce!!*"

What egregious fools the manufacturers of Great Britain and Ireland must be to hazard their goods, in every quarter of the globe in search of a market, while this "country contains within itself *a market for all it can produce!!*" It would be a waste of time to adduce facts to shew the gross absurdity of such assertions.

It is stated that there are still means enough for employing capital at home; and that if new means were wanted, they would be more effectually obtained by removing restrictions on trade and revising the taxes, than by increasing the productions of the colonies—or, in other words, *free trade* and *revision of taxes is the panacea* for all our evils!

"The history of the colonies for many years is that of a series of loss, and of the destruction of capital; and if to the many millions of private capital which have been thus wasted, were added some hundred millions that have been raised by British taxes, and spent on account of the Colonies—the total loss to the British public of wealth which the Colonies have occasioned, would appear to be quite erroneous." If Sir Henry means to apply this reasoning, in part or whole to our West-India possessions, we do not hesitate to say that it is a monstrous misrepresentation of the case! that it was her transatlantic colonies that first advanced Great Britain to her present rank amongst commercial nations; and that her sugar colonies have, annually, for a long series of years, poured immense wealth into the mother country—adding to her general prosperity—to her amount of capital stock, and, at the same time, promoting to an incalculable extent, her general prosperity.

In his eulogium upon the prosperity of Cuba—which prosperity he attributes entirely to principles of free-trade—he keeps entirely out of

view the notorious fact, that its successful exertions are owing to its continual importation of fresh labourers from Africa; and that the "small proprietors," who are said to cultivate their properties without the aid of slaves, are principally employed in raising provisions, cattle, and mules, for the use of the sugar estates; and in hunting, as *monteros*, the runaway negroes!

In conclusion we have only to remark, that if we are to square the commercial and Colonial policy of this country by the rule and opinions of this Political Economist and Financial Reformer, our shipowners may dismantle about one half of their ships,* our manufacturers may dismiss a part of their labourers, a great part of our fishermen may give up their occupation; the fundholder may look for a serious diminution of the interest on his unsubstantial property—and every class of the community may prepare themselves for difficulties and privations, little short of what might be caused by a National Bankruptcy!

THE PERSONAL AND POLITICAL PORTRAIT OF PRINCE METTERNICH.

FEW men have attracted more attention in their generation, than the Prince Metternich. Born of an ancient and noble family, but unaided by the advantages of fortune, undistinguished by education, and ungifted with extraordinary intellectual powers, yet possessing extreme dexterity, a rapid and clear perception of human character, with exquisite tact of manner and address; insinuating in discourse, and eminently graceful in action; effeminate in personal appearance, and, if not depraved in taste, indifferent to, or wholly devoid of respect for more than the forms of his church; he trembled not to seize the helm of state of the Austrian empire, under the most difficult circumstances; and adapting himself to events with suppleness, he for some time, like the automaton chess-player, never moved but to victory, of whatever force his antagonist might be; but no expression of dread, or joy, or triumph, could be remarked in that piece of mysterious mechanism.

Whatever may be the distant and ultimate destiny of his name and fortunes, the dark shadow of "coming events" has, just now, somewhat obscured their usual lustre; and it is, haply, while their sometime brilliancy stands impaired, and when the eye is no longer overpowered by their light, that it may better consider some few of the man's humanities; for who might safely advert to the qualities of the minister and the prince, where those qualities are best understood, and where they are more indistinctly comprehended? who would willingly thread the labyrinth of diplomatic intrigue, or patiently chronicle the ever varying phases of that *sidus errans* which shed its better or baneful influence on men and things, just as they happened to be proud and powerful, or humble and degraded? It is enough that Italy may best become the

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* By Parliamentary Return No 51, Session 1829, it appears that the employment of British shipping outwards, in one year, was as follows,

	Men.	Ships.	Tons.
To British Possessions and Dependencies	56,493	4,701	90,150
To Foreign Countries	55,892	6,780	997,532

historian of his generosity and kindness, the Tyroleans record his justice, and the Swiss descant on his respect for ancient freedom.

The Prince, however, has been taught to feel that the schoolmaster is abroad. Perhaps this is scarcely the proper moment to refer, with exorbitant enthusiasm, to the admirable effects resulting from the Congress of Vienna, which Prince Metternich has regarded as his field of fame, and from which his greater wealth and dignity were derived —the vine-covered hills of Johannisberg, the friendship of his Grace, and (Gallicé) the eternal gratitude of Europe. "The *division* is now complete!" was the triumphant exclamation of the prince, as he terminated his labours. Whatever scepticism may have existed at the moment on the subject in the minds of the ignorant and unenlightened, there can be none now; and, although late, verily, this Stultz of nations "has his reward." But, it has been said (for decorum forbid that we should originate the violation of the secrets of that council of national representatives, or even disclose what we have heard, with pain and sorrow equivalent to that of the man of office, who having married a wife, in the prospect of his retiring pension, found himself under the necessity of evacuating Downing Street a full honeymoon short of the term of expected bliss)—it has been said that a scene less pathetic than singular occurred in that solemn convocation, which, in ludicrous effect, might well have become a British House of Commons. In the warmth of debate on a momentous and contested point, the prince, relying upon his state and influence for protection, hesitated not to contradict a soldier, and that soldier a Briton: the result whereof was a rather unequivocal suggestion of the trite adage of "an Irishman's sword being the key to the other world"—a liberal offer of the choice of weapons, from a cane to a cannon—with some disagreeable hints from good-natured friends, there present, of his antagonist's mattress being composed of moustaches of the slain, and his possessing the tenantcy in common of a private cemetery. The prince, in generous consideration of the happiness of the human race, forbore any expression of sentiment that might compromise that mundane felicity which he had just so ably settled; but, ardent for the emancipation of the Austrian vocabulary, his vivacious adversary appealed to his honour, by a laudatory *argumentum ad hominem*, and in giving practical illustration of the principles of a Holy Alliance, simultaneously overthrew the person and theory of the Aulic counsellor, and frightened from their propriety the wits of the illustrious members of that celebrated conclave.

Whether or not the prince was above noticing what occurred "behind his back," it is reported that he suddenly withdrew from that too animated conference, and if ever afterwards referred to on the subject, adopted, haply, the skilful evasion of the gascon, who, on being reminded by a good-natured friend that he had been publicly termed a coward, replied, "Pho! Nobody believed it."—"You received besides a blow!"—"I am short-sighted, and took it for a mere gesture."—"But you were caned, and ran out of doors!"—"My dear friend, I expected my adversary would follow me!"—His inimitable diplomacy and pure virtue on the occasion, went not, however, unrewarded by those in whose cause he suffered. The fair vine-covered hills, and proud château of Johannisberg were his immediate recompence, the able conveyancers of the Congress having discovered an opportune flaw in the title of Marshal Kellerman to those rich domains; and who that ever

visited that spot, and beheld the waters of the Rhine, and the woods of Nassau from its terrace, but must envy its owner the fortunate assault which led to so rich a prize? The generous produce of a small portion of its vines, has been long celebrated throughout Germany, as possessed of rare qualities of intoxication, in exciting singular mental delusion and visual deception, and in rendering the sense of sight wholly unfaithful to its office. In the hands of Prince Metternich, it has become exclusively diplomatic drink. Perhaps the various European statesmen, whose errors of late may have excited hatred or contempt, might have been more properly pitied for excesses, caused by the treacherous liquor of the prince. The *ordonnances* of "Charles" had no other origin, and even the counsellors of Louis Philippe have not apparently had the resolution to refrain from the fascinating but perilous draught. The abstemious Hollander himself, when he commanded the Wallons to gibber Flemish instead of French, (as Sir Walter had previously made them do in Quentin Durward,) and when he imposed on De Potter a name, credit and influence, which but for the monarch's imprudently expressed indignation, he would have never attained, was clearly under its fatal influence. The Poles when they rushed to arms, where arms were not, probably felt the effects of the pernicious glass. The Swiss, but now tempted to the task, will shortly have to deplore their weakness.

To the same source must be referred the strange policy of the Prince himself, since Johannisberg was his, and of which he is now reaping or about to reap the rich reward. If consistency be a virtue, to it at least he may lay claim; and in respect to severity of discipline in his administration, he stands in the position of the Frenchman, who on being reproached by his sovereign, that "When once satisfied, courtiers were proverbially ungrateful," frankly answered, "That is not my case, Sire, for I am insatiable." In selecting, for our present purpose, one example from the vast, rich schedule of acts of ministerial justice, it is but charitable and candid to the Austrian minister to vindicate his exclusive title to the authorship of it—as the mild, humane, and quiet character of his master is known to be averse to cruelty; and in *his* qualified praise it may be asserted, that if he had not strength of mind to give expression to his better feelings or enforce his better intentions, he at least never counselled or directed the many remarkable operations of his minister's *Haute Police*. The hand becomes weary in turning over the records for selection; and Austria Proper, the Tyrol, and Piedmont and Italy press for preference on the choice. Let us take with Sterne "a single captive" and look through the twilight of his grated door. The Conté di Gonfalonieri, as the name imports, was of an ancient and honourable family (derived from the noblest of the Florentine magistrates whose proud office it was, in ancient days, to bear the Gonfanon, or Banner of the Church), and in consequence of his talent and virtues, more than his name, was appointed by Eugène Beauharnois, when Viceroy of Italy, his *Grand Ecuyer*, an office in which, in his public character, he was as much respected as he had been beloved in his private capacity. On the fall of Buonaparte and the erection of the Lombard-Veneto kingdom, he was removed from office, and aware that he stood an object of jealousy to the new rulers of his native land, he cautiously abstained from offence, and strove to avoid the very suspicion of interference in politics. Unhappily, in a moment of false confidence in the few

with whom he was associated in a private and friendly meeting in 1823, he dared to express his hopes that the Treaty of Vienna would be loyally and fully executed in favour of Italy, and that the scanty privileges it yet afforded her might not be withholden. Had he presumed, publicly, to have reminded the government of a promise voluntarily proffered in behalf of his country, his imprudence might with difficulty have been pronounced treason, even by Doctor Francia himself: but to the agents of Austria, a comment on ministerial measures was as hateful in itself as perilous in the sight of tyranny. He was seized: and, after lying long in prison, brought before the Tribunal of Milan, on the accusation of being a Carbonaro (the convenient denunciation throughout Italy where crime is wanting, or proof defective), and he was condemned to die. Thrice did his young and lovely wife leave his dungeon, and cross the Tyrolian Alps, to seek mercy at the hands of the Emperor: and, having twice procured a suspension of her husband's execution, returned on the last occasion with the promise of mitigation of punishment, through the organ of the minister. That promise *was* fulfilled;—if not to the full extent of his partner's hopes, or the prisoner's merit—or, if without reference to the nature and extent of the crime, or the evidence by which it was sustained—humanity must have its due, and truth its honour. It was fulfilled. The Conté di Gonfalonieri was placed in the pillory, on the Piazzeta of the Spirito Santo, at Milan. He was thence conducted, in chains, to the Castle of Spielburg, and is there permitted to calculate the term of his imprisonment, by anticipating that hour "when the weary shall be at rest." It so happened that a wretched Frenchman, of the name of Andryané, was discovered, at the same period, with some Masonic emblems in his portmanteau, and a certificate of his being a member of the society "*Des Amis de la Vérité:*" so the economy of justice suggested that the sentence applied to the unfortunate Conté might be also adapted to the Gaul. It was so done, and he was allowed the full benefit of a share in the former's condemnation. The simple rule of government announced by old Ferdinand of Naples, to the British Ambassador, "Thanks be to God, Sir, here we have no laws," if it has hitherto tranquillized the vivacious Italians, may be presumed likely to produce ultimate inconveniences to those who dispense too liberally with legislation.

In the solitude of private life and the grave silence of his home, the proud and potent station of the minister has been greatly contrasted by those misfortunes, which the adulation of flatterers, or the passive obedience of millions, cannot compensate. Married in early life to a lady of the noble family of Kaunitz—one who has been described as scarcely more celebrated for beauty and accomplishments than for her many virtues—the first appearance of the Countess at the Imperial Court of Napoleon, (whither the Count went as the ambassador of his sovereign,) produced a sensation on the *cercle* at the Tuileries, which first attracted the attention of foreigners to the then unrecognized merits of the Prince. With the termination of his embassy, however, the attachment he had evinced for one who well deserved his love expired; and, separating himself from her who was yet in the prime of life and beauty, for fourteen long years he transferred his affections to his daughter, who inherited more than the charms of one and the grace of the other parent; and during that period he never infringed the distant limits of

cold respect, or violated those severe and formal observances, which, in spite of estranged feeling, honour and duty imposed on him towards her mother. In 1825, the Prince unexpectedly and abruptly learned the illness and imminent danger of the woman he had loved, when all the feelings of his heart were suddenly aroused in their fullest force; but he arrived only to give them utterance over her death-bed. The surpassing beauty of the daughter has been delineated with great skill and delicacy by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, when commanded to prepare for the admiration of posterity the portraits of Earth's Potentates, with instructions, on his referring to an obvious difficulty, to supply all deficiency of spiritual or intellectual expression, by an increase of embroidery and orders, must have felt all ornament unnecessary there. The portrait of the father was equally successful; for King Ferdinand after regarding it (at Naples, in 1819), with demonstrations of awkward fear and pious awe, observed, in a tremulous whisper, "Faith, one might almost imagine the Prince incapable of tricking the world—Let us be off—let us be off—I don't trust him—I don't trust him."

The devotion of the Prince to the tastes of his royal master, who had but a few years previously married his fourth wife, induced him to imitate that uxorious example; and he had already speculated upon noble, wealthy, and influential connections, when the charms of Mademoiselle de Læckem induced him to renounce nobility for the stage—prefer pirouettes to quarterings—and cabrioles to title-deeds. Great was the astonishment, and excessive the indignation of the *noblesse* of Vienna—*Semper Augustus* was more august than serene, and declared the measure a *pas-bas*—that the minister should be *coupé*, and his agile intended *chassée* by the court. The Prince was however obstinate, and the monarch had to *balancer* between the loss of a favourite minister and the recognition of the *Saltatrix*. The minuet and gallopade were at length successful; and this union of *L'Automne au Printemps* was duly sanctioned and recognized. It was terminated in somewhat less than a year by the hand of death; and, since that epoch, little has occurred in the events of his political life, to soothe Prince Metternich's feelings for the various domestic privations he has been doomed to endure. It is now believed, that having witnessed the ruin and destruction of that costly but sand-built edifice of European government, which had demanded of him such time and pains to rear; that having survived his ministerial utility, which, wholly independent of affection, respect, or moral confidence, preserved him in his "pride of place;" conscious of the distrust entertained of him by the King of Hungary, the heir to the sceptre of the Cæsars; baffled in the success of the schemes of the Cardinal in France, in which he was haply earlier identified than the unhappy ministers who are paying the severe penalty of misplaced obedience to another's will;—he is preparing to deposit, in the hands of *Monsieur de Wessenberg*, the portfolio of his Ministry; and intends, in the desolation of his home, to indulge in reminiscences of the past, and "chew the cud of bitter fancy" within the walls of Johannisberg. We have scaled the fence of the domain; and shall haply, ere long, approach the edifice in threading the thicket of its woods. If our ears may catch some of the Manfred-like musings of its lord, "*Nous serons secret comme un coup de canon.*"

ODE TO A MATRON PENSIONER:

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

O LOVED by my father and me,
Perhaps by my grandfather too;
From eighteen to eighty and three—
A beauty, a belle, and a blue.

Dear mother of mothers, farewell,
Even rapture grows irksome to thee;
The heart, wayward thing, will rebel,
Though thou art but eighty and three.

Did I love? May I ne'er be forgiven
My cargo of frailties and fears;
May my spirit in anguish be riven;
May I hear a debate in the Peers!

May I sit out my Lord Durham's speech,
May I writhe upon Wellington's wit;
May I hear my Lord Tolderol preach,
Or Lord Bathurst "remind us" of Pitt.

May I do all impossible things;
May I make dandy Devonshire smile,
Or reckon Brocard's diamond rings,
Or of wit my Lord Nugent beguile!

But I loved you; with rapture how bright,
Strong, yet soft, like the curls of your hair;
But my sunshine is all turned to night,
And my rapture is fled—Heaven knows where!

When I drive through the streets in my cab,
I let all the world pass me by;
I look, as if caught by Queen Mab,
With a dream on my heart, or my eye.

Recollections of tenderness gone,
Of raptures no more to return,
Of beauty as cold as a stone,
Of sighs that no longer will burn;

Of calls twice a day at your door,
Of smiles when I made my way in;
Of billet-doux sent by the score,
Of presents of "best Marasquin."

Of purses unstrung at your beck,
Of diamonds from Levi's and Green's,
Till my banker grew pale at my check,
And a blank were "my ways and my means."

'Twas one evening, the sun gave a gleam,
That threw every wrinkle in light;
On thy cheek shewed the rouge and cold cream,
And traced through thy locks all the white.

There was not a tooth in thy head,
But that light shewed me 'twas not thine own;
Not a lock on thy forehead was spread,
But it proved on that spot 'twas not grown.

I saw thee, the exquisite work
Of the artist's most exquisite skill;
Thy bosom from Madame de Yorke—
Thy visage from Monsieur de Ville.

And I sighed as I saw the eve-star,
That rose on a vision so sweet;
And I scarcely had tuned my guitar,
When I dropped on the floor at thy feet.

I felt—though the daylight was done,
And twilight was veiling the grove—
That thine eye to my eye was a sun,
The sun of my soul and my love.

And I sang, "Think'st thou absence will bring
To the soul of thy lover relief?
Or Time, with its wide-waving wing,
For a thousand years be not too brief?

"Was it well that even Dukes should defraud
My heart of thee, exquisite one!
That a Marquis should lure thee abroad,
Though thy husband of drones were the drone?"

The day died away on the breeze,
The dew from the roses dropped round;
While I still sang the strain on my knees,
In the spells of thy beauty still bound.

Montessu may dance light as an elf,
Or Kaniel may ride a moon-beam;
Yet where can I fly from myself?
I care not one sixpence for them!

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
The haunt of the fox and the bear.
Still, still—the thought withers my soul—
No Venus of fourscore is there!

If I lounge in the window at Long's,
To sneer at the passing canaille,
I think of thy years and my wrongs,
And feel like a leaf on the gale.

I sent away Zoe last week—
To-night I send off Stephanie;
Then I'll go, and, like Byron, die Greek.
Ah! farewell, lovely Eighty-and-three!

DUBLIN SAINTS.

LONDON is a kind of universe, and embraces in its vast circumference a variety of worlds. There is the fashionable world, the literary world, the theatrical world, the musical world, the sporting world, the mercantile world. The Irish capital can with propriety be said to contain only two—the worlds of politics and religion. As to Fashion, her dominions scarcely extend to a dozen drawing-rooms. Literature, notwithstanding the University and Lady Morgan, must be admitted to sway a barren sceptre. The Drama hides her diminished head. Commerce sits with folded hands, and sighs over her "occupation gone." The sporting world is represented in the single person of a gallant officer, who indulges six couple of beagles in an hebdomadal airing round the squares. The man of pleasure and man of business are alike inanimate. With the two exceptions we have stated, all the pursuits and pastimes of society are as tame and languid as if the "Castle of Indolence" stood on the banks of the Liffey, and diffused over the surrounding city its drowsy influence. Beaus, scholars, critics, merchants, sportsmen are sunk in the same torpor; and no characters are up and stirring but the Politician and the Saint.

Here therefore are two aspects in which Dublin requires to be considered—each of sufficient importance to claim separate attention. Things secular however should wait on things spiritual; and accordingly we dedicate the present paper to the "Religious World."

One word we must premise. Let it not be supposed, that, because the fashionable world means a circle whose business is fashion; and the literary world a circle whose business is literature; the religious world must therefore mean a circle whose business is religion. Or if such be the only definition that will content the reader, let him beware at least of this—that he annex to the word "religion," no other ideas than Bible societies, and Jew societies, foreign missions and home missions, tracts, conventicles, and floating-chapels; otherwise the good understanding that should ever subsist between writer and reader will be broken—such and such only being the import of the term when we predicate it of the Saints of Dublin.

There is then a large and influential circle in the said city, which calls itself, and is called "the religious world." In this circle nothing is read but tracts, missionary reports, the Christian Examiner and the Evangelical Magazine: no preacher is tolerated who has not settled to the day and hour the commencement of the millenium, returned from a mission to Madagascar, or squared his doctrines to the strictest rules of supralapsarian Calvinism. In the drawing-rooms of this circle quadrilles are as abominable as hazard-tables, and no conversation is permitted save on the topics which Milton's fiends discussed so learnedly in Pandemonium—

> "On providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

The ball is turned into a prayer-meeting—no music now, but Songs of Sion, or the Olney Hymns—no entertainment but the lecture of the pet-saint of the family, or the reigning apostle of the season. The theatre is anathematized—even the flower-shew has been denounced—sin has been

discovered in a hyacinth, and all ungodliness in a camelia japonica. A painting of the Crucifixion brought down the malison of all the Saints upon an exhibition of pictures, which was thereupon declared to savour of idolatry; and the accidental circumstance of Rothwell's "Dead Christ" having been shewn in the same room with "a dancing fawn," occasioned as much up-turning of the eyes as if a second Paine had openly traduced the gospel. With the poet it fares no better than with the painter and statuary. Pollock's "Course of Time," is almost the only poem, except such things as the "Satan" and "Omnipresence," to be found in any drawing-room of sanctity. Dr. Bowdler's mutilated Shakspeare may perhaps be discovered in some forgotten corner; but, generally speaking, the poets, ancient and modern, are held in the same light as the Apocrypha, or "Week's Preparation," the latter of which was lately torn to pieces in a fit of holy indignation by the orator of a fashionable pulpit. Pope composed the "Universal Prayer;" Dryden rhymed in defence of Rome; Milton was an Any-thing-arian; Gray was a moralist; and Byron a blasphemer; so that Don Quixote's library was not more severely handled by the unromantic Curate, than the treasures of English poetry by the critics of this religious world. It is not surprising therefore, that the lovers of literature, and all the elegant arts that soften and embellish life, begin to be alarmed for their innocent enjoyments, and look with dismay upon the ravages fanaticism is making upon the dominions of taste and letters. They remember what has been said by Adam Smith—"Public diversions, and the fine arts of painting, poetry, and music, have always been objects of dread to the promoters of popular frenzies, because they tend to dissipate that gloomy temper which is always the nurse of popular superstition and enthusiasm." To us, far from opposing, "Divine Philosophy" appears to sanction, every thing that cheers and refines society. Christianity, of all religious systems, seems to be that of politeness and good-humour. "Dull fools," and such only, suppose it to be "harsh and crabbed." It teaches us to regulate our tastes, and direct them virtuously; but neither by its letter or its spirit does it encourage the docrines of the *soi-disant* saints of the present day. An Apostle cited Euripides and Hesiod; and the primitive converts to the cross, while they burned the books of astrology and magic, spared the works of the sculptor, the painter, and the poet.

A "thousand and one" religious sects are enumerated by Evans, in his little work entitled "Christian Denominations." Of these there is scarcely one which does not set apart a certain period of the year for extraordinary meetings and solemnities. Sacred for social pleasures to the children of the establishment is Christmas. The Catholics after their meagre Lents rejoice rather at Easter. The broad-brimmed and sober-suited followers of Penn make merry in May. Midsummer is said to be the jubilee of the Jumpers, when they are most active in the *exercise* of their devotion, and enliven the dull streets of Carnarvon with their holy harlequinade. An analogous usage prevails amongst the Dublin Saints; they have an annual gathering on the first of April *(absit omen verbo)*; and they frequently carry their pious festivities far into the month. Then is the season to observe them: then they are in their glory. All the lights of the gospel are kindled, and shine with more than wonted lustre. The Rotunda, an immense building—always at the service of the highest bidder, sinner or saint, for a mission or a masquerade—is secured at a

vast expence, and rescued for at least a fortnight from "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." Tract societies, Jew societies, Bible societies, Missionary societies, Sunday-school societies, Reformation societies, Episcopal floating-chapel societies hold their anniversary meetings in continual succession. Every day "the great room" is crowded to overflowing. The assemblage may be simply divided into the sublime and the beautiful: the former consisting of the orators—and, exalted on a platform, the latter of the audience—composed almost entirely of the fair sex, and occupying the whole body of the building. Business generally commences with the reading of a report, in length and perspicuity to be compared to nothing but one of Cromwell's speeches; and although it is irregular to weep or exclaim until the *eloquence* begins, instances have occurred, of ladies who have lost command over their sensibilities in the first stage of the proceedings. After the lapse of one, or sometimes two hours, the report is finished; and Dr. Singer, Devonshire Jackson, the minister of Monastereven, or sweeter still, the man from Madagascar or Greenland, rises amidst the waving of a thousand handkerchiefs, and every species of enthusiastic encouragement a female auditory can give. He begins; the odour of sanctity fills the entire edifice. He proceeds; his oratory seems unearthly; his unction is declared miraculous. At length a fit of ungovernable transport seizes the fair assemblage, and you would not be astonished if the Beautiful were to rush in a body to the platform, and smother the Sublime in their rapturous embraces. He arrives, however, in safety at the peroration, and concludes an harangue of three long hours with a clap of rhetoric that shakes Rutland-square to its foundations, and sometimes occasions a fright, or a fainting-fit, in the adjoining hospital.

Such is an attempt at a generic description of a Rotunda meeting; but perhaps we may be allowed to particularize one or two species, in order to throw some light on their objects and utility. We select the Tract and Missionary Societies as specimens of the rest. The former generally leads the way, and, indeed, it appears to merit its patent of precedency. As the sower scatters the seed, so does this prodigal institution shed its benefits over the earth. Light and volatile as the thistledown, the tract is, of all the devices of the religious world, the most effective in the propagation of the word. The Atlantic or Andes are no impediments to its progress; it spreads its wings, and flies with ease over the widest seas and loftiest mountains; "Ears of Wheat" have been plucked in Ceylon, and "Crumbs of Comfort" picked up on the pathless steppes of Tartary. Now for the day of missions! The second is usually devoted to that object; and Missionaries come from every wind of heaven to report the large expenditure of money, and the small advancement of the word. But the stories they relate are so charming, and the scenes they have witnessed so moving, that far from regretting the sums already contributed, their hearers only regret they did not subscribe fifty times as much, and resolve, in their fair and beating bosoms, to be more liberal than ever to these holy and heroic men, who, if they have saved no souls, have travelled so far to save them, and are "such truly divine and interesting persons." One has seen the dark idolatries of Juggernaut; another has seen the temple of the White Elephant, whose unwieldy godhead the Burmans have honoured with a regular church establishment; another has sauntered on the banks of Jordan, and plucked the rose of Sharon with his own hand; a fourth

has sat under a plantain, and lectured the natives of Owhyhee on the seven trumpets in the Apocalypse; while a fifth has made an ice-berg his pulpit, and preached to the Laplanders the length of a polar day without incurring so much as a chilblain or a cold. Thus they run on, each in a strain of outlandish eloquence peculiar to himself—the bulk of their auditory, as we have already seen, are rapt into the third heaven, and fancy they see before them so many evangelists and prophets—a few individuals in the throng, less enthusiastic in their temperament, experience somewhat different emotions, and are sometimes tempted to insinuate, that the gentlemen on the platform resemble Quixote and Munchausen, as nearly as Paul and Barnabas.

But far the most important effect of these singular outpourings is the enormous sum collected at the close of the meeting to send out these religious knights-errant in quest of new adventures. There are morose and discontented individuals, who assert that the silver and gold, paid in each month of April to the men of tracts and missions, and by them lavished in every corner of the earth, might be laid out with equal piety, and greater profit, in one little spot called Ireland, where myriads cry for bread, for raiment, and for knowledge—but there are few or none to answer! The same persons are apt to remind us that Ireland was known by the title of the "Isle of Saints" long before any pious rover, y'clept a missionary, took the bread of her children and cast it to the dogs. In those times, they continue, no Irishman wanted bread that a Otaheitan might have a Bible, but the necessities of his poor countryman touched the first chord of the rich man's heart; but now things are changed—our charity circumnavigates the globe: in our adventurous zeal for the true faith we eclipse the fame of the Crusaders; we send our emissaries to every clime; our Bibles are exported to China, our tracts to Timbuctoo; we pant for the welfare of the Negro, and are full of concern for the immortal interests of the Jews and Turks; we lavish golden gifts upon all the world: but for Ireland, "a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord," is the utmost extent of our loving-kindness. So say the cold calculators we allude to; but what is the tendency of such discourse, but to rob the religious world of its chief felicity and glory? Is it fair to dwell on the dark side of the picture only—to expatiate on the defects, and overlook the beauties of the system? Who can be so carnal-minded and senseless as to say, that it is *nothing* to have those delightful assemblies at the Rotunda—*nothing* for the ladies of Dublin to establish a Sunday-school in Peru—*nothing* to send and receive ambassadors to and from the antipodes like mighty potentates—*nothing* to hear the sublime and mystic oratory, the heavenly doctrines, and, above all, the affecting stories of the modern apostles of the Gentiles? What would become of our sweet enthusiasts were these things to cease? How dull and comfortless would spring arrive, unattended by Rotunda meetings—how insufferable the tea-table without a Missionary! Spring might better come without her swallow and her zephyr—the tea-table might better want gunpowder or souchong. Novelty, moreover, is of vital consequence to the religious world. Who so well as the Missionary prevents zeal from waxing cold, and devotion from sinking into apathy? The comet of the saintly system, by his periodical visitations, communicates new light, fervency, and vigour to the centre round which he moves!

The "finale" of a meeting remains to be described. No sooner is the

oratory ended, and the collection made, than a contest ensues of the most interesting kind, the prizes fought for being of no less value than the persons of those enchanting Missionaries—who shall get possession of the man from Madagascar—in whose carriage shall the Bible envoy to the court of Bantam be borne from the field—who shall have the blessed privilege of entertaining at dinner our evangelical *employé* at the Ottoman Porte. Coronets have their weight in the religious as well as the political world, and your missionary has no objection to a great house and a large fortune. Well, the carriages draw up, and the fair and titled victors bear away in triumph the precious rewards of their surpassing zeal and sanctity. The Sublime and Beautiful, seated together in the same chariot, yield to the sweet influence of such close neighbourhood, and take each other captive by their spiritual charms; but we might as reasonably pretend to reveal the secrets of the Cabinet as the conversation which passes in a coach: we therefore omit the drive, and hasten to the dinner. The place of honour for the holy man! His chair is set next her ladyship. "Dear Mr. Sow-the-seed will pronounce a blessing," is uttered with a tone and look reserved for Missionaries alone. He rises to obey: there is a heavenly calm in his aspect, a melodious earnestness in his voice, a seraphic dignity in his manner of stretching his arms over the dishes, that strike the whole company at once, and are hoarded in their memories as carefully as if the reverend guest were no other than Raphael himself! Five minutes is the established length of a benediction in the religious world; dear Mr. Sow-the-seed occupies about seven, and then devotes himself in solemn silence to his dinner with the same zeal, alacrity, and patient perseverance in well-doing that characterise the other parts of his life and conversation. Here, at least, his resemblance to the angel is complete. The reader recollects the banquet in Eve's bower, and the part played by "the sociable spirit" on that occasion.

> "So down they sat,
> And to their viands fell: *nor seemingly*
> *The angel*, nor in mist, the common gloss
> Of theologians, *but with keen dispatch*
> Of real hunger."

In the evening there is a religious rout. Invitations on such an occasion are "high privileges;" and are canvassed for with an activity scarcely to be paralleled, even in the political world. The Saints arrive in eager groups; mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces, escorted by a few sons and brothers, with views, it is probable, somewhat less ethereal than those of their fair relatives. He enters the drawing-room; matron and maid crowd round him; every eye, black, brown, and blue, devours him; he looks, and speaks, and moves, as never man moved, spoke, or looked before; every word and gesture furnishes topic for a twelve-month's conversation; every smile is chronicled; his sayings are oracles; if he takes tea, there is something spiritual in the manner thereof; if he takes snuff, it is not as the world takes it. But she! the highly-favoured amongst women! she, whose humble dwelling-place is sanctified and illuminated by such a presence, what language fervent enough to express her gratitude, what language lively enough to describe the ecstacy of her emotions! Oh! Lady ——! he that has seen your eye sparkle, and bosom heave, as the illustrious Joseph Wolff

entertained your sacred circle with the tale of that never-to-be-forgotten journey he performed, without hat on head, from Jerusalem to Paris; he that has witnessed your sweet tumults, when Cæsar Malan, the comely apostle of Geneva, related, with his characteristic and affecting simplicity, the conversion of the Popish pilgrim of Ghent, with all the interesting circumstances that attended it;* cold must he be, and cruel, would he dry up the source of those holy raptures, which seem almost to divest your womanhood of its mortality; and confine to the shores of your native isle—albeit a fainting land and a famished people—the tender mercies of your nature, for which the terraqueous globe is too narrow a range.

But the visits of the Wolffs and Malans, like those of angels, are "few and far between;" or, to use our former simile, they resemble the appearances of comets in the comparative irregularity and unfrequency of their occurrence. The religious world, therefore, would be doomed to many a dark and dreary hour, if there were no diurnal and stationary lights to irradiate and cheer it, while the greater fires are blazing in the aphelions of their orbits, at Jerusalem, for example, or Geneva. Hence arises the demand for a household ministry. Hence it is that Lady —— has her Gregg, and her Hare, and (when the parochial cares of Monastereven indulge its minister with a month in Dublin) her revered A———, the giant of the Home Mission, whose physiognomy is the secret of his unparalleled success amongst the Saints.† Hence the occupation of the Otways, and Singers, Orpens and Colles's, the *ignes minores* of the evangelical firmament, who make up for their inferior lustre by their continual and indefatigable twinkling. Each has his own department, and shines in a distinct sphere; Otway in the "Christian Examiner;" Singer at the Asylum; Orpen in the tract-shop; Colles—not he of Stephen's Green but he of York-street—in the Episcopal Floating Chapel. But there are doers of all work in the religious world as every where else; you will see some individuals in the morning flying about collecting subscriptions to send out a mission to the North Pole; at noon with their pockets stuffed with tracts, and salting withal every street, lane, and alley of the metropolis; in the evening composing perhaps a new bundle of the said productions; and

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* The facts are these. In the autumn of 1827, a native of Ghent arrived at Geneva, on his way to Rome. He had bound himself by a vow to make the whole journey on foot, suffering his beard to grow, and bearing on his shoulders a huge wooden cross. Malan met and converted him—so far well—the sequel can scarcely be told with gravity. Malan took his proselyte into his garden, shaved him with his own hands, and then baptised him into his own sect—the "Momiers." The man of Ghent was grateful, and he presented the divine barber with both beard and cross. The former, tied together with a riband, was appended to the latter; and there was a saintly *soirée* at *Pré Beni*, to exhibit the trophy to the religious world at Geneva. Malan entered, bearing it in triumph. The sensation he produced may be imagined. The writer was present at the scene.

† This gentleman, you suppose, is an Adonis—quite the reverse—the lines of his countenance abberrate from those of beauty as far as his doctrines from common sense. Yet, true it is, that it is his person, not his preaching, that exerts the attraction. How is this to be explained? Thus:—A—— is not plain, nor ordinary; *either* would have left him in obscurity; but ugly, strikingly, sublimely ugly—such a frontispiece had never been prefixed to any former edition of humanity. There was no precedent for a single feature of his face. The Saints were struck, captivated, ravished. Novelty! even the religious world is not proof against your charms!

at night raving about the Millenium, Antichrist, and the plains of Armageddon. Many a fair lady, too, thinks she is fearfully in arrear with Heaven, if she lays her cheek on her pillow, without teaching at three infant schools, traversing the diameter of Dublin twice on the business of the City Mission, assisting at the prayer-meeting at Lady ——'s, hearing a lecture of two hours from one of the domestic divines of that consecrated mansion, officiating at a bazaar, reading the last number of the "Evangelical Magazine," and so many other pious offices and undertakings, that but for the words *et cetera*, we should never conclude the sentence. The same comprehensive expression must serve to help our article to a close. A thousand other *notabilia* of the religious world in Dublin must be recorded in an *et cetera*, for we want leisure to present them to the reader in a more expanded form. Besides, the space that is yet left us must be employed in anticipating criticism. We trust, in the foregoing remarks, we have not lost sight of the boundaries between Fanaticism and Religion; and that none of the shafts—we aim only at enthusiasts and mountebanks—have fallen even by reflection on the rational professors and unostentatious practisers of the Gospel. If any thing has been said, that can be construed without violence into a slight upon Christianity, the error has been unintentional. Our wish has been to expose the conduct of those, whose wild fancies, and extravagant projects, have done much to prejudice the cause of real piety—whose religion is merely fashion—and their sanctity nothing but a cloak under which they cater for the gratification of a busy humour and overweening vanity. We think a system deserves to be exposed, which annually exports vast sums of money out of a country so impoverished as Ireland, to supply the Chinese and South Sea islanders with tracts and Bibles, as if the first principles of our religion did not direct us to make the physical and moral wants of our own people the first objects of our solicitude. As long as ignorance and hunger—the famine of mind and body—disgrace and devastate our own villages and fields, so long will our charity be more Christian in proportion as its character is more domestic—so long at least may we venture, without incurring too heavy a responsibility, to trust the Greenlander and Otaheitan to Him "who feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto Him." As to the style and tone of our observations, which may be thought sometimes too light for a subject of so much importance as even the abuses of religion, we think it sufficient to repeat a question that was put long ago—"*Quid vetat ridentem dicere verum?*"

DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT—THEATRICAL AFFAIRS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

To understand France is quite out of the question in this country. We hear of the most unbridled republicanism; the most unshackled press, and so forth: yet scarcely a day passes without arrests, of which no one must inquire the motive; and the liberty of the press is signalized by prosecutions once a week. But of all liberties, the liberty of the theatre was the dearest to a Frenchman, and accordingly, by the national rule of contraries, a code has been established within the fortnight for the theatre in France, that would be no discredit to the legislation of Turkey. We have our licencer, it is true, and he exercises a

merciless jurisdiction over epithets and interjections, breaks in fatally upon the lover's privilege of calling his mistress an Angel, and will suffer neither man nor maid to pronounce the word Heaven, but in their prayers. But the censorship of George Colman is milk of roses to the oil of vitriol showered on the Muse's wing, by the French ministry. To come to the evidence:—

"*Title I.—Upon Representations.*

"Art. 1. The managers will be allowed to represent *all kinds of plays, upon condition* of their being authorized, by the authors of those legally interested, according to the laws upon literary ownership.

"2. The directors shall be required to leave a copy of every theatrical work *in the office of the proper authorities, fifteen days before the performance.*

"3. The said copy shall set forth the name of the piece, *the name of the author,* that of the theatre, and the whole of the play.

"5. The same formalities will be required with respect *to every piece discontinued for more than a year.*

"6. The non-compliance with these regulations will be punishable by a fine of from 500 to 2,000 franks. All matters in dispute to be referred to the Tribunals."

By this regulation the minister for the time being, has the fate of every play in his hands; and we must recollect that the minister may have been a personal enemy of the author, before he was a minister; or may conceive a dislike to him after; or may imagine him the writer of some uncomplimentary epigram upon him; or may be a noodle, and take imaginary offence; or may be a tyrant and love to display his power. In all these cases the author might better throw his play behind the fire at once. We perceive also that anonymous play-writing is made illegal. But in England at least three-fourths of all the dramas offered are anonymous; what becomes of the modesty of authorship, its fear of rejection, or its natural fear of summoning whatever personal enemies the author may have, to the public extinction of his play? In France the name must be given, *coûte qu'il coûte,* or the author, who may not be worth sixpence, must look to owing to his sovereign lord the king his two thousand francs.

But the next regulation puzzles us still more:—

"*Title II.—Upon the Instigation to Crime.*

"Whoever shall have, by the means of theatrical representations, excited an author, or authors, to write what may be an offence, or a crime, shall be considered an accomplice, and punished as such; and if the instigation to commit an offence of this nature has not been acted upon, the instigator shall be punished by the imprisonment of *from three months to five years,* and *by a fine of* 100 *francs to* 6,000 *francs.*

"Every attack upon the sacredness of the King's person, the royal dignity, the order of succession to the throne, the rights which the King holds by the wishes of the French nation and the constitutional charter, his constituted authority, the rights and authority of the chambers, *shall be considered as instigations to crime.*

"Instigating to a breach of the laws shall be punished by a fine of from 50 to 4,000 francs, or imprisonment from fifteen days to three years."

This is a sweeping clause with a vengeance. The instigator to write *whatever may be considered an offence or a crime!* (as general a definition as we remember to have heard since the days when men's heads were cut off for "being suspected of being suspicious,") is to be considered an accomplice; even though the dramatist may have laughed at the instigation; or it may have been made over a bottle, when both were

getting drunk; or under the table, when both had accomplished that object. But the oddity does not stop here. The actual commission of the offence on the stage is to be punished with less rigour than the instigation, though nothing should have come of it. The instigator who succeeds in putting his attack into shape, is to be punished at the rate of 4,000 francs, and three years imprisonment; the instigator who can persuade no one to move a pen is to be punished (for his failure, we presume), at the rate of *five* years and 6,000 francs. All very curious, but we must recollect that it is in France.

The next law strikes at the whole system of the drama:—

"*Title III.—Upon Outrages and Offences.*

"*Every outrage against good morals,* against the person of the King, *to be punished by an imprisonment of from six months to five years.* Against members of the royal family, against the Chambers, or one of them, or *against the persons of sovereigns, or the chiefs of foreign governments,* to be punished by various terms of imprisonment, *from six months to three years,* and fines from 50 to 1,000 francs.

"Every attempt to personify upon the stage any living individual, whether he be named or hinted at in such a manner that every one may know the original, will be considered a crime, and punishable by imprisonment of the director of the theatre, and the author of the piece, of from one month to two years, and a fine of from 500 to 5,000 francs.

"Personifying any deceased individual, whether by mentioning his name, or designating him so that every one may know who is meant, when twenty-five years have not elapsed from the time of his death, is also considered an offence, unless with the formal consent, in writing, of the Minister of the Interior, and the nearest relations of the person to be represented on the stage.

"This offence will be punished by imprisonment of from fifteen days to a year, and a fine of from 300 to 3,000 francs.

"The penal proceeding will preclude any action for defamation."

Here is a catalogue of offences in which a lawyer of three months' standing would entangle every dramatist that ever wrote. Outrages against morals, the king's person, &c., may mean any thing the minister pleases. As to the living personification, are we to have no Beau Brummels, no dandy guardsmen, no lancer exquisites, on the boards? of course the offensive caricature of living characters must be avoided in any well-regulated system, but the minister fights even for the dead: and no hint must be given of any one removed from this troublesome and silly world within the last quarter of a century. However there is one little hope: the author may commence a correspondence, while he is making his verses, with the minister on the subject; or he may argue with the relations the propriety of bringing the patriot in purgatory, on the stage. In short he may buy the dead man's character, as the surgeons buy his body, and both for the same purpose, dissection.

"*Title IV.*

"Prescribes the mode of proceeding against the managers for the fines given by preceding titles. The following is important:—

"'An author shall not be responsible, and cannot be prosecuted, except at the place where his piece has been represented for the first time. In every other place, the responsibility shall fall upon the managers of the theatres.'"

By this regulation the law may grasp every manager in France, consisting of about three hundred, for so many are the theatres. Yet the grasp may be more comprehensive still, for every one of those theatres may have, and generally has, half-a-dozen people sharing the pro-

prietorship or management. Besides, how is a country manager six hundred miles off, to be aware of the guilt of the dramatist in Paris, while the case is pending? He receives a popular piece from the capital, plays it, and is deep in the twelfth night, before he can receive the formidable announcement that the minister is displeased with the performance, that he thinks it alludes to himself, or to somebody not dead twenty-five years, including Napoleon, for whose especial sake, we take it for granted this absurd date was fixed; and is unconsciously a debtor to the state of some thousands of francs, and as many years as may please that most upright of all tribunals, the French police. If this be liberty, we say, long live King William, and down with the march of "wooden shoes!"

The late "inquest" on the patent theatres brought up some odd memoranda of theatrical affairs. Among the rest, Lord Brougham having inquired of Mr. Harrison, what good plays had been produced at either of the winter theatres since the year 1804, Mr. Harrison, after consulting several authorities, living and dead, stated the following as specimens:—

"*John Bull*, a very popular play," said Mr. Harrison, "has been produced, and repeatedly acted since that period. A list had been handed to him," he added, "which enabled him to mention several others: *Speed the Plough*, by Morton—*A Cure for the Heart-ache*, by ditto—*The Poor Gentleman*—*The Wheel of Fortune*—*The Iron Chest*, by Colman—*Brutus*, by Mr. Howard Payne—*Virginius*, by Mr. Knowles, and *Bertram*, by Mr. Maturin." These three last being of a somewhat different class from the others, and not very favourable specimens of literature, or any thing else, might have been left out of sight, as it is evident they are out of the mind; but of the *six stock plays* which Mr. Harrison cited as having been produced *since* 1804, every one of them was acted prior to that period. *John Bull* came out *in* 1803, and was the last produced of the list quoted by Mr. Harrison, and received by the court; and the *Wheel of Fortune*, by the way, is given to the wrong author.

The paucity of plays of any value produced within the present century is surprising, and Mr. Harrison's list, meagre as it is, comprehends nearly the whole. But there must be some reason for this, as there is for every thing. The general mind of England was never more vivid than within the last thirty years, and especially in works next akin to the drama. A new æra of poetry had appeared, infinitely more furnished with the spirit of the drama, than any since the days of Shakspeare; full of passion, individual character, and picturesque thought; full of romantic adventure, and the wild and rich conceptions of the very lands and times from which the Elizabethan age, and the finest periods of European fancy drew their noblest inspiration. The poetry of Pope and Dryden had gone by, or triumphed only in the memories of those old gentlemen, who exhibited a similar veneration for the square skirts, periwigs, and hair-powder of their ancestral coxcombs; and who gave up the world as undone, when men began to lay aside cocked-hats and long queues. The poetry of their day was modelled on the French, and was cold, dry and didactic: correctness was the grand merit, and the standards of perfection were the neatness of Boileau, and the point of Voltaire.

The drama of the last century was, of necessity, miserable. Yet the present age has produced scarcely anything in the higher walk of the

theatre that deserved to live an hour. We have no tragedy worth the paper that it was written on. The cause must be looked for in the want of encouragement. While all the other labours of invention are supported by the publishers, a class of men who, whatever may be their habits, know the value of their matters of trade, and are, consequently, liberal where genius and diligence are to be found: the drama is in the hands of managers—men often plunged in the distresses of theatrical affairs; often influenced, of course, by motives that have nothing to do with the merits of the work before them; and often too anxiously busy with theatrical details to have time for the interests of authorship. But the law is the severest drawback upon dramatic writing. By the present negligence of legislation on this point, an author, immediately on publication, loses all power of preventing any theatre from taking his work, playing it, mutilating it, adding to it, disfiguring it in any way that caprice, ignorance, or bad taste may choose. And all this is to be suffered without any remuneration. Or if the author should dispose of his work to any peculiar theatre, every other theatre in the kingdom may deal with it from that moment as it likes. While this state of things continues, it is difficult to conceive that any man capable of writing a good tragedy will subject himself to such inconvenience, and actual loss; while he can take the smoother way of throwing his thoughts into the shape of romance, of which the emolument is certain, and the reception liable to comparatively little doubt.

The only chance of giving England a revived dramatic glory, is in the revisal of the laws of the press. The principle of the revisal should be—That no theatre shall, in the first instance, be at liberty to play any drama, whether *published or unpublished*, without having made an arrangement with the author, or his representatives.—That after its performance by one theatre, no other shall be entitled to adopt it, without entering, in like manner, into an arrangement with the author.—And that the author's right in his dramatic works shall last during his life, and shall be continued to his representatives during at least the time allowed for copyright in the case of other publications.

We should be glad to see the Lord Chancellor, than whom no man knows better the state and embarrassments of literary property, applying his attention to the subject. A very signal benefit would be conferred on literature, by what would be, after all, but an act of common justice. The discussion about patent rights, now before Chancery, might fairly make the initiative of such a measure; and there can be no doubt, that if a national stage be of any kind of importance to the amelioration of a national mind, which every man of common sense must know that it is, which it was always held to be in the most refined nations of antiquity, and which makes a large portion of the finest literature of Europe, as it takes the highest rank, and makes the most justly boasted literature of France; the means of substituting vigorous performances for vapidity, English feelings for foreign *sentiment*, and the racy and powerful productiveness of English genius for meagre imitations and bad morality, must be of importance; and the reformation of the English drama by this infusion of a new spirit into it is worthy of the ambition of a legislator. It is remarkable that, even in St. Petersburgh, regulations similar to those which we have proposed, have been adopted a few years since for the express purpose of founding a national drama.

In Brussels, within the month, the provisional government have followed the example, and have established the following ordinances, which would make a good groundwork for our own legislation:—

"Art. 1. That any person may establish a public theatre, and cause pieces of every kind to be performed there, by previously making a declaration of such intention to the municipal authorities of the place.

"2. That the representation of a piece cannot be interdicted, the responsibility of the authors and actors, however, being at the same time fully recognized.

"3. That the existing police regulations in this regard be revised without delay; but that, till then, they shall be executed provisionally, in so far as they are not contrary to the present decree.

"4. That every dramatic composition of an author, whether Belgian or foreigner, represented for the first time in any theatre of Belgium, cannot be represented in any public theatre within the extent of the Belgic territory, without the *formal and written consent of the author*, under pain of confiscation to his profit of the total product of such representations.

"5. That the heirs in direct line, descendants of the author, and, in default of these, his surviving widow, shall *succeed to the property of his dramatic works*, and enjoy the rights and advantages derived therefrom, during the space of ten years after the decease of the author."

We have certain knowledge, that if regulations in this spirit, giving the author and his family a property in his labours, were to become law in England, there are individuals ready to turn to dramatic literature powers which they have hitherto been restrained from employing in this pursuit, merely from the utter insecurity of their property in their works. We may also ask, why do none of our literary societies, numerous and idle as they are, apply themselves to the encouragement of the drama? Why are no prizes offered for the most successful tragedy or comedy? Why have we Lord Chamberlains, and a crowd of functionaries, under whose patronage literature naturally should find some support, yet suffering decay to fall upon its very finest species, that of all others which propagates the genius of a country abroad, and makes it immortal at home? Why have we dukes and princes forming themselves into clubs and corporations for all sorts of things, yet no *Shakspeare Society*; no combination of rank, talent, and wealth, for the encouragement and improvement of the drama of England? We have no doubt that the feeling of its necessity is so strong, that such a society could be formed within a week. It requires only some man of public name and public activity to begin it; and we should see it popular, and established without delay.

It has been stated as an evidence of the absurdity of monopoly in theatrical matters, that in Paris, in 1793, when every man who chose, might open a theatre without consulting patents or personal rights; all the theatres, twenty-eight in number, were not merely kept alive, but were in remarkable prosperity. But on the accession of Napoleon to the crown, a new arrangement was adopted, the theatres were put under government regulations, and from that time they began to totter. The government advanced large sums to each of the principal theatres, and they only tottered the more; it at length settled a fixed sum to be annually paid from the treasury for their support, and after a few years of this experiment, almost the whole of them were bankrupts.

This tells badly for the monopolists. Yet we should seriously regret to see the spirit of vulgar speculation suffered to run riot in those mat-

ters, and every vulgar and mercenary fellow who could lead a few dupes into the folly of supplying him with the means of building some miserable theatre, allowed to take his way in corrupting whatever remained of decency and principle among the people. There can be no doubt that in the rage for making returns out of those speculations, every vile mode of catering to the popular appetite would be adopted, and that we should have only corruption worse corrupted in every quarter of the town. It is quite clear that the theatres already established on this principle have disappointed all the fine theories, of giving encouragement to genius, reviving the drama, producing a race of new actors, and so forth; for since their being suffered, there never was such a total decay of the whole theatrical art: no new play worth a straw has been produced, no valuable actor has appeared on their boards, and the general tone of theatres has been lowered. French translations we have in abundance, but as those are not likely to add much to the honours of English genius, we cannot persuade ourselves to think it worth our while to break down the London winter theatres, for the benefit of M. Scribe, and his junta of farcemakers.

In this dearth, or rather absolute decay of English composition, what have been the dramatic treats of the month?

At Covent Garden, *The Romance of a Day*, from the French, with some pretty music adapted by Bishop, has been performed with considerable success. The story is a repetition of the little Swiss piece of *Ketley, or the Return to Switzerland*, frequently performed last season at the French theatre. A French colonel who had been wounded, and remained at an inn in Switzerland until his wounds were healed, happened to have unconsciously attracted the regards of a young peasant who had occasionally brought him fruit and milk, from the cottage of her father, a retired soldier. In four years the colonel returned, on a visit to the lord of the manor; the pretty peasant had treasured his recollection in the mean time, and being now eighteen, had matured it into love. The colonel's memory of the attractive child is now changed into his passion for the beautiful woman. But conceiving that her heart is set on a peasant of the village, he promises her a dower. *Liese* (Miss E. Tree) is overwhelmed at the idea; and by her confusion when on the point of being betrothed, betrays her love for the colonel. The parties are, of course, made happy. Miss Tree plays her character very gracefully, as she does every thing. Keeley, the rejected lover, burlesques tragedy in his best style; and Abbott, the colonel, sustains the bewildered lover with intelligence and skill. The under plot is trifling, a contrivance by the baron's uncle, an old general, to make him marry his pretty niece, disguised as a peasant; which is accomplished, and the *Romance of a Day* ends with applause.

This piece contains some tolerable selections by Bishop. But a very effective national glee is sung by a groupe dressed as Styrian peasants. All those melodies seem to be constructed on the lowing of cows; they are barbarous in the conception, and yet by the skilful adaptation of the harmonies, and the complete practice of the singers, they are always effective when sung by those rambling minstrels. At the same time we deprecate their being attempted by English young ladies, however fond of displaying their foreign acquirements. A cow melody in their lips is altogether abominable.

But a livelier exhibition has been *Married Lovers*, a translation from the French, by Power, with an Irish colonel inserted for his own behoof. The scene lies in Paris, at the period of the regency of the Duke of Orleans, of profligate memory. There are three wives, women of rank, attended by their admirers, the husbands of the three, each paying his devoirs to his neighbour's wife. The ladies communicate their secrets to each other, and resolve to punish them all alike for their infidelity. The husbands are directed to be at the postern of a hotel at twelve. They are admitted one by one, and as they enter are forced into the same dark apartment, where after a while, their fair expectation is that their throats are about to be cut. They jostle each other in the dark, and in the moment when they are expecting to be assassinated, the doors are thrown open, their three wives appear with attendants, the hall is lighted up, and the truant husbands acknowledge their errors. This is one of the liveliest performances that we have lately seen. Power's Irish colonel, though constructed on the model of vulgarity which has so long answered for the dramatic Irishman, yet contains a good deal of the quaint humour of the actor's style, and is of considerable value to the piece. The old French marquis is a failure, though Bartley plays it well. But the English husband is much worse; he is represented as a mere wittol, a grave booby; and, as we suppose Warde could do nothing else with it, he plays it in the complete spirit of the author. If the piece had not been a translation, the Englishman would have exhibited a character more likely to do credit to his country. But the most striking character in the play is performed by Miss Taylor, who but for rather too much grimace in her features, and a great deal too much gesticulation in her figure, is a very promising actress. Her appearance as a page, with a more than usual display of leg, completed the public captivation; she has very delicate limbs, and the pit applauds them with remarkable assiduity. She sings two songs, both very spiritedly, and both with repeated encores. The whole performance, though touching on the extreme limit of theatrical allowance, is clever, and is likely to be popular.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

We have glanced over the number of the Quarterly Review, which has just trodden on the heels of its predecessor to rouse the country to a sense of what the Whigs are doing in the matter of Reform. It has added nothing to our convictions on any point. With the writer of the article on Reform, we fully agree, that Whigs are awkward experimentalists on a British Constitution; and we equally agree with him, in the opinion that the freedom of England will not depend on the giving of representatives to Manchester, nor to any one, or one dozen of towns, however populous they may be. (We find the Reviewer after all, sliding into this concession to the "unrepresented.") But this we say, that though a change in merely the number or place of the towns that are to return members to parliament may be not worth a straw, and though a demagogue parliament would be a curse; still such a parliament as the last was an offence in the nostrils of honest men. Was not the last parliament successively the humble and eager tool and dependent of three successive ministries, as opposite to each other as

light and shade? and would it not have been the same dependent and tool of forty? And is it by such a legislature that a great country was to be governed with any hope of safety, that freedom was to be sustained in its necessary purity, or that the favour of Providence, despised and forgotten name! was to be brought down upon a people?

We admit all the advantages that may be connected with the old system. Rottenness itself has some conveniences. Men of talent might have got into the house, who could not have got in without the rotten boroughs. But we say that the first great qualification in a legislature, is not orators, but *honesty!* Who can touch pitch and not be defiled? What fruits has Corruption ever borne, but corrupt ones? Or who can doubt that the man who in the teeth of the law thinks of making no scruple in purchasing a seat, will make no scruple of going as much further as interest, avarice, or baseness may tempt him? Can we have grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? It ought to be enough, and it is enough, for men of common sense to know, that dishonesty exists in the principles of any transaction, to know that its consequences *must* be evil. A thousand specious advantages from public vice, are not worth one single result from public virtue! This is the Reform which the true national voice demands; *purity!* Changes in members or location may be trifles. It is *not* the "Three Days in Paris" that have roused the national demand; though those three days were the direct consequence of an act of the most punishable and unqualified falsehood and treachery that ever disgraced the name of King, or can disgrace the advocates of his foolish and tyrannical cause. The national demand has arisen from disgust; not from a desire that radicalism and riot shall fill the legislature, but that the legislature shall be enabled to fulfil the objects of its mission,—not that the temple, which it still venerates, should be overthrown, but that the money-changers should be driven from the temple.

Nothing can be more extraordinary than the continuance of our settlement at Sierra Leone. For the last dozen years, all its promises of civilizing Africa, softening the rugged nature of his majesty of the Mandingoes, and pouring the ivory and gold dust of the Emperor of the Mountains of the Moon into the British Exchequer, have been given up. The mortality has been horrid, and as if for the purpose of quickening our movements, has increased year by year. The *John Bull* gives the following list of "casualties," as the latest produce of the settlement:—

"The *Primrose*, of 18 guns, commander W. Broughton, has arrived at Plymouth. Invalids: the Rev. Mr. Becher, Chaplain of the *Dryad;* Mr. Anderson, Clerk of the *Plumper;* and six other expiring victims, and eight sick soldiers *from the African corps.* Mr. Filmore, the acting Master, *was not expected to survive;* and the ship *had thirty-eight men in hospital.* In short, as this horrible return says, 'the season, on the whole, *had* proved *favourable!*'—Because, besides Mr. Filmore, and *twenty-two sailors,* from the *Plumper,* Mr. Stuart, the Assistant-Surgeon, and Mr. Hopkins, the Clerk, nobody particular had died—except, indeed, Lieutenant Forsyth, of the African corps; and Mrs. Salter, the wife of the Agent Victualler!—and, upon the whole, the season *had been favourable.* Twenty-two sailors died out of one ship—thirty-eight, from another, were *dying*—fifteen poor wretches sent home—a surgeon, and a clerk, a lieutenant of the army, and the lady of an agent victualler—all, since the last accounts, in their graves!—and this, upon the whole, is a favourable season!"

The old French government were said to keep some of their smaller West India Islands for the express purpose of getting rid of importunate claimants. And they undoubtedly had the art of rapidly satiating the candidates for promotion. A quick succession were provided for, and the minister's hands were effectually relieved for the time. We certainly have no idea of imputing this politic barbarism to an English government. But while men are mad for money-making, or ravenous after place, we shall have candidates for every thing, though the first thing that they met in Sierra Leone, or elsewhere, was their coffin. The number of persons who have died in office in this dreadful colony, within the last ten years, is astonishing; and the public have a right to call upon government to refuse its aid to this suicide. Many of the individuals who have perished there, were men of talent and education, which might have benefited society at home, and which even as a matter of traffic in the ways of the world, might have been the means of eminence and fortune; but sent precipitately to that miserable place, they were flung into the charnel.

The age of diplomacy has succeeded to the age of war, and the cabinet has its heroes as well as the field. Metternich's name is already distinguished for dexterity in council, but he is now about making an experiment in which the chances are formidably against him. The German papers say, he is going to marry the Countess Melaina Zichy, daughter of a Count Zichy Ferara, who is young enough to be his grand-daughter. This well-known statesman is nearing the venerable age of sixty. We presume it must be his attachment to the "Holy Alliance" that induces him, at such an age, to marry. It has often been found less difficult to govern an empire than a wife. The prince lately requested his congé from the emperor's service, and the request set all the cabinets of Europe in a fever of inquiry. That any individual in possession of so good a thing as the purse of the imperial treasury should give it up in any case short of death, was pronounced to be an impossibility. But the secret is now out. Some time since an English member of parliament applied for leave of absence, on the ground of very particular business, which required all his attention. A member, in observation, desired to know whether he was not going to some of the disturbed districts? He was answered by the absentee's friend; "that it was pretty much the same—he was going to be married!" The prince's congé is now accounted for.

The code of national honour differs curiously according to longitude and latitude. In England smuggling is a crime, which costs some millions a year, in revenue officers, revenue cruisers, and preventive service, and in the teeth of the three, smuggling goes on as briskly as ever. The communication with foreigners however is so far from an offence, that all our rising generation of men, are furnishing themselves with cigars, chin-tufts, and gibberish from foreigners, and are succeeding wonderfully in looking like monkeys; and our ladies see so much grace in a lip covered with moustache and rappee, that every word muttered by a varlet goes to the heart, keen as the keenest arrow of Cupid, and the fair one, if she have money enough, becomes the happy spouse of Monsieur Le Comte Coquin, without delay. But in China the senti-

ment takes another turn, as may be seen by the following proclamation, glowing from Pekin:—

"*Proclamation.*—The Emperor of the Universe has issued the following notice to his subjects:—'*Smuggling is a trifling affair;* but having a *communication with foreigners* is a thing which involves vast interests. It is indispensably necessary to strain every nerve to eradicate the first risings of *baseness* or *mischief.*—Respect this!'"

The east is alive again, the Hindoos are up in arms, that is, in a wordy war against any encroachments on their ancient privileges of widow-burning and infanticide. "They have got up a petition to the English parliament, and have forwarded it by one Bathie, a lawyer. We think it very hard indeed that they should be debarred an indulgence in such amusing propensities; we should like to know, however, which of 'the honourable members' will support the prayer of the petition." To this we answer, that Captain Swing, if he should be returned for the Borough of Westbury, or some similar place of *free* election, would be the proper man. His credentials furnished by the results of the special commission are irresistible. Two hundred and fourteen had judgment of death recorded against them; seven were sentenced to transportation for life; twenty-five for fourteen years; two hundred and forty-six for seven years; and three hundred and fifty-seven from five years to three months imprisonment. In all eight hundred and forty-nine. This is however only so far as relates to his employés. The return of the quantity of barns, hay-stacks and farm-yards burned, would entitle him to the high priesthood of the College of Brama.

Lord Rivers's unfortunate death still remains a subject of inquiry; and there certainly has been no sufficient evidence to decide whether it were voluntary, accidental, or by violence. The verdict of the jury settles nothing, and it is in fact, oddly enough, much more a verdict on the Ranger, or whoever had the care of the necks of his majesty's subjects travelling the parks, than on Lord Rivers, viz:—"Found drowned near the public path at the head of the Serpentine River, considered very dangerous for want of a rail or fence, where many persons have lately fallen in." We see by the papers that some good however will result from this unhappy circumstance, as the present ranger, the Duke of Sussex, is said to have ordered that a railing shall be put up. The evil, to be sure, had been pointed out to the authorities for these twenty years, and many a nameless wretch had been "found drowned." Yet no railing was put up. On the contrary, as an improvement lately, the water was deepened, the path levelled more completely, so as to remove whatever trifling obstruction might once have existed to any one's going in head overheels, in the first fog; and the depth and declivity of the Serpentine were so much increased, that nothing but a miracle could save the faller in from being drowned. Protestations of all kinds were raised, but nothing was done, and the public might have seen the nuisance left in the same state for twenty years more, but for the calamity which has forced attention to the subject. The Humane Society's men stated before the inquest that nine or ten persons had been rescued by them from drowning in that spot, in the last few days of fog. However, the first step to remedy is a good. But another step is equally obvious. There passes no winter in England in which some

dozen of foolish people are not plunged under the ice, in the Serpentine, and the ponds in the St. James's and Green Parks. They are fools, and the world would probably not be much the better for their remaining in it. But the love of sliding, or skating, is a natural propensity of all beings who have not attained the growth of their understanding, or who are never destined to attain any growth of it; and boys and boobies *will* crowd the ice, in spite of all the bayonets of the guards, which have actually been employed in some instances, and failed to drive off those zealous amateurs of submersion. But, as it is the business of rangers of parks and ponds, to take care that they shall not be accessary to the murder even of fools, why are those ponds left in a state which makes a slip under the ice, death? Why should they be ten or twenty feet deep, when all their purposes may be equally answered, by making them three? Why should they not be kept at that level of water, which answering perfectly for all the objects of decoration, would fail only in the one object of drowning? As to Lord Rivers, a letter in the *Age* shews the question in a new point of view:—

"SIR,—The papers last week announced the untimely fate of that amiable, beloved, accomplished gentleman, Lord Rivers; and as the Coroner's verdict may lead to a false conclusion, I, as the intimate friend, feel it due to the memory of his Lordship, and right as regards the public, to give a plain statement of what did actually occur. On the Saturday evening preceding his death, Lord Rivers went, not to a Hell, but to his Club, at the bottom of St. James's-street; and, most unfortunately, was induced, by a well-known skilful veteran, to sit down at the destructive game of écarté. The acute ones, with breathless anxiety, pressed forward to back his opponent; *and while there was a gallery*, very little was done: but, at a late hour, as it usually happens in these cases, this unfortunate nobleman was left in the hands of a select few, when moderate play became immoderate; and, as was inevitable, at the close he became loser to the amount of many thousand pounds, no part of which has been paid. From this simple recital, the public are left to form their own judgment; and, if it be incorrect, the parties implicated have it in their power to contradict it. "AMICUS."

"I had forgotten to mention, that when the body was taken out of the water, his hat was secured with a handkerchief tied under the chin, with the evident intention of preventing its floating to the surface."

If this statement be well founded, the question seems to admit of but little doubt. But, as to the Duke of Sussex's appointment, a feeling of irritation has arisen. The duke is a first-rate hater of all kinds of things that ought to be hated, of reversions, pensions, sinecures, &c. &c. Yet the public exclaim that his Rangership of Hyde Park is a *sinecure!* and that his royal highness is rather overpaid *for doing nothing*, by a salary of £1,200 a year! They exclaim, that in the matter of laying hold of the public money they find no difference whatever between the various classes of public principle; and that a large sinecure is agreeable to a royal duke, peculiarly when that royal duke already enjoys an allowance of £27,000 a year.

The "Great Agitator" has undoubtedly gone a little beyond that strict line of prudence by which a *sagacious* man contrives to do mischief, without making himself answerable for the consequences. This has been hitherto the grand boast of Irish faction; and there have been few more pregnant instances on record of the dexterity with which a lawyer may contrive to keep "on the windy side of the law." But he

has trod on the wires of the spring-gun at last, and we shall soon be able to ascertain whether his dexterity will help him to escape the discharge. His partizans now complain furiously of the baseness of persecuting the rabble-cause in the courts. But, of all the scorners on the present occasion, there has not been one more ready to fly to the vengeance of the law on every occasion than the great Agitator himself. Actions against newspapers were his daily threat; and if Sir Henry Hardinge could have been extinguished by the fulmination of writs and warrants, he would have been in the other world six months ago. We remember the following "announcement of action:"—

"I never will submit to such audacity; and I here promise that I will never cease to pursue the—miscreants, shall I call them?—no, that would be too hard a phrase;—but I will call them the despicable, base, miserable, paltry creatures, with bad heads and worse hearts, who issued that nefarious proclamation—in that place, where, and at that period when, reason shall be listened to. I do not mean to say that I shall be attended to in the rotten, borough-mongering Parliament. But I trust the day is not far distant when reason shall be heard, and when *fine and imprisonment* shall mark the foul conduct of Secretary Major-General Sir H. Hardinge. He usurped the prerogative of the Lord Lieutenant alone—greater, I admit, than any that the King is invested with; and I have no hesitation in stating that for this he is indictable at law." * * * * * * * *

A paragraph in the *Literary Gazette*, states a circumstance that may be worth attending to on the part of those who are interested in the reputation of British science:—

"The late Earl of Bridgewater, whose eccentricities furnished gossip for the frequenters of half the *salons* of Paris last year, bequeathed several thousand pounds sterling to the writers of the best essay on the Structure of the Earth, and on the Human Hand. His Lordship, at the same time, nominated the President and Council of the Royal Society, Somerset-House, for the time being, to judge of the respective merits of the various essays which might be submitted by competitors who were expected to start, not only in this country, but also on the Continent—a circumstance which, at the time, not a little alarmed the Royal Society, who imagined that a considerable run would be made upon their funds for postage, so numerous and distant were the applications anticipated to turn out: Berlin, Gottingen, Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, and many other learned abodes, were severally looked to. It is believed the fears alluded to have not been realized, at least to so alarming an extent; and amongst the names of the competitors for the golden prize, whose essays will shortly be submitted, are those of Professor Buckland, of Oxford, who writes the geological part—essay, "Structure of the Earth." For the essay on "the Hand," Mr. Charles Bell takes the anatomical part, and Dr. Roget the physiological. Should the joint labours of these gentlemen entitle them to the legacy, they will, it is said, divide it amongst them."

Now, if all this be correct in point of statement, we must take the liberty of doubting its correctness in point of principle. Every body knows of what nature the brains of the late Earl of Bridgewater were, and the first question with any society of common sense should be, whether the business were worth their entering into? But the paragraph tells us that three of the Fellows of the Royal Society are combining to do, what none of them could do singly, and what the earl's bequest clearly required to be done by *one*, and that the affair being thus comfortably jobbed, the money is to be partitioned to the several performers. We can scarcely believe this; for in all instances of competition it is under-

stood that the candidates shall come single-handed, that their names shall be rigidly suppressed, and that the officers of the society deciding shall have nothing whatever to do with the competition. Yet here we have the secretary in the compound. If the matter be not altogether a jest passed upon the public, we should think it a very curious specimen of the new administration of the Royal Society.

The whigs are shuffling about the pensions, but they may as well save themselves the trouble. The pensions must go. With taxes, which crush every honest man in the country; which take the bread out of his children's mouths, and extinguish the heart within himself; with the earnings of his labour called for once a week by some grim personage, with the Revenue's authority for the demand; and three-fourths of the lower population living on the parish; the nation will not suffer the lords and ladies of this earth, the silken countesses, and the accomplished gentlemen who attend them to balls, and lounge in their drawing-rooms, to feed upon the public bread any longer. In a late debate, Mr. Hume touched upon a few of the fortunate and favoured children of English bounty:—

"There is Lord Sidmouth, £3,000.; Mr. Ward, £1,000.; Mr. Lushington, £1,000.; Mr. Goulburn, £1,000.; Mr. T. P. Courtenay, £1,000.; Lord Bexley, £3,000.; and Mr. Hobhouse, £1,000. Now, I venture to say, that the services of all these pensioners together are not worth, and had never been worth, £3,000. Had it depended upon a vote of the House, not one of them would have received one shilling. If I had the power, so far from granting them pensions, I would have several of them impeached for their conduct."

This list, brief as it is, is intolerable. On what principle of common sense is it to be established, that the possession of a vast salary for a succession of years actually forms a claim to be supported for life at the public expense? Lord Sidmouth, for instance, was speaker for half his public life, with emoluments little short of £10,000 a year. From the speakership he was made prime-minister, with at least the same income, and for the remainder of his political life was Home Secretary, at £6,000 a year, with various emoluments besides. He cannot have received in the course of office less than £150,000! yet we now have him a pensioner at £3,000 a year, for the last half-dozen years, and with a house in Richmond Park besides. If we are to be told that he expended his receipts on his office; we demand the evidence—we ask what instance of public liberality was ever exhibited by his lordship? What great project of science, what man of talents did he patronize? What public work bears his name? For all those purposes, he might as well have been digging at the bottom of a Cornish mine. And yet this man is to receive the enormous sum of £3,000 a year, from the pockets of a nation oppressed with a debt of eight hundred millions!

Lord Bexley is a man of large private fortune, yet his gratitude too we must cherish at the rate of £3,000 a year.

Then comes Mr. Goulburn, and his merits are, that after being handsomely salaried in English office for a number of years, he was made secretary in Ireland, at £6,000 a year; a calamity which this right honourable person endured for three years; and now finds his endurance, after a two years' receipt of the salary of Chancellor of the Exchequer besides, or £12,000, entitled to the further payment of £1,000 a year for life! This man's appliance to the public purse must have been at least,

to the amount of £50,000, and probably of a great deal more: yet here we have a heavy annuity to pay him still. The system must be extinguished, whoever may be minister.

We are glad to hear a contradiction of the reports that the Pimlico palace was to be sold to a subject. The Dukes of Northumberland and Devonshire, are said equally to disclaim the intention, and we can scarcely conceive that the idea could have been palatable to the king: it would certainly have been most offensive to the community. We have too much of foolish pride to contend with, to suffer it to be further swelled, by the possession of palaces built by the public money for the monarch. Besides, however unsightly the Pimlico palace may be, it is better than none; and the first change in the royal or ministerial tastes might saddle us with the building of another palace, the present one being disposed of to some noble duke. The sale of the York palace was a national disgrace; and we have no doubt that its neighbourhood to St. James's is by no means considered among the sources of royal comfort in that edifice. But the same blunder must not be committed again.

There are some tardy improvements in the park. A new road has been made in a direct line from Storey's-gate, to James-street, Pimlico, which will be opened to carriages in a few days; the other road will be filled up, as it is in contemplation of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to let the ground on building leases. But we must ask what has become of the public passage which was to have been opened from the end of Regent-street, into St. James's park? There stops the excavation. But whose is the master hand that checks the royal will? all is ready but the permission of this secret authority; and there stands the work, to the exclusion of the public, and we presume to the great self-congratulation of the noble householders of Carlton Gardens.

As his Grace of Wellington is said to be again on terms of intercourse at the Pavilion, and to be listened to, we beg to remind the noble duke of his pledge given to the House of Lords, on the third reading of his famous Bill of Emancipation, which, if our memory does not fail, was in the following words:—"If this healing measure should not pacify the Catholics of Ireland, as I have reason to believe it will, I pledge myself to be the *first* person to come down to this house to call for other and more effectual laws!" No doubt his Grace, if he reflects one moment upon his healing measure, and compares Ireland as it now is, with what it was before he made the Protestant Church swallow that great healing pill, will keep his word.

It has become almost a truism that lawyers are the worst legislators; and we are reminded of George Selwyn's question on a similar remark, "When do you mean to put Jack Ketch on the committee for reforming the Criminal Law?" Yet, without altogether believing that a lawyer feels an instinct in puzzling the course of justice, nothing can be more certain than that lawyers' systems of law-reform are always confusion worse confounded. It is but a few years since we had a new Code of Insolvency, which was declared to put an end to legislation on that head; and now we have declarations on all sides that the system has produced nothing but abuses. It appears from the official returns, last made up, that the number of insolvent debtors discharged under the

present act, up to the end of 1829, amounted to 51,000; their debts, four millions sterling; assets averaged *one farthing* in the pound, and the expence of discharge £25 *each prisoner*. Not more than 65 out of every 1,200 "estates" produced *any assets at all!* The annual salaries of the four commissioners amount to £11,251. Their travelling expenses (which are necessarily great) are not included in this sum. We thus pay £11,000., or, in fact, nearer £20,000. a year, for what? the valuable purpose of knowing that 51,000 people are worth one *farthing* in the pound. So much for the good of their creditors. But then comes another item. Each of those miserables, who cannot pay their debts to the amount of a shilling in every half hundred, must contrive to pay the lawyers, in all their classes, not less than £25. each, or about a million and a quarter of pounds sterling! a handsome profit certainly for the lawyers, and actually amounting to about a third of the whole debt of the insolvents, stated at four millions. We think that this third would have been better paid into the hands of their creditors. Surely this must be looked into. We find the statement in the public papers; no one contradicts it, yet the system goes on. Or can common sense devise no means for making the insolvent, who thus contrives to pay £25. to the law, amenable to the creditor for something more than a farthing? In the present state of the act the advantage is all on the side of the lawyer, and the knave his client. It is impossible to conceive that four millions of money can have disappeared from the insolvents' hands without fraud; and it should be the business of legislation to make that money tangible once more. That insolvents and bankrupts give a false statement of their affairs, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is as notorious as noon-day.

Orator Hunt has enthroned himself in the House of Commons beside Orator Hume, and henceforth the world is to go round on another principle. He has already made a speech not at all tempestuous, and seems commencing his campaign as a *diseur de bons mots*. His first fires are brandished against the laurels of his late rival, Stanley, the Irish secretary, of whom he has given the public the following proof of those powers which were to make him a statesman:—

"The story goes—when he was in College, employed reading *Cobbett's English Grammar*, he had a half-starved cat in the room; and a pound of mutton-chops, which he intended for his dinner, was stolen. He questioned the maid about it, who laid it on the cat; upon which Stanley took the cat by the scruff of the neck to the next cheesemonger's shop, weighed it, and finding the cat, who was accused of eating the pound of chops, did not altogether weigh half a pound, by this ingenious device detected the theft of the servant-maid."

The Orator argues, that glory must attend the steps of a youth who could give so profound an evidence of his sagacity in detecting the misprisions of cookmaids. The weigher of cats might do good service in weighing some of the sinecurists, and ascertaining whether their quantity of matter was really adequate to their supposed receipts, or whether some higher hand, some official cookmaid, did not share the spoil, and mulct the sinecurist himself.

Yet Ireland is certainly at all times curiously administered. Its secretaryship is generally the lot of somebody of whom nobody has ever heard before. A clerk from the treasury, a promising youth from

Harrow, or a Lancastrian fox-hunter, are sent over to govern Ireland; for the lord-lieutenant is generally no more than a grave gentleman, who gives a dinner now and then, has four aides-de-camp, dines once with the lord mayor, and plays whist every evening. Within the last quarter of a century Ireland has enjoyed the change of those governorships nearly as often as that of her summer and winter; for the average of secretaries has been one and a half every two years. That Mr. Stanley may be as decorous a secretary as any of them, we have not the slightest reason to doubt, but the pamphleteers are prodigiously angry on the occasion, and one of them thus gives his opinion:—

"And whom does Earl Grey *send* over to fill the all-important office of Secretary for Ireland—of the acting, positive Governor of that fine kingdom? The Hon. Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley! A young man, thirty years of age, unconnected by birth or station, or (I believe) family connections, with Ireland; who knows nothing of Irish affairs, or of Irishmen, from his own personal observation and experience; and whose recommendation to office must consist in one or the other of these two accidents: that he is the lineal heir, after Lord Stanley, of the powerful house of Derby—that, during Mr. Canning's administration, he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Are the destinies of all the English families in Ireland—of all the vital interests which connect, reciprocally, Ireland and England—of all the relations in which England stands to foreign Courts, in respect of her government of Ireland—to be really confided to such guardianship as this? Is this a time for favouritism, or patronage, or jobbing, in a particular of such immense importance to the English? I blush for the respectable name, the former character, the present position of Earl Grey!"

All this is very lively, and very angry. Yet, is it not rather hard, Lancashire as the new secretary may be, to charge him with his thirty years as a crime? nothing is more capable of mending. And as to principle, aye, fixed, determined, intractable principle, will he not be as brilliant an example as Sir Robert Peel, let him turn as he may? And as for courtesy, dignity, and honour, is he likely to fall below the standard of our right trusty, and faithful cousin and friend, Mr. Goulburn? Perhaps he may not write as good poetry, or perform so well in private theatricals, as Lord Francis Gower; but time, that works other wonders, may accomplish even to this height the natural faculties of the secretary for the Gem of the Ocean, &c.

We see by the reports of the trials, that Mr. St. John Long has been acquitted. On this subject the tribunals are of course the most competent to decide, and we can have no quarrel with them for their decision, nor with the subject of the trial, for making the best fight that he could. It must be acknowledged, that he brought before the court a great number of respectable persons to vouch for his character, and to give evidence to the utility of his practice. As to any hostility on our part, as journalists, to him, we could have had none, and merely followed in our statements, those which every day produced in the newspapers. On the course of cure to which he has pledged himself, we may at our further leisure give a more deliberate opinion. But, for the present we shall say, that being perfectly aware that medicine is at best but a grand experiment, and a discovery by no means restricted to those who have taken degrees in the college of physicians, we are prepared to give credit to Mr. St. John Long, or to any one, who shall produce an effective remedy for any disease, and peculiarly

for that one, which is the most fatal and unhappy infliction of our climate, on the most interesting part of its population.

A-propos, in a former article upon the subject, we happened to make mention of a lady, who was stated to have attended this method of cure, without the presence of a *chaperon*. This we took word for word from the statement in the newspapers. We have subsequently understood that this was an error, that the lady in question was always accompanied by her friends. We regret that we had any share in repeating this assertion, as it would be certainly among our last intentions to hurt the feelings of any respectable person. But we made mention of *no name;* and, even thus, desire the lady to accept our regrets.

The age of political prophecy is gone by, and every man now who pretends to a character for common-sense, disclaims all idea of what will happen beyond the week. On the Continent, a still shorter time may make the difference between peace and war—between living in quiet under one's own fig-tree, and flying half-naked over half the world, pursued by swarms of sharpshooters and clouds of dragoons. But the state of England is of more importance to us; and it is impossible to deny that it deserves to excite the strongest anxiety. The ruin of empires in the days of antiquity was by the vices of their kings. An army revolted—or a military usurper, taking advantage of the national disgust—or some daring power, that had waited only until public spirit was dead, made a rush upon the empire, and broke it down.

But the chief cause of decay in modern kingdoms has been public waste. A wise finance is the secret of a permanent government; and a prodigal treasury the sure agent of undoing. What must be the feelings of a true lover of England, when he sees what the progress of her debt has been? The world has had no other example of a burthen so rapidly increased, and so utterly beyond the strength of a people to bear, or their hope to shake off. What says the history?—

"George the Third reigned fifty-nine years, thirty-three of which were passed in war, and twenty-six in peace. The Debt, at his accession, was £120,000,000.; at his demise, £820,000,000.! George the Third found the annual charge of taxation £6,000,000., and left it £60,000,000., including the expense of collection."

From this tremendous debt, sixteen years of peace have literally taken nothing; for the operation of the sinking fund, by some hocus-pocus, seems never to lighten a shilling of the burthen; and, year by year, we have the old eight hundred millions staring us in the face! The debt must be paid in some shape or other; and yet, what political prophet will tell us from what source payment is to come?

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The History of Modern Greece, from its Conquest by the Romans, B.C. 146, *to the present Time, by Jas. Emerson, Esq.*, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—The affairs of Greece, from the conquest of the Romans, and even from that of Philip and his warlike son, have of course merged in the general story of the master-powers, and, like those of any other province, have only occasionally come in for any discriminating notice. Yet separated by language, and a cultivated one—by never-dying recollections—they have never, any more than the Jews, freely incorporated with their conquerors, and their whole history is still capable of insulation, and worthy of it. Mr. Emerson has done all that research can well do to accomplish the object; but he has put his materials together somewhat awkwardly. His purpose was to close at the period at which the recent revolution was on the point of exploding; and yet he commences, by way of preface, with a sketch, in considerable detail, of the revolution itself. The Grecian story is taken up at the death of Alexander, and cursorily pursued through the Achaian league—the conquest of the country by the Romans—the successive invasions and spoliations of Alaric, Attila, and Theodoric—the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders, and consequent occupation of Greece by the French barons—the restoration of the Palæologi, and the final capture of the capital by the Turks. The story then proceeds, with more particularity, through the contests of the Turks with the Venetians, till the peace of Passarowitz, in 1718, when the Venetians lost the Morea for ever. The Ionian islands were left in the hands of the Venetians, and on that ground their history is still gone on with, not only to the peace of Campo Formio, when the Venetians lost them also, but up to the present time, when, under the good government of England, they are at least prevented from cutting one another's throats, or plundering their neighbours.

After the treaty of Passarowitz, the general history is suspended to afford an opportunity for exhibiting, at considerable length, the condition of the Greeks under the despotism of the Turks; and under the several heads of political state—Greek Church—Armatoli and Klephts—Greeks of the Fanar—Hospodars of the Provinces—the fate of the language, literature, and fine arts—a general, but very adequate view, is fairly exhibited of that condition. At this period of her history, Greece must be considered as depressed to the lowest depths of her enslavement, but with still too much elasticity to be utterly crushed. The Greeks had been too long accustomed to subjugation, not to know how to avail themselves of even *its* advantages. They were superior to their conquerors in cultivation. They could make themselves useful, and they were of principles sufficiently flexible to work by cunning, where force was useless. The arts of the parasite were all their own. Juvenal's portrait was still their likeness under the Turks:—"With the Romans," observes Mr. E., "they took an important part in every transaction, public or domestic, and concentrated in their body an exclusive right of interference in their affairs. With the Turks, in like manner, their shrewdness and activity rendered them their advisers and agents in every matter where ignorance or indolence compelled them to call in their aid; and secret commissions, well-timed attentions, and ostentatious devotion to their masters, were alike their duty in the palaces of the Cæsars and the seraglios of Constantinople. A ready wit, consummate impudence, and fluent declamation, were the characteristics of the Roman parasite;—whilst a perpetual smile of adulation, a ready laugh, a bow of obsequiousness, a tongue tipped with flattery, and an eye twinkling with cunning, completed the picture of the Fanariot."

Among other things, their services, as interpreters, were invaluable to themselves, and indispensable to their masters. The Turk knows, and will know, no other language but his own. They were thus of necessity admitted to diplomatic secrets, and by degrees wormed themselves into the Hospodoriats of the northern provinces. Their available talents prompted them onwards in the career of insinuation and influence; and the subsequent history of the Greeks is but a silent and underworking course towards open resistance. Their schools extended—the old writers were again in the hands of numbers—and the Fanariot Greeks, visiting the colleges of Italy and Germany, gathered knowledge, and, by degrees, resolution, to seize the first opportunity of throwing off the yoke of the Osmanlis. The first spontaneous resistance originated with the Suliots against old Ali; for the wretched attempts, in 1770, and again about twenty years afterwards, were prompted by the Russians, who basely deserted their unfortunate dupes.

The Incognito; or, Sins and Peccadillos. By Don T. de Trueba. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—This very clever Spaniard, who handles the English language almost

with the correctness and even with the ease of a native—though he still talks of "old ugly maids," and "silk white stockings"—has quitted the field of historical romance for what he, not unhappily, calls a more *veracious* kind of fiction—an analysis of modern Spanish life—sketches of the society of Madrid, of which capital we know in England about as much as we do of that of Japan. He has done wisely—it is to seek glory where it may be found. Historical romance is fairly over-run by English writers, and the fashionable novel of London Life is in the same state—with neither class, moreover, can a foreigner hope to compete very successfully—though Don Trueba we allow has done wonders — but neither, on the other hand, can any Englishman compete with him on the details of the society of his own native land. He has the field all to himself. Never was a more favourable period, for never was curiosity more alive about foreign manners; and since the days of Gil Blas, Spain has been almost untrodden ground.

The period selected is 1820, on the approaching short-lived triumph of the Constitutionalists—though the tale has little to do with political matters. The author studiously avoids the topic, and only once attempts to rescue his countrymen from undeserved obloquy. Alluding to Napoleon's invasion, and the general burst of the Spaniards to repel the aggressor, "some foolish people," he ironically remarks, "thought the Spaniards had shewn some heroism—some love of national independence, and, moreover, that the merit was enhanced by the difficulties that beset them; but foolish people," he adds, "as every body knows, are very apt to be in the wrong—they were so in this case, and, accordingly, Colonel Napier, and other good folks, equally zealous in the cause of truth and justice, have very meritoriously set about correcting the error of the said foolish people. They have clearly shewn, by the irrefragable proof of their own infallible word, that there was no heroism at all in the case—that the Spaniards did nothing, because the Spaniards are a set of cruel, superstitious, ignorant, cowardly fellows," &c.

The Incognito—to give a bare outline—is a Condé, whose countess, a very lovely woman, intrigues with her footman, and kindly recommends her husband—a studious man, and therefore likely to meddle with matters not thought to concern him—to the Inquisition. Escaping, however, from their dungeons, he flies to America, and returns to Spain about the time when the Constitutionalists were gaining the ascendancy, with the hope of again resuming his station in society. In the meanwhile the Countess figures in the fashionable tertulias as a rich widow, with a daughter, whom she is labouring to marry to a wealthy banker's son. But the banker's son is perversely attached to an orphan girl, brought up with his old maiden aunt at Aranjuez, and, in spite of his father's coarse manœuvres and importunities, steadily refuses to second his schemes of aggrandizement. The poor, but beautiful orphan, proves to be the Incognito's own daughter by a former marriage, and is, of course, rescued from the clutches of *beatas* and monks, who wish to make a nun of her, and is finally married to her lover. In the midst of the Countess's apparent gaiety and splendour, she is harassed to death at home by her seducer, who drains her purse, and at last insists upon marrying her, under the threat of exposure. Before, however, he carries his point, he discovers the Incognito, and forthwith hires a bravo to dispatch him. The bravo plays booty, and a discovery follows. The husband breaks in upon the seducer, while in the act of forcing the Countess to a marriage—the wretch makes a plunge with his cichucco at the Incognito—the Countess throws herself between them, and intercepts the fatal blow in her own bosom.

The reader will find scenes, characters, and national peculiarities to which he was before probably a stranger—but we have no space to particularize. The grave irony with which the whole is written is apt to weary—it is the common tone of the old Spanish novels—and the writer has stretched it to the full limits of endurance.

A specimen is but fair—the good people of Madrid have not learnt to be *exclusive* yet. Certainly we are the haughtiest people in Europe—some will say, because the most *cultivated.*

> The great people of Madrid have as yet made very little progress in the science of exclusiveness. They have not been compelled deeply to study the means of repelling the attacks of the *intrusives;* there is neither a city to meditate invasion, not a *west end* striving to defeat the inimical designs. North and south, east and west, are alike to the nobles and fashionables, and thus the magnificent mansions of the grandees are scattered about the metropolis without any other reference but the convenience of the situation. Besides, there is no *terra incognita* at Madrid, inhabited by savages and nondescripts, as there is in London, according to the accounts of some very wise and profound authors. The great people are also sadly deficient in the knowledge of all those little rules which the said authors hold so decisive in determining the *ton* of a person. They have not yet learnt the fashion or vulgarity contained in each wine, and accordingly every one swallows very innocently the wine he likes best, without ever suspecting the deleterious

and noxious liquor he is absorbing. The properties of knives, and forks, and spoons, tureens, &c. &c., in conferring fashion, have not been ascertained. Nor has any one deeply meditated and discovered the loathsome vulgarity of porter and cheese; nay, the ignorance of the Spaniard goes so far in these matters, that we have seen a young fashionable nobleman take soup twice, because he liked it, without incurring thereby any sort of disgrace.

They have also a deplorable want of a proper jargon to designate things peculiar to the caste, nor have they ever reflected that bad French is preferable to good Spanish. They accordingly express their thoughts in the Castilian tongue, as any other low vulgar son of the little people might be expected to do. Their transgressions against dress are intolerable, nor can we sufficiently reprobate the custom of buying their articles indiscriminately, without any reference to the street or to the house that sold them, but merely to the quality and price. Even the most desperately fashionable at Madrid could never imagine that the more he looked like a ruffian, the more fashionable he would be. Thus, ferocious whiskers and mustachios, those desirable appendages to a gentleman of *ton*, are tamely left to be monopolized by the *manolos*. In the accomplishments of a beau they are extremely deficient; they can neither speak slang, box a watchman, nor reel home drunk, and they know not a single *iota* concerning racing, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, hunting, &c. Some of the great people you may meet at times talking in the streets to individuals of a different caste, without shocking and scandalizing his *set*.

Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, with Medallion Portraits, 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—Mr. Stebbing has accomplished a very agreeable task in a very agreeable style of execution; but we could have wished to hear more of the works, and less of the men. The works are indisputably good; but of the writers, especially of the elder ones, we have little unquestionable evidence; and to gather the character from the works, which is what Mr. Stebbing seems inclined to do, is to trust to a very uncertain guide—for it is *not* always easy to determine when a writer, though he may talk very earnestly, is talking the truth—communicating his actual convictions, or indulging his imagination, and yielding to fancy. We are quite sure Mr. Stebbing has suffered his admiration to blind his judgment. He takes all, if not for gospel, certainly for inspiration. He would consider it a kind of profanation to scan the personal demerits of Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso too closely, or bring their conduct to the test of common sense and common estimates. Considering Dante, for instance, as we must, as a man of genius and distinguished talent, we cannot at the same time regard him as an object of particular admiration in his private character, or very much in his public one—nor think him entitled to a monotonous and eternal apology. He was a man of highly susceptible temperament, and slid naturally enough into amatory poetry; he was also a disappointed patriot, and as naturally rushed into philippic and satire. His poetry is full of personality, of coarse and intolerant violence; nor will his motives—his sense of justice, poetical or political—bear examination for an instant. He obviously indulged his party-feelings to rancour and venom. As little are we inclined to sympathize with his lack-a-daisical love. Beatrice was a girl of his own age and rank—a family acquaintance—one whom, for anything that appears, he might have married if he had chosen to do so; but, in truth, she seems to him merely a poetical vision, or rather a name for his own beautiful imaginings. There is no satisfactory evidence that he really wished the Beatrice of his verses to be the Beatrice of his acquaintance. She married early, and died early—at twenty-five. He himself, within a year or two of the same age, married a lady of family and property, with whose temper his own does not seem to have harmonized. Which was to blame—who is to tell? They lived the life of cat and dog. She was jealous, it is said, but not surely, as Mr. S. would have us believe, of a *dead* mistress; and it is unquestionable she had reason to be so of a *living* one, for whose sake, probably, it was, he finally separated himself wholly from his family for years.

Nor is there, in the same way, any tolerating the sighing and sorrowing with Petrarch about Laura, and his solitudes at Vaucluse. In the deepest of his poetical distresses—for we imagine they were no more—he comforted himself with a complying mistress—he had children by more than one—and, when disengaged from these particular cares, steadily prosecuted his readings and writings at the rate of eighteen hours a day. Really we cannot imagine anything more laughable than the nonsense that, first and last, has been babbled about Petrarch, and the Laura upon whom he wrote sonnets for twenty years.

Mr. Stebbing has given far too much into this kind of folly; but, apart from this too decided tendency to suppose love, and unrequited love especially, was the grand source of Italian inspiration, his production is indicative of an elegant and amiable spirit, and is executed with as much taste as feeling. Tasso's life, though mixed up a little too much with Leonora and her influence, has much less of this puerility. His insanity, and Alfonso's brutal and vulgar treatment, and the fatal effects of it, are dwelt upon with energy and discrimination: the tale is full of interest.

It is idle to complain of the introduction of some names in these lives of Italian poets, or of the absence of others; but if the names of Lorenzo and Politiano were to be enrolled as poets, the list might have been multiplied fifty-fold. Nobody could expect to find Boccaccio, known *now* certainly only for his lascivious tales. Mr. S. has pretty plainly little relish for such a man as Luigi Pulci, or he would surely not have introduced him parenthetically only—or rather as an appendage to Politiano. Forteguerra, we believe, is not even mentioned in a note; nor even such poets as Rucellai, Morando, Zappi, or Pastorini. But no two persons probably would agree precisely in the adoption of any list; and we welcome, as a thing that was wanted, what we have got.

Allan McDougal, or Scenes in the Peninsula, 3 vols. 12mo.—Though springing from the well-known manufactory of *fade* romances, Allan McDougal is of other stuff—of a more manly cast and quality. The writer knows, at all events, something of the world he describes; and his tale may be read, without revolting them, by those who know that same world thoroughly. A desire to talk of Spain—the scene of some of the author's personal experience—probably prompted the production. The tale itself is not very skilfully constructed, nor are the incidents or characters even—save the military ones—anything more than may be found every day in the common run of secondary novels; but the style of narrative is full of spirit and intelligence. The writer shews familiarity with life and realities; he detects readily the common motives of action, and has no difficulty in giving effective expression to them.

Allen McDougal is the son of a Scotch laird—he takes early a fancy to the army—is despatched to Canada—indulges a passion for gaming—returns to England—dashes beyond his resources—marries, twice, women of property—spends all he can grasp—sells his commission—loses caste and credit—flies from his creditors, and is heard no more of for years. His wife and two daughters are left behind upon a pittance, which he could not get at. The mother dies, and the daughters grow up handsome girls—one is engaged to a cousin, who is pushing his way in the navy—the other is patronized by a half-sister, who is well married. In her sister's fashionable circle the latter falls in with a young gentleman, who, deeply struck with her charms, is encouraged by his father, an old and self-willed baronet, solely for the purpose of detaching him from a smart and dashing *fille d'opéra*. The youth, however, is as honest as he is ardent; and, in spite of papa's prohibition, marries, and takes her with him to Spain. He is in the Guards, and an aide-de-camp. The bride is left at Lisbon, and the young subaltern is actively employed, which furnishes the occasion of detailing some of the events of a campaign or two. One incident in the battle of Talavera is described—a charge of cavalry—where nearly the whole body were precipitated into a deep ditch, not observed till they were too close to recede. We do not remember the circumstance in any of the multitudinous descriptions of that far-famed engagement; but it is here given evidently as a fact; and if it be not one, the author should learn to mark better the limits between facts and fictions. In the course of the war, the aide-de-camp is severely wounded, and the wife resolves to join him. The road is exposed to the enemy's out-posts, and she loses her escort, but falls in with a Guerilla party—the leader of which has luckily been apprised of her route, and luckily also has influence enough with his band to secure her decorous treatment. The chief is not a Spaniard—but, by his vigour and activity, has obtained high renown in the country, and the full confidence of his comrades. El Andader proves, finally, to be the young lady's own father, who had, some years before, quitted his native land to recover a character among foreigners which was become hopeless at home. By his exertions, though he perishes in the effort, she is got on board an English frigate, which her sister's inamorato commands, and is at last safely restored to the arms of her wounded sposo.

A Topographical Dictionary of London and its Environs, by James Elmes, Architect.—Quite a prize is this for the country visitors of "enlarged and still increasing London," and not unacceptable—or rather quite indispensable to residents, to whom, live where they may, the parts more remote from them must be, like Mr. Croker's Russell-square, a terra incognita. There are hundreds of buildings, the locality of which, few even of those best acquainted with town know any thing about—the endless public offices, for instance, save a few leading ones. The author's aim was to comprise all public buildings, offices, docks, squares, streets, lanes, wards, liberties, charitable, commercial, scholastic, and other establishments, with lists of their officers, patrons, incumbents of livings, &c. Of public places, descriptions of some length are introduced, relative to the history and purpose of them, and much antiquarian information is scattered over the volume.

Of course there will be in a first at-

tempt omissions and defects; but the first and indispensable step to completeness is accomplished. A place and repository is thus prepared for every spot that can require recording, and numbers will be ready to lend the industrious compiler a helping and correcting hand.

Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth, by John Abercrombie, M.D.—Dr. Abercrombie is a philosopher of the Scotch school, but of the better part of that school—eschewing religiously all speculations and theories, and, with the coolness and steadiness of a modern chemist, thoroughly sifting his facts, and rejecting all inferences but such as force themselves upon his conviction beyond all doubt or question. His ultimate object—he is a physician of respectability, at Edinburgh—is to bring the results of his metaphysics to bear upon medical investigations—convinced, apparently, that the doctors as yet are all abroad, simply because they neither know what a medical fact is, nor on what evidence it really rests. The great lesson he inculcates is, not to precipitate conclusions—but watch and observe, and patiently gather and accumulate, and conclude only when you cannot help making conclusions.

The immediate object of all science is to trace uniform relations. In abstract science, this is comparatively easy, and almost equally so in physical science; but when we come to medicine, for instance, or politics—notoriously the two most uncertain things in existence—they are mixed up with matters which are neither under our control, nor within our knowledge, and the results are proportionally unsteady and fallacious—not from their nature, but from our ignorance of the *modus operandi*. In medicine, we have to deal with *life*, about which we know nothing; and in politics, with passions and prejudices, about which we can calculate with no certainty.

This distinction Dr. Abercrombie exhibits very clearly in the introductory portion of his book—after which he discusses the "extent of our knowledge of mind," which is obviously limited to facts of observation; next, he inquires where we get our knowledge of facts relative to both matter and mind—and the answer is, "from sensation, consciousness, and testimony"—each of which sources of the said knowledge is stated with perfect clearness and sound discretion. What Scotch metaphysicians call the operations of the intellect, come next under his survey—memory, abstraction, imagination, and judgment—not arguing as if they were the acts of distinct faculties—that would be hypothetical, and the very thing he carefully avoids—but regarding them simply as distinguishable mental processes. The last, reason or judgment, is treated of at considerable length, especially as to its specific use in investigating truth, and in correcting erroneous and imperfect impressions from external things. Dreaming, somnambulism, and insanity fall within the province of the latter office—insanity is but a kind of dreaming, and both involve a diminution of power in estimating or controlling impressions.

With these definite and sober views of the powers and objects of the human mind, he proceeds now to apply them to the investigation of medical science. In three sections—on the acquisition and reception of facts—on arranging, combining, and separating them—and on tracing the relations of cause and effect—he gives the result of his metaphysical principles and personal convictions. These are full of sound sense and invaluable cautions—but yet such as a plain understanding suggests at once, without so elaborate a piece of machinery. In collecting medical facts, these are the errors to be chiefly guarded against—receiving them on the testimony of persons of doubtful veracity, or who, we may suspect, have an interest in disguising or colouring—receiving them on the testimony of persons whose opportunities of information, or powers or habits of observation, are questionable—partial statements, bearing upon one view of a thing, or collected in support of a particular doctrine—receiving, again, as facts, on which important conclusions are to rest, circumstances which are trivial, incidental, or foreign to the subject—above all, receiving as facts what are no facts at all—statements which are not facts, but opinions—or which only assume the relation of facts—or which are nothing but the generalization of facts. For instance—a person dies affected with a certain set of symptoms, and, on examination after death, are found the usual appearances of hydrocephalus. Another is seized with similar symptoms, and recovers. Then he recovers from hydrocephalus, does he not? No; his recovery from certain symptoms is a fact—his recovery from hydrocephalus is not a fact, but an opinion. Again—and a very common case—a person recovers from a particular disease while using a particular remedy. Forthwith, as a medical fact, the recovery is ascribed to the remedy. But here the only facts are the patient's recovery, and the use of a remedy—but the connection of the remedy with the recovery is not made out, and, at all events, is not to be lightly assumed.

The action of external agents—whe-

ther exciting disease, or employed as remedies—are both of them full of illusions, and attended with endless uncertainties. Take an example in the effects of cold.—Of six individuals who have been exposed to cold in the same degree, and, so far as we can judge, under the same circumstances (of course, the circumstances never are the same), one is seized with inflammation of the lungs—one with diarrhœa, and one with rheumatism—while three escape without injury—at least apparently so. Not a whit less remarkable is the uncertainty as to the action of remedies. One case appears to yield readily to the remedy employed; on another, apparently the very same, it has no effect in arresting its fatal progress; while a third, which threatened to be equally formidable, appears to cease without any remedy at all.

We recommend the book to both the doctors and their patients.

Narrative of a Journey through Greece, in 1830, *by Captain T. A. Trant, Author of "Two Years in Ava."*—Capt. Trant's journey was taken in the winter of 1829-30, and extended to all the most remarkable points of the Morea, and to Athens. The volume is chiefly acceptable for bringing information relative to the condition of Greece down to a later date than any that has yet been collected in books, or that rests upon competent authority. Capo d'Istrias had been two years in authority, and had done absolutely nothing towards bringing the country into anything approaching a civilized organization. Captain Trant represents him as wholly absorbed with his own interests. His two brothers occupy the chief offices of the state—one at the head of the war and marine departments, and the other generalissimo and lord high admiral. Capo succeeded in frightening Prince Leopold—though the prince probably had metal more attractive at home—and will apparently find no more difficulty in deterring any other nominee of the triple courts. His object—and no wonder—is to continue himself at the head of the government; and what sort of occasion there can be for a king, and a *foreign* king too, is past all common comprehension. The population does not exceed 750,000; the country itself is in a state of desolation; and where are the supplies to come from for the support of the trappings of royalty, after the European style?

In every town and village, Captain Trant tracked the Arab devastations of the merciless Ibrahim, who seems to have visited with fire and sword every corner of the peninsula. The towns are completely in ruins—scarcely a house with a roof to it, and the condition of the peasantry worse than ever—more filthy—more degenerate.

The Mainots, it seems, are already ceasing to form a distinct class; and Mavromichalis (old Petro Bey), ceding his power, now lives quietly at Napoli di Romania. He is now a senator only, and of course merely a cypher.

A friend, says Capt. Trant, recently paid him a visit at a new house he had just built, and remarked to him that he thought it extremely comfortable. "Yes," said the old chief,—"but you should have seen me in my Bayship of Morna." "How!" said his friend,—"do you regret former times? What induced you then to rise against the Porte?"—"Why, the fact is, that, though I was really powerful and rich, I wished to be more so; a crowd of agents surrounded me, and promised to make me Prince of Greece; and so I threw myself headlong into the revolution. What has been the result? My son was killed—I was used as a tool until my services were no longer required, and now I am a mere man of dirt!"

Colocotroni, though with more influence, is not, it seems, a whit more contented, or *was* not two years ago. Captain T. did not see him—but a friend of his had some conversation with him soon after Capo's arrival at Napoli. The gentleman congratulated him on the event, as calculated to secure the quiet of the country—

"Ah!" exclaimed the old kleft—"these new times are very bad indeed; formerly, if I wanted half-a-dozen sheep, I sent to the first flock and took them with or without leave. I never had to buy a horse; there were plenty in the country. I did just as I pleased, and nobody dared to remonstrate; but now that this president is come, I cannot take a few sheep or fowls, but the rascally villagers go and make a complaint and then I am written to by the government about them. Bad times, these!"

They did not, it seems, prove so *bad* to him as the old man anticipated. Capo has been obliged to secure his friendship, by suffering him to do pretty much as he likes again. He has filled his coffers with the plunder of Tripolitza.

The prosperity of the Hydriots is wholly at an end. They can no longer obtain employment under their own flag; and more than 800 of them, Captain Trant states, have left Greece, with the intention of entering the service of Mahomed Ali.

Captain Trant was prevented, by the severity of the season, from visiting the Lake of Phonia—

one of the most romantic spots in the Morea, and celebrated in mythological history, as connected with the labours of Hercules, who opened a passage for the waters of the lake to prevent their overflowing. A prophecy (adds Capt. T.) existed, that the Greeks would obtain their liberty whenever, the waters ceasing to flow, the lake rose to the ancient level; and by a most extraordinary coincidence, this event has actually

taken place. In 1820, the outlet became accidently stopped; during the succeeding years the obstruction increased, the lake gradually filled, the water has reached the ancient level, and Greece is free.

At Athens, Captain T. could not get permission from the Turkish commander to visit the Acropolis. The temple of Theseus has suffered some new dilapidations—

A swarm of bees, unhappily for the temple, says Capt. T., not content with the security of Mount Hymettus, established their hive within the crevices of the pediment. The Turks discovered the spot, they climbed to the roof; and finding that the honey could not be extracted without overthrowing a portion of the building, they with considerable difficulty hurled down one half of the pediment, which now, instead of its chaste outline, presents a broken and ragged breach. Some of the figures in basso-relievo have also been lately mutilated—here, one of the Lapithæ has had a leg knocked off—there, a Centaur has been beheaded; but *these* injuries are the works of virtuosi. The western part of the temple was severely injured by a flash of lightning in 1821, which threw down part of the cornice and shattered one of the columns; but notwithstanding this, the Theseion is still the most perfect temple in existence. The interior had been a Greek church, and is now a stable for the Turkish cavalry.

Pouqueville is very unceremoniously treated by Captain Trant—who, by the way, we suspect, from the tone of his book, lends too ready an ear to any that talk with him.

The Domestic Gardener's Manual, &c., by a Practical Horticulturist.—Though published anonymously, the volume is dedicated, in a manner implying a personal acquaintance, to Mr. Knight, the President of the Horticultural Society—a gentleman every where known for his own numerous dissertations on Gardening, and practical knowledge of the subject. The very name is a security. To us—who, though we know little about gardening, know something about books—the volume before us is full of information, and appears to be a very superior production. The author treats the matters before him philosophically as well as practically, and appears as much at home in the science of his subject as in the results of experience, and whatever bears upon the best modes of operation. Wherever we have dipped in the volume, we have met with the information we sought for. The vast mass of materials are conveniently thrown into *monthly* portions, each with three subdivisions—the first confined to the philosophy of the subject—the second, to vegetables—the third, to fruits—accompanied also with a Naturalist's Kalendar. The table of contents and the index furnish a ready reference to each article, and the whole must be acceptable to the horticulturist. The author is obviously well acquainted with the best productions on the subject, and has not disdained to avail himself of the shrewdness and experience of Cobbett, of whose works, in this department, he speaks with the respect they deserve, and which ought not to be withheld, because he runs wild in politics, or is more violent than the occasion requires, or more coarse than the fastidious can brook.

The History of German Poetry, by W. Taylor, of Norwich, 3 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, is well known to have spent the best years of his life upon German literature. His translations have been pretty numerous, and for years he wrote lives of the poets for one periodical, and criticized their works for another. His object in the present publication was to bring together these scattered pieces of his performance, and, by filling up occasional gaps, to furnish something approaching a complete view of German poetry, from the earliest times to the present; and, beyond all doubt, he has accomplished a work superior to any thing of the kind, relative to German poetry, extant in *our* language. Mr. Taylor assumes—as seems inevitable among professional critics—a lofty and lordly tone, and is apt to set at defiance, in his own case, the very laws he has been in the habit of administering to others with some severity.

The first German poet, or at least the first writer of German *hexameters*, Mr. Taylor introduces in the person of Ovid, who appears, from his own account, while an exile on the shores of the Euxine, to have written German verses, and to have been somewhat ashamed of them—

Ah pudet! et Getico scripsi sermone libellum
Structaque sunt *nostris* barbara verba *modis*.

Ovid himself wrote nothing but hex. and pentameters; but *nostris modis* might, in his days, imply lyric measures in great variety; and so, it is not quite certain that he anticipated Wieland and Klopstock. None of his *barbara verba* survive.

The earliest piece of German poetry extant appears to have been the performance of Odin; it forms a part of the "Edda," a collection made by order of Charlemagne. Mr. Taylor makes Odin cotemporary with Julian, and considers his Valhalla, or paradise, to be nothing but the description of some of the recruiting quarters of the Romans. Among the pieces of the times of Odinism is the story of the Sword Tyrfing, which is not so much German as Runic: Mr. T. translates it from a German transla-

tion. The "Beowulf" has some Christianity mixed up with it; and, though undoubtedly Danish, is assigned by Mr. Taylor to the Danes of our own East Anglia, rather than, as has been done by German critics, to the Danes of Lubeck.

Of the Southern Germans, classed as the Lombard poetry, the oldest piece is the story of Old Hildebrand, which may be assigned to the sixth century, though, in its existing form, it has been much modernized. Pursuing the stream of German poetry, he comes next to the Franks, and the influence of Charlemagne and his party upon the more northern tribes. The most memorable relics of these are—a Loyal Ballad to Louis II. — Otfride — Hymns — St. George—a War-Song of Louis III.—Life of St. Anno—and Renard the Fox. Here follows a blank till the accession of the Suabian family to the empire; and then we have romance and chivalry in abundance. Mr. T. discusses at some length the sources of this new and popular fiction — which he considers to have been neither Moorish-Spain, nor Gothic-Scandinavia—but Armorica, and the connected provinces of Britain. All European nations take their romances of chivalry from the French; the French romances originate in the north of France, not the south; and the older romances celebrate the heroes of greater or lesser Britanny, and are therefore of Armorican origin.

The Suabian period (1150-1300) exhibits a multitude of poets, which, for convenience, are distributed into cycles. The first and earliest wrote of Arthur and his knights—the second, of Charlemagne and his peers—the third, of the heroes of antiquity, coupled with the manners of chivalry—and the fourth, alone and exclusively of German heroes, of whom Theodoric of Verona is the centre. Of course, these last are all of Lombard origin.

The Austrian period extends to the Reformation, and embraces the productions of the master-singers—a sort of patent poets; such as a Dance of Death —Ship of Fools — Mirror of Owls—Mysteries—Faustus—Pope Joan, &c.

The Reformation put a stop to all poetry and music, but psalms and psalm-singing; and Mr. Taylor takes the opportunity of balancing the good and the bad of the Reformation *generally*, and finds the bad preponderating immensely. Liberty and liberality were silently working their way; their career was suddenly checked by the austerity of the Reformers, and wars and contentions followed for a century and a half—solely in consequence of the Reformation.

German poetry did not revive again till the last century; but so numerous have been the poets since that period, that, to speak of them at all, it has been necessary to distribute them into groups —the Swiss—Saxon—Hamburgh—Berlin—Gottingen—Vienna. Of the leading poets, Mr. T. has given biographical sketches and critical estimates, confirming his opinions by specimens of considerable length. The second and third volumes are almost wholly occupied with Wieland, Herder, Kotzebue, Schiller, and Goëthe. Many of the translations are executed with spirit and vigour, and furnish ample proofs of the author's powers of discrimination, and competency for the task he undertook.

The Temple of Melekartha. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—The aim of the writer of this somewhat singular performance is to trace the effects upon communities of some of the principal forms of superstitious and fanatic feeling; but to avoid offence, the details are thrown into ages and scenes beyond the pale of all historical authority. The consequence is, the mind has no recognized events to rest upon, and the reader too often does not know where he is, nor what he is about. He is lost in a fog, and the gleams of sunshine are few and far between. Though the book takes the form of a tale, it scarcely furnishes a thread to lead him securely through the mazes of it. Nevertheless there is much vigour of thought in the performance, and force and felicity of expression—enough to arrest often the reader's attention; while the writer's powers of description are of no ordinary cast, and his purpose of the most commendable kind.

The Temple of Melekartha is supposed to be at Old Tyre, at some remote period—in the days of its magnificence, when its merchants were princes. It is dedicated to Moloch, whose thirst for blood was insatiable, and the horrid worship, full of cruelty and impurity, is minutely analysed. By and by the country is desolated by the plague, and the chief priest, on being consulted, demands in the name of the Deity the blood of seventy youths to appease his supposed wrath. The monarch, a man of some sense and humanity, makes a stand against these barbarities, and finding the plague ceasing its devastations, instead of complying, ventures upon the bold measure of banishing the priests in a body. In their exile they stir up some mighty conqueror to invade the country, who defeats the armies of the Tzidonians, and carries away twenty thousand captives. By sea, the Tzidonians are more successful; and though Tyre itself is destroyed, the monarch and his people get all their riches on board, and migrate to some other distant land, to renew their old career of

splendour. Meanwhile the monarch himself goes in search of the 20,000 captives, and, after a long search, finds them again devoted to the basest superstition, and under the control of the old priest's crafty agents. The career of their fanaticism is largely described, and at equal length the monarch's exertions to bring them back to the pale of common sense. Among the questions that stirred up disunion and ill feeling among these devotees was that of dress. The chief of the hierarchy wore a mantle, which was to be adopted generally; —but he was far away, and disputes arose as to its shape and colour. It was crimson, and square—scarlet and rounded—rounded and crimson—scarlet and square. Each had their advocates, who fiercely contended for the correctness of their opinions. By and by rose up quite a new sect, who affirmed the true colour was purple, and the true shape oblong; and the "cloak" became the appellation of the new party, ranged in open hostility against all the factions of the "mantle." Not content with these divisions, new differences soon arose, which split each faction into two—and that upon the *principle* on which these several dogmas should be maintained—whether, on the one hand, on the ground of historical evidence and matter of fact; or, on the other, on that of reason, analogy, and symbolical fitness. The most virulent animosities ensued;—but the reader sees what the author has in his eye—not any attack upon religion—quite the contrary—but upon the selfish interests of its professors and would-be controllers of opinion—upon all who mistake the forms for the essence. But Swift is matchless in this department.

Cabinet Library. Vol. II. The First of George IV.—Though a determined partizan of Whiggism, the author has thrown his heart—perhaps too much of it—into the narrative, and produced a spirited volume, that any body of any party may read—except the last remains—now all but gone, for their occupation is gone, or going—of the "king's friends." *They* will be shocked at every turn, for the author has lost all respect for the "good old king," and his magnanimous consort. The story begins with the birth of the prince, and involves the whole reign of his father. In the writer's estimate, George the Third was not the kind father some are fond of representing him; but first an injudicious, and then a harsh one—partaking of the hereditary jealousies of his grandfather and great-grandfather towards their sons; —and as to his kingly qualities, he represents him—not without proof—as despotic in principle, and false and hypocritical in conduct. "Charles the First was a good king, a very good king, but he did not know how to govern by a parliament," was a frequent remark of his, with a complacent reference to himself; while his grand maxim was, according to Watson, that the king, who does not know how to dissemble, does not know how to reign. Much of the royal pertinacity is attributed, and with apparent reason, to latent insanity—three pretty unequivocal attacks are believed to have occurred before the acknowledged one of 1788. "The lurking infirmity, indeed," says the writer, "may be traced in the review of his transactions for many years, with parliament, his ministers, and his eldest son—in his jealousy of his power and prerogatives—his distrust and deception of those with whom he had intercourse—and in his peculiar traits of dissimulation and finesse"—and, it may perhaps be added, in his fear of Mr. Pitt, and submission: he had certainly no affection for him.

The prince's extravagances and dissipations—though attributed without scruple to the miserable domestic management of the king, who reined up the youth, till he took the bit in his mouth and ran his own mad course—are repeatedly palliated, but not immoderately, while the sharpest censure is cast upon his manifest disposition to sacrifice all to selfish gratifications. Among his early *liaisons*, Mrs. Robinson of course figures—her romance is deservedly laughed at, but in throwing her off, and shrinking from the fulfilment of his engagements, he shewed precisely the same sort of cold and callous feeling which characterized him through life, and made the dismissal of a mistress, a wife, a companion, or a friend, a matter of equal indifference. His debts, his intrigues, his follies, his profligacies, his gaieties, fill perhaps too conspicuous a place in the history—but what else was there to tell for three-fourths of his life? The inglorious story is brought in this first volume nearly to the year 1799.

The Persian Adventurer, By J. B. Frazer, Esq., Author of "A Tour to the Himala Mountains," "Travels in Persia," &c. 3 vols. 12mo.—This is a sequel and the conclusion of the author's spirited sketch of oriental scenes and manners, commenced some time ago, under the questionable name of Kuzzilbash. Certainly the name of a book may justly be expected to convey some indication of its contents; and not one in a thousand—strangers to the East—could divine that Kuzzilbash was the appellative of a red-cap Persian soldier. The book in fact was mistaken for a cookery-book by some *bon-vivant*, who took the

title for a new reading, or new spelling rather, of Guzzle-book, and purchased accordingly. The new title speaks intelligibly enough, and Ismael's adventures are prosecuted with unrelaxed vivacity through the rest of Nadir's turbulent life to its violent close. Ismael was soon again employed upon perilous services by Nadir's brother, and especially upon a diplomatic one to a revolting chief, from whose dungeons he escapes with life by all but a miracle—becomes a favourite with Nadir himself—is promoted to great honour, and accompanies him in his invasion of Hindostan. On his return, in a moment of excitement, he is flung from the heights of favour to the abysses of disgrace. After new adventures and distant roamings he returns again to the capital of Persia—meets with an old and staunch friend, who has, in his absence, protected his family—rescues, in an accidental encounter, the Shah's nephew—ventures at his urgency, into the presence of Nadir—is restored again to the light of his countenance, and is finally again destined to destruction along with the rest of the veteran Kuzzilbashes, by the savage and insane projects of vengeance of the Shah, which at last seal his own doom. Under a grandson of Nadir, Ismael continues in command of his native province, and appears to be growing old in comparative calm and security.

The animation of the eventful story never flags; and the writer's personal knowledge of many or most of the countries in which his hero's adventures are cast, with his perfect familiarity with oriental manners, gives life and reality to the piece, and prompts the reader to proceed with full confidence as to its general truth and resemblance. Nadir is, however, the chief object of interest, and his career—east and west—is admirably traced, and especially his moral degeneracy from some magnanimity and rough-hewn justice to a despotism which scarcely distinguished friends from foes—from occasional bursts and caprices which hazarded the safety of his favourites, to an habitual and brutal ferocity which finally became intolerable to the lowest slaves. Nadir, in short, so much reminds the reader of Napoleon, that we are half afraid the author has had him too much in his eye. Napoleon, at all events, in similar scenes, and similar institutions, with his fiery vehemence and overbearing temperament, would have been precisely the man—he was the Nadir of the West. One of the most striking portions of the book is the invasion of Hindostan. The occupation of Dehlee (Delhi), the tumult of the populace, and the consequent carnage—a piece of cool and tiger-like vengeance—are capital pictures, painted to the life with an energy and fidelity worthy of the author's pencil.

American Tales for Little Boys and Girls. Selected by Miss Mitford. 3 small volumes.—Really this is an admirable collection of little tales adapted in the cleverest manner for the ready comprehension of the earliest age. Miss Mitford has been as successful in her researches in favour of little boys and girls as she was for their elders. The aim of all the stories is the correction of faults and foibles, enforced on the practical ground of experience. The inconveniences attending their peccadillos operate as the main inducement for amendment. The point of duty is first inculcated, and care is taken to mark the consequences of disobedience—the natural penalties of neglect, obstinacy, or levity—of disregarding the advice of those more experienced than themselves. Parents and teachers also may gather excellent hints — the indirect lesson can scarcely fail sometimes to tell. The difference between these little books and Miss Edgeworth's stories consists in the care that is taken to impress religious sanctions. The incidents are all of them exceedingly natural, and managed with great tact and skill. The good sense that governs the whole is beyond all praise.

The Art of Miniature Painting on Ivory. By Arthur Parsey, Professor of Miniature Painting and Perspective.—*We* have certainly not put these principles to the test of experience: but they appear to us calculated to do all that a book can do, which is probably, in these matters, at the very best, but little, both in directing towards right and warning against wrong. The writer is *no* writer—his language is full of slip-slop; but he has obviously considered his subject, and does not, in the common spirit of quackery, promise miracles, nor does he hold out—which would be one—perfection as mechanically attainable. Labour and study are not depreciated, but enforced; drawing must go before colouring, and is of incomparably greater importance. In the natural order of things we must walk before we can run; and in spite of all that teaching can do, more will be accomplished by study than acquired by instruction—which is probably true, be the pursuit what it may.

Freedom of hand is likely to be promoted by geometrical figure-drawing, which is probably a questionable matter. The pencil is to be held as a schoolmaster holds a pen, that is, according to Mr. Langford, author of "The Beauties of Penmanship," so as to slope his writing at an angle of 54 degrees to

a second. But why? Mr. Parsey *demonstrates* thus:—"Noticing," says he, "the angle of other eminent penmen to differ, I was induced to endeavour to demonstrate it, and after considerable patience, I discovered, that if the individual sits directly before the paper—rests half the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, on the table—rests on the points of the third and little finger, the middle finger straight, the thumb embracing the pen near the nail—the pen passing through the middle of the first joint of the fore-finger, and the wrist kept an inch off the table—on extending the pen and drawing it to the point of radius, the down stroke produced an angle of 54; the angle of the pen, before extended from the point of radius, 65 degrees — this demonstrated that 54 degrees is the *true* slope of writing," &c.

Mr. Parsey piques himself upon his use of the *scraper*—"It is," he says, in terms we do not quite comprehend, "new, and while it adds a lustre to miniature painting, I trust the connecting idea on oil painting may give a reputation to British works, which the talent of this country is fully too competent to merit." We leave the matter to the craft.

The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race, by C. O. Müller, Professor in the University of Gottingen, translated by Messrs. Tuffnel and Lewis; 2 vols., 8vo.—Professor Müller's History of the Dorians has fallen into our hands too late to enable us to communicate with any accuracy the learned writer's general views, or to present specifically the results of his researches. They are often, we are aware, unexpectedly successful. We can only congratulate the public on a translation which has been executed by competent persons, and which has had also the singular good-fortune of being revised by the author himself. His corrections, it is stated, are of so extensive a kind as to make the work rather a new edition, or even a re-construction, than a mere translation. The history before us, is a portion only of a more considerable work, entitled, or to be entitled, the Histories of Greek Tribes and Cities—forming the second and third volumes, but still sufficiently detached from the general fabric to be read as a separate performance of a perfectly distinct work. It contains the *whole* history of the Dorians—traced as far back as the eagle glance of the writer could penetrate the chaos of mythology and tradition, and blunder—a confusion worse confounded by legions of poets, who one after another have substituted their own imaginings for facts, with a caprice and a wantonness that baffle sagacity, and defy reduction. The Olympus of Thessaly must be, for want of further materials,—regarded as the aboriginal seat of the Dorians of *history*. The chief events of their early story, are their emigration to Crete—that of a part of them only, of course — before the days of Minos, who himself proves to have been a Dorian; and their irruption into the Peloponnesus, in conjunction with the Heraclidæ, if indeed they were not alike Dorians. The author seems to regard the hereditary claim of the Heraclidæ to the sovereignty of Argos, or perhaps of the whole of the Peloponnesus, as all moonshine, and, of course, the grand "Return," of the said Heraclidæ, as "signifying nothing." Delphi was early in the hands of the Dorians—apparently they must be regarded as the institutors of the oracle of Apollo, through which they influenced the fortunes of Greece for ages. Our recollection of Müller's work is most alive as to the part connected with the worship of Apollo, who superseded, or took the lead of all other forms and objects of religious reverence, wherever the Dorians spread their conquests, or obtained a predominant influence. The second volume is filled in a very interesting and satisfactory manner, with inquiries into the political and domestic institutions of the Spartans, who became finally the chiefs and representatives of the Dorian race. The ancient poets are, by most people, young and old, read with as little reference to facts and realities as fairy tales. Such researches as Müller's are calculated to throw a new interest upon them—and are likely to elicit more from them than they were thought to contain.

Tales of a Grandfather—France. By Sir W. Scott, Bart. 3 vols.—We can have no wish to depreciate any effort that Sir Walter Scott thinks it worth his while to make; but it is scarcely within the allowable limits of literary manœuvre to mark a consecutive narrative of facts—a common school history, with the name of "Tales of a Grandfather." However, the first portion of his Scotch history might be fairly characterized by the term; the production before us has not the slightest claim to so attractive a title. It is mere trickery contrived in the spirit of trade—to *take*. There is no attempt at insulation—it is simply a continuous series of French history, with something more of detail than usually enters into school epitomes—a succession of facts, without any sifting of motives, or balancing of evidence. The stream of the narrative flows on uninterruptedly—gently, smilingly, gracefully—yet with an animation that never flags; but we cannot but regret that

his powers—his best and ripest powers—are spent upon matters, which a score of ladies might be named in a moment able to accomplish to the full as effectively. The present portion brings the history to the pacification of the factions of Burgundy and Orleans, in the reign of the insane Charles VI.—a period which corresponds with the accession of our Henry V. Henry's invasion of France, and its effects, will form a conspicuous portion of the next series. Sir Walter delights to dwell upon English affairs; and throughout, indeed, France is made a subject of subordinate interest to England. He is obviously no Frenchman. The book is not written in or for the latitude of Paris.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

Time's Telescope, for 1831, the "parent of the annuals," made its appearance somewhat later than the rest of them, but it may still be considered a "complete guide to the almanack." It is the eighteenth volume, and assumes a very different form to that of its predecessors. Its red-letter information is satisfactory, but somewhat more elaborate than might be. There are many who would have put up with a briefer register of the saints' days and holidays, and a less abstruse record of astronomical occurrences. But the sketches of biography, and the poetical beauties scattered liberally through the pages, are not so easily to be spared. To these advantages, engravings and wood-cuts are addded, of a more than passable character, so that *Time's Telescope* forms a volume that will be as acceptable to the advocates of utility as to the cultivators of the ornamental.

The Dutch Girl is a very beautiful print, from a picture every way worthy of it. Mr. Newton's exquisite design is here brilliantly given in a line engraving, by George T. Doo. It forms a companion to the Forsaken, by the same artist, and evinces the fine taste, delicacy, and truth for which most of his productions are distinguished. The fault of it is, that it is almost too beautiful to be Dutch. The face is eminently lovely, and the costume adds to the whole form a character of perfect grace and simplicity. There appears some little want of correctness in the hand that is putting back the curtain, but it is not observed in the general beauty of the figure.

The Pointer, a companion to the Spaniel, is from a picture by M. T. Ward, R.A. The engraving, which was commenced by John Scott, and finished by Webb, is a bright and spirited delineation of the dog, and will find favour, we think, in other eyes, besides those of sportsmen.

Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin is a fine mezzotint, by W. Giller, from Cooper's bold and animated design. It is full of the life and energy that should characterise such a subject.

The Characteristic Sketches of Animals, drawn and engraved by Thomas Landseer, will form a most important addition to the stock of zoological illustrations. The drawings, from life, are exceedingly spirited and natural, and the execution is the work of a hand that knows how to exhibit the power and delicacy of its own designs with appropriate effect. In the part before us, the Lion and the Polar Bear eclipse all their predecessors in art that we have seen; and the vignette of the monkeys retreating from the Jaguar is inimitably grotesque.

The ludicrous effect of this vignette forms a very becoming introduction to the next work which we have to notice—a third sample of George Cruikshank's *Scraps and Sketches*. Here are at least fifty new proofs that Mr. Cruikshank has not even the shadow of a rival in the whole world, and that that world is immensely indebted to him. Care comes not near him. We forget such things as the national debt, amidst the whims and wonders that are here congregated. We can even give a humoured glance at the fogs, and regard the want of daylight and sunshine with a complacent spirit, while a candle remains to light us to such regions of humour as are here opened to us. The first set of scraps presents some tea-kettles singing in the most animated strain, and a number of the pleasantest pairs of bellows possible, all turned into humanities, and assuming various characters. The fat people are almost as facetious as the bellows. The view of an African settlement, all tombs and monuments, is satirically conceived; and the Nobodies are worthy of their associates in this irresistible assemblage.

We turn now to an amusing little collection of *Caricatures which have appeared in Paris since the late Revolution*. The object is said to be to present "the means of judging how far our sprightly neighbours are likely to succeed in a species of satire, that until now they have had but little opportunity of practising." There are twenty-four of these caricatures, all devoted to Charles and his family, and most of them full of

point and pun. The face of the ex-king presents a fair subject, and is made the most of, in many ingenious shapes. They have, of course, been popular enough in Paris; and, next to Paris, they ought to be most popular in London. The interest of them is not likely to die away.

We must not forget to notice three portraits of the female nobility, that are lying before us, forming three graces as fascinating as any that fiction ever gave birth to, and certainly not less fascinating for being likenesses of living beauties. These prints form the embellishments of the three numbers of *La Belle Assemblée*, that have appeared this year; and are well entitled to be admitted into the Portrait Gallery of illustrious females that distinguishes that work. The first is the Princess Esterhazy, by Dean, a very sweet engraving, exhibiting a style of beauty not to be resisted—a mixture of voluptuousness and sentiment. The next is a portrait of Lady Durham, daughter of Earl Grey; it is touched with all the charm of Lawrence's pencil, and is doubly interesting for its resemblance, in character and general expression, to the premier. The third, embellishing the number for March, is a portrait of the Dowager Countess of Errol; this is engraved by Dean, and forms an attractive picture—the black veil thrown gracefully over the head and shoulders, and the open volume, adding an air of pensiveness to the general interest of the features, and giving sentiment to the rich expression of the eyes.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A few bright mornings at this season of the year are invaluable for many reasons; and for none more than for the opportunities which they present to the lover of art, and to the admirer of beauties of all kinds, for visiting the British Institution. Beauties he will here meet, and colours that burst upon the eye with the brilliancy of an artificial summer, and look like a satire upon the climate. He will also find, what indeed he has but too much reason to expect, a sufficient number of anti-beautiful objects to relieve him from all danger of being cloyed by a feast of sweets, and to make him seize upon what is really delightful with a double relish. We shall begin with the first, which is certainly not the fairest, in the collection. It grieves us to differ with such a personage as the President of any Royal Academy in existence; but we must confess that Sir Martin Archer Shee's Lavinia is a very different being from our beau ideal of Thomson's "*lovely*, *young* Lavinia."

Next follows an admirable group of terriers and other dogs, who are prevented from "supping their parritch o'er hot," by the warning finger of a Scotch boy, who seems to take pride in presiding at such a mess. A glance at the fidelity to nature, and the clearness of colour and tone, was sufficient to make us regard the name of Edwin Landseer in the catalogue as superfluous. We have to congratulate him on his lately and justly attained honours. We wish he had not sent 25. It is evidently a hurried production, and quite foreign to his usual choice of subject. Nothing can be more felicitous than his Two Dogs, 248. Whitechapel never produced a more finished specimen of its "low life" than the ugly, vulgar-looking animal, who sits in the back kitchen, surrounded by the evidences of his master's habits: the pipe, the porter-pot, shabby hat, and greasy top-boots, are all in admirable keeping. The contrast is delightful. The gentle face and elegant form of the other, harmonize well with the rug on which he is reposing, in the chamber of a baronial castle. They are both clever dogs, and tell their stories well. The Highland Cradle, 283, and Highland Game, 289, by the same hand, are pictures not to be hastily passed.

Roberts has given a finely painted interior, 12.

Collins's Nutting Party, 29, is sparkling and natural, but the boy on the left hand has the face of an old man.

Copley Fielding's 30, and 478, are spirited and masterly sketches.

Mr. Boxall has a very beautiful female head, illustrative of a no less beautiful line of Shakspeare, misquoted in the catalogue, "A quest of thoughts, all tenants of the heart." The feeling and sentiment of this picture are delightful; and the whole arrangement of it exquisitely tasteful.

Mr. J. Wood's Affectionate Sisters, charms both the eye and the heart. It is a very lovely composition. There are two other pictures by the same artist, equally creditable to his taste and feeling. One of these, "The Orphans," was engraved for one of the annuals.

Stump's 73, is well painted, but badly named, if he means it for the Sir Edward Mortimer of Colman—the Falkland of Godwin.

It was considerate of Mr. Liverseege to print in large letters, beneath 80, "Captain Mackheath," for who could have guessed that a man with mustachios, and lip *à la Henri Quatre*, in a pair of most exemplary life-guard boots, could be mistaken for Gay's hero. Besides, even in Newgate, Macheath was too much of a gentleman to drink his wine out of an ale-glass. Had the fetters been omitted, and the picture

called Serjeant Bothwell, it might have had more pretensions to character.

76 and 82 are gorgeous specimens of colouring, in Etty's best style.

Clint has sent only one picture, 95. He has been happy in his subject, and it is handled with peculiar care and attention. The arch face of Mistress Ford, looking as full of innocent fun as any "wife," be she ever so "merry," ought to look, the ponderous and luxurious Jack, lifting the arras—the elaborately carved wainscoat — the rush matting—all are touched with something of the spirit of a Zoffany.

Webster has three pictures; we select his very humorous illustration of the late political panacea, The Catholic Question, 113. It is an admirable bit of mischief, almost Hogarthian in its composition.

116, Country Gossip. Tennant seems to have caught some of the brilliancy of Cuyp; the cattle, the herbage, and the rolling off of the morning mist, are ably depicted.

161 and 164. Walnuts and Filberts, by Oliver, might be considered, even by such a critic as Lord Norbury, as *crack* productions.

The Signal, 171, Parker, possesses considerable merit; a little more atmosphere to separate the fore-ground from the rest, would have improved it.

172, Uwins, a singular and well managed effect.

186, The Truant, Good, is uncommonly good. Heaven keep the rising generation from the cane of such a domine! The schoolmaster is not "abroad" here.

Singleton's Richard's Dream, 189, is frightful enough to scare a conscience less troubled than the usurper's.

Knight's Pedlar, 215, has many clever points, but is unequal in its finish.

228 and 481, Mexican women, by Boaden, are striking pictures, in this young artist's best manner—novel, interesting, and picturesque.

Lance has nearly outdone his former efforts. The Royal Wine Cooler, 250, although a most imposing and elaborate picture, does not please us so much as the Casket, 489. How sparkling and brilliant the gems! how delicate and rotund the pearls! Nothing can exceed the exquisite group of blossoms, leaves, and fruit, 270, or the finish and truth of his "Fruit Piece," 353. We saw ladies longing for a slice of a most particularly attractive pine, that appeared as though it were offering itself to be snatched, and only waited to be carried away.

447. Mount St. Michael, is from the pencil of Stanfield. The transparency and agitation of the water, and those peculiar tints we invariably find "in shore," the spirited action of the figures, the sharpness of the architecture, the aërial effect that pervades the more distant points of this very singular and interesting rock, are all worthy of the painter in his most inspired mood.

There are two pictures, by A. Henning, which we cannot permit ourselves to pass over—one is an old Scotch connoisseur in Whiskey, evidently from life; and the other, a bolder and equally masterly attempt, presents a very Shakspearian group in the persons of Old Jack and his Eastcheap companions. Undepictable as Falstaff is, and difficult as it may be to approach even within the shadow of his immortal shoe-tie, this is a composition which those who know the subject best will relish most; the glorious knight, as he sits here, is worthy to be the centre of such a circle of humour. It is excellent both in character and colouring.

We had marked several pictures for notice, which we must now content ourselves with bringing within a more restricted compass: such as, 10, Going to Mass, Hart. 57, by Hilditch. 74, a sweet bit of English scenery, Chalon. 87, a touching picture, by Bridges. 142, The Fair Day. 153, Greenwich Hall. 166, by Rogers. 302, The Bitter Morning, by Buss, 304, Reingale. 347 and 529, by Brockedon. 355, Burgess. Windsor, sweetly painted, by Naysmith, 439. Dean's Rotterdam, 441. Chisholmes, 448. A magnificent cascade at Cader Idris, 494, by Lewis. 527, by Harriott; and 546, The Forecastle of a Leith Smack.

Why the eye should be distracted, and the taste offended, by the exhibition of such pictures, for instance, as Nos. 56, 58, 63, 416, 518, and 542, we cannot conveniently imagine. Surely bare walls, or an occasional blank space, would be better than bad pictures.

From the few pieces of sculpture, we select for notice Carew's Falconer, as a noble conception, executed with considerable felicity.

Looking at it generally, the collection may be pronounced a gratifying one. It is an evidence of the gradual improvement of the art; and will, we trust, be the means of calling forth an additional proof of a growing disposition to cherish and advance it.

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To Thomas Bailey, of Leicester, framesmith, and Charles Bailey, of the same place, framesmith, for certain improvements in machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin net.—Feb. 15th; 6 months.

To William Payne, of New Bond-street, Middlesex, watch and clock maker, for an improved pedometer for the waistcoat pocket upon a new and very simple construction.—Feb. 15th; 2 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of March, 1817, *expire in the present month of March*, 1831.

1. William Henry Osborn, Acton, Warwick, *new method of producing cylinders.*

—. Daniel Wilson, Dublin, *gas light apparatus and philosophical instruments.*

11. Urbanus Sartoris, London, *improved fire-arms.*

—. William Baybould, London, *improved fire grates.*

—. Ludwig Granholm, London, *method of preserving animal and vegetable products.*

—. William Panter, Bath, *method of facilitating rotatory motion.*

18. John Winter, Bristol, *method of combining horn and tortoise-shell by heat and pressure.*

21. Daniel Wheeler, London, *method of drying and preparing malt.*

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

We enjoyed during nearly a week, those south-west and westerly breezes for which we prayed in our last. They were of signal benefit to the crops, and considerably efficient in bringing the heavy wet soils into a culturable state. Since, however, the wind has taken its former course of constant and suddenly repeated transitions from east to west, and north to south, with equal vicissitudes of temperature. Those changes have had rather an unfavourable effect upon the wheats, particularly the latter sown and weak. The frost, for two days severe in the extreme, immediately became mild, and deserted us no doubt for the present season; though in the north of Scotland it is reported to have been of two months' duration. The fall of snow was immensely great, during the short time it lasted, and has been attended with much damase, and some loss of human life, both here and in Ireland. The floods occasioned by its melting have occasioned much loss in

various parts. As to the benefits of the frost or snow, their continuance was too short to be very productive, no great extent of carting or other operations having been performed: the same with regard to the snow as a cover and defence of the corn, it being generally driven up in vast wreaths by the wind, leaving part of the corn, too often the late sown and backward, most in want of defence, almost entirely uncovered. The heavy lands have however received some benefit, and bean planting has been since proceeding with an expedition which shews the opinion in favour of early sowing in the spring. The forward soils are prepared for oats and barley, and a portion of the former are already in the soil. Seed barley is in great demand, not only from the scarcity of that grain fit for seed, but on account of the small quantity left in the hands of the farmers, from the peculiar circumstance of its being so largely threshed for market, as from the stoppage of the machines, it was not so practicable to obtain a timely supply of wheat. Thence the general opinion that so much wheat being withheld will come in supply of the markets towards the end of the season. One reason assigned for the great breadth of wheat said to be sown, is the extensive failure of the turnip crop, those lands being in consequence sown with wheat. The foul and neglected state of the lands is a general topic, and we observe in print, the very wholesome advice, repeated however from authority more than three score years old, and even generally neglected, to substitute hoeing cattle crops on heavy lands for summer fallows, as the only means of clearing the soil; the chief defect in this advice is, that *all corn crops* are not included. On the coast of Kent particularly, they have wisely availed themselves of the late vast shoals of sprats, as a manure for their barley lands, the fish being to be purchased at ninepence per bushel, and at such low price only, said to be profitable, the manure being effective but for one crop. Wheats are improving in height and luxuriance, and the latter sown begin to make a figure, most upon the light lands, which will probably win again in the present crop.

The general tone in the market reports has been and continues, a moderate or short supply of English wheat. Prices gradually advancing, and will probably continue so for some months at least; for the foreign supply has been greatly checked, not only by the short crops, but by the existing troubles on the Continent. Live stock, fat and lean, advance in price in a similar ratio. The rot in sheep has rather increased, at least spread to a greater extent, to the ruin of many flockmasters, and it is generally supposed that a great scarcity will be found in the national flocks in succeeding years. Indeed the scarcity of mutton would have already been great in the market, but for the vast numbers of suspected sheep which have been slaughtered. This may have operated as one material cause of the great rise and demand of wool, of which the stocks in the country are said to be very low. Pigs, both store and fat, have taken another start in price. Of horses nothing worthy of report occurs; the ordinary sort have been reduced nearly to the price of former days, and the best kinds are somewhat lower than of late years. Little is doing in hops, bating some speculations to no great extent.

We stated in our last that the troubles in the country had subsided, which is correct, as far as regards insurrection and open violence; but we regret to say that various instances of horrible and treacherous incendiarism subsequently took place. The unemployed labourers are said to be numerous, and even probably to increase, a subject of great dismay in the country. In the richest counties they are yet fully employed, at from 12s. to 14s. per week, in others at 9s. and 10s. Previously to the troubles the majority of them were in a state of actual starvation; and yet we have seen letters which mainly attributed those troubles to the labourers frequenting the new beer shops, and by their inordinate consumption, actually reducing the stock of malt to a very low ebb. This is surely enigmatical, that starving and pennyless labourers should possess the means of such an indulgence. From Dublin and various parts of Ireland, accounts of the deplorable state of the poor, and actual mortality in consequence, to a great extent, are truly appalling.

Smithfield—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 60s. to 86s.—Barley, 30s. to 50s.—Oats, 23s. to 34s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 40s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw, 34s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, 27s. to 36s. 3d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, Feb. 21st.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—West India Sugar was very heavy last week; the stock is now 23,853 hhds., being 1,901 less than last year. Mauritius is 27,073 bags, being 43,499 less than last year. The market has rather a languid appearance, the trade being necessarily engaged in valuing sugars. The refined market revived towards the close of last week, and large and small lumps were in particular demand; the fine was dull, and prices a shade lower. Low goods continue in demand; lumps are 1s. higher than on Tuesday last. Fine goods dull. Molasses heavy at 22s. 6d. Foreign Sugars—The only purchases are damaged parcels, which have sold at rather better prices; Bahar, damaged, sold at 12s. to 21s., the sound all taken in. Mauritius Sugars are not so brisk as usual; the middling and good sugars went off at 6d. to 1s. per cwt. lower, on account of the supplies being generally of good and fine descriptions; the low browns supported prices; Siam sold at 21s. 6d. to 25s. 6d.; Java, all taken in. Average price of Sugar 26s. 2½d. per cwt.

COFFEE.—By private contract the sales have been very extensive, they consist of nearly 5,000 bags, Foreign and East India, at advancing prices; St. Domingo, 36s. to 37s.—Brazil, 37s. to 39s.—Sumatra, 28s. to 32s.—Batavia, 34s. to 36s.—good Ceylon, 36s.—Brazil sold at 39s. 6d.; the Mocha at former prices; Jamaica, 53s. 6d. to 59s.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The Spirit Market rather languid; yesterday there was some briskness in trade on account of the rise of 3d. per gallon in British spirits (now 11s. per gallon, and 11s. 3d. credit); some Leewards were sold at 1s. 11d., and for proofs, 2s. 10. In Brandy and Geneva there is no alteration.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow Market is more firm on account of the warlike appearance of Paris, and the facility given to the bonding here till October; the prices are a shade higher. In Hemp and Flax there is little alteration, the advance in the former is firmly maintained.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1½.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Hamburgh, 13. 11.——Altona, 0. 0.—Paris, 25. 50.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 151. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 0.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 37. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 37. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0¼.—Leghorn, 49. 0¾.—Genoa, 25. 60.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 39. 0.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 46. 0.—Oporto, 46. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 20. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (⅛ sh.) 270*l.*—Coventry, 000*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 75*l.*—Grand Junction, 245*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, 00*l.*—Regent's, 18¼*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 620*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 250*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock) 63*l.*—West India (Stock), 135*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 118*l.*—Grand Junction, 48½*l.*—West Middlesex, 72*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8¾*l.*—Globe, 142½*l.*—Guardian, 25*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 96½*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52¾*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 1¼ dis—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from January 23d to 23d February 1831, *in the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

A. Lyon, and N. J. Culisher, Birmingham, jewellers.
S. Webb, Reading, builder.
R. Bacon, Fenchurch-street, tea-broker.
T. Brown, Wednesbury, dealer.
J. Heane, Gloucester, brick-maker.
R. Davies, Lisle-street, coal-merchant.
G. Comley, Ulley, clothier.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 95.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Atkins, A., Gloucester, merchant. (Lews, Temple; Tims, Banbury.
Aughtelony, J. R., Great Ormond-street, dyer. (Beethams, Freeman's-court.
Ansell, M. and A. Jacob. Lambeth-walk, jewellers. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.
Allnutt, J., Chesham, paper-maker. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane.

Backler, S., St. James's-street, tobacconist. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane.
Bretherton, P. jun., Liverpool, dealer. (Blackstock and Co., Temple.
Baugh, J., Middle Wallop, victualler. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Mann, Andover.
Broadley, J. and J. Watson, Oldham, cotton-spinners. (Milne and Co., Temple; Skeltorn, Oldham.
Bond, R., Plymouth, printer. (Blake, Essex-street; Prideaux, Plymouth.
Burt, T., Holborn-hill, manufacturer. (Hall, Gt. James-street.
Brimicombe, W., Totness, plumber. (King and Co., Gray's-Inn; Carey and Co., Bristol.
Benson, J. and J., Manchester, commission-agents. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row: Mackintosh, Manchester.
Breeden, S., Birmingham, draper. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartlett, Birmingham.
Brown, P., Farnham, upholder. (Teague, Lawrence Pounteney-hill.
Baker, E., Bristol, gas-manufacturer. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Lemans and Son, Bristol.
Bindley, J. Sen., Ashby-de-la-Zouch, glue-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Fisher, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Bridge, J., King's-Lynn, builder. (Clowes and Co. Temple; Pitcher, King's-Lynn.
Cozens, J. L., Bedminster, Victualler. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Whittaker, Frome.
Coulstock, J., Reigate, miller. (Lutley and Son. Dyer's-hall.
Coe, S., Shimpling, malster. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds.
Cook, W., Southwark-bridge-road, coachmaker. (Smith, Gt. Eastcheap.
Collins, J. J., Islington, victualler. (Bowles, King's Arm's-yard.
Coombs, S., St. Wolles, coal-merchant. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Prothero and Co. Newport.
Cameron, J., T. Johnson, and W. Bevan, Henrietta-street, tailors, (Croft and Co., Bedford-row.
Desormeaux, D., White Conduit-fields, chemist. (Brooks, New-inn.
Delacour, T. C., London, diamond merchant. (Swilt, Carey-street.
Dewy, J., Barton St. Mary, builder. (Fleming, Southwark.
Etheridge, H. J. F., Broad-street, grocer. (Smith, Dorset-street.
Ewington, W., Finsbury-square, wine-merchant. (Wigley, Essex-street.
Fox, W., Great Driffield, tanner. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Foster, Great Driffield.
Fallows, W., Stafford, inn-keeper. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Collis, Stourbridge.
Farrell, J., Liverpool, horse-dealer. (Bebb and Co., Gt. Marlborough-street; Armstrong, Liverpool.
Gray, W., Giltspur-street, victualler. (Venning and Co., Copthall-buildings.
Griffin, T. Lambeth. timber-merchant. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street.
Gray, J., and Morris, W. P., Bristol, wine-merchants. (Cook and Co., New-inn; Gilard, Bristol.
Goodwin, H. A., Millbank-street, plaster-of-Paris-manufacturer. (Gibbard, Lambeth.
Harrison, J., Hammersmith, coal-merchant. (Baddeley's, Leman-street.
Hall, T., Wigan, shopkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Leigh, Wigan.
Hamer, W., Wigan, coach-maker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Battersby and Co., Wigan.
Hawksworth, E., Almondbury, grocer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane: Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield.
Hoskin, R., Manchester, silk-merchant. (Hindmarsh and Son, Jewin-street; Hindmarsh and Co., Manchester.
Harrison, T., Northallerton, currier. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Whytehead, Thirsk.
Hough, C., Monmouth, printer. (Meredith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Newman, Cheltenham.
Holland, M. R. and J., Manchester, common carriers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row.
Insole, G. and R. Biddle, Cardiff, brickmakers. Hornby and Co., St. Swithin's-lane: Towgood, Cardiff.
Jackson, T., St. Bees, miller. (Pearson, Staple's-inn; Shirwen, Whitehaven.
Jackson, J., Horsleydown, coal-merchant. (Battenbury, Southwark.
Jones, D., Liverpool, furniture-broker. (Bebb and Co., Gt. Marlborough-street; Armstrong, Liverpool.
Jones, R., Gracechurch-street, woollen-draper. (Clark, Broad-street.
Jenkins, R., Newport, coal-merchant. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Prothero and Co., Newport.
Kidd, J., Hammersmith, broker. (Laver, Hammersmith.
Killerby, J., Southwark, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Wragg, Southwark-Bridge-road.
Lloyd, H. Temple, scrivener. (Fry, Southwark.
Lamb, J. and J., Liverpool, saddlers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford row; Mawdesley, Liverpool.
Laskey, R., Exeter, haberdasher. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street: Brutton, Exeter.
Lownds, G. E., Ratcliff-highway, ironmonger. (Hensman, Bond-court.
Landray, W., Lyme Regis, printer. (Walton and Co., Warnford-court; Hingeston, Lyme Regis.
Lazenby, T., York, grocer. (Pearce and Co., Swithin's-lane; Richardson and Co., York.
Lee, J., York, haberdasher. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Blanshard and Co., York.
Munro, J., Liverpool, ironfounder. (Walmsley and Co., Chancery lane; Holden, Liverpool.
Miall, S., Sun Tavern-fields, victualler. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings.
Mark, H., Camberwell, wine-merchant. (Lane, Frith-street.
Martin, J., sen., Swindon, currier. (Tilson and Co., Colman-street; Hall, Hungerford.
Nicholson, T., Burstwick, horse-dealer. (Walmsley and Co., Chancery-lane; Dryden, Hull.
O'Neill, C., Liverpool, builder. (Bebb and Co., Gt. Marlborough-street; Armstrong, Liverpool.
Paddon, F. W. Plymouth, printer. (Squire, Plymouth.
Peæose, J., Sidbury, victualler. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Daw, Exeter.
Perry, H., Old Jewry, baker, and George-street, Bethnal-green, victualler. ((Ashton, Old Broad-street.
Poarch, J., Cheltenham, grocer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol.
Richardson, J., Gt. Surrey-street, currier. (Drew, Bermondsey.
Rodwell, G. B., James-street, linen-draper. (Heming, Gt. Knight-rider-street.
Redhouse, T., Crooked-lane, ship-broker. (Lewis, Crutched-friars.
Russell, G., Brownlow-street, coach-smith. (Walker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Reed, A., Bishopmiddleham, brewer. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Marshall, jun., Durham.
Spooner, C., Union-street, colourman. (Abbot, Nicholas-lane.
Storke, W., Leftwich, bone-dealer. (Blackstock and Co., Temple.
Summers, H., Manchester, lace-manufacturer. (Nias, Copthall-court; Nicholls, Manchester.
Spur, S., Warnford-court, merchant. (Templer and Co., Gt. Tower-street.
Skare, W. H., Dean-street, appraiser. (Lane, Frith-street.
Stewart, P. D., St. John's-wood, and Prince Edward's Island, North America, merchant. (Tribe, Lincoln's-inn fields.
Sherrard, E., Hart-street, tailor. (Loveland, Symond's-inn.
Shaw, G., Birmingham, plater. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields; Elkington and Co., Birmingham.
Thomson, R., Liverpool, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton and Co., Liverpool.
Tipton, R., Gloucester, scrivener. (Tomlins and Co, Staples-inn; Ward, Cheltenham.
Taylor, C., York, inn-keeper. Smithson and Co., New-inn; Robinson, York.

Webb, T., Seymour-street, shoe-maker. (Brough Fleet-street.

Wilson, J. and W., Whitehaven, plasterers. (Falcon, Temple; Hodgson, Whitehaven.

Wood, A., Gt. Tower-street, carpenter. (Cawood, University-street,

Wilby, S., Aldermanbury, vintner. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury.

White, W., Leamington Prior, upholsterer. (Meyrick and Co., Red Lion-square; Burbury and Co., Leamington.

Winn, T., Leeds, victualler. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds.

Wilson, N., Halifax, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Edwards, Bouverie-street; Edwards, Halifax.

Winterflood, R., Little Waltham, inn-keeper. (Holtaway and Co., Took's-court.

Walter, F. A., Piccadilly, coal-merchant. (Melton, Arundel-street.

Young, C., Craig's-court, picture-dealer. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch, and King's-arms'-yard.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Dayman, to the Rectory of Skelton, Cumberland. — Rev. W. M. Tucker, to the Rectory of Widworthy, Devon.—Rev. C. B. Sweet, to the Vicarage of Sampford, Arundell.—Rev. J. Gale, to the Perpetual Curacy of Corfe.—Rev. Dr. Rudge, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. O. S. Harrison, to the Rectory of Stawley, Somerset.—Rev. F. G. Burnaby, to the Vicarages of Barkston and Plungar, Leicester.—Rev. J. G. Durham, to the Vicarge of Newport Pagnell, Bucks.—Rev. H. Fardell to the Vicarage of Wisbech.—Rev. J. K. Bonney, to the Archdeaconry of Leicester.—Rev. H. Nicholls to the Rectory of Goodleigh, Devon.—Rev. W. Rees, to the Rectory of Talbenny, Pembroke.—Rev. G. D. Whitehead, to the Vicarage of Hainton, Lincoln.—Rev. C. S. Wood, to the Rectory of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks.—Rev. E. P. Thomas to the Incumbency of Aberdore, Glamorgan. — Rev. J. Lowe, to the Curacy and Prebend of Riccall, York Cathedral. — Rev. M. Lowry to the Curacy of Brougham, Penrith.—Rev. R. Cobb, to the Vicarage of Deptling, Kent.—Rev. J. A. Clarke, to the Rectory of Portlock, Somerset.—Rev. G. P. Hollis to the Rectory of Doddington, Somerset.—Rev. M. Vallack, to be Curate of St. Andrews, Plymouth.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Feb. 3. Both Houses of Parliament resumed their meetings after the Christmas recess.

— 8. The Attorney-General, in the House of Commons, said that 1,000 persons had been tried for the late outrages, which had been put down by the temperate enforcement of constitutional law, and without extra powers, or military force.

— 9. Mr. Hunt gave notice in the House of Commons, that he would oppose the Dissection Bill, if ever introduced, and by way of amendment, he should move, "that the bodies of those *rich* paupers on the Pension List, as well as *parish* Paupers, should be given up for anatomical purposes!"

— 11. The Lord Chancellor ordered every body to be turned out of the Court, at Lincoln's-Inn Hall, the barristers and attorneys excepted; so much noise having been made, that his Lordship said,—"Persons came there and behaved as if they were at a coffee-house, and by their conversation, totally prevented him from even hearing the pleadings."

— 12. Mr. O'Connell pleaded guilty to the indictment instituted against him at Dublin.

— 17. Old Bailey Sessions commenced.

— 18. Mr. D. Browne stated in the House of Commons, that unless relief was speedily afforded, there would be 200,000 people in Ireland without food; which he attributed to the failure of the potatoe crop along the western coast of Mayo and Galway. In the baronies of Erris and Terawley, the distress which the poor endured, was little short of absolute famine!

— 19. Mr. St. John Long tried at the Old Bailey, for committing an assault upon Mrs. C. C. Lloyd, by administering a certain inflammatory and dangerous liquid, &c., and acquitted.

— 24. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 27 prisoners received sentence of death, 52 were transported, and several imprisoned for various periods.

HOME MARRIAGES.

Rev. T. Phillpotts, son of J. Phillpotts, M. P., to Miss Mary Emma Penelope Hughes.—At Blithfield, Rev. A. Bouverie, 3rd son of Hon. B. Bouverie, to Fanny, 2nd daughter of W. Sneyd, esq., and one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour. — At Kennington, Capt. H. B. Mason, to Ann, widow of Lieut.-Col. G. Arnold.—At Sheffield, J. C. Althorpe, esq., to Miss Mary Fitzgibbon.—T. S. Barwell, esq., to Amelia, daughter of the late Henry Cline, esq.—Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Pack, to Major-General Sir T. Reynell, Bart.—Hon. C. Stuart Wort-

ley, 2nd son of Lord Wharncliffe, to Lady Emmiline Charlotte Elizabeth Manners, 2nd daughter of Duke of Rutland.—Rev. S. Douglas, son of Rear Admiral Douglas, to Maria Edith, daughter of W. Parish, esq.

HOME DEATHS.

At Cricket, St. Thomas, Viscountess Bridport, 85.—At Bath, Rear Admiral Sir Edward Berry, Bart.—Hon. Christiana Phillippa Maria Rolle, youngest sister to Lord Rolle.—In Hartley St., Lady Earle, 77.—Sir John Perring, Bart.—Harriet Louisa, daughter of Right Hon. R. W. Horton.—Richard Paul Jodrell, esq., 86, formerly M. P. for Seaford.—At Hastings, Hon. F. W. Robinson, son of Lord Grantham, and nephew to Earl Enniskillen and Viscount Goderich.—Thomas Hope, esq., the opulent Dutch merchant, and reputed author of *Anastatius*, &c.—At Hough, Rev. R. Hill, 86, uncle to Lord Hill, and brother to Rev Rowland Hill.—Lady Isabella Anne Kingscote, daughter of Duke of Beaufort.—At Woolwich, Lady Robe.—At Bath, Rev. Dr. Trail, 85; he succeeded Dr. R. Simson, the editor of Euclid and the Loci of Apollonius, as Professor of Mathematics in Glasgow, and married Lady Francis Charteris, aunt to Earl of Wemyss.—Lieut.-General Aylmer.—At Eastnor Castle, Countess Somers.—Mr. G. Bloomfield, 84, brother to Robert Bloomfield the poet, and himself the author of many merited compositions.—In Regent's Park, Capt. P. Heywood, R. N.; in 1792, then being a midshipman, he had been 45 days under sentence of death, concerning the Bounty mutiny; and pardoned by the King, and possessing great talent he rose rapidly in the service.—At Skreens, T. G. Bramston, esq., late M. P. Essex.—Catherine, relict of Vice Admiral Sir R. Grindall,—In Dublin, Archdeacon Smyth.—At Oxford, Lord Conyers Osborne, 2nd son of Duke of Leeds.—At St. James's Palace, Hon. Anne Boscawen, daughter of General Boscawen. — At Leamington, Harriet, widow of General Scott.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Vienna, Prince de Metternich, to the Countess Mélanie Zichy.—At Florence, T. Page, esq., to Susanna, eldest daughter of the Hon. Colonel de Courcy, and niece to Lord Kinsale.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In India, Hon. Lady Rumbold.—Her Royal Highness Louisa, Landgravine of Schleswig-Holstein, and grand-daughter to George II.—In the hospital of New York, the son of the celebrated Marmontel, in extreme distress and destitution.—In India, Capt. C. Holroyd, 2nd son of Sir George Sowley Holroyd, late one of the King's Bench Judges.—At Munich, Hon. Margaret Erskine, second daughter of Lord Erskine, Minister at the Court of Bavaria.—At San Pedro, Columbia, General Bolivar, the Liberator of Columbia.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—A great act of justice is about to be performed in behalf of the poor brethren of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin. At a late special meeting of the Common Council at Newcastle, it was resolved to apply for an act of parliament during the present session, to confirm the validity of the existing leases, whose legality was previously doubted; to place the immense property belonging to this charity, on a more secure and equitable basis, and to distribute the profits of it according to the intentions of the founders. The brethren will not only receive the proportion of the rentals to which they are justly entitled, but a new chapel will be erected out of the funds of the hospital, and the master will be required to perform divine service, as originally contemplated, in return for his income.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. — The second annual meeting of the Bristol Horticultural and Botanical Society, was lately held, when the report of the committee, which, after alluding to the pleasure they felt in witnessing, in an establishment of only two years' standing, the happy progress it had made towards perfection, and the full accomplishment of all the objects which the founders and supporters had in contemplation, observed, that the object of the association was not simply that of amusing the fancy, innocent as the idea might be, but substantially to promote the welfare, encourage the industy, and ultimately benefit the whole body of the community.

HANTS.—A numerous and respectable meeting of the inhabitants of Winchester and suburbs, was lately held at the Guildhall, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning Parliament on Reform, when several resolutions were moved and carried unanimously:—the first states, that this meeting is deeply convinced of the necessity, justice, and expediency of a Reform in Parliament, a Reform by which the House of Commons may be rendered a

more perfect representation of the people,—and that the present critical state of the country, and the general progress of opinion, combine in rendering it highly dangerous to delay the adoption of such a measure. Petitions were voted, embodying the resolutions to both Houses.

DEVONSHIRE.—At the 15th annual general meeting of the trustees, managers, and subscribers of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank, held January 31, last, it appeared that there had been accumulated from its institutions, £1,363,586. 19s. 9d., from 124,336 deposits, and that last year no less a sum than £100,590. 4s. 2d., had been received.

CORNWALL.—A considerable degree of discontent has been manifested by the miners, in consequence of the shipment of corn for some of the eastern ports. A body of stream-tinners from Luxullion, Roche, and the adjoining parishes, collected on Friday last, and proceeded to Wadebridge and Padstow, where shipments of corn were being made for Plymouth and other parts of the kingdom. The poor men conducted themselves in an orderly manner, and returned without offering any violence to those engaged in shipping the corn.

On Tuesday last, about three hundred miners of St. Just, entered Penzance in a body, and proceed to the quay there, for the purpose of preventing the exportation of a quantity of barley, then in course of shipment. The two resident magistrates of the town, with several of the inhabitants, repaired to the quay, when they found that the shippers had promised that they would not export the corn, which was accordingly taken back to the warehouses. This measure completely satisfied the miners, and they returned at once to their homes.—*West Briton.*

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The efforts of the Bath Employment Society, continued to be attended with highly beneficial result; no fewer than 64 persons are now employed in making artificial gravel in the Society's yard; 24 men have been set to work on the Bathwick Improvements; 18 in Charlcombe Fields; and on Monday 14 were sent to labour in the Bath Park, amounting altogether to 120, for whom employment has been provided by the Society. Most extensive good has thus been effected in a very short time.

SUSSEX.—Great good has been effected in this county, by the formation of "Labourers' Friend Societies." These Societies are founded on the consideration, that as there is a surplus of labour in the country, which its low price sufficiently proves, the most effectual relief would be to enable the peasant to labour for himself, or to assign him land, at a fair rate, to cultivate with his own hands. The members propose in the outset, to apply themselves to the obtaining correct information of the situation of the agricultural labourers, and they will promote by all possible means, wherever it may be deemed eligible, the allotment of land, and the building of cottages for them; other objects relative to the moral condition of the peasanty, are also included in the plans of the Societies.

WARWICKSHIRE.—At a meeting, lately held at Warwick, of the Nobility Gentry, Clergy, and Land-owners, resolutions were entered into, for establishing an Agricultural Association, to be called "The Warwickshire Agricultural Society." The 7th resolution states:—"That the first and chief object of this Society be, to encourage the Agricultural Labourer in his habits of industry, by offering premiums for the cultivation of his garden, for skill and diligence in his agricultural service, and for general good character: and also to assist him in his exertions to improve his condition, and to render his home comfortable and happy!"

The Birmingham Political Union now consists of upwards of 9000 members, all of whom pay to its funds from 4s. to 40s. per annum.

A detailed statement of the investigation into the circumstances and origin of the late destructive fire at St. Peter's Church, Birmingham, has been published. The referees give it as their opinion that the fire originated from the excessive heat thrown into the smoke flue from the warm-air apparatus.

SCOTLAND.—February 1, 1831, will, we fear, be a memorable day throughout Scotland. On that day we were visited by one of the most violent snow-storms within our recollection, exceeding as we think it does, in magnitude, the storms of 1823 and 1827. This, however, was but the prelude to the brooding and gathering tempest that was impending over it—for early on Tuesday morning, the wind, which was from the east, and which had been moderate during the preceding day, suddenly increased to a perfect hurricane, accompanied by a still heavier and more continuous fall or rather drift of snow. Raging throughout the whole of the day with great fury, the storm towards evening assumed a most terrific aspect—the wind became, if possible, still more outrageous—its tornado-like violence rendering it exceedingly dangerous to be out of doors. On Wednesday morning, Edin-

burgh presented a very picturesque appearance, resembling not a little, that of a city under blockade—the snow lay on the streets in many instances to a great depth, having been blown into long sloping ridges or mounds; the fronts of the houses, and in particular the doors and casements, were so completely studded and battered with snow, as not unfrequently to entirely shut out the light of day.—*Edinburgh Papers.*

It is with the most extreme regret we report the loss of the Dumfries Mail, between Moffat and the Crook, a dreary, wild, and desolate tract of country, without the vestige of a house or a sheeling, and nothing to guide the traveller when the ground is covered with snow, but the snow posts, which extend at intervals for a distance of 7 miles; and in severe weather perhaps the most arduous and perilous journey, south of Edinburgh. The guard, James M'George, and the driver, John Goodfellow, have unfortunately perished in the honourable discharge of their duty; in attempting to proceed with the bags strapped upon their shoulders, in weight 8 stones, after having been obliged to abandon first the coach, and afterwards the extra leaders, which they had mounted.

The take of the herrings in the Frith, has continued for some weeks past to assume the appearance of "miraculous draughts;" nor could they have made their appearance at a more fitting season, to supply the wants of the poor. On Saturday morning last, 39 boats from Newhaven, and about 60 from Buckhaven, drew their nets near Burnt Island. They were very successful, and returned at an early hour in the afternoon, with their cargoes, averaging from four to five cran each boat. The demand was excellent, and the fish sold readily for 9s. to 10s. a cran. About 200 cran have been sent weekly by the canal to Glasgow. This fishing, at the present season, gives employment to upwards of four hundred hardy seamen, and has been yielding a daily supply of eighteen thousand nine hundred gallons of herrings to the public. The retail price has varied, but they have been sold so low as fifteen for a penny!—*North Briton, Feb.* 16.

A Political Union, similar to those of Birmingham, York, Renfrew, and other places, has been recently established at Edinburgh. Several of the gentlemen who proposed or seconded resolutions, prefaced them by speeches, the general purport of which was, a determination to support the present Ministry by every exertion in the power of the Union, if the plan of Reform should be such as ought to satisfy the country! and a fixed resolve, if the Ministerial Reform should be defective, to use every constitutional means of obtaining that portion of Reform which the Ministry delayed!—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

IRELAND.—The annual meeting of the Education Society, recently took place at the schools, in Kildare-place. The report was most gratifying; it states, that 160 schools have been added to the number within the year, and that after deducting 79 schools, which from various causes, had, during the year, ceased to be in connection with the Society, there were on the list on the 5th of January last, 1634 schools, containing 132,534 scholars, a very large proportion of which are Roman Catholics. Thus giving a net increase of 81 schools, and 823 scholars over the amount for the proceding year. While also the schools exhibit an average of 80 scholars for 1829, they shew an average of 81 for 1830; and thus it appears there is an increase in the number of schools, in the number of scholars, and in the average extent of each school—a rare result, considering the circumstances in which the Society has been placed, as remarkable as it is gratifying. The total number of schools assisted from the funds within the year, including the new schools, is 1525, to which have been granted various sums, amounting to £6,504. 7s. 8d., exclusive of gratuities paid to deserving teachers of schools throughout Ireland, and of the expences attending the training school. The number of teachers who have been trained in Kildare-place, since the first opening to the 5th of last month, is—males 1760—females 424—making a total of 2184 teachers attached to the schools in all parts of Ireland, who have been trained by the Society.

It is our melancholy duty this day to state a fact, which is of the most heart-rending nature. From the inquiries that have been made within the last few days, into the state of the poor in that district of Dublin, known as Francis-street parish, it has been found, that out of a population of 25,000 persons, there are 6,000 in a state of absolute want. In part of that district, several human beings of both sexes, of the ages of 14 and 15 years, were found completely naked and huddled together in corners of the rooms, in the vain endeavour to retain some heat in their bodies.—*Dublin Morning Register.*

The Lord Lieutenant has, at his own private expence, chartered vessels at Cork and Larne, and shipped on board them potatoes, for the relief of the distressed peasantry, in the Western and South-Western districts in Ireland.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

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PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The Bill for changing the representation of the people, and new modelling the House of Commons, is now fully before the nation. No public measure within memory has been so closely sifted, so vigorously debated, nor resisted and sustained with such an equality of numbers and ability on both sides. Introduced on Tuesday, the 1st of March, it was debated for seven nights before it reached the vote on the first reading. Yet as this debate, long as it was, must be looked on only as explanatory, the debate on the second reading was the true trial of strength. That debate occupied two nights, and might have occupied many more, from the number who were prepared to speak, but the exhaustion of the House demanded that the discussion should close, and, on Tuesday the 22d, in the most numerous House on record, an assemblage of *six hundred and three* members, out of six hundred and fifty-eight—the second reading was carried by a majority of ONE!

We give the heads of the plan:—

"All boroughs containing less than 2,000 inhabitants, according to the population returns of 1821, to be utterly disfranchised. The number of these boroughs is sixty, and the House would thus be deprived of 119 members.—Boroughs containing less than 4000 inhabitants to be deprived of one member each. These amount to forty-seven.—Weymouth to lose two of its members.—Twenty-seven of the larger counties to return two additional members each.—Seven large towns to have two members each.—Twenty boroughs one each.—The Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth and Holborn divisions of the Metropolis to return two members each.—York to return two additional members (each Riding returning two.)—The Isle of Wight to return one member.—Five additional members to be given to Scotland, and three to Ireland.—The House of Commons would thus be diminished by 168 members, while 106 only would be added; leaving 596 members instead of 658, or effecting a reduction of sixty-two.—All persons inhabiting houses of not less than 10l. annual value will be entitled to vote for the boroughs in which they reside.—All persons holding a lease of twenty-one years and paying 50l. rent will be entitled to vote for counties.—Non-residents are disqualified to vote. The poll to be taken in two days.

On this measure, like all those of its school, our own opinion is decided. We distinctly and entirely reject the calumny that Toryism is

adverse to moderate reform. The true Tory is a lover of the Constitution for its merits, its security of property, personal freedom, and the rights of conscience. On this principle there can be no more determined enemy of each and every abuse, which degrades the purity, that enfeebles the protecting power of the Constitution. On this principle he will go the farthest lengths with the corrector of real abuses, and on this principle he feels it his duty to resist the suspicious corrector of imaginary abuses. He preserves the whole frame of the Constitution sacred, and for that purpose he uniformly and resolutely repels all the tamperings which would attempt to renovate the Constitution by extinguishing its spirit and destroying its frame.

But to put our readers in possession, for their own judgment, of the chief arguments on both sides, we shall give a sketch of two speeches which embodied, in the most direct manner, the principal grounds of the measure and its opposition.—Those of Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell began by the natural, but sufficiently expressive declarations, that he was a radical reformer, that he was an advocate for universal suffrage, a friend to shortening the duration of parliaments, and a favourer of the vote by ballot. His only objection to the bill was, that it did not go far enough. "Still," said Mr. O'Connell, "the measure is a liberal and extensive measure, and it will demonstrate one of two things, either that further reform is not necessary, by proving that greater extension of suffrage and vote by ballot will be of no advantage, or it will give the *vote by ballot without disturbance.* As a *Radical reformer* therefore I heartily accept it."

This was at least open enough, and the sincerity with which the member for Waterford spoke was unquestionable. He plainly acknowledged in it the principle of Radical reform, and rejoiced in the prospect accordingly. After some general observations upon the injuries still left unhealed in Ireland by the bill, he adverted to the argument that the present state of the boroughs afforded an opportunity for the introduction of men of talent into the House. This, which is certainly a feeble argument, he ridiculed at some length:—

"Was it not that neither Peer nor Prelate should interfere with the freedom of election? Was it then to be endured that gentlemen should tell the m n that House, that a Duke or Earl had the right of appointing a member of the Commons House of Parliament? Should gentlemen tell him, in the teeth of that House, that the giving that power to a Lord was the 'Old Constitution?' The hypocrisy of that revolution was theirs, or they were parties to it. If any gentleman attempted to violate that resolution clandestinely, it was the duty of the Speaker to defeat the attempt. But if the violation of it was, as gentlemen insisted, the 'Old Constitution,' he would say, let the question be regularly brought before the House, and let the resolution be rescinded. But let them not be told that a bill to enforce its observance, whilst it stood upon their books, was a revolution."

The borough patronage he turned into equal ridicule, and appealing to those who talked of the robbery of the noble patrons, he demanded where the right to that species of property was to be found?—

"He had never heard of a royal charter, grant, or deed to any nobleman, conferring on that nobleman the right of nominating members to sit in that House. No; but he had heard of such grants being made to the people. He knew that the people had been robbed of those grants, and he liked this act

because it laid hold of the spoliators. The seizure was with those who now cried out so lustily 'Stop thief!' Some delusion was practised upon this subject in the House; the matter was mystified by one gentleman quoting what another gentleman had said upon some other occasion, or what some deceased statesman of great name had been reported to have said some years ago: but he would tell the House that the people out of doors were in the habit of talking common-sense, and that this was the language which they held to the borough-proprietors—'You have taken away our rights, you have usurped our franchises, you have robbed us of our property, and do what you will, you shall disgorge!'"

As he passed along he alluded to the conduct of individuals as influencing or influenced by the mode of borough election. To the actual law that no bishop should interfere in the choice of members, he declared that there was a direct disobedience in the conduct of the Archbishop of Armagh, the Irish primate, who had returned Mr. Goulburn before his apostacy, and who had lately returned him a second time:—

"He would give up all Reform if he did not prove at that bar that they had among them a member for a borough, who had been nominated by a prelate. The member to whom he alluded was the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the representative for the borough of Armagh. Yes; and as soon as the right-honourable gentleman, the nominee of the right-reverend prelate, had been safely returned by the influence of the right-reverend prelate, the Orangemen and the Presbyterians, and others of the borough, met together, and joined in the work of burning the right-honourable gentleman in effigy. And this was the old and much-lauded Constitution! Oh! if the honourable and learned member for Boroughbridge had only been as pathetic as he was comical—if he had been, like Niobe, all tears—and what an admirable representative of Niobe he would have made!—they should have been almost washed away in the flood which would have been shed at the notion of destroying this venerable old Constitution!"

The effect of this patronage gave him the opportunity of a remark on the member for Drogheda, whose squabble with him last year was not forgotten.

"By-the-by, this brought to his recollection the speech of the honourable and learned member for Drogheda (Mr. North) last night. They all remembered how that honourable and learned member, when he sat for a rotten borough, and was on the other side of the House, hardly ever opened his lips, and when he did, spoke scarcely above his breath, and always voted with Ministers; but they had all seen how he threw himself forward now—how loudly and independently he talked, now that he sat on this side the House and for Drogheda, and was disencumbered of the influence of a patron."

Concluding with a bitter sarcasm on all who entered Parliament under patronage, a sarcasm which cut right and left among his own friends.

"Oh! God help those who would creep into that House. They said that they stooped, and that they were not ashamed to stoop. Out upon this saying! they did not stoop—they could not stoop—for they were already bent so low that it was impossible they could bend lower."

In adverting to the actual state of Elections, he descanted strongly and justly on the abominations practised at the hustings. He asked, "was there any member of the House who was not aware of the Election system? Of the class of persons who crowded round a Member of Parliament, asking him, 'did he know of a third man?' saying, 'that they have got two to stand, and if they could only find a third man, he would be sure to get in?'" This observation found so much corres-

ponding sentiment among the members, that it was received with loud cheers and laughter. "He would then ask them, was this the Old Constitution so much talked of? He would ask the learned member for Boroughbridge, and he assured him, that of no man's learning and integrity he had a higher opinion, would he give his voice for the preservation of a system which gave such an opening for corruption, profligacy, and the violation of the privileges of that House every six years, almost every year? Would any one deny that such was the case in all the half-open boroughs? Who would deny that the votes of these burgesses were sold as oxen were sold in Smithfield, and that the seats which represent them were sold and let as the stalls in Leadenhall Market? Did any one suppose that the people of England would not rise and destroy that system of corruption? Not perhaps by any sudden violence, but by the force of opinion rising calmly, gradually, and irresistibly, as a giant rising from his sleep."

The argument of the injury done to the corporations, he treated with contempt. Out of the whole list of the sixty disfranchised boroughs only *sixteen* were corporations. As to the general delicacy of touching the popular franchises and rights, he could not discover it in the previous practice of the House, and peculiarly with repect to Ireland, where at the time of the Union two hundred boroughs were disfranchised by a single Act of Parliament. Yet, was guilt charged upon those boroughs? Quite the contrary; they were so innocent that the minister of the day thought they deserved £13,000 a piece for compensation.

The working of the boroughmonger system, he declared to have at all times been hostile to national objects. From the returns of the divisions in 1822, on the question of retrenchment, it was clear that no dependence for public objects was to be placed on the members for the close boroughs. It appeared on that occasion, that of the nineteen members for boroughs, with a population under 500, the whole voted against retrenchment; that of the members for boroughs, with a population above 500, and under 1,000, thirty-three voted against retrenchment, and but twelve for it; of those for boroughs with 4,000 inhabitants, seventeen were for retrenchment, and forty-four against it, while of the boroughs with a population beyond 5,000, sixty-six voted for it, and but forty-seven against it; an evidence that the greater the population, or, in general, the more open the borough, the more attentive the members were to the distresses and desires of the country, while it was the working of the close borough system which had created our wars, and with them our national debt, and the enormous pressure of taxation. The common argument of the advantage of boroughs in bringing men of ability into the House, was obviously answered by the fact, that they had brought not one man of ability for hundreds of the direct contrary stamp; that if they exhibited a few remarkable men, half-a-dozen perhaps in a century, they appeared but at intervals, like the theatrical stars, which went down from London among the provinces, and the entire of the play was Hamlet, while Polonius and all the other characters were forgotten. To the remark that the "system had worked well," the natural answer was, "look round you. Ask what the agricultural population felt on the subject? Was the fact reflected from the fires which had lately blazed through the counties? And would they be content to take the statement from the unfortunate men who filled their jails on account of the late disturbances?"

The state of the representation in Scotland and Ireland deserved to draw the strongest attention. Taking Edinburgh as an instance. To return the member there were now just thirty-three constituents; the present bill would turn this constituency into 12,000. The thirty-three were now represented by one person, who received more of the public money than any representative of 120,000 people that had ever sat in that House. He would back the honourable member for Edinburgh against any other representative of the people for doing nothing but receiving money and signing receipts. (Laughter and cheers). The majority of the voters of Scotland had neither land nor income, and possessed their franchise only by virtue of a strip of parchment.

The mode in which Ireland would be affected was next brought under review, and he contended that the representation should be enlarged:—

"Out of the twenty-eight counties in England, to which it was proposed to give two additional members each, fifteen of them possessed a population less than that of the county of Antrim; nineteen of them less than that of Down; twenty-two of them less than that of Tipperary; and there was not any one of them, with the exception of Lancashire and Yorkshire, that had any thing like the population of the county of Cork."

Proceeding on the principle of population, the "seven millions of the finest peasantry under the sun" would undoubtedly make a formidable figure in the muster of their representatives; though we might have some doubt of their taking any very striking interest in the matter, or of their being exactly the best judges of the qualifications of a member of parliament. But Mr. O'Connell desired on this principle to see, "out of the sixty-two members that remained in bank, two additional to eight populous counties which he named. He would draw the line with regard to a population under 200,000; those counties which had a larger number of people ought to have two more members—but the great working of the measure would be upon England, where it would be most important:—

"As related to England, it had a double operation—upon counties, and upon boroughs. As to the first, it not only continued the forty-shilling freeholders in their present right of voting, but it extended the franchise to copyholders of 10l. a year—a most substantial advantage. It was most just that copyholders should have a voice, for although they held by the Court Roll, their property was as valuable and as saleable as if it were freehold. But the measure did not stop there, and wisely; what lawyers called chattel interests, were allowed to be represented, for hitherto a man might have a lease of a thousand acres for a thousand years, but he could not vote, although his next neighbour, who owned, perhaps, a single acre upon an old life, was permitted to exercise his suffrage. The bill would thus add two numerous and influential classes to the elective body; and, in this respect, was highly beneficial. It was a mere cavil, on the part of those who complained, that the Privy Council ought not to have the power to divide counties, and it was an objection that had never been urged in Ireland. The experiment was not novel, or if it were it would be harmless."

He contended that the measure was so far from revolutionary that it would be the direct antidote to a revolution, if such were contemplated. It would bring a vast number of the middle classes into political influence, and in them was the virtue of the community, and would be the stability of the state. The enlargement of the constituency for the counties and towns must be salutary, but he rejoiced at the knife being

laid to the rotten boroughs. To the charge that this change was an inroad on the Constitution, he asked:—

"What was the theory of the Constitution? When men talked to him of the new Constitution attempted to be introduced, he asked them what was the old? Was it this—that the mound of Old Sarum, or the park at Gatton, should be represented? What lawyer would dare to assert that such was the old Constitution of England? He recollected a circumstance which happened some years ago in one of the courts of law in Ireland. At the Union, certain close boroughs were disfranchised, and, by a precedent by no means to be imitated, compensation was given, not to the voters who lost their suffrages, but to the patron, who arrogated to himself the right of selling them to the highest bidder. The borough of Askeaton was one of them, and 13,000l. was given by Parliament to Massey Dawson, as compensation. Shortly afterwards, his brother, the other member, claimed half, and brought an action in one of the Irish courts to recover it. No sooner had the plaintiff's counsel opened his case, than the learned judge on the bench told him, that he must be nonsuited; and further added—'Sir, I have a great respect for you personally, but I must tell you that your client is a most audacious man to dare to come into court with such an action.' And yet it afterwards appeared, from a statement which he heard made in the Court of Chancery, that this very judge, together with the father of the honourable member for Limerick, were the trustees named in a marriage-settlement, by which it was provided that the nomination to the borough of Tralee should be set aside as a provision for the younger children of Sir E. Dennie. And yet this was called the *old* Constitution!"

Having thus given with perfect fairness the leading arguments of the most efficient advocate of the measure, we give, with more gratification, the plain and manly view of the case supplied by Sir Robert Inglis. Rising immediately after Lord John Russell's detailing his plan, and, of course, without any of the advantages supplied to the subsequent speakers by time for preparation, or the study of the details, one of the matters on which the ministers prided themselves being their skill in concealing every feature of their bill, until the moment when it was brought into the House, the honourable baronet exposed himself to difficulties encountered by no other speaker; but a slight sketch of his speech is the best evidence how vigorously and intelligently he was fitted to cope with the question.

He commenced by adverting to the assertion,—"that now was come a crisis, when the nation demanded the change in the Constitution with a voice which it was impossible to resist; or which, if any attempt were made to resist, it must be at the imminent hazard of national ruin." But this tone of intimidation had been adopted over and over again, on all occasions where a party called for a change in the Constitution; it had been resisted on those occasions; the menace turned out to be vapour, and the Constitution survived. If so then, what was there in the present circumstances of the country to make the difference? What was there to make the people of England more really anxious for "Reform" now, than on other occasions? "Every man," said he, "always regards his own times as the best or the worst; he sees what is before; but he forgets, or he never knew, what is past. The consequence is that for a succession of generations we have a succession of speeches about—misgovernment, unexampled decay of trade, profligate expenditure, corruption, &c. &c., so like each other, that it would be worth while to reprint in 1831, some of those elegies of the ruin of England, only changing the date from 1731. So again, with respect to

Reform, the outcry was loud enough to disturb the kingdom, inflamed as it was by statements, that no country was ever so ill governed, no people ever so oppressed, denied the last melancholy privilege of complaining—though they were then, as they are now, allowed to make, and were fearlessly making, complaints which amounted almost to sedition."

He then adduced instances of this exaggerated outcry from the writings of the great political leaders of the past:—"What was to be thought of this passage from Burke,—or what was there in it which did not characterize the language of declaimers in the present day?" "Nobody," says Burke in his famous pamphlet, On the Cause of the Present Discontents; "nobody I believe, will consider it merely as the language of spleen, or disappointment, if I say that there is something peculiarly alarming in the present conjuncture. There is hardly a man, in or out of power, who holds any other language.

"That we know neither how to yield, nor how to enforce, that hardly any thing above or below, abroad or at home, is sound and entire; but that disconnection and confusion, in offices, in parties, in families, in parliament, in the nation, prevail beyond the disorders of any former times, those are facts universally admitted and lamented.

"This state of things is the more extraordinary, because the great parties which formerly divided the kingdom, are known to be in a manner entirely dissolved. No great external calamity has visited the nation, no pestilence, no famine. We do not labour at present under any scheme of taxation, new or oppressive in the quality, or in the mode; nor are we engaged in unsuccessful war in which our misfortune might easily pervert our judgment; and our minds, sore from the loss of national glory, might feel every blow of misfortune as a crime in government."

"One should think," says Sir Robert, "naturally enough on reading such a passage from such a man, that the end of the world, at least of the kingdom, had arrived. Yet by God's blessing, we survived the crisis, and look back with surprise at the exaggeration which has so described it." He pursued this reasoning into other examples, and among the rest, alluded to the celebrated Yorkshire address at the close of the American war; the universal outcry at that period that England was irreparably undone; and even the advice of so grave and remarkable a man as Sir William Jones, that "each man should keep a firelock in the corner of his bed-room, and should learn to fire and charge with bayonet firmly and regularly, against those who then resisted the cry of Reform."

On the introduction of the Reform Bill in 1782, the same declarations were made of national ruin, if the measure were resisted; the House were reminded of the Briareus hands of the multitude, and told that they had but an hour to deliberate before they surrendered. On this occasion Horne Tooke wrote thus to Dunning:—

"The people must be satisfied in their just expectations, and most surely will be so. Ministers will surely grant with a good grace what cannot be much longer withheld. They will at least catch the present favourable opportunity. They will not wait to be received with scorn and hootings for their offer to us of that, which we should now receive with gratitude. I will venture to assert that they *have no time to lose.* 1782." This cry was resisted like the rest, was put down, and the country contrived to live on, notwithstanding. But the most remarkable

period stated by Sir Robert, was ten years after this, when the French revolution was shaking the allegiance of the subject in every part of Europe, when its singular success buoyed up the hopes of party, and when the nation was really in an anxious state, and on the verge of war. In November 1792.—At that period the celebrated and unfortunate Condorcet predicted the downfal of England as inevitable unless total reform were instantly to take place.—"Since the explosion of Liberty in France," said this writer, "a hollow fermentation has shewn itself in England; and has more than once disconcerted the ministerial operations. Popular societies have been established in the three kingdoms, and a parliamentary reform has been talked of, just in the same manner as we talked of the states-general at the end of the year 1788, in France. It is well known what a number of persons there are who think rightly, and daily enlighten the people of England, and whose opinions furnish subjects for useful disquisitions. This people, who at once fear and desire such a revolution as ours, will necessarily be drawn along by those courageous and enlightened persons, who always determine the first steps; the opening of the session of parliament which approaches, will infallibly become the occasion of the reforms which are the most urgent, such as those which regard the national representation. From thence to the *entire establishment of a republic,* the transition will be the less tedious, because the foundations of liberty have long existed in England." Yet this crisis, such as it was announced, passed away, the popular outcry was loud, but it was wisely resisted, and the country still stood. But the uproar for the change of the Constitution had been raised at subsequent periods, and with as many ominous declarations of public ruin. It was raised in 1819, and seconded by almost open insurrection in the manufacturing districts, and it was put down. Again in 1823, when the public pressures were severe, it was raised; and again it was put down; it was put down *without concession,* and there is nothing in the present state of affairs, nor in the nature of the clamour, that should make the sacrifice of the Constitution necessary now more than then.

The country is now filled with an outcry for reform. But there is nothing in the present state of public affairs half so threatening as at any one of the periods in which the outcry had been raised and safely put down. There is no unpropitious harvest, no sudden failure of trade, nor of the national resources of any kind; there is no war. The manufacturers are in full work, and agriculture is rapidly reviving. What then has at this moment given such an excitement to the advocates for change? *The three days of Paris!* The evidence that the populace could overpower the force of the government when it pleased, the proof of the popular power. This had stirred up the hopes of every partizan of change in England, a result which had always been in some degree felt in this country in all cases of foreign revolution. But let the outcry be what it may, the duty of a House of Commons is to deliberate for the public good, not to be influenced blindly by the popular will. They are representatives, not delegates, councillors consulting for the whole, not pleaders for the interests of particular places. The words of the King's writ are "That the returning officer should cause election to be made," not of persons to treat about the affairs of London or Liverpool, but "about certain arduous and urgent affairs concerning us, the state, and defence of our kingdom and the church."

The proposed change in the system of elections takes it for granted

that population was one of the early principles of constituency; but this is altogether an error. Every county *alike*, from the 23rd Edward I., let its population be what it might, sent *two* members. And even when the change under Cromwell took place, population seems to have been neglected, for the more important purpose of returning partizans. Thus Staffordshire had only three members, while Cornwall had *eight*. The common conception, that the close boroughs are a corruption of their original character, and that, having been once gifted with a right of representation as populous places, they ought to lose that right with the loss of that population, is an equal error. Even Old Sarum, from the earliest records, 23rd Edward I., seems to have been nothing more at the time than a castle, made a borough to entitle the Earl of Salisbury, its holder, to have a representative in the House. So of others, Corfe Castle, and Bishop's Castle, created by Queen Elizabeth at the suit of Sir Christopher Hatton when he received the estates connected with them. So of the Cornish boroughs. They were not created, as is supposed, on account of the opulence or the population connected with the tin mines. They were almost exclusively created by the Crown, for the express purpose of guarding its own prerogatives in the House of Commons. Cornwall was its own duchy, and there it placed its parliamentary strength. So much for the idea that the bill which disfranchises those boroughs is a *restoration* of the constitution of parliament. That system may have been weak, or tyrannical, or corrupt; but the proposed system is not a revival of the old principles of parliament: it is a revolution. As the conclusion from those and similar facts which crowd upon us from all parliamentary history, we arrive at these truths—populatron *never* was the *basis* of our representation—property *never* was the *basis* of our representation; the constitution was not the work of any single mind, nor assembly; the kings who originally constructed or renewed parliament, gave the franchise or divided the country according to their own choice; the true foundation of popular power being in the House of Commons having the power of the purse, which made it impossible for a king, mainly dependent on his people for his revenue, to overthrow the national liberties.

But it was alleged that the present system was a source of corruption in the House. "Corruption," said Sir Robert, "must be one of the three kinds, by money, by place, or by party." First, as to money, he demanded, "Was there any man, in or out of the House, who could point to any member and say, that he believed, that on any one question of public polity for the last fifty years any thing in the shape of money has ever been tendered to him? The thing is impossible. The thing was *not* impossible two generations back. The secret-service money of James II. was £90,000., in that day the twentieth part of the whole revenue. The secret-service money of the present day is scarcely more than the tenth part of that sum, and not more than a seven hundreth part of the revenue.

"For the corruption by places. There never was a period when there were so *few* placemen in parliament, and the means of influence are gradually, but regularly diminishing day by day.

"The influence of party. There are now no parties. It is one of the misfortunes of the day that there are no leading men to head parties, and thus give stability to the government, and consistency to the opposition."

The advantages of the present system are, that by it all the various great interests of the empire are enabled to find representatives. This was the *dictum* of Burke, "All interests must be let in—a great official, a great professional, a great military and naval interest, all necessarily comprehending many men of the first weight, ability, wealth, and spirit, has been gradually formed in the kingdom. Those new interests *must be* let into a share of representation." But on the proposed system there would be a great difficulty in any man's finding his way into the House except as a *popular* candidate, in other words, a candidate pledged to do whatever the mob commanded. The interests of the commercial bodies would find an extreme difficulty of representation, and the interests of the colonies scarcely a chance of being represented at all. So far as abuses exist in the representation, they are rapidly purifying. The press, an engine more powerful than the prerogative, exercises a formidable supervision over parliament, and no abuse can now be of long continuance. Thus parliament is actually proceeding in the safe way of reforming itself gradually. This reform is effective, and its regular and unhurried process is suitable to the spirit of the Constitution, which dreads a sudden shock of any kind, and has grown from weakness into strength by this very process. Whilst the new system aims at doing every thing at once; actually roots up the old parliamentary usage, under the pretence of improving it, gives us at every step of the process something untried before, and sets us afloat, inexperienced and ignorant, in a sea of revolution.

For our own part, we are as hostile to abuses, as the most vehement Whig can be; and in this mind we shall remain. We will go the farthest length of the most eager reformer in extinguishing every source of corruption. We say, away with the Sinecures; away with every pension that can be shewn to be given without some just reference to public service; cut away those lilies of the field that neither sow nor spin—the Lady Janes and Aramintas; extinguish the Bathurst system in all its branches. Not one shilling of our money shall with our good will ever go to qualify one of those people to wear an embroidered petticoat at court-dance, or drawing-room. Away with such national eyesores as Lord Ellenborough's £9,000. a-year sinecure, which does not cost his lordship the trouble of mending a pen; extinguish the salaries which high and mighty princes and earls are not ashamed to put in their pockets for attendance about court—the laborious and important public duty of walking into a room before the king, with a white wig on the head, and a white stick in the hand. Let them all be lopped away without hesitation. Nor shall we be less delighted to see that whole race of puppyism, the diplomatic dandies, sent back to school; and stripped of their salaries, however actively earned by playing the guitar, or flirting with the painted countesses and marchesas of foreign courts—the contempt even of foreigners, as they are the burthen and disgrace of their own country.

But let us pause before we throw the *whole* power of the House of Commons into the hands of the *rabble*; for what else than the rabble would be the majority of the householders at ten pounds annual rent. It has been distinctly stated on the returns of the revenue, that an immense number of those householders have not even the means of paying their rates; and are at this moment receiving parish allowance—are paupers. Is it of such persons that the constituency of England is to

be formed. What house is there that does not pay £10. rent? The direct result would be, that the members would be returned by a mob; and that the House of Commons would be so far from representing any thing else, that it would itself be in constant submission to that mob. Liverpool has now, we believe, 5,000 electors; and the scenes disclosed, and disclosing, before the Committee trying the election for bribery, may lead us to think Liverpool sufficiently in the hands of the rabble as it is. But the new system would give it 14,000 electors, generally of a still lower class, we may imagine with what an increase to the purity of election. But a House of Commons returned exclusively by the influence of the £10. householders, would be almost totally composed of men who had won their way into the House by flattering the passions and follies, or pledging themselves to gratify the revenge of the multitude. But such a House, from its very nature, would rapidly come into direct collision with the House of Lords. The lower orders in no land have any strong affection for the higher; and it would be the highest delight of the populace to curtail the privileges, in the idea of mortifying the pride of the peerage. A House elected on the strictly popular principle would stand in a situation of natural antipathy and contrast to the House representing the great estates and hereditary honours of the kingdom. Before a Session was over they *must clash*. Every day some point of business arises in which the privileges of both Houses are involved, and the most violent collision is now prevented only by the circumstance, that the interests of the peerage are now virtually represented in the House of Commons. There the collision takes place, and the *crush* of the peerage is thus prevented. But let a House of Commons on the new system, strengthened in every step by the popular force, and rendered absolutely irresistible, as it must be, by being the direct instrument of its masters and creators, the multitude, feel itself resisted in any measure, however rash and unconstitutional, by the House of Lords, and that House must be broken into fragments at once. The House of Commons has the purse and the *physical force*, the House of Lords nothing but its parchments. What must be the result of such a contest? But what would be the first demands made by the multitude on their instrument and slave the House of Commons? There is no concealment on the point. Interference with tithes is one of the most popular topics even now, and would unquestionably form one of the most immediate and popular employments of a New House of Commons. The measure may be either bad or good. But it would certainly be resisted by the peerage. Then would come the collision; and the House of Lords would be broken down in a moment. The plausible outcry would be, as Canning expressed it—"Is an unreformed House of Lords to be suffered to counteract the will of a reformed House of Commons? The result would be its fall, and after it that of the crown; for the Peers are now the chief bulwark between the crown and the possible rashness or violence of the Commons. The result again would be a repetition of the scenes of Charles the First's reign. The crown would either appeal to the remaining loyalty of the empire, and defend itself by force; or it would perish without a civil war, and a republic would be the substitute. But what has been the experience of England in 1648, and of France in 1793? No republic on a large scale can ever permanently subsist in Europe; for the obvious reason, that the close contact in which the European states exist renders war inevitable; and

that the army as inevitably puts the power into the hands of its general. When in England, we see Cromwell seizing the supreme power, and Monk bartering it away; and in France, Napoleon scourging and chaining the fierceness of republicanism into the most submissive and scandalous slavery; we cannot plead ignorance of the natural result of a democratic revolution."

We are as hostile as the most hostile jacobin to the bribery and baseness practised at elections; but those are the abuse, not the law. We would punish in the severest manner all pecuniary means of entering the House; and send every elector who took a bribe, every representative who offered it, and every boroughdealer, for fourteen years to New South Wales. There should be no pretence for any man's saying, that seats were sold like bullock-stalls in Smithfield: and all those odious bargains which the "Reformers" have so often flung into the teeth of the aristocracy; all that alleged scale of prices for the representation, should be abolished, under penalties equivalent to the loss of character and fortune. But all this might be done, and will be done, and is doing every day, without that desperate plunge into experiment which makes the "Reform Bill" of Lord John Russell a terror to every rational man in England.

We demand what is to be the contemplated good of this measure, supposing it succeeds to the fullest extent, and supposing that by a dissolution to-morrow, it should bring into the House a new assemblage of men dear to the million? Is it intended to lower the interest of the national debt? Is it intended to cut down the allowances necessary to the decent subsistence of Royalty in the realm? Is it intended to break the church establishment into "the dust and powder of individuality," and send the religious community to learn their religion in the cheap shops of methodism, or to embrace Presbyterianism and Republicanism together? If it does not those, we are at a loss to know what it is to do. Those we are certain would be the most acceptable services to the new constituents by which the new members will be sent to their new House; and if they began with these things how long would they abstain from any object that might attract popular cupidity? In France, before the "reformed parliament" had sat three years, it had voted monarchy a nuisance, religion a fable, and property a nonentity—it had exiled the whole body of the clergy and the nobles, and a vast multitude of opulent and valuable members of the professions—it had confiscated the lands of the church, the corporations, and the charitable institutions. After having covered the world with the exiles of France, and France itself with beggary, it plunged, at the popular demand for plunder, into a war of robbery on its feeblest neighbour, Holland, which brought on a war with the whole of Europe. In this period it had three successive constitutions, the guillotine in the streets of every city, which cost it eighteen thousands of its chief people, and a civil war in the provinces, which cost it four hundred thousand. But the services of its regenerated parliament were not over—it finally sold the people to a dictator, who crushed even the remnant of liberty left by the guillotine; drove the population, by whole provinces, like sheep to the slaughter, and after a waste of two millions of lives, brought ruin back into the bowels of France, and gave up Paris twice to a foreign conqueror.

If those lessons had been of a remote age, we might have talked of

the colouring of romance, but those are things that have passed before the living eye, and are yet sounding in the living ear. We may say, if we will, that things which happened on the other side of a straight fifteen miles wide cannot by possibility happen on this side; that the passions of a Frenchman for plunder, power and revenge, are on a different construction from those of an Englishman—that if a French mob is all extravagance, an English one is all gravity, wisdom, and respect for property, law and religion; that we have no Captain Swing among us, and that our assizes do *not* present the most formidable instances of sullen excess, stubborn depravity, and ferocious violence, to be found in any country of Europe. But until all this can be proved, we must be suffered to shrink from a system altogether incoherent, rash and unconstitutional, palpably contemptuous of experience, mistaking hazard for security, and in the guise of renovation forcing on us REVOLUTION.

APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[*Continued from page* 632, *Vol. X.*]

XLVIII.

The world does not start fair in the race of time: one country has run its course before another has set out or even been heard of. Riches, luxury, and the arts, reach their utmost height in one place, while the rest of the globe is in a crude and barbarous state; decline thenceforward, and can no more be resuscitated than the dead. The twelve old Etruscan cities are stone walls, surrounded with heaps of cinders: Rome is but the tomb of its ancient greatness. Venice, Genoa, are extinct; and there are those who think that England has had her day. She may exclaim in the words of Gray's *Bard*—"To triumph and to die are mine." America is just setting out in the path of history, on the model of England, without a language of its own, and with a continent instead of an island to run its career in—like a novice in the art, who gets a larger canvas than his master ever had to cover with his second-hand designs.

XLIX.

It was shrewdly observed that the ruin of states commences with the accumulation of people in great cities, which conceal and foster vice and profligacy.

L.

The world, said a sensible man, does not on the whole grow much worse, nor abandon itself to absolute licentiousness, because as people have children growing up, they do not wish them to be reprobates; but give them good advice and conceal their failings from them. This in each successive generation brings morality on its legs again, however sceptical in virtue or hardened in vice the old may become through habit or bad example.

LI.

As children puzzle you by asking explanations of what they do not understand, many grown people shine in company and triumph over their antagonists by dint of ignorance and conceit.

LII.

A certain bookseller wanted Northcote to write a history of art in all ages and countries, and in all its ramifications and collateral bearings. It would have taken a life to execute it; but the projector thought it was as easy to make the book as to draw up the title-page. Some minds are as sanguine from a want of imagination, as others are from an excess of it: they see no difficulty or objection in the way of what they undertake, and are blind to every thing but their own interest and wishes.

LIII.

An outcry is raised against the distresses of literature as a tax upon the public, and against the sums of money and unrepaid loans which authors borrow of strangers or friends. It is not considered that but for authors we should still have been in the hands of tyrants, who rioted in the spoil of widows and orphans, and swept the fortunes of individuals and the wealth of provinces into their pouch. It will be time enough to be alarmed when the *Literary Fund* has laid its iron grasp on fat abbey lands and portly monasteries for the poor brethren of the Muses, has establishments like those of the Franciscan and Dominican Friars for its hoary veterans or tender novices, and has laid half the property of the country under contribution. Authors are the *ideal* class of the present day, who supply the brains of the community with "fancies and good-nights," as the priests did of old; and who cultivating no goodly vineyard of their own to satisfy the wants of the body, are sometimes entitled, besides their pittance, to ask the protection of taste or liberality. After all, the fees of Parnassus are trifling in comparison with the toll of Purgatory.

LIV.

There are but few authors who should marry: they are already wedded to their studies and speculations. Those who are accustomed to the airy regions of poetry and romance, have a fanciful and peculiar standard of perfection of their own, to which realties can seldom come up; and disappointment, indifference, or disgust, is too often the result. Besides, their ideas and their intercourse with society make them fit for the highest matches. If an author, baulked of the goddess of his idolatry, marries an ignorant and narrow-minded person, they have no language in common: if she is a *blue-stocking*, they do nothing but wrangle. Neither have most writers the means to maintain a wife and family without difficulty. They have chosen their part, the pursuit of the intellectual and abstracted; and should not attempt to force the world of reality into a union with it, like mixing gold with clay. In this respect, the Romish priests were perhaps wiser. "From every work they challenged *essoin* for contemplation's sake." Yet their celibacy was but a compromise with their sloth and supposed sanctity. We must not contradict the course of nature, after all.

LV.

There is sometimes seen more natural ease and grace in a common gipsy-girl than in an English court-circle. To demand a reason why, is to ask why the strolling fortune-teller's hair and eyes are black, or her face oval.

FIRST OF APRIL ODE TO AMERICA:

GENUINE BY A NATIVE POET.

LAND of sublime posterity!
Great scorner of the present time!
Thou proud, magnificent *to be*—
Of all earth's climes the proudest clime;—

To thee what's England? An old drudge;
A blacksmith—shoemaker—coalheaver;
Her volumes perishable fudge,
While even thy ballads last for ever.

What's Ireland, and her patriot sons,
Compared, thou pearl of earth, to thee,
Where every banished rascal runs,
And cheats the world—at liberty?

Where shall the fire-winged Muse find scope,
What ocean give the mighty shell,
What lungs of more than brass shall ope,
Thy grand *futurity* to tell?

Bold virgin, vestured in a shroud
Red with a thousand future fields,
Thy only crown shall be a cloud,
Such as the smoke of empires yields.

Thy throne shall "crest the mount of Time,"
From whose eternal brow the flood
Shall pour, to sweep the world's last crime,
A cataract of flame and blood.

Thou'lt speak as nations never spoke;
Thy words be lightning—looks be thunder:
All earth shall seek thy glorious yoke—
Nay, e'en the Chicasaws knock under.

Thy bed shall be the rushing storm;
Thy serenade, the ocean's roar;
Thy guard, Destruction's dæmon form,
Thy supper, gunpowder and gore!

Thy softest smile shall be the look
Of seas where sweeps the fierce typhoon,
When Beelzebub comes down to cook
His rice in India's grim monsoon!

What if the recreant nations laugh,
And call thee slaver, tinker still—
Call thee half-Irish, Indian half—
Thou'lt ask but time to pay their bill.

What are some dozen centuries
In lives of nations such as thou?
Give thee but time, and thou shalt rise,
While Europe is, what thou art now.

I see thy fleets the ocean crowd,
A hundred thousand of the line!
With every flag before them bowed—
Earth—Portsmouth—Plymouth—thine, all thine!

I see thy heroes—not such men
As creep on Europe's dwarfish shore—
All grenadiers, from six feet ten
(The lowest size) to seven feet four.

Mother of eloquence, whose touch
Shall on thy triumphs set the seal;
Essence of Indian, German, Dutch,
Of Yankee slang, and Irish yell!

Give thee some dozen centuries,
Down goes the fame of Greece and Rome;
While man uplifts his dazzled eyes,
Mocked by the soarings of thy plume.

Thy armies, millions in a corps,
Earth trembling at their mighty tread,
Shall march o'er earth's remotest shore,
By Yankee Alexanders led.

Ay, let the world say what it will,
There's greatness stamped upon thy frame;
There's not a hedge-row, hut, or rill,
But now puts all the world to shame.

Thy rocks are of the rockiest flint;
Thy hills are all but in the sky;
Thy bog, if Satan's self were in't,
Not all his fires could keep him dry.

Wait but some dozen centuries,
And when old Europe's an old fool,
Shall gardens in those desarts rise,
And every pig shall wear its wool.

What if the land is mire one half,
And t'other sand, or salt, or stone,
When Europe writes her epitaph,
Thine is the universal throne.

Then where the Mississippi rolls
His muddy tide through mire and fen,
Shall poets o'er their midnight coals
Dip for posterity the pen.

Then villas—not such plaster things
As glitter on old England's plain,
But palaces, for Nature's kings—
Shall tell where Nature's monarchs reign.

Oh! glories of the coming ages,
Halt on your march, and spare your bard;
Hail, native land of bards and sages,
Like your own bunting banner, starred.

Where'er on thee my gaze I fix,
I see th' unknown, the great to come.
Though now thy soul were dull as Styx,
Thy sages all a Hunt or Hume;—

Yet pass a little thousand years,
And earth before thy flag shall fall;
And, spite of dead men's scoffs and sneers,
The Yankee shall lead off the ball!

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON-SHIP."

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812, that Aimée Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Aimée was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Aimée's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfal ere the tread of arms in Aimée's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. After the first emotions of meeting were over, and while the patriot still fondly eyed his wife and boy, the young Frenchwoman began to scan with anxious affection the tall form and manly features of her husband. "The helmet has worn the hair from my brow," said the Pole, unconsciously answering her looks, "and that gives a lengthened and sharp appearance to the features."—"Have I said that I mark a change in years?" asked his wife, keeping on him the same uneasy regard;—"but wherefore is this arm bound?"—"And thou askest a Polish soldier wherefore he wears a bandage!" said the husband, endeavouring to laugh; "ask him why he carries a lance or musket.—But you shall look to this awful wound, which casts such a cloud on that fair brow; and let my boy be present, that he may see betimes how lightly a patriot holds a patriot's wound; and that he may learn, like a soldier's son, to look boldly and unblanchingly on blood that is spilled in the cause of justice." The husband half-jested; but bandage, and lint, and linen were instantly in the wife's hand. "Now I grow dainty, and know not how to resist this temptation," said the soldier, as turning his back to Aimée he unrolled a binding of parchment, and removed a dressing of moss from his arm. They could not escape the vigilant observation of Aimée. "And these," she said, shuddering, "are all the alleviations which your wretched hospital provision affords to suffering bravery!"—"And enough, too," answered Roman Ladoinski; "soldiers are not the soft ware to fear a little rubbing in this world's wild warfare." He added, with an involuntary look of seriousness, if not gloom, "Would to Heaven that I had been the only, or even the worst sufferer, through that Scythian desart of Scythian monsters which we have traversed!—would to Heaven that the

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records. Nor has the writer found it necessary to have the slightest recourse to *caricature*, in the description of the remarkable interview with two distinguished persons at Smolensk.

Russian sword had anticipated the weary work of famine which her hungry lands have beheld in our miserable hosts!"

Night fell, and the boy sunk to sleep in his father's arms; while the soldier, as he sat by the expiring embers of the fire, conversing with his wife, sank his voice to a half-whisper, in order not to disturb the childish slumbers of his little son. The under-tone in which they spoke, the quiet of the chamber, and even the partial obscurity in which it was enveloped, seemed to impart repose to the spirit of the soldier, and confidence to that of his wife.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the apartment glowed with a momentary and ruddy light. Aimée started. The light died away, and she resumed her gentle-toned discourse. Again that fierce and lurid glow shone into the chamber, broader and redder than before, and so as to shew in ruddy and minute brightness every article of furniture in the apartment, and the features of its wondering occupants. It shone on the roused and determined visage of the soldier, shed a ruddy hue on the ashy countenance of his wife, and played, like an infernal light round the cheek of a cherub, on that innocent, slumbering boy. Even the lance of the Pole, which stood in an angle of the apartment, glanced brightly in the sudden blaze. "Well said—well said!" exclaimed Ladoinski, dauntlessly, and even gaily, addressing his characteristic weapon—"thou hast not shone out thy appeal in vain; thy hint is kindly given." He was speedily armed, and preparing to sally forth, when an order from the French sovereign, commanding the troops in that direction to keep their quarters, relieved the fears of Aimée.

It is not necessary to inflict upon the reader a lengthened description of a scene so well known, and so often described, as the famous conflagration of Moscow. The blazing streets and palaces of the proud Russian capital are only here glanced at, as an introduction to the *character* of the humble Aimée Ladoinski.

With no reckless or unwondering eye, it may easily be imagined, did she stand gazing (on the fearful night of the 15th) over that awful city, which wildly blazed, like one unbroken sheet of fire, only varied by the inequalities of the buildings which fed its flames. "Alas!" said Aimée, "alas! for the mad ambition of man, that can drag thousands of his fellow-beings over weary Scythian wastes—like those you have traversed—to behold, as their reward, the destruction of this fair city. Oh! turn, my beloved Roman—turn, ere too late, from following the car of this heartless victor. Sheath the sword, which may serve indeed for the despot's aggrandizement, but can hardly accomplish the liberty of your country."—"Oh, believe me, Aimée," answered the soldier, "it is no light cause that has roused your husband to arms; no senseless admiration of the dazzling qualities of yon brilliant man; no boyish transport at wielding a lance; no egotistical ambition, cowering beneath the cloak of patriotism. The height of my personal ambition is to behold the day when I need not blush, and hang my head to call myself a Pole. Scarce have I been roused by the same rapturous and chivalrous spirit now abroad among my countrymen. No—mine is no awakening; I have never slumbered, during my country's degradation. I have sleeplessly watched for the moment of her emancipation. And what if Heaven render this western emperor—this delegate of God's vengeance on Europe—the instrument of its accomplishment!" Roman spoke in the ardent and figurative language of his country; but Aimée's judg-

ment remained unshaken. "And, wherefore," she said, "should Poland find such solitary grace in the eyes of Europe's conqueror? Shall all the nations lie prostrate at his feet, and Poland alone be permitted to stand by his side as an equal? Be wise, my dear Ladoinski. You confess that the conqueror lent but a lifeless ear to the war-cry of your country. Be timely wise—open your eyes, and see that this cold-hearted victor—wrapped in his own dark and selfish aims—uses the sword of the patriot Pole only, like that of the prostrate Prussian, to hew the way to his own throne of universal dominion."—"Thou art the daughter of a French Bourbonite, Aimée," said her husband, smiling, "and canst not away with this lawless successor to the throne of thine ancient line of sovereigns. Now I, as a Pole, hold not a monarch's elected right so cheaply."—"But Austria, Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, did not surely elect him their sovereign," answered Aimée, warmly; "nor shall the freedom of Poland arise from the ashes of a whole continent's liberty. Believe it, this proud man did not enslave all Europe to become the liberator of Poland. Ah! trust me, that is but poor freedom which consists only in a choice of masters. O Ladoinski, Ladoinski! give up this mad emprise; return to the bosom of your family; and when your compatriots arise to assert their rights at the call of their country, and not at the heartless beck of a stranger despot, Aimée herself will buckle the helmet on your brow."—"Thou art a noble-minded woman, my Aimée," said Roman, "and perhaps my patriotism shewed strongest when it drove me even from thy side at the call of my country; but he that has once drawn the sword for her, even though it were in an evil hour, may not lightly sheathe it.—But mark, mark, how yon sea of fire rises and roars, covering, as to us it now seems, the face of earth, and mingling with the clouds of heaven!"—"Merciful God!" ejaculated Aimée, "can even the judgment of the great and terrible day shew more fearful than this portentous night? Hark! the crackling and thundering come nearer and nearer, and the light waxes brighter and yet more bright. The whole atmosphere seems alive with lurid sparks and burning brands. See, see! they begin to fall, thick as snow-flakes, on our quarter!"—"The fire has assuredly reached us," said the Pole, calmly; "your safety, my Aimée, must be thought of. For me, I leave not the post assigned me without military orders."—"Then I remain with you," said Aimée, in a steady and immovable voice.—"And the child," said the Pole, looking on his son—"shall I send him away, in this night of confusion, without a mother's protection?"—"Alas!" exclaimed the young mother, "he must not remain to perish—he must not go forth without a parent's guidance. God direct me!" She looked alternately at her husband and her boy, who was clinging to her garments, and screaming with childish terror—then said, in a tone from which there seemed no appeal, "We *all* remain!" Aimée's determination was happily only destined to prove to the Pole the strength of her conjugal devotion; for ere he could exercise a husband's authority over his gentle and delicate, but high-souled wife, an order for the evacuation of the city arrived from head-quarters.

With difficulty the party reached the suburbs through streets of flame, showers of burning brands, and an atmosphere which almost threatened suffocation. Ere they reached their destination, the Pole cast a farewell glance on the ruined and blazing capital. "Ha! proud Moscow," he said, "the hand of Heaven's vengeance hath slumbered long, but hath,

at length, found thee. Go to—thou art visited for thy sins. Remember captured Warsaw; let her pillaged churches and slaughtered citizens come before thee. They who shall pass the heap of ashes that *was* Moscow, shall say, 'Here *once* stood the proud capital of the conquerors of Poland!'"—"Oh, imprecate not Heaven's vengeance!" said Aimée, anxiously.—"I deal not out God's vengeance; I mark his hand, and am wise: and for the fire that is devouring the capital of my country's foe, —O Aimée, Aimée! I see in it not the ruin of Russia, but of her invader; I mark in it the dark preface to a page written, within and without, with lamentations, and mourning, and bitter woe. Yon fires that heat this atmosphere to suffocation are but the prelude to a knell, which will be tolled by a fiercer element over the bodies of the brave that shall fall, not by the sword of the enemy, but by the piercing wintry blasts of this drear country."

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In the fearful month of November, 1812, the gentle and delicate Aimée found herself seated in a baggage-waggon, amidst stores, and spoil, and wounded men, carelessly huddled together, while the latter craved in vain either for death or professional assistance. It is well known that most of the French residents in Moscow, either from dread of the indiscriminating vengeance of the Russians, or from divers motives, accompanied the French army in its disastrous retreat on Poland. Among these was Aimée Ladoinski, who, in the situation we have described, supported on her knees the head of her wounded and half-senseless husband, while she still pressed to her bosom the child, whose feeble cry of cold and hunger often died away into a sleep, from which even his mother was sometimes fain to arouse him, lest the merciless rigour of the night should produce the frozen slumber of death. Ladoinski had received a sabre cut in heading a brave skirmish on the preceding day. Sometimes she hoped it might be trivial—often she feared it would prove mortal; but still she busied herself in changing her husband's posture, in chafing his limbs, in listening to his intermittant respiration. The road they were travelling was encumbered by stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, by abandoned artillery, and by baggage-waggons, whose horses were fast falling under cold, fatigue, and want of forage. Smolensko, whither they were destined, was, however, the watch-word which still kept alive the courage and hopes of the exhausted troops. At length the vehicle which contained the Pole and his family suddenly stopped. Aimée heard others still crawling on their miserable journey, but theirs moved not. A strange misgiving almost *crushed* for a moment the heart of Aimée. She listened, and at length all seemed silence around them. It is a well-known fact, that many of the wretched sufferers, whose wounded bodies were placed in the wains, laden with military stores, or the spoils of Moscow, met an untimely fate from the hands of the sordid drivers. These fiends, loitering behind in unfrequented places, relieved themselves, by murder, of the care of the helpless beings who only retarded their progress, and increased the weight of their waggons. Perhaps some faint report of those practices half recurred to the mind of Aimée as the silence deepened around her. She listened yet more attentively. "Not yet," said a voice; "perhaps there be others behind us." What the responsive voice uttered Aimée could not distinctly

hear; but the concluding words were—"a kinder act to *finish* them than to leave them to the tender mercies of such a night, or the pike of the Cossack." Aimée's blood ran cold; she pressed her husband and child closer to her, and then softly looked out from the solitary wain to see if any aid yet remained in view. The moon, shining sickly through a northern haze, shewed one drear sheet of snow, broken into inequalities only by the fallen bodies of men and horses, which the descending flakes were fast covering. Nothing was to be seen but here and there (at a distance that forbade the reach of a voice) a dark spot or two which might indicate a crawling wain, or body of re-collecting stragglers; and nothing was to be heard save, from time to time, a faint and far-off yell of some descending cloud of Cossacks falling on the hapless, lagging remains of a French corps. The pitiless northern blast drove blinding storms of sleet and snow into the covered vehicle as Aimée looked forth. But her feelings of horror gradually sobered down. Aimée was surprised—at first almost startled—to find how little they affected her. She tried to rouse herself—to think of some appeal by which she might move the steeled bosom of the wain drivers; but a languid dislike to exertion stole over her. Her attention to her beloved Roman changed to a feeling of indifference; her hold on her boy loosened, and the devoted Aimée began to lapse into that cold and benumbing slumber which, in those frigid regions, so often precedes the deep and final repose of the sleeper.

Such might have proved the dreamless slumber of Aimée Ladoinski, but she was roused by the violent forcing of some cordial down her throat. Aimée once more opened her eyes. She was still seated in the wain; but the rising sun was reddening with his slanting and wintry beams the drear and unbroken sheets of snow which stretched behind her, while its rays tinged with a cold and sickly crimson the minarets and half-ruined buildings of a partially-dismantled city which lay before her. This city was Smolensk, a depôt of the French army, and the longed-for object of its miserable and half-starved stragglers.

In a detachment which was sent out to reconnoitre the coming crowd of phantoms were several individuals who, with or without authority, visited the baggage-waggons of their newly-arrived compatriots.—"Why, here is a woman!" exclaimed a young French cornet, who, with a companion or two, had entered the wain where Aimée was sitting stiff, erect, and senseless. "Here is a young woman; and, by Heavens, a fair and delicate one. How came such commodity, I wonder, in this military wain; and a little boy—and alive too! How could so tender a thing weather out the last fearful night? But, soft—she breathes. 'Gad, I am Frenchman enough not to leave such pretty stuff to perish for want of a taste of my pocket-pistol." He tried to pour some brandy from a small bottle down her throat. "'Gad, her white teeth are set as close as a French column. I am sorry to use force, Madam, but you shan't die for want of a little muscular exertion on my part. So—there's nothing like Cognac—she's coming to, I perceive."

Aimée and her boy were lifted from the wain, and quickly moved forward through the noisy and increasing throng. "Why, this is the wife of Captain Ladoinski," said one of his companions; "I have seen her in better times and fitter company. I know her by her delicate features and complexion. She is certainly the wife of Roman Ladoinski."—"Say rather his widow," observed a passing straggler; "for

I saw Captain Ladoinski thrown into the cart with her yester-even, and neither he nor his companions are now to be found."—"Died of his wounds," said the first speaker, carelessly, "or was perhaps disposed of by the wain-drivers, who had still enough French blood left, unfrozen by this savage climate, not to lay their hands on a woman—and such a fair one too." The last words finished the work of resuscitation in the hapless wife. Arrived at the cornet's quarters—"My husband, my husband!" she exclaimed, looking wildly round, yet still grasping her boy, as if he were rendered dearer by the fear of other bereavement. "Ye look like Frenchmen, and should be tender and pitiful to a despairing woman!" The young officers protested their ignorance of her husband's fate, and declared that the wain-drivers had disappeared ere they commenced their search of the waggon, in which they had found no living creature save herself and the child. There was a something in Aimée's appearance and manner, which, combined with the circumstance of her being the wife of an officer in the same service as themselves, imposed a sort of respect on the Frenchmen. They were, moreover, affected by her beauty, her singular situation, and deep distress; and in order to institute an inquiry as to the fate of Ladoinski, they succeeded in obtaining for their fair protégée an interview with two of the most potential personages who conducted the celebrated retreat from Moscow. Aimée had now spent two days of fear and anguish at Smolensk, and she received this news with grateful joy, not unmingled with surprise. It was, however, at this period of affairs generally seen, that the special protection of the Poles, in whose country France could now alone hope for friendly shelter, was a necessary and prime act of policy on the part of the French commanders.

With a beating heart, and still holding her boy in her arms, the delicate and timid, but morally courageous Aimée, was conducted to a palace, the exterior of which was still black with recent conflagration, and its once strong towers evidently nodding to a speedy downfal. Not without ceremony Aimée was ushered into an apartment whose walls were partially consumed at one end, while at the other it was occupied by splendid, but disorderly and half-scorched furniture. In this apartment two general officers were standing, engaged, as it seemed, in the very undignified task of tearing from time to time some pieces of black bread from a single loaf which lay on a bare table, and beside which stood a flask of brandy, whose contents, as no cup or glass was visible, could only have been obtained by a direct application of the lips of the princely quaffers. One of these officers was considerably above the middle stature, and, at first sight, presented an exterior striking, and even noble; but on a minuter inspection, perhaps his face appeared rather shewy than regularly handsome, and his mien and person more dashing than dignified. Both his figure and countenance had evidently experienced greater injury from recent fatigue and privation than their owner was either willing to think himself, or acknowledge to others. His dress was clearly still an object of attention, and was eminently calculated to shew off to the best advantage the handsome and martial form it enveloped. The second personage, though far from undersized, was somewhat below the stature of his companion, and possessed a countenance comely, prepossessing, and of a milder expression than that of his compeer in arms. He had not the decidedly military and shewy bearing of his brother mareschal—in whose countenance an air

of audacity, and even effrontery, was mingled with the unquestionable bravery that characterized it; but in intellectuality of expression, and in a certain firmness, which seemed to result rather from greater depth of character than from any physical advantage, he was evidently the superior of his companion. To the air of one accustomed to martial authority was added a certain courteous suavity of manner, which indicated the gentleman as well as the soldier.

Aimée's conductor left her near the door of the apartment, and, approaching the personages just described, with uncovered head, announced her arrival. The taller officer magnificently motioned her to come forward, while the other made a courteous, but abortive, attempt to push towards her the crumbling, yet still heavy remains of a damask-covered chair. With mournful, but graceful self-possession, Aimée respectfully declined the proffered courtesy. "A pretty personage, i'faith," observed the taller mareschal aloud to his companion. Then beginning to address Aimée rapidly, and, as it seemed, in sentences which admitted of no periods,—"I think, good Madam," he said, evidently forgetful of a story to which he had been a careless listener, "I think you are the widow of a Polish soldier, and come to beg at our hands the body of your late husband; we wish it lay in our power to serve you, but I see, my good Madam, I see not how that may be, unless our breath were strong enough to thaw the snow, that forms, I believe, an indifferently thick winding-sheet to all the fine fellows that have fallen between this town and Moscow; but courage, take heart, the frost will keep all whole and entire till next July—or whatever month a Russian summer may begin in—and by that time we shall be here again—at least" (rather sneeringly) "if we believe all that is said in a certain quarter—and then the country will be open, and you can pay what rights of sepulture you please to your brave fellow—always supposing that you are not better employed with another husband, which—judging from your personal merits—may prove the likelier occupation of the two—and *outside*," he added, stroking his vest rather complacently, "is, after all, the first thing we look to."—The bold mareschal had here no intention of wounding the widow's feelings, nor was he totally devoid of feeling himself; but he was naturally incapable of shewing any delicate or acceptable sympathy towards those of others. His companion interrupted him. "This lady," he said, with a benevolence slightly dashed by policy, "this lady is, we yet hope, the *wife*, and not the *widow* of the valiant Captain Ladoinski, whom we all remember as the brave officer that has so often shone in the van of our battles. If she will tell us what she demands at our hands, we will, as far as our now somewhat narrowing power may permit, endeavour to serve her."

With trembling voice and limbs, but with the simple eloquence of truth and feeling, Aimée told her tale, and craved inquisition among the wain-drivers. The first mareschal, in whose handsome countenance was an incongruous mixture of fierceness, and even ferocity, with an odd kind of good nature, listened, not without a degree of gallant attention, to her story and her petition. "Madam, we will look to this," he said, with some assumption of importance. "You interest us, and we will do something for you.—Egad," he said, speaking aside, and winking, with not much dignity, to his companion, "a modest request this! Here are we cooped up for a poor half week's rest and refreshment within this tumble-down Scythian hole, having more on our hands to be

done in a few days than could be accomplished in a month, and this poor soul thinks, forsooth, that we shall turn Smolensk upside down to look after one dead Pole. Likely, i'faith! as if we died by units—as if a thousand or two a day was not a good come-off. Splash my uniform, though, if I am not inclined to serve the woman, so it be in a moderate and short way. What, ho! Danvers," he said, calling to an orderly dragoon who waited on him, "bustle me up an aide-de-camp or two, and bid them go instantly inquire among the recently arrived baggage-drivers, if they know ought of the body of one Cornet—Captain Dombrowinski—Ladobrowski, of the Fifth Polish Lancers; and tell the cattle-driving, dronish knaves they shall answer with their frosty breath for the captain's safety." The other mareschal added some plainer and more precise directions. The dragoon's answer—which to the first speaker was, "*Your Majesty* shall be obeyed"—to the second, "*Your Excellency* shall be served," agitated the hopes and feelings of Aimée in a new and extraordinary degree. Forgetful for a moment of the descriptions of Napoleon's person, she exclaimed, addressing the taller mareschal, with irrepressible emotion, "Am I then in the presence of the Emperor of the French?"—"Good, on my word!" answered the officer, laughing heartily. "Know, my good woman," he added, gaily, and rather vauntingly, "that when I stretch out this good arm of mine (straight from my shoulder—thus), the emperor of all the French, and the sovereign of half Europe, might pass under it without deranging his *coiffure*. No (raising his eyebrows with rather an ironical shrug), no—the diadem of Naples encircles *my* brow—a somewhat warmer throne mine than that of the Czars; and if you visited my capital, it is probable I might be able to shew you a palace indifferently better fitted up than the one I have the infinite honour to occupy at present, and, without gross exaggeration, perhaps I might add, situated in a somewhat more genial clime." He cast, as he spoke, a half gay, half bitter glance towards the driving snow-storm without, as if rendered more chilly by the remembrance of the bright sun that was, at that very moment, shining over his fair dominions of the south. Aimée made a suitable reverence to the brave, handsome, and unkingly sovereign of Naples, and then cast an involuntary glance of fear and doubt towards his companion. The latter smiled, somewhat amused, and, with a good-natured shake of the head, said—"No; I am no emperor."—"But, perhaps," observed Murat, in the same reckless tone, "he might claim some such title for a step-father, and what" (somewhat sneeringly) "if, to boot, he had an archduchess, in some sort, for his step-mother! Perhaps, too, he may have presided over a region a shade or two more inviting than the glowing landscape which we behold from the walls of fair Smolensk. Eh, vice-regal kinsman?"—"Your majesty would, perhaps, do well to be more guarded in your expressions," replied Eugene Beauharnois, to whom the fiery Murat's growing disaffection to the Russian enterprize was no secret. "And now, Madam," he added, courteously, "is there aught else in which we can serve you? By the trueness of your accent, I believe we may claim you as a compatriot?"—"I am, indeed, the daughter of the Count de Limoisin, who"——Aimée was meekly beginning, but the uncourtly Joachim interrupted—"O, in sooth, a royalist emigrée! I warrant me well, now, thou art no lover of thy husband's military master. Nay, tremble not—we are not perhaps at this moment in such a topping humour of

affection towards a certain quarter, as that we would withdraw our protection from, or denounce, every one who dared venture to see a mad head in a mad act. Besides, you have been educated in the old school. All with you are usurpers that cannot count a whole muster-roll of ancestors as far back as *Socrates, king of Egypt!* Eh?"—"I have heard," said Aimée, in a conciliatory tone, but rather puzzled—"I have heard that the Emperor of France hath gentle blood in his veins." The regal son of a pastrycook coloured high, and the viceroy smiled in spite of himself.

Aimée saw that something was wrong, and was preparing to prefer one more petition and depart, when an aide-de-camp of the Neapolitan Sovereign made his appearance. "So please your Majesty," he said, I received your gracious orders, and only failed to execute them because —"—"Oh, sirrah, you found it convenient to disobey orders—perhaps then I shall find it convenient to send a brace of bullets through your breast to inquire your gracious reasons." The officer, apparently accustomed to such ebullitions, seemed to wait with an air equally removed from fear or boldness, to see whether this dignified burst were ended, and then continued in the same tone as if the last sentence had not been dismembered from his first address—"because your majesty's orders reached me not until my brother officers had examined such wain-drivers as they could fall in with, who protest that Captain Ladoinski died of cold and of his wounds on the night of the 7th, and was, consequently, ejected from the baggage-waggon. This they are ready to swear before your highness."—"Let them keep their swearing to warm their own frosty breath," said King Joachim.—"You perceive how it is, Madam—splash my uniform, if I would not have these wain-driving knaves complimented with a retributive shot or two, on mere suspicion, and out of respect to you, but you see there is no coming at the truth; and as our captain is surely gone, and the frost will probably take all vengeance into its own hands, I discern not (I say it with regret) aught else in which we can serve you."

"Then God's will be done," said Aimée, sinking pale and powerless on the chair that had been proffered her. The benevolent Viceroy of Italy supported her, and cast a wistful glance or two towards the potent spirit on the table, as if nought but the absence of any intermediate mode of conveyance between the flask and the lips prevented his humanely tendering a cordial to the half-fainting wife. She recovered herself, however, almost immediately, and quickly rising, said, with great self-command, "I thank your Highness—your Majesty—" (she involuntarily paid the first homage to Eugene) "for the humanity which has turned your eye, for an instant, on a grieved and powerless woman. I feel at this moment all the courage of one who has little left to fear of evil in this world. For me, it now holds nothing—nothing that belongs to me, save this frail creature." She drew the child towards her, and the feelings she had hitherto controlled began to force their natural vent. Tear after tear fell on the wan cheek of that fading child. She held him towards the princes, as if his helpless infancy might better plead for him than the words for which she found no utterance. Both potentates were as much affected as we can possibly conceive those to be whose feelings must necessarily become blunted by the frequent sight of human woe. "And now," said the lovely woman, "I would only be bold to crave a safe conduct for this helpless being, and the solitary

parent God hath left him, through a country which, to a Frenchwoman, and the widow of a Polish rebel, would afford nothing but a grave. Ladoinski fought under the banners of France—his boy claims French protection. Ladoinski took up the sword of the patriot under the smile of your emperor—shall his son, generous princes, ask in vain a passage to the country in defence of whose rights his father found an untimely grave?"—"No, by Heavens!" said Murat, answering rather his own feelings than any plan he had conceived for the unfortunate widow's safety. "The King of Naples," observed Eugene, kindly explaining, "heads our cavalry, and, therefore, must be in the van of our army. The emperor's division leaves Smolensk on the 13th, mine will follow on the 14th; I offer you such protection as the commander of soldiers drooping with fatigue, shivering with cold, and harassed by a sleepless enemy, may tender. The divisions of Davoust and Ney will leave Smolensk yet later. You will thus gain a few days' farther shelter, but will be more exposed in the march that follows. The rear of a retreating army holds out small guarantee for female safety. You have your choice." The helpless young mother instantly closed with the prince's offer; and unaccustomed to the world, or to camps, excited a smile in both potentates, by seeming to suppose that she was to prosecute her journey in the immediate company of the viceroy. "Good, on my word," said the unkingly sovereign of Naples, laughing aloud. "Tête-à-tête, I suppose, all the way to Wilna—give you joy, Viceroy. Not a bad thing, by St. Denis—though, now I bethink me, *San Gennaro* were the more fitting saint in *my* mouth—forget all my Neapolitan good habits among these Scythian snows." The viceroy, without paying much attention to the mirth of his regal companion, delivered, in Murat's presence, orders to his followers for the conveyance of his delicate young protégée in one of the military baggage-waggons, and authoritatively gave out, that he would hold both soldier and driver responsible for her safety and fair treatment. "There are other female refugees from Moscow in Smolensk," he added; "let two or three of those hapless women find a place in the same vehicle with this lady; and if they reach Poland in safety, I will give five hundred francs with my own hand to each driver. Look to it." The grateful mother clasped her hands, and solemnly invoked a blessing on the generous prince. "God return your Highness's kindness tenfold into your bosom," she ejaculated. "Amid public trouble and personal danger you have not closed your heart to the cry of the fatherless. May the Sovereign of earthly princes bring you in safety through the dangers that throng your path—may your dying bed be far from the field of blood, surrounded by faces of love, and smoothed by domestic tenderness—and when the son you best love clasps his father's knees, and looks up in his face for a blessing, let the boy whom you have saved return pleasantly on your memory." Eugene took the boy, and stooped over him for a moment, perhaps to hide the feelings which the unaffected warmth of this half-prophetic address excited. "Alas! good madam," he said, not without emotion, "I were worse than cruel to excite a confidence in your bosom which my want of power (for my will I dare boldly answer) may render groundless. I have said that I can only tender you the protecting swords of enfeebled arms, the shield of a tottering general, the precarious shelter of heavy vehicles, that may be abandoned in the persecuted and tantalized retreat we are entering on. To the God you have

so feelingly invoked on my behalf, and to the waning power of an unfortunate general, you must trust yourself. Farewell." He courteously walked with her to the door of the apartment as he spoke.

"We must at all costs keep the Poles in good humour," he said, speaking half apologetically to his regal companion, and perhaps not unwilling to give an air of policy to an action which mainly resulted from feelings of humanity and benevolence. Alas! for human nature, which is only fairly drawn when either predominant selfishness, or alloyed benevolence forms the picture. "And now," added the viceroy, "adieu to your Majesty. I go to see the rations given out to my soldiers. This is no time to play the prince—scarcely the general—Eugene, at this moment, is only a soldier."—"Half starved like all his comrades," replied the fiery king. "Now, by my good sword and uniform (and I have none oath more solemn), I swear, that were I in the place of these gallant Frenchmen, dragged—all flushed with victory—to lose laurel after laurel amid these white wastes, I would take off my cockade, thus, and trample on it." He trampled indignantly as he spoke. "*Joachim Murat,*" said the viceroy, firmly, and with an air of superiority, "there be fitter ears than mine for these ebullitions." As he was quitting the apartment, the good-humoured and unregal monarch, half gaily, half bitterly, called after him—"Nay, viceroyal kinsman, dine *in palace* with me to-day on regal viands—a fillet of horseflesh, à-la-Moscow, seasoned with gunpowder, and fricassée cats, are not fare to be run away from."

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the sufferings and privations of Aimée through the perilous journey she had undertaken. The Grand French Army—or rather its miserable and ghastly phantom—was now traversing snow-clogged and dismal forests, in order to attempt the famous, but fatal passage of the Beresina. The imperial order for the destruction of half the baggage-waggons, and the large demand for draught horses and oxen, destined to the higher task of bringing forward artillery, were so many obstructions to the progress of our young widow. But Eugene's protection still secured her a vehicle; and the knowledge that they were fast nearing the frontiers of Poland, where she hoped to find friends, and a home for her boy, shed a sickly gleam of hope into a heart where earthly desires and expectations had one by one set in a night of the thickest dejection, yet the meekest resignation. Aimée sat erect in her heavy vehicle, listening to the shouts which hailed the arrival of the unexpected reinforcement of the army of Mareschal Victor. She administered a slight refreshment of black bread to her boy, whose sharp and lengthening features had lost the cherub roundness that formerly excited a mother's pride. The child began to take his untempting food with the eagerness of hunger, which for several weeks had rarely received complete gratification, but, pausing for a moment, he looked his mother wistfully in the face, and laying his little emaciated hand on her wan cheek, said, fondly, "How is it that *you* are never hungry? I never see you eat. Surely God did not send *all* the food to me. Try to be hungry, and eat this morsel. See, it is as thick as your hand, and so good, that I am obliged to turn away my face lest I should eat it myself." The mother's tears, which had hitherto been a dried fountain, began to flow, like a released stream, at this childish proof of affection and self-denial. While they were thus engaged, the grand army continued to file in spectral procession along

the ranks of the newly-arrived battalions of Mareschal Victor. As they passed, a voice said, *in Polish*, "Forward, lancers!" Aimée started—she looked from the wain—then reseating herself, murmured, "What a delusion!" But the sight of the child—his food dropped, his head thrown back, and his finger on his lips, in the attitude of a listener—was even more strangely startling to Aimée. She addressed the child, but he motioned silence, and with an ear still bent towards the passing troops, softly ejaculated, "*Father!*" The columns quickly marched on. The boy, with childish forgetfulness, resumed his food; and Aimée, after vainly essaying to question the drivers, or the passers, could only say, "Never did accents of the living sound so like the voice which is stilled in yon grave of snow-wreaths." She paused for a moment; then, evidently answering her own thoughts, said again, "No—no—it is impossible. By what miracle could he have reached the army of Victor? The fortunate mareschal had left Smolensk ere our straggling, wretched hosts entered it."

The French reached Studzianka, on the left bank of the Beresina. Aimée felt that the turning-point which must decide the fate of herself and her boy, was arrived. On the effecting of that passage depended all her hopes of freedom—of life; but still the thoughts of that voice haunted her mind. Unable to obtain any information from those wholly uninterested in her queries, she prepared her usual couch in the comfortless wain. All that night she could hear the noise of the workmen engaged in the fabrication of those bridges over which the troops were to effect their dangerous passage on the succeeding days. Aimée's dreams were naturally of terror and blood; and, as a shout of triumph at length aroused her senses, her arms were instinctively twined round her child. She eagerly looked forth from their vehicle. The sun had scarcely risen; but by the faint rays of a dawning, whose twilight was rendered stronger by drear sheets of snow which covered the ground, she could descry the dreaded forces of the enemy in full retreat from the opposite bank of the river. Aimée fell on her knees; she poured out her heart in thankfulness; and taking the little wan hands of that wasted child, clasped them between her own, and held them together towards heaven with a speechless fervency of gratitude, which awed the boy into innocent and wondering silence. She continued to gaze on the hosts of cavalry who were crowding towards the Beresina, and, without waiting for the completion of the bridges, were swimming their horses across the river, in order to obtain such a footing on the opposite bank as should enable them to protect the passage of their comrades. At length the bridges were completed; and ceaseless files of soldiers continued to pass over them. Aimée watched them with a beating heart, hoping that the safe transfer of each column rendered so much nearer the time of her own passage. About noon, a shout proclaimed that the Emperor and his guard had gained the right bank of the Beresina. At this moment, the vanguard of the diminished army of Prince Eugene pressed towards the river; but ere their generous chief prepared for his own passage, he appeared for a moment at Aimée's vehicle. Even in the hurry of that crisis, his brief word of inquiry after her welfare was addressed with his usual easy yet respectful courtesy; but there was less of the proud, military gloom of a defeated Frenchman, and more of hope and animation on his countenance, than Aimée had ever before marked in it. "A few hours of farther privation, Madam—a little more patience," he said, in a tone of

manly encouragement—" and your troubles will, I hope, be ended. Yonder is the country of your brave husband's friends. Our adversaries have left the way to it clear. Ere sunset, I trust you may find a situation better fitting your sex and rank. At present, farewell!—And do you, as French drivers, look to your conduct, and count on your promised reward."

The unexpected and impolitic retreat of the Russians, and the hitherto successful passage of the troops, now caused many a heart, which, on the preceding night had sunk in despondency, to beat with the renewed animation of hope. But these hopes became trembling and confused, when news arrived that the Russians, aware of their error in abandoning the advantageous point of the Beresina they had so recently occupied, were advancing in full force on *both* sides of the river. Terror now overpowered every consideration, either of cupidity or humanity, in the bosoms of Aimée's protectors. Several drivers entered the wain, and forcibly dragged from it all those shivering beings who had so long found it a refuge. Aimée remonstrated, and spoke of Prince Eugene; but was told that he was with his imperial father on the other side of the river, and had other things to do than to look after those who only encumbered the march of the army. Aimée, who had so often, either directly or indirectly, experienced the benefits of the Viceroy's protection, now began to feel herself wholly abandoned. She saw that it was idle to expect that the princely general, called on as he was by the imperious duties of his military office, could do more than issue orders for her safety, which, in the increasing confusion of the moment, might be disobeyed with impunity. Brutally forced from the refuge Eugene had assigned her, Aimée joined that crowd of hapless and despairing stragglers, of every age and sex, who thronged behind the forces of Victor, and, afraid either to remain on the fatal left bank, or attempt the crushed passage of the bridges, wandered, in shivering and desponding uncertainty, along the borders of the river. At this moment there was a peculiar and ominous movement in the French rear-guard. The yells of the approaching enemy were distinctly heard. Then came the heavy fire of the charging columns, returned in rolling thunder by the French lines of defence. These lines, however, still formed a barrier between the fugitives and the advance-guard of the Russians; and it was not until the former began evidently to give away, that Aimée deemed all lost. The Russian cannon became nearer, deeper, and more incessant. To Aimée it seemed as if she were herself in the midst of the combat. The balls which passed through the French host whistled by her, and the shrieks of falling wretches rang in her ears.

It was now that that fearful and fatal rush of passengers to the bridges took place. Aimée saw crowds of fugitives, abandoned by every feeling save that of wild personal terror, throng on those treacherous passages. Then came the well-remembered tempest, which—after slowly collecting its elementary fury in the early part of the day—at length burst from the indignant heavens, and held, as it seemed, a wild conflict for superiority with the rage of the battle-storm beneath. Each moment, when the hurricane, in its wild career, swept away the smoke of the contending armies, Aimée could see the feeble victims which choked the bridges gasping beneath the feet of the stronger passengers, crushed among heavy wains and artillery, or—more fearful still—hurled into the waters by the half-cruel, half-madly despairing struggles of those whose phy-

sical strength enabled them to fling aside all obstacles to their own passage. With the resolution of one who held life forfeited, Aimée resolved to remain in her present awful situation, rather than venture amid that despairing throng. She laid the boy down to avoid the balls, which fell thicker and thicker among the dispersing crowd, and threw herself almost *upon* the child. At this moment, the same voice that had before made Aimée's heart leap within her bosom, again reached her ear:—"Stand, Lancers, stand! Let not yon wolf-dogs drive your horses over these miserable fugitives." Aimée looked up. Another fierce sweep of the tempest dispersed, as if in haughty scorn, the dense volumes of smoke which hung, like a black cloud, on the charging columns. God of mercy! Aimée beheld either the phantom or the living form of her husband! He was endeavouring to rally a regiment of his compatriots; and called on them, in the voice of military eloquence and high courage, to stand by their colours. His helm was up—his face warm with exertion; his eye shone—keen, bright, and stern, as if no gentler thoughts than those of war had ever animated that bosom. The flush of military spirit and physical exertion had banished, for the moment, the traces of wounds, fatigue, and privation. That eye alone was changed, and its stern, warrior glance almost inspired with fear the gentle and enduring being who now strove to make her voice heard through the din of the fight, and the wild uproar of the elements.—"O Ladoinski—my love—my husband!—turn—turn! It is I—it is Aimée—it is your wife who calls on you!" She called in vain. Roman turned not—gazed not. The spirit of the soldier seemed alone awake in the Pole. He looked, at that moment, as if no tender feeling—no thought of Aimée, occupied his bosom. For one instant, it almost seemed to the wife as if her husband *would* not hear. He rallied his broken forces, and called out gallantly, "Lancers! forward. For God and Poland! Remember her who now lies with a Cossack's pike in her breast beneath the snow-wreaths!"—and he disappeared in the re-thickening smoke.

Day now waned; and the troops of Victor, after having nearly accomplished their unparalleled task of protecting the famous retreat across the Beresina, at length began to give ground. Aimée saw that she must now, at all hazards, attempt the perilous passage, or remain behind a prey to the lawless Russian victor. With trembling and uncertain step, she endeavoured to gain the largest bridge; but the banks of the river were here so crowded that she drew back in consternation; and, again throwing the child on the ground, watched beside it, rather with the instinct of maternal tenderness, than with any fixed hope of ultimately preserving its life. Suddenly, the largest bridge was seen to give a fearful swerve—then a portentous bend towards the waters. A noise of rending, which made the ground tremble, succeeded; and Aimée beheld the fatal bridge, and all its living, shrieking burden, descend with crashing violence into the icy waters of the Beresina, while a stifled cry of wailing arose from those living descendants to a watery tomb—so wild, despairing, and fearful, that, for a moment, Aimée deemed the hour of man's final retribution at hand.

Night closed on the slayer and the slain—on the victor and the vanquished; but the thunder of the Russian artillery ceased not its dismal roll; while the noise of the French troops, still pouring in restless files over the remaining bridge, shewed Aimée that the desperate passage was still continued. She began to fear that her senses were fast yielding

to the horrors that surrounded her; and she now no longer prayed for preservation, but for death.

A streak or two of dawn at length began faintly to light up the snow-covered margin of the river. The Russian forces were now so near the bridge that, perhaps, but a short half-hour's remaining opportunity of passage might be afforded her. Aimée once more endeavoured to gain the bridge; the falling balls of the foe again arrested her progress. Still—aware that the hour of irrevocable decision was arrived—she pressed forward. And now, mingled with the diminished fugitives, her foot was half on the bridge; but a sudden cry of warning arose from the last column of French which had gained the opposite banks: "Back—back! Yield yourselves to the Russians! Back—back!" Perhaps aware of the fatal meaning of their compatriots, or easily subjected to every new terror, the wretched refugees, cut off from their last hope, fell back with mechanic simultaneousness on the enemy; while a sound of grounding arms—voices imploring mercy—stifled moans of victims who found none—and the close yells of triumph, told Aimée that they were at length *among* the Cossacks. She gave a last, a despairing look, towards the bridge; it was crackling and blazing in the flames, by which the French had endeavoured to cut off the pursuit of their enemy. In the unutterable hurly-burly which followed, Aimée, still pressing the child to her bosom, endeavoured to extricate herself from the shrieking victims and the ruthless conqueror; and, rushing precipitately along the borders of the river, sought a vain refuge in flight. The Cossacks, instead of pressing on their enemy, dispersed in every direction, more anxious to obtain solid booty than empty honour. Aimée, scarcely knowing what she sought—what she hoped for—continued, with some other hapless fugitives, her panting and useless flight along the margin of the Beresina. They were naturally pursued by the Scythian victor. Aimée, with desperate resolution, tied the child to her, and made towards the waters. They were deep;—no matter. The stoutest might scarce hope to gain the opposite bank;—she recked not. Anything was better than becoming the prey of the victor—anything preferable to life and separation from her child. She had nearly gained the fatal stream. Two other lives would that morning have been added to its fearful host of victims; but, overpowered by her own exertions and the weight of her precious burden, Aimée sank to the earth. Her person was rudely seized. Words, which seemed more appallingly barbarous from their utterance in a foreign tongue, sounded in her ears. She shrieked with a wild agony of terror to which she had hitherto been comparatively a stranger. Perhaps her cries reached the chief of a small body of French cavalry, which had been the last in quitting the dangerous post of protecting the retreat, and were now plunging their horses into the Beresina, apparently preferring the danger of a swimming passage to the alternative of surrender and captivity. "What, ho, comrades!" exclaimed the voice of their chief, as wheeling his charger, he forced it, with returning step, up the left bank of the river;—"what, ho! charge these scattered plunderers! To the rescue! They are women that cry to us;—our horses are strong enough to bear such light burdens.—Back, back, lawless bandits!—To the river, brave comrades—to the river!" Like one in a dream, Aimée heard the parting hoofs of the dispersed Cossack-chargers—found herself placed on a horse before that gallant captain—and discovered, by a heavy plunge in the water, that she was about to

make that fearful passage of the Beresina from which she had all night recoiled with horror. Aimée's cloak had half fallen from her shoulders. Her own countenance, and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were revealed to her brave deliverer. She was deprived of speech—of motion. Shots rattled around her like hail-stones, and fell with ceaseless pattering into the waters; while, from time to time, a heavier plash announced the sinking of some hapless being, the victim either of the enemy's fire, or of his own steed's exhaustion. The noble but half-worn-down charger of Aimée's protector sometimes gallantly battled with the current; sometimes so nearly sank beneath his burden, that the waters broke over his saddle-bow, and almost enveloped the persons of the mother and her boy. But Aimée—powerless, motionless—scarcely alive save to one absorbing emotion—felt that that swimming steed supported with its failing strength the *whole* family of Ladoinski; she felt that she was pressed to the bosom of her husband, while the child of so much care and anxiety reclined against her own. A consciousness of more straining exertion on the part of the animal that bore her, at length convinced Aimée that he was pushing his way up the long-desired *right* bank of the Beresina! The sound of plashing died away; and she felt that they were quitting its fatal margin for ever.

It was about seven years after this period that the narrator, travelling in one of the smaller principalities of Germany, obtained an introduction to Eugene de Beauharnois, the son-in-law of the mighty Emperor of the West, and the former viceregal possessor of the fair provinces of northern Italy. The prince was then residing in a private situation, but honoured with the respect and consideration of all parties. At his residence I met the Pole, his devoted wife, and their precociously intelligent son. From their own lips I received the particulars here related. They were given with glowing gratitude of expression, in the presence of the ex-Viceroy himself, through whose farther intervention Ladoinski and Aimée reached the Prussian frontier in safety. I have deemed it an act of justice to the fallen potentate to relate a circumstance, so honourable to his character, with as little departure from the dryness of truth as possible. Perhaps it is a fact not unworthy of record, that the drivers with the wain which should have conveyed Aimée across the Beresina, perished in that fatal crash of the larger bridge which precipitated such numbers into an icy grave. The manner in which Roman (left for dead on the road to Smolensk) was resuscitated by a party of compatriots, and the mode by which he contrived to join Victor's division, would of themselves make a much better romance than the narrative just related. It is a singular fact, however, that Ladoinski was in Smolensk *before* the arrival of Aimée, and only consented to leave it when informed that her murdered body, with the corpse of his little son, was stretched, cold and stiff, on the fatal high-road from Moscow.—Roman followed the standard of his wife's protector, when Eugene, in his viceroyal dominions, made head against the Austrians, whom Ladoinski regarded as the joint-enemies with Russia of Polish independence; and when Beauharnois' successless campaign drove that prince into obscurity, Roman retired with him to the same privacy, and, peacefully occupied in the bosom of his family, determined only to resume his lance when it could immediately, and with rational prospect of success, serve the cause of his country.

CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

" A coward ! a most devout coward ! religious in it !"
Twelfth Night.

ANYTHING in reason will I adventure for a lady's love—circumnavigate the terraqueous globe with Mr. Buckingham—sail with Captain Parry to the North Pole—fast with Mr. Perceval—pass an hour in an oven with M. Chabert—suffer myself to be rubbed by Mr. St. John Long—or read Moore's Life of Byron from cover to cover—but stand an adversary's fire at Battersea Fields, or Chalk Farm—that I will not do! No!—the power of woman I own, but her omnipotence I deny; or, as I once poetically expressed it—

> Beauty's bright heaven has many a starry eye,
> Shines many a radiant orb in Beauty's sky;
> But well I ween there glitters not the dame
> Whose glance could fire me with a warrior's flame;
> Not Loveliness herself, with all her charms,
> Could nerve my spirit to a deed of arms.

Yes, truly! such are my sentiments; and you see they can be couched in rhyme, as well as the most valorous and knightly. Were Venus to be the guerdon of the achievement, I would not exchange a shot with any lord or gentleman in the king's dominions. I will do anything for Beatrice but challenge Claudio. Whether I shall ever be " crowned," or not, is uncertain; but certes it will never be for " deserts in arms;" and as to the " bubble reputation," if ever I seek it, rely on it, it will be somewhere else than " in the cannon's mouth"—ay, or the pistol's mouth either. A pistol differs from a cannon only as a young lion differs from an old one; and I would just as soon be devoured by the king of the forest himself, as by a younger branch of the royal family. No pistol for me! I hold it, with honest David in the play, to be a " bloody-minded animal;" and the much-abused nobleman, who several hundred years ago remarked,

> ——" that it was great pity—so it was—
> That villanous saltpetre should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly"—

took a view of military affairs in which I concur with all my heart, soul, and strength.

It may be asked, how I dare to make an avowal so certain to bring down upon my head the sentence of outlawry from every fashionable circle. " Do I not know," it will be said, " that to the lovely and the brave the character I give of myself is equally detestable?—that I had better be known in polite society as a traitor or a parricide, than as a craven in the field, much less a person who would prefer the most inglorious compromise imaginable to a mortal arbitrement at twelve paces?" A reasonable question, gentle reader! But, if you wait to the end of these Confessions, you will find an answer; you will see that, communicative as I am on other points, with respect to my " local habitation

and my name," I am as mysterious as the Man in the Iron Mask, or one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes. This, however, I assure you—I am not the First Lord of the Admiralty.

In perfect confidence, then, I proceed to inform you, that courage is to me the most inexplicable phenomenon in the constitution of man. I was born, without doubt, under a pusillanimous planet; or rather under one of those *flying* stars, which scamper so fast across the ethereal fields, that there is no way to account for their immediate hurry, but on the hypothesis that there is a comet at their heels. No remark is more common than that Fact is continually outdoing Fiction. The wildest freaks of imagination never bodied forth a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. Nature, as she moulded these giant characters, smiled at the dwarfish creations of romance and poetry, and rebuked the presumption of the Homers, the Dantes, and the Shakspeares. Now it is with cowardice precisely as it is with heroism. Both are natural gifts; and nature, when she is disposed, can be as munificent of the former as of the latter. In the present instance, she has proved it. I consider myself as created for the special purpose of eclipsing the Ague-cheeks, the Acres, the Falstaffs, and the Bobadils, with every example of recreant knighthood in the chronicles of fiction. Not one of these poetical poltroons appears to me to have possessed the true genius, or, if I may use the expression, the *spirit* of cowardice. Some actually go into the field; one or two proceed so far as to draw their swords and cock their pistols; and all seem to be susceptible of at least a momentary thrill of valour; otherwise, they could not so much as listen to the horrible propositions of their obliging friends, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and other personages of the same sanguinary complexion. In short, dastardly as they are in *action*, they are martial enough in *contemplation*. They are valiant until the signal is given—adamant while the enemy is out of view. As to Sir John Falstaff, I would almost venture to place him amongst the heroes of the English drama. With what propriety he can be called coward, after his terrible encounter with the Douglas, I do not understand. Of this I am sure—he had very different ideas from mine on warlike subjects, or he would never have had a fellow with the ominous name of Pistol in attendance on his person. I should as soon have had the devil for my Ancient, as an angel with so sinister a cognomen. My cowardice—I say it without vanity—is no vulgar infirmity: indeed it is not so much an infirmity as a principle of my constitution. It is, in fact, the essence of my being. I can never read a vivid description of an engagement, but I feel an itching of my heels, and an almost uncontrollable inclination to run away. Such have been my sensations always on coming to the battle-scene in Marmion; and I experienced the like emotions, about three years ago, at the Louvre, on casting my eyes on a picture of Rosa, where nothing is wanting but the din of conflict to make you fancy yourself in the middle of the fray. I actually retreated before Salvator's pencil half the length of the gallery, and well nigh overturned the easel of a lady who was copying a landscape of Vernet. She attributed the shock her apparatus received to accident; could she have divined the secret of the matter, what an entertaining story she would have had of the "*Monsieur Anglois qui s'étoit mis en fuite, à la vue seulement d'un tableau de bataille!*"

So far am I from being capable of taking part in an action, or even a skirmish, that it requires the greatest effort of my imagination to con-

ceive how any one, not armed with invulnerability, can bring himself to face an enemy. The Latin poet throwing away his shield to make his escape the faster—the Athenian orator caught by a bramble in his retreat, and roaring for quarter as lustily as ever he shouted in the tribune—these things I can figure to myself;—but how either the one or the other was ever induced to take the field at all—this is what surpasses my powers of conception. They were not cravens, it is obvious, in the plenitude of that term's acceptation; matchless as they were in song and eloquence, the true genius of cowardice they wanted. In *this*, at least, I am immeasurably above them. Had nature cast them in *my* mould, Philippi and Cheronæa had never seen their backs—because they would never have seen their faces. "*Parmâ non bene relictâ!*"—"*Non bene!*" say you, my bonny bard? Truly, I take it to have been the best and wisest action of your life; and, if I must deal plainly with you, the most insane was that which afforded Anthony's grenadiers a chance of spitting your little carcase like a lark upon their pikes or broadswords. But fugitive as you were, I perceive you had a scintilla of heroism in your composition. You were not of *my* mettle.

There is a sect of *soi-disant* philosophers who lament the by-gone days of chivalry, and are ever sighing for tilt-yards and tournaments—the good old time (they call it) when every gentleman went armed from heel to point; and ladies were wooed by the shivering of lances; and there was no way of proving manhood but by the sword; and no evidence of birth was admitted, but your gentle blood itself, streaming from the gash of spear or battle-axe. Heaven shield us! These were fine times, truly! But pray, Mr. Burke, what should *I* have done in these fine times? What I should *not* have done is certain. I should not have complied with their barbarous usages, *let the consequences have been what they might*' While there remained a mouse-hole in the land, I should never have been seen in the lists. It is quite enough to have read of such doings. That was an enviable day at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, as described in "Ivanhoe;" and critics say it is described *to the life.* John Dryden, too, is tolerably explicit, in his "Palamon and Arcite," on the subject of a passage of arms:—

> "Two troops in fair array one moment shewed—
> The next, a field *with fallen bodies strewed;*
> *Not half the number* in their seats are found,
> But men and steeds lie grovelling on the ground.
> The points of spears are stuck within the shield—
> The steeds, *without their riders,* scour the field;
> The knights, unhorsed, on foot renew the fight—
> The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light;
> One rolls along *a football to his foes*—
> One with a broken truncheon *deals his blows.*"

"*A football to his foes!*" Alas for the olden time! Well-a-day for the days of chivalry! Golden days! will ye never return? "*A football to his foes!*"

These Confessions would be imperfect if I omitted the influence which my extraordinary cowardice has produced upon my religion, my politics, my philosophy, and my manners.

First, as to my religion, I am decidedly a *Quaker.* I have not, however, openly conformed to that sect, because it has receded lamentably from the primitive purity of its doctrines and practice. Arms are now

resorted to in self-defence. Duelling, indeed, is still interdicted; but if you break into the Quaker's house after nightfal, he will resist you with sword and pistol! Now arms, under all circumstances, are my anathema—the pistol is an abomination, even while it saves my life; so that I defer assuming the broad-brim until the spirit of Fox reanimates his followers, and he that is smitten upon one cheek shall be ready to turn the other also. In the meantime, my creed is as follows:—I believe discretion to be the better part of valour. I believe in the combustible, explosive, and life-destroying properties of gunpowder. I believe in the mortal qualities of cold steel, whether in sword, lance, bayonet, or dagger. I believe the only post of safety in battle is to be out of the reach of sabre and range of shot. I believe life to be the first consideration, and honour the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy. I believe the heels to be the most worthy part of the human body, inasmuch as they minister quickest to self-preservation, and, by their timely use, seldom fail to put an end to strife. I believe the most inglorious peace better than the most glorious war. I believe the strength of a country to consist in its live population; and am firmly persuaded that one man walking in the streets of London is worth one thousand lying in the bed of honour. These are the chief articles of my belief. As to my hopes hereafter, I trust that when I have gone to my long home, the innocence of my life will be of no disservice to me. With no deed of blood on my conscience—having made no children orphans, or wives widows—may I not hope to raise my crest as high as the proudest heroes? I trust, however, I shall be lodged in the opposite quarter of the skies—the diameter of the earth's orbit at least between us. Neither in time nor eternity, should I be easy in the neighbourhood of Guy Earl of Warwick, the Chevalier Bayard, Godfrey of Boulogne, John of Gaunt, or even the Duke of Wellington. The spirits of warriors will probably be always warlike. The martial ghosts will be excellent good company for each other; and we civil shades would prefer a separate establishment.

Such is the religion of my cowardice. With but little addition, it contains my politics also. I am decidedly opposed to standing armies. In foreign policy, I am for the principle of non-intervention in all its rigour; and no crime, I am of opinion, should be punished with such unflinching severity as a breach of the peace. I am moreover for reform of every kind, because, when any demand is made, the quietest way is to concede it at once, and avoid the possible event of the petitioner resorting to violence to obtain his object.

My philosophy comes next on the tapis. Cowardice has made me a political economist. Finding the writers on that science unanimous in contending that *peace* is the true interest of nations, it is little surprising that I have become enamoured of a theory so perfectly in unison with my feelings. Peace, peace, peace! was not more the heart's desire of Lord Clarendon, than it is mine. Upon this subject, I am fond of quoting Milton—"Peace hath its victories as well as war;" and again—

> "But if there be in glory aught of good,
> It may by means far different be attained,
> Without ambition, war, or violence,
> *By deeds of peace.*"

Milton, I may as well mention, *en passant*, is my favourite English poet—not on account of his sublimity, but because of the pacific spirit

that breathes through all his compositions, and was indeed diffused over his life. We never hear of him at Marston Moor or Worcester; but we find him, during the tumult of the civil war, sequestered in one of the quietest nooks of London, and inscribing his door with the beautiful and pathetic sonnet, beginning—

> "Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
> Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
> If deed of honour did thee ever please,
> Guard them, and him within protect from harms."

I particularly admire this sonnet. There is a tone of supplication in it so much in unison with the sentiments I entertain towards all military officers, from the field-marshal down to the corporal. Milton had the genius of cowardice as well as of poësy. How superior to Dante! The Florentine would have been buckling on his armour, while the Englishman was watering his threshold with melodious tears, and singing for quarter in strains that would have made Mars himself merciful.

I have now to disclose the effects of my unrivalled cowardice upon my manners and conversation. So constitutioual and instinctive is my dread of arms, deeds of arms, and men-at-arms; and so deeply convinced am I that there is no apology so abject that I would not infinitely rather make than stand to be fired at, that nothing can exceed the pains I am at to be on amicable terms with all the world. I am all smiles, courtesies, and civilities. It is scarcely possible for mortal man to pick a quarrel with me. I apologize, in fact, before I offend; sometimes even when (if any feelings have been hurt) I myself am the injured party. For example, if a person tread on my toe in the street, I bow and ask his pardon, while, at the same time, I am writhing from the effects of the pressure on my corn.

It may be supposed that, like ordinary cowards, I am a *braggadocio*, and talk big, in order to produce on the company a false impression of my character; but I am too sagacious to resort to an artifice which has been so often exposed, and is so easily seen through. On the contrary, I try to imitate the bearing and discourse of the truly valiant, which I have generally observed to be as opposite as possible to that of Captain Bobadil. At the same time, there are certain peculiarities in my conversation, from which I fear some person of more than common penetration—I particularly dread the ladies—will some time or another divine the truth. I am too fond of expatiating on moral intrepidity and intellectual courage; and more than once I have endangered myself by maintaining that there is nothing derogatory to a man of honour in making an apology, without laying sufficient stress upon the clause—*provided he has been in the wrong*. But I never was in such peril of exposure as a few days ago, at the house of an intimate friend. "L. misunderstood," said a lady, addressing herself to me, "an observation you made here the other evening." Now, *misunderstood* is a verb I abhor in every mood and tense. It jarred on my ear like the cocking of a pistol; and, without pausing to ask what expression of mine had been so unlucky as to have been misconstrued, I exclaimed, "I will make any explanation he thinks necessary." Fortunately, the nature of the observation in question prevented the ridicule of this speech from being noticed. "You will not have much trouble, I imagine," said the lady; "it was merely a mistake of one

word for another; you were talking of *Lafitte,* and L. thought you were talking of *La Fayette.*" How lightly sat my bosom's lord upon his throne after this *éclaircissement!* So overjoyed was I at my deliverance from a "misunderstanding," that I thought but little of the hair's-breadth escape of my reputation; faithful in this to the fifth article of my creed, which, you will remember, runs thus—"I believe life to be the first consideration, and honour the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy."

I have little to add, but that I lead the life of a hare, in continual trepidation, regarding all mankind (ladies alone excepted) as my natural enemies, and in daily expectation of being started, hunted, and slain—no—*slain* is going rather too far—at least I shall never be accessory to my own murder. Often I wish myself transported to some solitary isle in the *Pacific* Ocean; or ejaculate with Byron,—

> "Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister!"

I, too, cast a longing eye upon the olden time; but it is on the pastoral ages, when the only weapon was the shepherd's crook, the code of honour was not, and in all Arcady there was neither a challenger nor a cartridge.

LEARNING AND LOVE.

SAID Nature one day, "For the peace of mankind,
Let Woman and Man have their kingdoms apart;
To Man I assign the cold regions of mind—
To Woman, the sunny domains of the heart."

The partition was fair, and the boundaries plain,
Between Learning and Love—between beauty and books;
Contented was Man, in his black-letter reign,
And he left laughing Woman her love-darting looks.

But restless Zitella must kindle a feud,
And stir up a war of the studies and bowers;
Too proud for the limits wise Nature deemed good,
From her own rightful empire she burst upon ours.

We thought ourselves safe in our Latin and Greek,
But Plato has yielded, and Tully is taken;
What *we* can but *read,* dread Zitella can *speak*—
Her books of the boudoir are Berkely and Bacon.

Sweet pedant, beware! all the world is arrayed
To check your ambition, your schemes to oppose;
The Scholar, if routed, will soon have the aid
Of a legion of dames—to a woman, your foes.

The kingdom of hearts is enough for your share;
Oh! unharness your owl, and depend on your dove:
There is Learning enough in this world—and to spare—
But, ah! my Zitella! there's too little Love! M. W. S.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A BOOK-WORM.

Book-reading, as it may be termed, is in some people a mere vicious habit; just like sitting in a dream over the fire for hours together, or moping through the house of a morning, when one ought to be dressing, and hurrying out. I do not know a worse propensity—except opium-eating. It weakens and absorbs the whole intellectual system: it brings a man to that sort of crisis, that his whole life becomes an animal fidget in search of something which he can neither describe nor discover: he is restless and craving; ever searching and never satisfied: hunting for new pleasures in the track of exhausted enjoyments, and returning fatigued and discontented. The appetite of a mere book-reader resembles the dismal sensuality of the constrictor, who feeds and sleeps to the end of the chapter. He ranges over every science with that kind of imperfect perception one has of forms and changes in a vision: he forgets, and confuses, and distorts, and confounds, and misapplies, and at last falls asleep again to try and recover the floating images of the past. Such a man wants health, air, and bodily exercise: he requires a vigorous regimen, a bracing mountain life, and should not be permitted to see even the back of a book for a twelvemonth. When his training is over, you may judge of the state of his disorder, as you do of a man in hydrophobia, when he sees a cup of water, by placing suddenly before him an uncut volume of a new work. If, like Dominie Sampson, he drops his head amongst the leaves, you had better leave him there—he is incurable.

I will never read a book as long as I live. I have been dipped, chin-deep, in the brine of books, and I am literally salted all over. I do believe that there is not a book of any note, published within the last twenty years, that I have not seen and opened: sometimes I went no farther than the title-page: in other cases I ventured into the preface; but not unfrequently I opened the volume at an unlucky page, read two or three lines, quarrelled with an opinion, or a word, or the punctuation, or the printer, and closed the condemned work for ever. Yet I always gleaned enough to talk of the book flippantly, and I passed, of course, as a man deeply read; while I was all the time in a secret fever lest my real ignorance should be exposed. But my history is a series of impressions, which shall be told as they arose.

I was born in Staffordshire, not a mile from that humble range of houses on the road-side, familiarly known by the name of Clock-row. Who has not stood on a dark night on the coach-road that winds through that district of furnaces, and looked across the low grounds with their thousand illuminations, resembling fields of burning marl? Who that has witnessed the awful appearances presented to him in a sight so strange, has turned away from the contemplation, without feeling a new sensation thrill through his frame? I have stood for hours at midnight gazing upon that scene: it has transfixed me into marble at times, and deprived me even of the power of ruminating upon its effect. When the wind rushes over the fires, and you see the artificial doors of the potteries choked up with bursting flames, and the universal blaze undulate and heave like a sea of tossing brands close at your feet, and as far as your eye can penetrate; and when you hear the distant cracking and hissing, and the suffocating sound of fire forcing its way through narrow or accidental fissures, as if a thousand human beings were groaning upon beds

of burning faggots; and when a dead calm succeeds the storm, and the vast plain before you burns stilly and noiselessly, like an outspread lake of liquid gold without a ripple on its surface, you tremble at the terrific phantasies the whole conjures up, and cannot resist the temptation to people the scene with beings and delusions of your own imagination. Such, at least, was the case with me. In my earliest youth I visited the place often at night, and felt a nameless delight in sitting shivering upon a cold stone, looking, almost without thought or speculation, upon the lighted heath before me, until the grey morning broke over the illumination, and outshone it. I mention the circumstance, to account in some measure for the solitary, dreamy mood that hung over my after-life, like an incubus: I think it was originated and nourished in these seasons of lifeless loneliness: I feel that they have had their influence in directing my pursuits, in clouding my vivacity, in checking, perhaps controlling, my taste, and in embittering, by an immedicable listlessness, all the employments of my existence; they cast their deep shadows before, and tinged with their own dark hue all that sprung up in the future, as the tints of certain bulbous plants are determined by the colours that are artificially wrought upon the seed.

Events and characters are frequently created by incidents of a comparatively trifling, and even ridiculous nature. If I drew my inspiration from the potteries, so did I my dullness—

"My bane and antidote are both before me."

Solitariness engendered a love for those idle musings that are solaced, and perhaps encouraged, in books. At the time when I was best adapted to society, I became most unfit for its gaieties: the spring, the elasticity of my natural temper, was crushed in its first play; it had not opportunity to expand into action; and a dull, not despairing, despondency—a heavy recklessness, a stupid indifference—as if the whole world was a floating chimera about me, and that I stood alone with the elements of my pleasures locked up in my own bosom, succeeded. It was a torpor of the intellect; it had no type in any thing living that I had ever met, and therefore experienced no comfort, no sympathy in common association: it was the morbidity of the mind that went on corrupting and corrupting beyond the hope of cure. I could not apply the cautery, I had not nerve to amputate, but suffered the slug to work into, and eat the very principle of volition. Recede from that which I had permitted to master me, I could not; it grew hourly upon me. I was left an orphan in my infancy—my remaining relatives were at a distance; I did not know them, I did not desire to know them; my hereditary competence preserved me from the necessity of appealing to their protection, and my misanthropy repulsed me from their communion. In this state of mind and circumstances, intercourse was hermetically closed upon me; and that coldness in others which was caused by my own reserve and gloom, I attributed not to re-action, but the primal disagreement of our natures, and so precipitated, by unjust feelings and false reasoning, my distaste for fellowship. In my solitude I flew to the conversation of books, for even I, secluded as I was, felt the necessity of a reciprocity of some kind or another. Books were, indeed, to me the apostles of mankind: they spoke the language of remote times, and men whom I had never seen, and of whom I could fancy whatever suited my whim; men with whose spirits I could become intimate, without the vulgar drawback of per-

sonal tediousness, courtesies, formalities, or peculiarities. I could take the book, and do with it as I pleased; I could refute it, or imbibe its instruction, or arraign it, or worship it, or laugh with it, in the certainty that it would not start upon me with an arrogant presumption, or a triumphant chuckle, or an apothegm to destroy my illusion: in the certainty that in its pride, or its mortification, it would not do one single thing to interrupt my bent, or throw me back into a hatred of my fellows. In my lonely chamber I sat with my books—housed night and day with my speechless companions; nor did they always fill me with melancholy, they frequently excited me to hilarity and joyousness. I have cracked a bottle with old Burton, and caroused and lampooned with Lloyd and Churchill. But then my mirth was of an ascetic kind, and was changed at the least intrusion, or interruption, into vexation and spleen. I knew not what it was to share the happiness of others, or to impart my own. I could not talk of books, for they were my Penates, and I would not defile their sacred office by intermixing them with every-day life. My dreams were all my own—unshared and incommunicable. Did sorrow, or annoyance assail me from without, I rushed into my chamber, locked myself up with my confederates, my confidantes, brightened up my fire, roused myself to that pitch of energy a lonely man exerts when he sits down on a winter night to study a problem in Euclid; and, finally forgetting the ills that awaited or thwarted me abroad, endeavoured to feel myself at home, and to relish that silent selfish enjoyment which humanity cannot enlarge by a single ray of hope.

My passion, therefore, for books, increased with the necessity I created for perusing them. I was perpetually reading, and demanding fresh supplies. But my course of study was naturally wandering, imperfect, and, in a measure, fruitless. Yet from the chaos I gathered some knowledge, dangerous, perhaps, because incomplete, but far beyond the general information gleaned by those who mix largely in the world. My early studies were books of a sombre nature; old tracts, rhetorical essays on theology, cynical histories, and elaborate works on the sciences. From these I imbibed the groundwork of my system of thinking—a few cramped and sententious first principles. Of course every human question was tried by my new standard; my scholastic, or rather monastic, divinity was the test of every religion under heaven; and my dogmas in composition sat as judges upon every treatise that came before me. This was the first error of my system, but it was an extensive and ruinous one. It has deprived me of the advantages of many a valuable book, which stood condemned in its first page by my theory of judgment; it has led me into occasional admiration of absurd and pernicious works, and prejudiced me altogether against whole classes of productions, good and useful in their kind.

But wandering and unsettled as it was, my reading was various and diversified. I slowly progressed through the most popular works that treat of the age of chivalry, until at length I almost became a knight-errant myself, and could have done every thing but wield a lance, and write madrigals. I ranged through every age of the drama, from its obscene mysteries in the olden time, to its mysterious obscenities in our own days: I was drunk with the love of Shakspeare, and Marlowe, and Ford, and Massinger; they inspired me to the worst excesses of which my solitude was capable: Prince Harry and I have exchanged a cup of sack, and I have sent Falstaff to bed in a barrel of ale, and taken on

myself the command of his valiant troops. Often and often have I pictured to myself at the farther end of my study, before an old curtain of damask, the kneeling queen and the jesuitical Wolsey—I have often gasped over a catastrophe, watched it with intense pain to the close, and worked myself into a fever in my zeal to rectify the author, or, as it might be, rescue the innocent of his play. But who looked on at my folly? None—none. I was utterly deserted by men; they knew me not, and I did not choose to know them.

Once, in deference to the popular talk, if I may so term it, of books, I read Rabelais. His wit was obscure or local—he did not suit my feelings; there was a labour or a solemnity in his manner that I could not relish, and I cast away his book mortified and disappointed. Months passed, and I again met a passage in a favourite work, which seduced me into another perusal. Again I read him, and was again disappointed. Pantagruel was a monster whom I could neither understand nor enjoy; the lean and lascivious Panurge fatigued and disgusted me, and the Holy Bottle sickened me with its punning and its grossness. It is true, I read the Frenchman's writings with patience—indeed with industry; but that was because they had been panegyrized on all hands, and I did not like to omit forming an opinion for myself agreeably to my own rules; yet I confess that his constant reiterations, amplifications, and stilted drollery puzzled me on my own ground; I was furnished with no standard by which I could try him—he evaded me at every turn; so I heartily disliked him, without being able to tell why. In short, Rabelais was the only author that I ever quarrelled with without assigning a defined, however insufficient cause.

But the infirmity of my temper, exaggerated by severities, was not at a loss to find pretexts for ill humour with other authors. I threw Shenstone into the fire because he described a mode of life which I know, and he knew, to be unreal; and I wished in my heart that I could recal the man from his grave, and place himself beside a flock of sheep on a mountain's side in a shower of rain. I detested Shenstone from first to last, because the delusion he attempted to practice on me was raised upon a presumption that I was a stranger to the abstract delights of nature, which he tortured into whatever fantastic forms he pleased. I could submit to a species of delusion that blinds out care, and throws a veil over misfortunes which, if we choose, we may diminish, or forget, or put in masquerade; but I could not submit to be mocked in the bosom of the green fields, where the sparkling waters, and the uninitiated dyes of the flowers, are beaming a contradiction in my face. I quarrelled, too, with the whole French drama, that permits false sentiment to usurp the place of real feeling, and substitutes measured rhymes for the language of passion. Corneille, on this account, was my abhorrence, and even Voltaire stood neglected on my shelves. The Germans, even the best of them, were amongst my rejected books; and from Goëthe to Frederic Laun, I read to satiety—delighted at the outset with the romance of affected feeling, but disgusted at last with its detailed development and sickly impertinence. Yet there was one of the Germans who made a first impression on my mind I could never subsequently obliterate—that was Schiller. I acknowledged he was guilty of all the faults of his school; that he had been trained up, as it were, in mawkish ribaldry and girlish weakness, that his writings creamed over with the very effervescence of bad taste; but I could not choose but think that all these points, which in others projected prominently and offensively in

every page, were in him softened away into sweetness, and tenderness, and heroism. I shall never forget my sensations when I first read "The Robbers." It was a winter's night, and I sat as usual in my solitude. My temper had been crossed by some petty incident during the day, and I had shut myself in to quarrel with the first book I put my hand on—that book was "The Robbers." As I proceeded a few pages, the interest of the drama enchained my attention—the pathetic circumstances of the principal characters—the sympathy you are made, right or wrong, to feel for Charles Moor — his splendid achievements, his generosity, his unhappy fate, his struggling virtue, breaking out through guilt and ill-doing, his final retribution, horrible and calamitous, just yet lamentable—all, crowding upon me in every scene, and thickening and growing with a terrible reality about me, so completely absorbed me, that when I laid down the book, I fancied—it was a weakness, but it proved how powerful the writing was—I fancied I beheld the gallant ranger of Bohemia, the desperate outlaw—Moor, Charles Moor—and the name yet thrills through my veins—I fancied I beheld him seated upon a chair before me, gazing coldly and sternly into my face! I had courage for a moment to look upon his lineaments, and they were there, for a moment, wan, and manly, and noble, as Schiller has described them; but in the next moment the mist cleared from my eyes, and the vision wreathed away into darkness! This is a fact; but it occurred to a solitary man, nervous, perhaps, in his solitude, and more susceptible than other men to the influences of imagination.

I had ever mingled but little in the world, and grew into manhood, comparatively ignorant of its customs, and entirely untouched by its seductions: and I had now passed over the time when I might have been ductile enough to learn and adapt. It was too late to move out of my retirement and begin life: my habits were formed—my disposition, such as it was, was based upon settled phlegm and confirmed nausea: I could not turn back upon the past and say, "Rise not upon my memory,"—nor to the future, "Be, as if the past had never been." I felt the disease at my heart—it made the whole world a vacuum to me—and I would have shaken it from me, if I could—but that was not within my bidding. That which I had allowed to control me, I could not now control: it was beyond the reach of my powers, and I did not covet it. I was like one labouring under a spell, which he felt—of which he was thoroughly conscious—but which wielded him at pleasure, as a giant would toy with an infant. I often revisited the scene of my first impressions; and there it was as vivid and spirit-subduing as ever; and then I would fly from it to my chamber—but I was companionless; and my books came round me like spectres and shadows, and I grappled with them, and they swung round me, like the booming of the dark waters round a ship that had lost its chart, night after night.

I had read much and constantly, and fatigue and tedium grew upon over-feeding. Yet my appetite was not diminished, it was my palate that demanded stimulants. I looked for variety in every form in which it could be sought. I had already collated and arranged all my books: I had thrown them into every possible classification; chronologically, and according to their species and their genus; I had exhausted every description of solid reading I could obtain, and was glad to find an excuse for seeking refuge amongst the lighter and less profitable authors. In theology, at last, I discovered the absence of obesity; and even in

controversy, that had hitherto excited me with its sarcasms, its vindictiveness, and its subtleties, I no longer felt a charm. I discovered failings and crimes equally balanced on all sides, and gave an equal share of opprobrium to Fox's Martyrs and Butler's Saints; I never could find the happy mean where peace and truth sat guiding, and informing, and consoling mankind. Even Massillon was a sectarian, and Fenelon a visionary, and the amiable Newton a victim to his own fallacies. History had already driven me into despair with its compilers. They had all blasphemed facts. I could not find a feasible History of St. Bartholomew's Massacre, or the Murders of Glencoe, or the Neapolitan Conspiracy—it was all darkness, and contradiction, and personal ire, and endless contention. History, as well as doctrine, was the work of sectaries, and its records were equally stained with the impiety of interested falsehood. I had read too much to be contented—too little to be convinced. In science, the maze was like the Cretan labyrinth; age after age had furnished fresh demonstrations, and discoveries, and improvements; and it would have taken a whole life to trace the progress, before you could come at its rudiment. I was lost in the warfare and strife, and stunned in the immitigable animosities of men who betrayed that narrowness of vision which they were labouring to correct in others. The knowledge of languages was a study to which I had devoted much time, and serious thought, and ardent research. It had beguiled me of many wearisome seasons, when, excluded from society, I sat down to my task of isolated enjoyment; every fresh reception of sounds that conveyed new images, and novel modes of expression, was a joy and a triumph; I exulted in my lonely task—it was a never-ending source of gratification—a fountain, whose waters were eternal. But in the midst of these banquets and anticipations, I discovered that Sir William Jones, the greatest linguist perhaps in the world, had mastered the following languages:—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Reinic, Hebrew, Bengalic, Hindi, Turkish, Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welch, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese! What could I hope to acquire after this? My life, wasted out to its last flicker, would be an idle devotion—I would be a learner on my death-bed; and so I abandoned my labour—pleasing and useful as I found it—in dissatisfaction and anger. I was sated with civilians, who had wound me in their complications until I lost the sense of decision; theory after theory—institution after institution—I found nothing perfect, and took objections to all. I grew tired of the poets when the rush of curiosity was over, and seldom went a second time to their feast of legends.

But my temper had warped even from its original gloom. My library was a tomb; it was strewed over with books; I entered it with a foreboding, as if it was fate that was pushing me on; and yet I had no inclination to seek a change. But new books at last came; modern, cheerful-looking, and such as I had not met before: glittering with tempting embellishments, and written with flippancy and eloquence. In these I found a solace—they banished the thickly-gathering delirium for a while; my brain, my soul, my very existence, was in my new treasures; I gloated over them in the dark — pressed them — grasped them—they were my interlocutors with the creation—they stood between me and the conventional usages of my race. I found them animated by a knowledge such as I had been coveting and despising—I found that they had eclipsed all my speculations, and

vaulted over time and space with freedom and activity—that they spoke to the world not of first-born systems, and mathematical evidences, but of results and consequences—as if they came not to convert men to original principles, but to converse on their application. There was a freshness, a vivacity, an electricity in this that awoke me from my deep reverie of years. I saw that there was yet in books a cure for my distemper, or I imagined I saw it. I was no longer hunted from proof to proof—decoyed from syllogism to syllogism—but felt myself flattered by authors who pre-supposed me to be acquainted with the necessary groundwork of the disquisition. I felt the delicacy of this compliment to the age, and began to apprehend that I had lived too long in my solitude.

Enthusiasm was, as it were, re-created in me. I sat down in the midst of my newly-acquired riches with the grasping avidity of the miser, and I trembled lest I might be deprived, by accident, of the enjoyments that now arose on every side around me. The disease that had hitherto fastened sullenly upon my vitals, now seemed to take another course; and rushing to my eyes, and my cheeks, and my pulses, inspired my whole frame with a glow and a palpitation to which I was formerly a stranger. The freshness, and the curiosity, and the eagerness of boyhood broke upon me in this my immature manhood; my mind expanded, quickened, and strengthened; and if I was dogmatic before, I now became precipitate and extravagant. But this change, although it affected my feelings and my system, did not extend beyond its operation on my own thoughts: it had no external effect: it did not make me relish society the better, nor induce me to compromise the gloom of my study for the glitter of the drawing-room. I had not yet contemplated my desolation. I had not yet felt that seclusion had done its work of darkness upon me, and that the joy which now tingled through my veins was only the gush of an embedded spring; I only felt the selfish satisfaction of a perfect communion with my own spirit, and I gloried in its smothered voice. "I can never forget my knowledge," I cried, "I can never forget my knowledge: friends might forsake, pleasures deceive, rank and station delude me—but my knowledge never! It is with me always: it will not desert me in misfortune—it is that of which no power can bereave me."

The new books increased upon me quickly, even to repletion. I had scarcely time, although I laboured day and night, and rarely apportioned sufficient leisure to exercise or repose, to obtain a hasty acquaintance with their merits. Their views of life, of science, of all that I had studiously struggled to learn, were masterly, brilliant, and rapid. I was carried on in a perpetual flow of ease and eloquence. They had the brevity of Pericles, and the march of Gibbon: they were models rather than imitations, and were capable of instructing the ancients. The celerity with which books increased, and their general adaptiveness to all the purposes of amusement and utility, at length struck me as being a remarkable feature in the age. Intellect, abroad in the world, had either advanced in seven-leagued strides, or I, being out of the world, had stood still. My own deficiency, at least in promptitude and vigour, pressed upon me at every reflection; and when I looked in on the blank that lay upon my heart, I concluded that I had imbibed nothing in my years of solitude, and that men, who were moving up and down in ceaseless activity, communicating, telegraphing, invigorating and inhaling new ideas, and re-combining and relieving the old, had, in reality, far

outstripped me in information, without paying the dear penalties of wretchedness and destitution. I had dedicated myself to books from my childhood—I had early parted from society, and all that others called its pleasures—for objects, perhaps undefined, but certainly connected with knowledge—yet I found in the end that my toils were only a waste of my powers, that they left me embittered by a broken and imperfect, yet disastrous, weight of acquirement—while others, the gay, the voluptuous, the thoughtless, who seemed never to have tasted the sickly fruits of solitude, were winning the world's smile for the flippancy with which they treated every topic, that had cost me incalculable labour and deprivation. The blandishments of society, then, I exclaimed, are not in vain: they sharpen the sensibilities, and render more acute the organs of our perception. Communication between mind and mind, and the constant turmoil of discussion, and the collision of opinion, are calculated to preserve the understanding from rust. But the rust was corroding upon mine—the canker was slowly seizing upon every fibre of my reason. Yet it was not too late to seek health amongst men—to abandon, for a while, the fetid air of my dungeon, and go abroad into the universe. My determination was formed not rashly, but with a melancholy conviction of its necessity; and I adopted it in that desperate obedience with which a wretched mourner consents to leave the grave when its last human obsequies are performed.

Books, unlike women, are the better for being old — this *was* my maxim—they are the better for being new, said my amended creed. The new books linked, as it were, the antiquarian and the novelist; they united the lore of the ancients, and the vivacity of the moderns; they were written with knowledge and spirit; and their wisdom was put out in the language of all ages, and not melted down in the crucible of an epoch, or a sect. The revolution they effected in my mind was accompanied by minor observations interwoven with passing literature, which helped to impress still more vividly upon my imagination the picture of my change. I remarked the extraordinary fecundity of the press in connection with the names of the eminent publishers and the successful writers; and the whole drama of publication floated before me in a pleasing chaos of wonder and illusion. I forged a thousand deceptious notions of men whose names were constantly before me. Murray and Colburn were my domestic physicians, and Longman and his partners my medical advisers extraordinary. Southey, and Byron, and Wordsworth, and Campbell, and Moore, wrought my curiosity and my invention almost to frenzy: I sat hours etching their characters and their books, and deceiving myself into fixed notions of their habits and lineaments; until at last I familiarized myself to the identity I fondly traced for each. There was not in the whole of this shadowy gallery of portraits a single shade or tint of unpleasantness or hardness—all was aërial, tender, spiritual. I moulded the author into a semblance corresponding with the tone and nature of his works: the beautiful were beautiful—the impassioned, impassioned—the lofty, lofty. What child hath not dreamt of Mr. Newberry, the good Mr. Newberry of St. Paul's Church-yard, and loved him almost as a playmate? And I was but a child of a higher temperament, and a more aged enthusiasm.

These ruminations led to extensive consequences. I determined, as I said before, to abandon my imprisonment; and I thought nothing could be easier than to meet and mingle with the living originals of my pictures. To moot Southey on an old doctrine of the church—to

pose Professor Wilson on a stag-hunt in the mountains—to challenge Scott to a discussion on legendary superstitions—to criticise foot to foot with Campbell the rhythm of Gertrude of Wyoming—to hunt Roscoe into a corner on Italian literature—to puzzle Moore and Beckford with orientalisms—and even, for he was then alive, to discuss the laws of the critical craft with Gifford himself;—these were amongst the feats I proposed on launching into the ocean of living wit—and so, unmooring my anchor of misanthropy, I prepared to leave my chamber of loneliness for ever!

I entered it for the last time, fortified in my resolution. Behold me arranging my books *platonically*:—gazing upon them with an effort at frigidity that was painfully ridiculous, and endeavouring to whistle away the throbs that heaved in my bosom. There is not a human being who has not had an attachment at one period or another for some dumb memorial of times gone by; who has not carved upon some tongueless thing an epigraph of the heart's devotion;—a tree—a house—a room—linked to the memory by a train of mysterious associations. And such were the bonds that endeared my solitary apartment to my feelings. They were not to be snapped in an instant—they could not be violated without the bitterest pangs.

Do not smile at this passion for books and their sanctuary. It is the concentration of the affections, and not their object, that makes them strong.

I gazed idly for a time upon the mass of volumes before me—they grew dizzy in my eyes—a sickness slowly rose through my frame—I felt it gaining on me as the dark tide covers the receding strand—I summoned all my strength—rushed out into the daylight of the world—and was some miles on my way to London before I became fully conscious of what I had done.

* * *

THE VOICE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

To me it was a rich delight
On summer flowers to gaze—
To watch the sailing moon at night,
And bask beneath her rays—
To see the dancing sparkle bright
That in the diamond plays:
With varying raptures, all their own,
These charmed my sight—my sight alone.

Oft have I heard the whispering breeze,
And loved its melody—
Invoked fond Echo's mysteries,
Hung on her soft reply—
Or caught, 'mid listening ecstacies,
The night-bird's pensive cry:
With varying raptures, all their own,
These charmed mine ear—mine ear alone.

Thee have I seen, thou gifted Maid!
Ay, heard, and gazed on too;
To flower—moon—gem, where brightness played,
The eye's best love was due.
Breeze—echo—bird of darksome glade,
The ear alone could woo:
But, ah! 'tis thine—'tis thine alone—
To charm the eye and ear in one!

C.

CROTCHET CASTLE.

We noticed in detail some months since the numerous comic productions of the author of the work now lying before us: we discussed his powers of sarcasm and of irony, the range of his information, the sprightliness of his fancy, and, above all, his singular—we might almost add—his unequalled talents for ridicule and caricature. Our present task is, therefore, comparatively speaking, a barren one. Crotchet Castle is indeed little more than a *various reading* of Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey. The same characters (or nearly so) appear on the stage; the same set of quaint opinions are burlesqued; the same truths developed; the same sophistries exposed; in a word, the same predominant faculty pervades it throughout, from the alpha to the omega of the book. Mr. Peacock, though he has much of Rabelais, and something of Swift, in his manner, has (unlike these great writers) no very extensive power of invention. He travels always in the same track, halts always at the same goal. His mental vision is acute, but limited in its range; looking abroad over society, not from a height but from a level. His knowledge of life, too, is chiefly drawn from books; the scholar predominates over the man of the world. Hence, even in his most spirited illustrations, an air of languor, stiffness, and pedantry, is perceptible. His characters do not live in his descriptions: they are not vivid realities, but cold abstractions; not flesh and blood, but opinions personified. Were we to entitle his novels dramatic essays, we should, we conceive, be giving them their most appropriate designation. Thus designated, they may lay claim to decided originality, and, as a lively satirical digest of the intellectual follies of the day, will be read and admired long after the majority of our present popular publications have been sent to line trunks, portmanteaus, and band-boxes.

The plot of Crotchet Castle, like all Mr. Peacock's plots, possesses the rare merit of conciseness and simplicity, and may be told in a few words. 'Squire Crotchet, a most amusing Scotch pedant, and so far an anomaly — your genuine Pictish pedant being the greatest ass, and the most interminable bore in creation—having made a fortune in the way peculiar to his countrymen, resolves, in his old age, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of rural life, so retires to a valley on the banks of the Thames, where he purchases a castle, and makes all possible haste to people it with guests of his own way of thinking—that is, with a set of men, each of whom is notorious in metropolitan literary society for some peculiar absurdity. The story opens with the arrival at Crotchet Castle of a squad of these learned ignoramusses, among whom are Mr. McQuedy, the political economist, a gentleman whose notions of civilized life are drawn from his recollections of the Modern Athens—as Edinburgh has the incredible assurance to style herself:—the Rev. Dr. Folliott (a divine greatly to our taste), who is fond of reading and good living, and is remarkable for his shrewdness and causticity, and the strong sterling sense that pervades his remarks; Lord Bossnowl, a lord and nothing more; Mr. Firedamp, a philosopher, who thinks that water is the evil principle, who sees ague in a duck-pond, malaria in the river Thames, and the semen of depopulation in the British Channel—who shrinks from a gutter as from a fever, and from a shower of rain as from a pestilence; Mr. Eavesdrop, a smart, shewy, prattling idler, who hits off his personal friends in

novels, and pays the penalty on his shoulders; Mr. Henbane, an amateur of poisons and antidotes, whose highest ambition is to kill cats for the purpose of bringing them to life again, and who eventually dispatches himself by a somewhat similar process; Mr. Skionar, a poetic philosopher, a curious compound of the intense and the mystical, who settles every thing by sentiment and intuition; Mr. Chainmail, an amusing, good-natured young antiquarian, deep in monkish literature, and a strenuous admirer of the fighting, feasting, and praying of the twelfth century; Mr. Toogood, a co-operationist, indefatigable in his endeavours to parcel out the world into squares like a chess-board; Miss Touchandgo, daughter of the great banker, who evaporated one foggy morning, and was found wanting when his customers, in a body, did him the favour of a call; Crotchet, junior, son of 'Squire Crotchet of the Castle, a youth ambitious of bubble notoriety, and a partner in the eminent loan-jobbing firm of Catchflat and Company; and lastly, Lady Clarinda Bossnowl, a virgin of much shrewdness and discretion, and idolized by Captain Fitzchrome, a warrior, with the usual military allowance of brains. At the opening of the tale these various personages are all represented as seated round the breakfast-table of 'Squire Crotchet, when the following characteristic conversation occurs among them:—

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Sir, I say every nation has some eximious virtue; and your country is pre-eminent in the glory of fish for breakfast. We have much to learn from you in that line at any rate.

Mr. Mac Quedy. And in many others, Sir, I believe. Morals and metaphysics, politics and political economy, the way to make the most of all the modifications of smoke; steam, gas, and paper currency; you have all these to learn from us; in short, all the arts and sciences. We are the modern Athenians.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. I, for one, Sir, am content to learn nothing from you but the art and science of fish for breakfast. Be content, Sir, to rival the Bœotians, whose redeeming virtue was in fish; touching which point, you may consult Aristophanes and his scholiast in the passage of Lysistrata—ἀλλ' ἄφελε τὰς ἐγχέλεις *—and leave the name of Athenians to those who have a sense of the beautiful, and a perception of metrical quantity.

Mr. Mac Quedy. Then, Sir, I presume you set no value on the right principles of rent, profit, wages, and currency?

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. My principles, Sir, in these things are, to take as much as I can get, and to pay no more than I can help. These are every man's principles, whether they be the right principles or no. There, Sir, is political economy in a nut-shell.

This, though meant as burlesque, is the truest serious definition we have yet met with of political economy. Mr. Peacock has plucked out the heart of the mystery. He has entered into no polite compromises; indulged in no ambiguous circumlocution; but boldly exposed this humbug science in its true colours, and stripped the peacock plumes off the jackdaws who profess it. We say humbug science, for if ever there was a hoax, equal to that of the celebrated bottle-conjuror, political economy is that one. Though its main object is to explain and illustrate the nature and properties of wealth, no two writers have yet been able to agree in their definition of wealth; though it professes to be wholly of a practical character, it abounds in more visionary, untenable, inconclu-

* Calonice wishes destruction to all Bœotians. Lysistrata answers, "*Except the eels.*"—*Lysistrata*, 36.

sive theories than any other science with which modern literature is afflicted; though it is said by its amateurs to be simple in its nature, it is more abstruse than the ænigma of the Sphynx. The only man who ever yet made any thing of political economy, or ever wrote two consecutive lines of grammar on the subject, was Adam Smith. Since his time, the science has been completely at a stand-still. Fools have got hold of it, and made it the peg whereon to hang a variety of asinine speculations; quacks have perpetrated volumes on the subject, and fancied they were familiar with a Juno, when, in fact, they were merely embracing a cloud; and knaves have patronized it as an apology for their otherwise indefensible rogueries. In nine cases out of ten we hold a political economist to be a blockhead, and in the tenth, we feel convinced that he is a knave. Fortunately, however, for the interests of true philosophy the science is at its last gasp. It has been weighed in the balance of common sense, and found wanting. Still Mr. Peacock's sneer is serviceable, and even seasonable. It is the last weight, be it only a straw, that breaks the camel's back. Equally admirable are our author's sarcasms on the lucre-loving spirit of the age. We subjoin a specimen. It is a dialogue between a lover and his mistress:—

Lady Clarinda. I am glad to see you can make yourself so happy with drawing old trees and mounds of grass.

Captain Fitzchrome. Happy, Lady Clarinda! oh, no! How can I be happy when I see the idol of my heart about to be sacrificed on the shrine of Mammon?

Lady Clarinda. Do you know, though Mammon has a sort of ill name, I really think he is a very popular character; there must be at the bottom something amiable about him. He is certainly one of those pleasant creatures whom every body abuses, but without whom no evening party is endurable. I dare say, love in a cottage is very pleasant; but then it must positively be a cottage ornée: but would not the same love be a greal deal safer in a castle, even if Mammon furnished the fortification?

Captain Fitzchrome. Oh, Lady Clarinda, there is a heartlessness in that language that chills me to the soul.

Lady Clarinda. Heartlessness! No: my heart is on my lips. I speak just what I think. You used to like it, and say it was as delightful as it was rare.

Captain Fitzchrome. True, but you did not then talk as you do now of love in a castle.

Lady Clarinda. Well, but only consider: a dun is a horridly vulgar creature; it is a creature I cannot endure the thought of: and a cottage lets him in so easily. Now a castle keeps him at bay. You are a half-pay officer, and are at leisure to command the garrison: but where is the castle? and who is to furnish the commissariat?

Captain Fitzchrome. Is it come to this, that you make a jest of my poverty? Yet is my poverty only comparative. Many decent families are maintained on smaller means.

Lady Clarinda. Decent families: ay, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: I hate a little place; I like large rooms and large looking-glasses, and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red in his face—an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable—if not noble, highly respectable.

Mr. Peacock's dinner chit-chat is admirable and not over-done. It has a flavour about it equal to that of a woodcock, the prince (in his own illustrious line) of dainties.—

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Here is a very fine salmon before me: and May is the very *point nommé* to have salmon in perfection. There is a fine turbot close by, and there is much to be said in his behalf; but salmon in May is the king of fish.

Mr. Crotchet. That salmon before you, Doctor, was caught in the Thames this morning.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Παπαπᾶι! Rarity of rarities! A Thames salmon caught this morning! Now, Mr. Mac Quedy, even in fish your modern Athens must yield. *Cedite Graii.*

Mr. Mac Quedy. Eh! Sir, on its own ground, your Thames salmon has two virtues over all others; first, that it is fresh; and, second, that it is rare; for I understand you do not take half a dozen in a year.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. In some years, Sir, not one. Mud, filth, gas-dregs, lock-wiers, and the march of mind, developed in the form of poaching, have ruined the fishery. But, when we do catch a salmon, happy the man to whom he falls.

Mr. Mac Quedy. I confess, Sir, this is excellent: but I cannot see why it should be better than a Tweed salmon at Kelso.

Mr. Crotchet, Jun. Champagne, Doctor!

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Most willingly. But you will permit my drinking it while it sparkles. I hold it a heresy to let it deaden in my hand, while the glass of my *compotator* is being filled on the opposite side of the table.—By the by, Captain, you remember a passage in Athenæus, where he cites Menander on the subject of fish-sauce: ὀψάριου ἐπὶ ἰχθύος. (*The Captain was aghast for an answer that would satisfy both his neighbours, when he was relieved by the divine continuing.*) The science of fish-sauce, Mr. Mac Quedy, is by no means brought to perfection; a fine field of discovery still lies open in that line.

Mr. Mac Quedy. Nay, Sir, beyond lobster-sauce, I take it, ye cannot go.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. In their line, I grant you, oyster and lobster sauce are the pillars of Hercules. But I speak of the cruet sauces, where the quintessence of the sapid is condensed in a phial. I can taste in my mind's palate a combination, which, if I could give it reality, I would christen with the name of my college, and hand it down to posterity as a seat of learning indeed.

The only fault—but that, as Dennis Brulgruddery observes of his wife's tippling, "is a thumper"—we find with the above scientific dialogue is its gastronomic heterodoxy. Mr. Peacock—tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in Ascalon—prefers a Thames salmon to all others! It is really quite distressing to see the infirmity of judgment that some strong minds possess. Still more distressing is it to reflect that such infirmity is far from uncommon, and that under its malign influence Milton preferred his Paradise Regained to his Paradise Lost; and Byron his Hints from Horace to his Childe Harold. Thames Salmon superior to all others! Singular infatuation! Did Mr. Peacock, who describes Welch scenery so vividly and so characteristically, never taste a salmon, born, educated, and reared to man's estate in the springs of the Towy, where the cloud-capped Llynn-y-Van, lord of the Black Mountains, looks abroad over a dozen counties, and sees no rival? We apprehend he never did, or the recollection would linger on his mind with all the vividness of "love's young dream." Taking this, therefore, for granted, we hold it to be our sacred duty to set him right on a point in which the honour of South Wales is materially concerned. Thames salmon, though fine, and, like Hunt's blacking, even "matchless" in its way, is so only by comparison. It is luscious, but sophisticated. Welch salmon, on the contrary, is the unadulterated offspring of nature. It has never been drenched with gas-scourings; is innocent of the flavour

of town filth; and has never experienced attacks of indigestion from too hastily bolting the miscellaneous contributions of a hundred Fleet Ditches. In its outer Adam it is symmetry itself; in flavour it smacks of the pure mountain air, which no town or city smoke has ever yet presumed to pollute. But indeed every way it is superior to its Saxon kinsman. Its habits are more shy, more delicate; it keeps little or no company; goes to bed at an early hour, and is consequently more healthy in constitution; and, above all, is a thousand times more fastidious in its choice of diet. It will never, for instance, take up with a bit of rancid bacon, as a Windsor salmon of our acquaintance once did. Still less will it bolt a sausage, as was the case with a Henley salmon with which we once had the honour of a chance connection in the head inn of that agreeable town. Its only blemish—and what mortal creature is perfect? —is its exuberant vivacity, which is but too apt to deteriorate its condition by abridging its obesity.

With Mr. Peacock's opinions on lobster-sauce we presume not to quarrel. *De gustibus non est disputandum*—which, by the by, we should have recollected before we presumed to question his salmonian sagacity. Still even on this point there is ample room for controversy, into which, however, we shall defer entering till we have made ourselves acquainted with the Bishop of London's theory on the subject. Our present impulse leads us to look on lobstersauce with more reverence than affection; as an object rather to be respectfully shunned than affectionately adhered to. *Sed hactenus hæc.*

We are much pleased with the humorous extravagance of our author's description of a sallow, care-worn man of business, who is represented as looking "as if he had tumbled headlong into a volcano, and been thrown up again among the cinders." We cannot, however, accord praise to his sneers at the immortal Waverley Novels. Here they are for the reader's benefit, who, we suspect, will not be a little astonished:—

Lady Clarinda. History is but a tiresome thing in itself: it becomes more agreeable the more romance is mixed up with it. The great enchanter has made me learn many things which I should never have dreamed of studying, if they had not come to me in the form of amusement.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. What enchanter is that? There are two enchanters: he of the north, and he of the south.

Mr. Trillo. Rossini?

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Ay, there is another enchanter. But I mean the great enchanter of Covent Garden: he who, for more than a quarter of a century, has produced two pantomimes a year, to the delight of children of all ages, —including myself at all ages. That is the enchanter for me. I am for the pantomimes. All the northern enchanter's romances put together, would not furnish materials for half the southern enchanter's pantomimes.

Lady Clarinda. Surely you do not class literature with pantomime?

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. In these cases, I do. They are both one, with a slight difference. The one is the literature of pantomime—the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into costume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monkery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castrametation, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language. As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men

wiser or better—to make them think, to make them ever think of thinking; they are both precisely alike: *nuspiam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullimodis.*

Lady Clarinda. Very amusing, however.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Very amusing, very amusing.

Mr. Chainmail. My quarrel with the northern enchanter is, that he has grossly misrepresented the twelfth century.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. He has misrepresented every thing, or he would not have been very amusing. Sober truth is but dull matter to the reading-rabble. The angler who puts not on his hook the bait that best pleases the fish, may sit all day on the bank without catching a gudgeon.

Mr. Peacock, in this extract, blames the Waverley Novels for not being, what their author never intended they should be. Political—we say nothing of moral—truths in a professed work of fiction, are as irrelevant as puns in a sermon. We neither expect them, nor desire them. Character, incident, and description—these are the true staples of romance: and in these Sir W. Scott abounds to profusion. In these he rivals "all but Shakspeare's name below." Who can forget his Fergus Mac Ivor—his Bradwardine—his Rob Roy—his Tony Fire-the-faggot—his Die Vernon—his Flora—and his Dalgetty? Who does not thrill at the recollection of his dead smuggler in the Cave of Derncleugh—his account of the battle between Bothwell and Burleigh—of the last moments of Meg Merrilies—of the conflagration of Front de Bœuf's Castle? Who does not tread the greensward in fancy with Gurth, the Saxon herdsman—breathe the mountain air with Rob Roy at the Clachan of Aberfoyle—and grow mellow with Dalgetty at Sir Duncan's Castle of Ardvoirlich? These are characters and descriptions never, "while memory holds her seat," to be forgotten. They have taken a hold of the national mind, that no after-changes in the national literature will ever have power to affect. The stamp of eternity is on them. They are imperishable as nature herself. Still, wondrous enchanter as he is, Sir Walter Scott is, in many respects, surpassed by not a few of his cotemporary novelists. In depth of thought, and acute analysis of the springs of human passion, he is far—very far inferior to Godwin; in stern masculine energy he must be content to rank below the author of Anastasius; in the elevated tone of his morality he is not to be compared with Ward; still less with Mr. Peacock himself, in the breadth and richness of his humour. But it is in his variety—in his invention—in the lavish fertility of his incidents, that he claims the superiority over all his cotemporaries. He is not one, but Legion. He has not done one thing well, but every thing. His genius has the true Midas power, and transmutes all that it touches into gold. As Johnson observed of Goldsmith, so may we say with more propriety of Scott, *nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.* May he write a hundred more novels, and may we survive to read them!

Returning from this digression, we proceed with more satisfaction to our author's summary criticism on modern poetry. It is true to the life:—

Mr. Chainmail. The poetry which was addressed to the people of the dark ages, pleased in proportion to the truth with which it depicted familiar images, and to their natural connection with the time and place to which they were assigned. In the poetry of our enlightened times, the characteristics of all seasons, soils, and climates may be blended together, with much benefit to the author's fame as an original genius. The cowslip of a civic poet is always

in blossom, his fern is always in full feather; he gathers the celandine, the primrose, the heath-flower, the jasmine, and the chrysanthemum, all on the same day, and from the same spot; his nightingale sings all the year round, his moon is always full, his cygnet is as white as his swan; his cedar is as tremulous as his aspen, and his poplar as embowering as his beech. Thus all nature marches with the march of mind; but, among barbarians, instead of mead and wine, and the best seat by the fire, the reward of such a genius would have been to be summarily turned out of doors in the snow, to meditate on the difference between day and night, and between December and July. It is an age of liberality, indeed, when not to know an oak from a burdock is no disqualification for sylvan mynstrelsy. I am for truth and simplicity.

"I am for truth and simplicity," says Mr. Peacock, in the person of Chainmail the antiquarian. So are we. But where is it to be found? Not in poetry, for we have none. Effect—effect—effect—this is the first—this the second—this the third fashionable desideratum in modern bards. Owing to the demand for such stimulus, poetry has been gathered to her fathers, and rhyme reigns in her stead. "Amurath an Amurath succeeds;" rhymester follows rhymester—each more dull—each more artificial—each more incorrigible than the last. Mr. Peacock, consequently, is as felicitious in his criticism on modern poetry as in his definition of political economy. But our limits warn us to close. "*Tempus equum spumantia solvere colla*"—so says an ugly devil at our elbow. Suffice it then to say, that Crotchet Castle will well repay perusal. It is lively, satirical, and even learned, though without pedantry or assumption. It is, however, as we observed before, too much a Variorum edition—too much an echo of its predecessors.

> "Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other."

Mr. Skionar is a mere adumbration of Mr. Flosky in Nightmare Abbey—Dr. Folliott only differs in name from Dr. Portpipe in Melincourt—as for Clarinda Bossnowl, she is evidently twin-sister to Anthelia Melincourt; and we half suspect, although they seem ashamed to acknowledge the connection, that Messrs. Catchflat and Company, with their head clerk, Robthetill, have had large literary dealings, and derived many serviceable hints from the equally eminent firm of Air-bubble, Smoke-shadow, Hop-the-twig, and their secretary, Wm. Walkoff, who figure so prominently in Melincourt. Of one thing we are certain. Mr. Toogood is neither more nor less than Mr. Toobad—one of the heroes of Nightmare Abbey—in a high state of health and good humour—in which condition we leave him and the other inhabitants of Crotchet Castle to make their way with the public.

THE TABERNACLE, OR SUNDAY IN LUNNUN.

Come, ye mopes, and drones, and droopers!
Listen to me in your stupors;—
Come, ye gaunt and grim old maids!
Long since fitted for the shades;—
Hear me, from your darkest den,
All ye "old, unmarried" men!—
All ye tribes of wretches, come—
Denizens of sin and gloom!
Give me a responsive throe,
While I sing your song of woe!

Morn is up—pale, chill, and murky—
Looking well inclined to Burke ye;
Through the fetid fog the bell
Rings as with your funeral knell;
Heaven is cloud, and Earth is mud,
Promising a London flood.
Just as strikes the last half-hour,
Down comes, thick and thin, the shower!
On ye put your Sunday satins,
Hurrying to your doctor's matins;
Slippery every stone as glass,
(Lately, too, broke up for gas!)—
All the brats of shops and schools,
All the "mighty serious" fools,
All the 'prentice-gentlemen,
Promenading through the fen—
Till subsides the general cackle
At the pious Tabernacle!

There you find no Doctor Prosy,
As an apple round and rosy;
Happy proof that all the dinners
Are not left among the sinners;
Happy proof that beef may line
Cheeks and ribs the most divine;
Happy proof that port may paint
Even the most world-hating saint!
There you find—wild, gaunt, and grim—
Fierce of face, and lank of limb,
With that mystic sweep of eye,
Fixed at once on earth and sky;
Now a comet's fiery glare
Blazing from his matted hair;
Now a melancholy moon,
Melting to some wizard tune;
Whiskered like a bold hussar,
Stands our man of holy war.

Every hole and corner filled;
All the winter asthmas stilled;
All the brats forbid to cry;
All the hats and caps laid by;
Past, in short, the usual rustle
Of the saintly in a bustle;
Hushed the clearing of the lungs;
Hushed *almost* the women's tongues;
All the world behind them cast—
Comes the mighty man at last!

Half a sigh and half a groan
Opens thus his holy moan :—

" Away—away, ye sinners all!
Falling all, and born to fall;
Here, among two thousand souls,
Not a tenth shall 'scape the coals.
From the ceiling to the floor,
Dare I count of saints a score?
What are all without, within?—
Sin and shame, and shame and sin.
First, ye women—sex called fair—
Look within—what see ye there?
Hear me, your especial martyr!
(I myself once caught a Tartar;
Looking rashly for a *catch*,
Soon I found I met my match).
Light as feathers in your bonnets;
Full of novels, songs, and sonnets;
Stings of aspics in your lips;
Poison in your fingers' tips;
From the forehead to the feet
All one dangerous, deep deceit;
Patches, petticoats, and paint—
Who now sees a female saint?
Fallen angels! down ye go
To the hottest hearth below!

" Now, ye smiling gentlemen,
Think ye to escape your den?
Know ye that Old Nick's fireside
Is for men and maids full wide?
There you'll have no tender glancing;
Life is there no morris-dancing!
Down ye go, ten thousand feet,
In a new, blue sulphur sheet!
There you'll have no Lord Mayor's feasts,
Turning aldermen to beasts;
There you'll clear no cent. per cents.;
There you'll have no quarters' rents;
There no gallop after foxes;
There no pit-tier opera-boxes;
There no pleasant slice of place;
There 'no notice from his Grace;'
There no flirting in the bevy,
Gathered at the royal levee;
There no three hours' trip to Brighton,
Bile and purse at once to lighten;
There no continental trip,
Life, like new champagne, to sip;—
Husband, placeman, swindler, rover,
There your wild-oat days are over!

" I own it, there are joys in life,
(I speak to those without a wife),
When down its early stream we glide,
Like straws or feathers on the tide;
When all the hours are morning hours,
And all the landscapes fruits and flowers;
And all the sky above is blue,
And inly whispering, 'This will do!'

That rascal Vanity drives on,
The booby! till his day is done.

" First comes the sympathetic friend,
Who'll borrow all you have to lend,
And stick beside you without fail,
Until he sees you lodged in jail!

" Or comes some man-catcher from France,
With steel-traps writ in every glance;
Slight, simple, *owning* to seventeen;
Her eyes scarce hinting what they mean;
Her form, face, simper all divine;
Her fortune quite a diamond mine.
You stir a passion in her breast—
' She'll die before the tale's confest;'
You find her shrinking, sighing, flying—
In fact, the tender thing's just dying!
She ' dreads your sight, she spurns mankind:'
Somehow, her love for you gets wind;
Somehow, at Brighton, Bristol, Bath,
She always tumbles in your path;
Till somehow comes some whiskered brother,
To swear ' you're fitted for each other.'
Or, if you pause about your *pledge*,
You've but to cross next farm-yard hedge,
And there you'll find the favourite spot
For fickle lovers to be shot.

" Your stomach scorns the leaden pill;
He asks the deed, and not the will.
The deed *is* done—you pop the question—
(A life may serve for its digestion).
The lady smiles, is shocked, submits—
Not more than twice a day has fits;
Hope, smiling Hope's the lady's doctor—
Then comes the lawyer, then the proctor;
(Perhaps you'd wish the hangman come,
But ' love and rapture' keep you dumb;)
You're wedded. History discovers
You've followed half a dozen lovers.
Your heiress is a shrew and beggar;
But then—her blood's the true McGregor.
You've played the blockhead for your life,
And gained brats, brawlings, and a wife!

" Now go, ye race of culprits, go
Where pitchforks toss ye to and fro;
Where, on the roaring river's brink,
Proof aquafortis is your drink;
Where all your beds are burning coals,
And all your suppers are fried *soles*;
Where all alike, from king to shepherd,
Are daily grilled and cayenne-peppered;
Where all the liquid at your lunch
Is patent oil-of-vitriol punch;
Where pure corrosive-sublimate
Is sauce for every slice ye eat;
Where sulphur forms your table-cloths,
And *churchwardens* prepare your broths;
And Fate's consummate vengeance gives
To every wretch a dozen wives!"

SHIPS, COLONIES, AND COMMERCE.

THE extraordinary doctrines which some of our legislators have of late years endeavoured to reduce to practice, in pursuance of speculative theories of ultra free-trade, are absurdities, fraught with such mischievous consequences, that they have attracted the serious attention of all those whose immediate interests are at stake.

Experienced merchants, especially those nearly concerned in our *shipping* and colonial interests, have taken the alarm, and have at length bestirred themselves in opposition to measures, which instead of advancing the general prosperity of the empire, are rather calculated to undermine and destroy all those sources of national wealth, which, till lately, rendered us the envy of every nation of Europe and America, and enabled us to set their united efforts for our destruction at defiance.

So long as our distant colonists were the immediate sufferers, these ruinous schemes met with less opposition than they deserved; but when ministers, by their recent budget, openly manifested a determination to set the opinions of practical men at defiance, and to act upon their own erroneous and ultra views—commercial men could no longer remain inactive, and this gave occasion to one of the most numerous and respectable meetings ever witnessed on any similar occasion:—the persons assembled not only marked their disapprobation in the strongest language, but the influence of their opinions has been manifested in the House of Commons, by a very large majority against ministers!*

Notwithstanding the agitation created in every quarter by the momentous question of Reform—this demonstration in support of "Ships, Colonies and Commerce," has been followed by meetings in various commercial towns. We hope the resolutions passed at these meetings will be pressed upon the serious consideration of Parliament, until the dictates of reason and common sense are listened to. We should regret exceedingly that the degree of distrust and dissatisfaction which has been created by the financial attempts above alluded to, should militate against any measure really necessary for the good of the country,—yet it must be admitted that if in the guidance of interests of vital importance to the empire at large, there has been an evident want of capacity, it can hardly be expected that implicit confidence and support upon other points are likely to follow.

We have so frequently pointed out the ruinous effects of our anti-colonial policy, and the misery and distress which, if persisted in, it was likely to create—that we scarcely consider it necessary to enter more fully into the subject. Suffice it to say, that West India planters who were at one time wealthy, are now reduced by it to poverty; and finding themselves yearly getting into further difficulties, some of them, we believe, have actually been forced to abandon their estates and labourers to their mortgagees, and other creditors! In a very few years more, unless immediate relief be afforded, the negroes on many estates will manifest the want of their usual comforts by riot and insubordination: the flame once raised, will spread rapidly, and instead of happy communities, rising in civilization, we shall have misery and bloodshed!

Then, indeed, when the consequences are felt at home, and when it is too late to apply a remedy, we shall have every mercantile city and manu-

* *Vide* Debate and Division on the Timber Duties.

facturing town in the kingdom, clamorously petitioning for the restoration and protection of our colonies, and colonial trade! and we shall, in the decay of our naval power and financial resources, see abundant reason to lament that these ultra free-trade opinions were not timously opposed.

It has been a favourite argument with the advocates for the system alluded to, that it was only necessary to shew rival nations that we were actuated by a liberal spirit in these matters, to induce them to adopt our views, and subscribe to a system of *reciprocity*—but what has been the result of our experience? Mr. Powlet Thomson, in his official capacity, has been forced to declare a few days ago, on one of those points which incidently came under discussion, that "correspondence upon correspondence has passed upon this subject, but *we have not the power to compel other countries to adopt other systems than those which from reasons of their own they are at present disposed to adhere to;*" or, in other words, they wisely for themselves adhere to those regulations which they have found to be the most advantageous, they avail themselves of our errors, and are year by year trenching upon some valuable branch of our trade. Even the United States, which, from the free nature of their institutions, might be expected to entertain generous notions of commercial reciprocity—have adopted, and strictly adhere to a closely exclusive system of commercial regulations. For the encouragement and protection of their own produce and manufactures they levy prohibitive, or at least heavy duties on our colonial and other products;* and although their decidedly English habits, and the cheapness of some British manufactures, induce them to take our goods to a considerable extent annually, they nevertheless encourage, as far as circumstances will admit, their own rising establishments, and are keenly using every exertion to make themselves entirely independent of us.

Under all these circumstances it would seem to be nothing unreasonable to expect that our rulers should pause in their attempts to enforce their ruinous theories, until, at least, they had time to consider and discuss their ultimate consequences! But what has been the fact? Instead of endeavouring to relieve our sugar colonies from that distress which is admitted by all parties to be of the most overwhelming description, and instead of fostering and encouraging those other colonies in which our surplus population finds a ready asylum—they have recently proposed to place two of them—namely, the Canadas, and the Cape of Good Hope, in a situation of similar misery with our sugar colonies, by imposing ruinous duties on their staple commodities—a measure which would have been a benefit to the Norwegians, the Swedes, Prussians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese—who take very few goods from us—but which would have had the effect not only to destroy a great part of the capital engaged in the trade, agriculture, &c. of the colonies in question, but would also have thrown some thousands of British shipping and seamen entirely out of employment!

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* On our Raw Sugars they exact about ..... 15 *s.* 0 *d.* per cwt.
Coffee ..... 25 0 ditto.
Rum ..... 3 8 per gallon.
Molasses ..... 0 6 ditto.
Salt ..... 200 per cent.

It is true that the first of these measures has for the present been defeated, and the second modified; but nevertheless it shews the *animus* by which, towards our colonies, ministers are governed; and as the same attempts will in all probability be renewed, it may be worth while to point out some of the reasons urged against the adoption of the proposed measures.

Sir Howard Douglas, the Governor of New Brunswick, in a very able pamphlet,* points out the value and importance of our British North American possessions, and "the circumstances on which depend their further prosperity, and colonial connection with Great Britain."

There are two signs (says Sir Howard) under which the statesman may estimate the value and importance of the British North American Colonies. The one is positive, the other relative. The positive, or absolute value, consists in the shipping they employ, the seamen they form, the manufactures they consume, the supplies of which they are the home sources for the British market and our West India Colonies, and the mastings and spars which they ensure for our navy in the day of need. The sign under which the relative importance of the northern provinces may be considered, indicates the effect of placing all these elements of statistical greatness in the opposite scale of the beam, by which the statesman should carefully weigh the effects of measures which, though treated as fiscal or finance questions, reach, in fact, into matters of the very highest order of policy.

The permanency of the colonial connection between Great Britain and the North American Provinces, rests entirely on the manner in which their interests are dealt with by the British Parliament; it is therefore of the greatest importance to consider what effects are likely to be produced upon the interests of those colonies, by the proposed alteration in the duties on foreign and North American timbers.

It is stated that the population of the British North American Provinces was in the year 1828 about 1,000,000, and increasing in a higher ratio than that of the adjoining New England States; and the British Colonies consume in corresponding augmentations the manufactures and goods of Great Britain and Ireland, and take increasing quantities of West India produce, upon which the United States have laid heavy duties, to encourage the production of their own sugars.

In 1828, the amount of British manufactures consumed in British North America was about £2,000,000 value, so that those Provinces take about 40s. each person per annum of British goods.

The amount of British manufactures imported into the United States from the United Kingdom, in 1826 (see Watterston's Statistics), was 26,181,800 dollars, which at 4s. 6d. is £5,876,975; the population of the United States for that year being 12,000,000; it follows that the people of the United States do not take, per person, one-fourth so much of British goods as the people of the British Colonies.

The whole British tonnage trading to British North America before the revolution, namely, in the year 1772, was only 86,745 tons. The British tonnage trading to the British North American Provinces in the year 1828 was 400,841 tons, navigated by at least 25,000 seamen, which is nearly *one-fifth of the whole foreign trade of the country;* and this pro-

* "Considerations on the value and importance of the British North American Provinces," &c. &c. By Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. K.S.C., C.B., F.R.S., &c. &c.

digiously increased, and still active trade, should be considered *a home trade.* There is no doubt that the home trade should be preferred to foreign trade; but that position which, in argument or in fiscal arrangement, would consider the colonial trade not to be a home trade, brings the colonial interest under a wrong denomination.

Let us now see in what way this matter is viewed by the government of the United States. It appears* that the population of the British Provinces increased, between the years 1806 and 1825, more than 113 per cent., whilst that of New England increased only 27 per cent.; that the imports of the British Colonies have been almost *quadrupled* in amount, and the exports considerably more than doubled in that time;† while the exports and imports of the United States in 1828 were about the same in amount as they were in 1807; that while the whole foreign trade of the United States, with every part of the world, has remained stationary for fifteen years, the navigation of the British Colonies, with the mother-country alone, has increased, as the Report states, from 88,247 to 400,841 tons,‡ or about one half of all the American tonnage employed in its foreign trade, which in 1828 was only 824,781 tons, being an increase of only 253,528 tons, or a fraction less than 3 per cent. on what it was in 1820; while the increase of the foreign navigation of Great Britain, from 1815 to 1827, was 741,840 tons, or nearly equal to the whole foreign tonnage of the United States in 1828! Again,§ the whole tonnage of the United States with the British empire had, in 1828, declined by 32,000 tons since 1815; whilst British tonnage employed in the direct trade between the United States and Great Britain had, in 1828, increased 38 per cent!

Having stated these, and many other remarkable facts, which bear, most forcibly, upon this subject, the Report proceeds to state, "that the rise or decline of navigation is the index of national prosperity and power—that the great object of a statesman, in a maritime nation, should be to lay the foundations of a great naval power in a hardy and extensive commercial marine; and that to prepare for war, it is palpably inconsistent for a maritime nation to attempt to accomplish that object by a policy destructive of its commercial marine, the most efficient instrument of war, whether offensive or defensive."

Sir Howard then proceeds to argue, and to shew that the proposed doubling of the duties on the Canadian, and lowering those on Baltic timber, would completely destroy the only scale by which it is possible to continue the trade, upon which not only so much of our shipping depends for employment, but also our *emigrant population* for their first chance of success. The poor emigrant begins his labour with the axe; and his greatest, his chief resource in earning money, wherewith to buy what he wants, is in manufacturing shingles, or staves, or in felling timber. Let this measure pass—let the British North American trade languish—let the inter-colonial trade with the West Indies be unprotected, and *the miseries and the distresses, which the emigrant may have endured as a pauper at home, would be nothing to those to which he would be consigned in the wilds to which he has been removed.* We have

* Report on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, by Mr. Cambreleng, p. 28.

† Report, p. 28.

‡ Report, p. 27.

§ Report, p. 26.

begun this work.—It originated in a desire to relieve ourselves; if it turn out in a manner to reduce to misery, or in any way to injure the interests of those to whom we have held out the assurances of removal to a better condition—I (says Sir Howard) know not the name, for the case has, happily, never yet occurred, by which to call such an act.—But what care our political economists of the new school for such consequences. "Let us maintain our *principles*," said the French Revolutionists, "though all the world should perish!"

One strong reason urged for keeping fast hold of these Colonies is, that they contain coal of the first quality, and in immense abundance; and no more need be said to satisfy persons who look beyond the mere surface of things, that upon this account alone they are inestimable; that this precious ingredient of their value may be made to bring them nearer to us, and cement them firmly with us; and that to surrender such a boon to a rival nation, for that must be the consequence of our throwing them off, would be an act of political suicide!!

After exposing some of the absurdities of the new school, Sir Howard justly observes, "that foreign powers, without exception, seem to prefer the example by which our power has been created, to the theories by which we are told it *may* be increased; but by which (we perfectly agree with him) it is much more likely to be undermined and ruined. The course of policy which made Britain a great maritime power, will maintain her in her supremacy; but, *in proportion as she deviates from that course which made her great, she will become feeble.*"

With regard to the intercourse between British North America and our West India Colonies, upon which so much of the prosperity of the former is said to depend, we are sure the West Indians have no ungenerous or unsocial feelings on the subject. All that they desire is this, that if they are forced, for the encouragement of the Canadas, to take their staves, lumber, and provisions from these British possessions, at a higher rate than that at which they can be obtained elsewhere, they are entitled to some equivalent advantage to counterbalance this onerous obligation. Mr. Bliss, the champion of these northern colonies, indicates in a recent pamphlet,* that the West India Colonies "were never so abundantly supplied as now, and that their supplies were never so cheap." But we would submit that this is rather a disingenuous way of stating the case. The question is not what price was *formerly* paid? but what is the lowest price at which the West Indians could *now* obtain their supplies?—And a reference to the prices in New York, Boston, &c., and to the rates at which the planters in Cuba are supplied, will shew that Canada is by no means the cheapest market. The duties, in favour of our Canadian produce, levied in our Colonies "are paid," says Mr. Bliss, "to the colonial treasuries, which must be supplied from some quarter." It so happens, however, that to collect these duties and enforce these "free trade" regulations, a crowd of custom-house officers were imposed upon the colonists at necessarily, very high salaries; and, in consequence, *nearly the whole* of the duties collected go to pay their salaries!

The amount of these duties† was in one year....£75,340.
And the expences of collection..... 68,025.

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* Letter to Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P., on the New Colonial Trade Bill, 1831, page 25.

† Papers submitted to the Board of Trade by Mr. Keith Douglas.

This is putting money into the colonial treasuries with a vengeance!! —With regard to another point of this important question, namely, the best mode of obtaining a cheap supply of timber for home use. The merchants, and others concerned in the trade, forcibly state in their application to the legislature, that the interest of the consumer in this country is directly concerned in the maintenance of the present state of things. There is now an abundant supply of timber from two sources: the consumer purchases that which suits him best, while the respective prices of each serve to shew the rates at which they can be sustained in the market relatively to each other—it being manifest that any circumstance which should, from whatever cause, enable the importer of either description of timber to sell it cheaper than he now does, would lead to an increased demand for that description, in preference to the other, on the part of the consumer. There can be no pretence, on the part of the consumer, for requiring any reduction in price—both kinds being abundant and cheap. On the other hand, it is evident that, by cutting off one source of supply—which must happen if the proposed measure be passed—the consumer will, in a few years, find himself dependent on the Baltic producer alone, and must deal with him under all the disadvantages which that want of competition must produce.

Although ministers have been beaten on this point for the present, there is no doubt they will again attempt similar measures; and it therefore becomes necessary that all the friends of "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," should be vigilant and ready to defend their own interests from similar measures.

To turn to another quarter of the world, namely, Southern Africa. The Cape of Good Hope may be considered, and in fact is, the only possession of the British crown producing wine in any considerable quantity. For our supplies of that article we were formerly entirely at the mercy of foreign states. Had the late Emperor of the French been able to complete his continental system, we should have been entirely deprived of that invigorating and medicinal beverage: or, at least, we could only occasionally have obtained a few pipes from Madeira, and other small islands. In fact, at the period of exclusion alluded to, the price of wine had risen in this country enormously,—but, to render us less dependant upon the wine countries of Europe, government, on our acquiring possession of the Cape, and for some years after that event, held out by public proclamations and otherwise, *the greatest encouragement to enter upon the cultivation of the vine* in that settlement, as "a consideration above all others of the highest importance to its opulence and character," and promised "*the most constant support and patronage* on the part of the government, and that no means of assistance should be left unattempted to improve the cultivation, and every encouragement given to honest industry and adventure to establish the success of the Cape commerce in this *her great and native superiority.*" Premiums were offered to those who planted most largely, and for the production of the best wines; and in 1813, Cape wines were admitted to the British market at one third of the duty of port and sherry. This afforded a protection of about £28 the cask of 110 gallons. In consequence of this pledge of support and encouragement, much capital was embarked in vineyards, &c.; and although the cultivation and best mode of management, so as to produce good wines, depends upon many peculiarities of soil and niceties of adaptation, which can only be discovered by close attention

and a comparison of the result of various successive vintages, and modes of treatment,—the quantity produced rose from about 7,500 casks to nearly 20,000 casks,—of an improved quality,—in 1824, the capital embarked by the cultivators and wine merchants in Cape Town, was computed to be upwards of a million and a half sterling! Having thus entrapped people into a large investment, government in 1825 suddenly, and against the earnest remonstrances of those interested, lowered the protective duty to about £11 per pipe, to continue until 1830, and to £8 5s. after that period. The consequence of this measure was the immediate ruin of some of those largely engaged in the trade, and a necessary depreciation of a capital which, once embarked, could not be withdrawn! On the pressing representation of these circumstances to Sir George Murray, and Mr. Goulburn, who were then in office, they, *by the Act of* 10 *Geo. IV. ch.* 43, agreed that *until the* 1*st January,* 1833, the duty should be continued at 2s. 5d. per gallon, affording the diminished protection of £11, as above mentioned,—and that the reduction of protection to £8 5s. per pipe, should not take place till after that period. Reposing on the faith of this Act of Parliament and following the impulse which had been previously given to vine cultivation, the settlers continued to extend in a slight degree their establishments, and the property embarked is now nearly two millions sterling. To their astonishment, however, the new ministry, disregarding not only all former promises, but in the face of this Act of Parliament, proposed to raise the duty on colonial wines from 2s. 5d. to 5s. 6d. per gallon, and to lower the duties on Foreign wines!—thus, by a double operation, to do away with all protection to Cape wine, and consequently ruin the colony, and every one interested in this, its staple commodity! One circumstance connected with this proposal appears to us to be worthy of remark, namely, that at the period when government pledged themselves to support vine culture at the Cape, Lord Goderich, (then the Hon. J. F. Robinson) was *Vice President of the Board of Trade!* In 1825, when the first breach of faith was committed, Lord Goderich (the Hon. J. F. Robinson) *was Chancellor of the Exchequer!* and now in 1831, when it has been proposed to depart entirely from every former pledge, Lord Goderich is *Colonial,* or rather *Anti-Colonial Minister!!*

With regard to the quality of Cape wine, we think the very unjust prejudice against it is gradually decaying. We believe the *genuine* average quality to be more wholesome than the ordinary qualities of port and sherry, or such stuff as is usually sold under these denominations. The consumers of Cape wine are a new class of wine drinkers, entirely distinct from the consumers of the old established high-priced wines. The additional duty proposed would deprive the present consumers of a cheap and wholesome beverage, and force them to return to ardent spirits. It would crush the trade altogether, and besides all the other mischiefs to "ships, colonies and commerce," might cause a positive defalcation of revenue—benefitting only the wine growers of Kings Louis Philippe, Ferdinand, and Miguel. And although Lord Althorp has consented to fix the duty at 2s. 9d., for the next two years, yet if at the end of that period, all protection is withdrawn, it will be entirely destructive of the property of the colonists; and also of all faith in the wisdom and justice of the mother country.

We would finally observe, that although the cases of the Cape of Good Hope, and the British North American Colonies are somewhat dissimilar,

they are equally in point as regards the anti-colonial feeling, manifested by at least a great part of his majesty's present ministers. These frequent departures from former pledges, and the bad consequences which always result from suddenly changing fixed channels of trade, retard the prosperity of the mother country by paralizing the efforts of her colonists, and deranging her commercial relations.

With regard to the Canadas, we would observe, that the feeling entertained of their value by the advocates of ultra free-trade in this country, is somewhat different from that of our lynx-eyed rivals on the other side of the Atlantic. "It is very desirable," say they, "that the people of the United States and of the British provinces, should become better acquainted and be led to take a more lively interest in each other. Their fathers were united by the bond of a common country; and it needs no spirit of prophecy to foresee, that the time must come, when, in the natural course of events, the English colonies on our borders will be peaceably dissevered from the remote mother country, and the whole continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to the coast of Labrador, present the unbroken outline of one compact empire of friendly confederated States." Be it so! but let us not by injustice accelerate that period. Let us rather try to bind our colonies to each other by promoting, and guarding a mutual intercourse and interchange of commodities, amongst them; and, above all, let us strengthen their attachment to the mother country, by that *good faith* and *sound political justice*, which can alone uphold our eminence as the first nation in the world for "SHIPS, COLONIES AND COMMERCE."

OXFORD; A POEM. BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

SUCH of our readers as are conversant with stage affairs, must often have remarked the adroit manner in which nine out of every ten theatrical campaigns are brought before the public notice. For weeks previous to the commencement, the newspapers are filled with accounts of some extraordinary star, who is to surpass all his contemporaries, and even to throw into shade the recollection of his predecessors. In the fulness of time this extraordinary star makes his appearance on the theatrical horizon. Of course, nothing under a first-rate character suits his towering ambition; so he steps forth, we will suppose, by way of illustration, in Hamlet. On his entrance he is overwhelmed with applause; the audience have made up their minds to be astonished; expectation is on tip-toe; and after the usual clamorous testimonies of congratulation, silence reigns throughout the house. And now comes the trial. In the first one or two acts the new tragedian fails in every point. This, however, may be timidity. He is young, he is nervous, he is inexperienced, or perhaps he is reserving himself for the closing scenes. So says the charitable audience. But, alas, the third—the fourth—and even the fifth act, passes, and still no point, still no display of superior talents. The next night, however, may be more auspicious for the young candidate's renown. Accordingly, he makes bow the second, as Macbeth, and with precisely the same success as before. For a week, or perhaps a fortnight longer, he perseveres in his ambitious career, till the increasing vacuity in the pit-benches, the significant absence of the usual box frequenters, and, above all, the abrupt abridgment of the newspaper criticisms, warn him that he has mistaken his *forte*, and that it is time to descend

from his stilts. Henceforth his name ceases to blush in large red letters on the play-bill; instead of figuring alone in a line, he fills it up in connection with the inglorious names of Thompson, Smith, or Hopkins; and, finally, drops drown from Macbeth to the Lord Mayor in "Richard;" and, from a high-flown tragedian, sinks at once into a very so-so melodramatist.

Mr. Montgomery's poetical career presents an exact parallel to the one we have just described. He started early in life, with a thousand factitious advantages; was brought before the public accompanied with a thundering flourish of harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and cymbal. He was a prodigy of youthful genius: was to revive in his own person the golden days of poetry; was to surpass Juvenal as a satirist, and Milton as an epic writer; and when he died, was to be honoured with a tomb in Westminster Abbey. Like the aspiring Thespian above alluded to, the "Omnipresence of the Deity" was his Hamlet. Charity overlooked the defects of this crude abortion, in the hope that it would be redeemed by the next performance. While this expectation was yet rife among the public, out came his Macbeth, "Satan." Alas! here again was a failure, and one of so unequivocal a character, that it was manifest to all who knew a hawk from a hand-saw, that the author's days, as a poet, were numbered. He has taken too high a flight, said the critics; so he has, echoed the public, and must descend to his proper level. And accordingly he has done so, and this with steps singularly and beautifully progressive. From the Deity he has plunged headlong to the Devil—that is to say, from heaven to hell; and from hell he has degenerated in the rank of intellectual power to Oxford. What his next performance—if he should ever perform again, which we doubt—may be, it is not for us to anticipate. Probably from Oxford he may drop gently down to Bath, and from Bath to Brentford, and end his poetic career by figuring as a small versifier in the pages of some monthly periodical. Thus, whether it be the actor or the author, the one who descends from Hamlet to Harlequin, or the other, who sinks from Heaven to Oxford, the result is the same—the punishment of extreme presumption. It is not for Phaeton to drive the horses of the sun. It is not for the melodramatist to affect the tragedian. It is not for Mr. Montgomery to sport with the majesty of the Godhead.

This is harsh language. Granted. But we fear it is but too well founded. Of Mr. Montgomery's former works we say nothing: they have long since passed to their great account; our business at present is with "Oxford;" and it is from this alone that we shall proceed to deduce the fact of his incapacity. The poem professes to be a description—moral—statistic—literary, and even geographical—of the celebrated foster-parent of high Tories and Sir Robert Inglises. The subject is a tempting, at any rate a poetic one; let us see, then, how it is treated.

> "What makes the glory of a mighty land,
> Her people famous, and her hist'ry *grand*?"

This couplet, than which no small-beer at a cheap seminary was ever flatter or more vapid, opens the poem, and is followed by a dozen others of the same *calibre*, in the course of which we are assured that intellect is the only thing that can make a nation famous, and that, therefore, it is to Oxford that England must owe her fame with posterity, and soar

> "on wing sublime,
> Above the *reach* of earth, and *roar* of time."

The "reach of earth" we can comprehend; but what the "roar of time" means, we are wholly at a loss to conceive. Possibly Mr. Montgomery, with that daring originality of personification which so eminently distinguishes him, intends to imply that time is a wild beast, with the lungs of a lion, and the roar of a Bengal tiger; or, peradventure, that he is like Bottom the weaver, who could "roar you like any nightingale." If it do not imply something of this sort, the metaphor has not the ghost of a meaning.

> "If then from Intellect alone arise
> The noblest worth a nation's heart can prize,
> In *towery dimness*, gothic, vast, and grand,
> Behold her palaces of learning stand."

The consecutive reasoning of this passage is curious. If the noblest worth of a nation arises from intellect, then it follows, as a matter of course, that her palaces of learning are to stand in towery dimness! What monstrous trash! The poet goes on to inform us—and the information is strikingly important—that it was evening when he first saw the spires of Oxford, and that he was much struck with the spectacle. We quote his own words:—

> "When day was dying into sunset glow,
> I first beheld them in their *beauteous show*,
> The massy glory of each joyous pile,
> And thought—*how noble is our native isle!*"

Indeed! What profound philosophic reflection! How worthy the intellect of the biographer of "Satan!" After refusing, in the most decided manner, "to take a kingdom for the tear he sheds," in recollection of deceased Oxonians, Mr. Montgomery puts an abrupt end to his meditations as follows:

> "From ancient lore see modern learning rise—
> The last we *honour*, but the first we *prize*."

This is clearly a distinction without a difference—a spirited, uncompromising sacrifice of sense to sound. Why modern learning should be honoured, and ancient lore only prized, it surpasses our limited understanding to discover. Possibly, our poet's friend and critic, Mr. Clarkson, can help us to a solution of the difficulty—

> "Another charge let Alma Mater own
> By frequent sages on her wisdom thrown;—
> Alike one standard for the great and small
> Her laws decree, by which she judges all;
> Hence in one mould must oft confound at once
> The daring thinker with the plodding dunce;
> The soaring Mind must sink into a plan,
> Forget her wings, and crawl where Dulness can;
> Those bolder traits, original and bright,
> Fade into dimness when they lose the light
> Of open, free, and self-created day,
> Where all the tints of character can play;
> While creeping plodders, who have never bred
> One single fancy to refresh the head,
> But toiled contented o'er a menial ground
> Where Commonplace pursues her petty round,
> With smirking valor meet their judgment day,
> When talent melts in nervous gloom away."

The foregoing passage is an eminent instance of that confusion of ideas —of that wish to appear profound, where he is simply absurd, in which the modern Milton excels. Pray what is the meaning, literal or metaphorical, of a "soaring mind sinking into a *plan*," or of "talent melting into *nervous* gloom away?" Who ever heard of gloom being nervous? Did you, Mr. Montgomery? Did you, Mr. Clarkson? We should rather think not.—To resume: Brutus, it seems, was the founder of Oxford—

> "Then pause awhile, and reverently view,
> Though dimly faded, and of ancient hue,
> The records hinting through oblivion's eld,
> When Oxford first her founded Halls beheld,
> From age to age how college piles appeared,
> Till, lo! a University was reared.
> Ere yet the music of Messiah's name
> Had thrilled the world, heroic Brutus came
> With Grecian sages and a kindred band,
> To fix their dwelling in our Eden land;
> And Greeklade was the destined home they chose,
> Where mind could revel, and the heart repose;
> Till, lured away by some far lovelier scene,
> Where rivers wandered, and the woods hung green,
> By groves untrodden, whose Athenian shade
> For silence and monastic dreams were made,
> A city rose beside the haunt adored,
> Where Memprick built what Vortiger restored.
> Thus early did renowned Oxford shine,
> Grow dear to sages, and become divine."

From this it would appear that Oxford had "become divine" before the advent of our Saviour; that Brutus was its first Vice-chancellor, that, in fact, it was "renowned" as a university before the introduction of Christianity into England! Of course, under such circumstances, it must have been a pagan establishment; and, indeed, in its devout worship of Bacchus, it still clings partially to its old heathen predilections. Mr. Montgomery's assertion, therefore, is not wholly without proof. Following up this very original topic, in the course of which we are informed that

> "Truth is darkness in the depth of time,"

that is to say, that black is white, our gifted minstrel tells us, with suitable solemnity of phrase, that, in due time,—

> "Simpler dwellings, out of convents sprung,
> Or mansions hired, received her studious young;
> And each, as added numbers swelled their fame,
> Was duly governed, and—a Hall became."

But this is not the sole intelligence we receive on this point. Immediately the Halls were erected,—

> "unforgotten Bede,
> With sages, whom *historic lovers* read,
> First soared aloft on elevated mind,
> To see the *heaven* that *hovered* on mankind."

We can see no earthly reason why Bede, and the other sages, should have soared aloft, in order to see heaven. Surely it was visible enough from *terra firma*—unless, indeed, the weather was cloudy, and the season

November! From Bede, the transition to George the Fourth, is, it must be confessed, somewhat startling. In the hands of genius, however, even absurdity is reconcileable with reason, and, accordingly, we are indulged with the following:—

> "But thou, fair Oxford, never didst thou seem
> Begirt with glory in so grand a dream,
> As when monarchial heroes graced thy town,
> With him, the princely hope of England's crown:—
> A morn of June! and, magically gay,
> A heaven of blueness to o'erarch the day,
> Whose smiles are mirror'd by that glorious street,
> Where, proudly decked, uncounted numbers meet
> Of plumed bands, whose warrior trappings shine,
> And hooded gownsmen, in majestic line—
> But, lo! he comes! a prince before them stands,
> Hark! to the rapture of re-echoing hands,
> And *high-toned cheers* that revel round his way,
> While each eye beams a patriotic ray;
> With head uncovered, royally he smiles,
> And every heart that noble face beguiles!
> 'Tis noon—'tis night—a day of grandeur spent
> In all that makes a day magnificent,—
> Art, pomp, and beauty, graced by king and queen,
> With dazzling banquet to *outdare the scene!*"

We are much smitten with the bold idea of "*high-toned* cheers revelling round a prince's way." We would give worlds to have seen and heard them. They would have delighted our auricular not less than our optical organs. Equally tickled are we with the notion of a "dazzling banquet outdaring a scene." What an impudent ovation! We now come to a touch of sublimity, descriptive of a thunder-storm at Oxford, while that city is undergoing the process of an illumination in honour of the royal visit; immediately after which the scene shifts, and we are indulged with a critical dissertation on the merits of Addison and Steele—the latter of whom, it seems,

> "Laughed at Dulness till her follies died;"

a palpable mistake—inasmuch as they are still alive and flourishing in the works of Robert Montgomery. From the days of Steele we are brought down to those of Dr. Johnson, whose mien and manners are compared to the

> "bark around some royal tree,
> Whose branches glorying in the heaven *we see.*"

Why, in what manner, or to what extent, Dr. Johnson's mind resembled the bark of a tree, with branches glorying in the heavens, we cannot for the life of us make out. We are also at a loss to understand the meaning of this couplet, applied to the same individual:—

> "And mixed with darkness irritably loud,
> That came like thunder from the social cloud."

Did any gent. ever hear—can any gent. contrive to understand, what is meant by the thunder of a social cloud? To us the image is more enigmatical than the riddle of the Sphynx.—After Johnson comes Sidney—

> "Marcellus of his land,
> Whom poets loved, and queens admitted *grand.*"

And after Sidney, a description of an Oxford wine-party—

> "But who can languish through a hideous hour
> When heart is dead, and only wine hath power?
> That brainless meeting of congenial fools,
> Whose brightest wisdom is to hate the Schools,
> Discuss a tandem, or describe a race,
> And damn the Proctor with a solemn face,
> Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,
> Loll o'er the wine, and asininely grin!—
> Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys
> A moment's homage to their brutal joys.
> What fogs of dulness fill the heated room,
> Bedimmed with smoke, and poisoned with perfume,
> Where now and then some rattling soul awakes
> In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!
> Then Midnight comes, intoxicating maid!
> What heroes snore, beneath the table laid!
> But, still reserved to upright posture true,
> Behold! how stately are the sterling few:—
> Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,
> Decanters triumph, and the drunkard fails:
> As weary tapers at some wondrous rout,
> Their strength departed, winkingly go out,
> Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,
> And all is darkness that was drunk before!"

There is much startling imagery in this passage. First, we have fogs of dulness filling a room; secondly, chambers shaking with oaths of thunder; thirdly, midnight getting tipsey; fourthly, decanters triumphing over drunkards; and, lastly, drunkenness resolving itself, by a very natural process, into darkness. From this extraordinary symposium, our minstrel hurries us off to Mr. Canning, and weepeth to think that

> "in thy fame's triumphant bloom,
> The shades of *death* hung grimly o'er thy *doom*."

He is, however, promptly consoled by the recollection that he heard the deceased stateman's knell

> "moan,
> Like the grand echo of a nation's groan."

Also by the fact that he never

> "winged the dart
> Whose poison fed upon thy feeling heart;"—

an assertion which we are very ready to take for granted. Having wept sufficiently for the death of Mr. Canning, Mr. Montgomery bethinks himself of Chatham,

> "Who baffled *France*, America, and *Gaul!*"

Until now, we always thought that France and Gaul were one and the same country; that Gaul was the ancient appellation of France. Mr. Montgomery, however, is of opinion that they are two different kingdoms; a proof that he has studied the classics, and particularly Cæsar, to but little purpose.—Chatham being dismissed, we are introduced, in succession, to "*romantic* Bowles;" "radiant Southey," who dislikes the "roar of town;" Professor Wilson; and last, not least, to the poet himself—the veritable Robert Montgomery! with a pathetic, auto-

biographical sketch of whom, mixed up with sundry allusions to the virtues of the late Bishop Heber, the First Part concludes.

Part the Second opens with an apostrophe to England, in whose name there is

> " A *swell* of glory, and a *sound* of fame;"—

and one of whose natives—who or what the gent. may be, we are not informed—is described as sending his son to Oxford, with " many a *bosomed* fear," which city the young man reaches at sunset, after travelling a considerable distance:—

> " The distance won,—behold! at evening hour
> Thine eye's first wonder fixed on Maudlin tower,
> Then gothic glories, as they swell to view
> In *steepled vastness*, dark with ages' hue;
> And on thine ear when first the *morn-bells* wake,
> As o'er the wind their jangled echoes *shake*,
> Delighted *fancy* will illume thy brow,
> To feel thyself in ancient Oxford now!"

We do not exactly know what reason there is for the young man to *fancy* himself in Oxford, if he really is there. The " morn-bells" and the " jangled echoes" shaking over the winds, are, we should conceive, quite proof positive enough to convince him of his locality. Immediately on his arrival, this fanciful young man enters on college life, which

> " Begins at morn, and mingles with the day."

He then walks in wonder

> " through the town,
> In the first *flutter* of a *virgin* gown!
> From cap and robe what *awkward shyness steals*,
> How wild a truth the dazzled Novice feels!
> Restless the eye, his voice a nervous sound,
> While laughing echoes are alive around;
> Each look he faces seems on him to leer,
> And fancied giggles are for ever near!"

Allow us here to ask, Mr. Montgomery, what you mean by shyness stealing from a cap and robe? The phrase really looks suspicious; as if the articles had reason to be ashamed of their wearer! What, too, is the meaning of the " dazzled Novice feeling a wild truth," because his virgin gown flutters, and his cap and robe look shy? We must confess we are in the dark on both these points. As for his being quizzed, that we can understand, though we do not think the word " giggle" quite so dignified or poetic as it might be. Despite the " giggles," however, it gives us pleasure to be able to state that the Novice musters courage enough to walk stoutly down High-street,

> " Arrayed with palaces on either side;"

—a description, by the way, which applies to Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall, or Regent-street, with quite as much propriety as to High-street. On his road the Novice stops a moment,

> " To take a freeze of horror from the schools;"

probably from some awkward reminiscences connected with the birch and cane; after which, he stops opposite the Clarendon,

"Superbly new, which mental arts pervade;
And glowing pages."

Having satisfied his curiosity, the Novice goes home to moralize; in the course of which operation, we discover that he is no less a personage than Mr. Robert Montgomery! Yes, it is the poet himself, and no other, whose virgin gown flutters—whose robe and cap look shy—whose pedestrian progress through Oxford is enlivened by fancied giggles—and who, during his meditations,

"Rides on wings, while others walk the ground!"

To heighten the public interest in his favour, our young poet—*alias* the Novice—contrasts himself with—

"The booby offspring of a booby sire;"

and earnestly requests Heaven to save him from those

"Human nothings, made of strut and swell,"

who think no university is worthy of them.—Having closed his description of the "booby," Mr. Montgomery proceeds to the "reprobate," who, it seems, is

"A *fool* by night, and more than *fop* by day"—

a nice distinction, which none but the gifted few can comprehend. But this reprobate, is not only a fool, and more than a fop—he is also

"A withered skeleton of sin and shame;"

by which our young poet would seem to imply that all reprobates are "withered skeletons." This point however we doubt, inasmuch as the greatest reprobate we ever knew, was a remarkably fat man, and was so far from being "withered," that he was actually as plump as a partridge. We now enter upon a description of the Radcliffe Library, which is called, "a dark-domed grandeur," and which somewhat abruptly terminates in an apostrophe to midnight:

"The day is *earth*, but holy night is *heaven!*"

the reason of which is, that night is gifted with "a solitude of soul," and that Mr. Montgomery is very much attached to it. After midnight comes an account of a boat-race on the Isis, whose barks "fly glorying in oary swiftness," whence the scene shifts with pantomimic incongruity to an invocation to "Life, Fame, and Glory," and then turns back again to an apostrophe to the "midnight heavens," which, much to our gratification, brings us to the close of the poem.

On reconsidering what we have here written, we find that we have barely done justice to "Oxford." A more absurd tissue of bombast—bad grammar—maudlin cant—brazen conceit—inconsecutive reasoning—and downright nonsense than this poem contains *usque ad nauseam*, we never yet met with. As for "Oxford," it is no more characteristic of that University, than of London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. The author might call it Cambridge, with quite as much propriety. Still less does it breathe any of that classic spirit which might naturally be anticipated from its title. The Christmas bell-man would write equally well on the subject, and with a thousand times more simplicity. Mr. Montgomery

evidently considers poetry as an effort of memory, not of feeling or invention; as a thing of sound, not of sense. If he can only tickle the ear he is satisfied; for the intellect he scorns to cater. The majority of his best thoughts are borrowed: the worst are decidedly his own. To Wordsworth he is indebted for the only good idea in his book. The lines—

> "Life still is young, but not the world, to me:
> For where the freshness I was wont to see?
> A bloom hath vanished from the face of things"—

is an impudent, unacknowledged plagiarism from the great Lake poet's analysis of his own matured feelings.

> "What though the glory which was once so bright,
> Be now for ever vanished from my sight;
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of freshness in the flower," &c.

The sole secret of Mr. Montgomery's popularity lies in the extensive puffing he has enjoyed. He has been styled by those who should have known better, a Juvenal—a Milton—a Byron, and has even been made the subject of astrological speculation. Lest the reader should doubt this assertion, we quote the following from a book published in 1828, (just about the time the "Omnipresence of the Deity" appeared) and entitled, *A Manual of Astrology:*—"THE NATIVITY OF A MODERN SATIRICAL POET."—'The author of The Age Reviewed,' a Satire. R. M. — born July 16th, 1807, 8 h. 30 m. A. M. *Mean* Solar Time, 51°. 27'. N. The recent production of this 'modern Juvenalist,' having excited much curiosity in the literary world, is the author's chief reason for inserting his horoscope. The student will readily perceive the close zodiacal △ of the ☽ with ☿ and the planet ♀ arising in ♒ in parellel to ☿, as the cause of his being a *poet;* but the desire for the *extraordinary,* which his satirical talent evinces, is solely produced by the almost perfect semiquartile of the ☽ and ♅, which never fails to give originality of genius, as we have previously observed in a former part of the work. We predict that 'the author of The Age Reviewed,' is destined to great *celebrity in the twenty-second year of his life,* probably by some eminent exertion of his poetical genius!"

Notwithstanding this disgusting—this unprecedented puffing, the works of Robert Montgomery are rapidly declining to their proper station in literature. The flood is abating; the swollen rivulet is shrinking back into its natural puny dimensions. Though an English public is at times apt to be led away by what is shewy and alluring, it seldom fails in the long-run to find out its mistake and amend its judgment. Besides, it is the nature of genius—no matter what be its advantages, or what its obstacles—to rise or fall to its level. Had Mr. Montgomery evinced the slightest promise in the way of thought, sentiment, or style, we should have hesitated ere we expressed a decided opinion. But, alas! he is a thing of shreds and patches. He has been to a feast of poetry, where he sat below the salt, and carried away all the scraps. Pope and Campbell he has pillaged largely, nor have the daintiest bits of Wordsworth escaped him. The consequence of this is, that his poems are mere incongruous rhapsodies. There is no keeping in them—no harmony—no nice adjustment of parts—no completeness as a whole. Moonlight—thunder-storms—sunsets—and pastoral land-

scapes—these form the staple of his fancy, and on these he rings the changes till the reader is sick to death with the repetition. Of sound reflection he has not an atom. His thoughts lie for ever on the surface; yet he fancies they are wondrously sublime! Like the Cockney, who, jogging up Primrose-hill, thinks he is ascending a mountain, so Mr. Montgomery, while lounging along the tame flat level of mediocrity, imagines he is scaling Parnassus. Instead of composing, he contents himself with *tinkering* a poem, and styles that invention which is merely an effort of mechanism. In a word, he is in rhyme precisely what his admirer Mr. Clarkson is in criticism. One is the Mavius of verse; the other, the Bavius of prose. The reader who relishes the former, will not fail to be equally pleased with the latter.—*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mœvi!*

ST. JOHN LONG ON CONSUMPTION.

As it is a part of the duty which we owe to our readers, to take note of the passing circumstances affecting science, persons and the public, we may give a few pages to the second edition of St. John Long's book. It commences with a letter of Lord Ingestre to a Mr. Wilding, demanding proofs and statements which seem to have decided his lordship's adherence to the system, and then proceeds to lay down the grounds on which the writer expects both the success of his practice and the hostility of the profession.

"Two sources of hostility I anticipate—the novelty of my system, and the simplicity of my practice. The latter objection I may almost dismiss without refutation, for it is superfluous to prove that the most simple means generally produce the most desired effects, while ignorance and empiricism usually entrench themselves in intricacy and mystery."

Whether the practice of the medical profession, in its present alternations of failure and success is to be classed among the benefits of society, may be a matter of rational doubt, but its capability of assuming the rank of a benefit cannot be problematical. It would be to arraign the attributes of Providence to deny, that for every evil there is a corresponding remedy, though it may be left for man to explore it.

From this the introductory matter launches into a variety of observations, which are undeniable enough; and apply to all attempts at discovery. There is no question that medicine is chiefly a conjectural system, too irregular and too obscure to deserve the name of *science*, in any strict sense of the word; and though we may not go the length of the phrase attributed to Sir A. Carlisle, that "medicine is an art formed in conjecture and *improved by murder*," yet it is perfectly clear that in medicine we have not yet emerged from the "dark ages." We have some simple remedies for some simple disorders, which however generally cure themselves. But for the severer disorders, those which arise from the self-indulgent habits of life, engendered not more by the opulence, late dinners, and indolent luxuries, than by the anxieties, and alternations of fortune in our "high pressure" state of society, medicine at present offers scarcely any remedy; its best power amounts only to palliatives. Who ever hears of the *cure* of a chronic? The gout, the palsy, the calculus, with a whole host of other disorders, seem absolutely to defy medicine; and all that the doctor can do in the multitude of cases, is

to stand by and note the progress of the malady. He perhaps can sooth the torture from time to time; but here his power ends, he becomes little more than a looker on, and unless he adopts the not unusual expedient of dismissing the sufferer to Lisbon, Madeira or Montpelier, to die by other hands and out of sight, his last visit is paid to a death-bed. There can be no doubt that all this implies either a singular state of barbarism in medical knowledge, or an extraordinary barrier raised in this particular branch of human attainment against its perfection.

Yet we cannot give way to this supposition. The admirable advances of man in all other pursuits, the dexterity with which new inventions supply the intervals left by old ignorance in the comforts and conveniences of life, evidently impress the idea that Providence permits no evil without an adequate relief, which however it leaves to be discovered by our own industry, and whose search is the finest excitement to that industry, as its discovery is the finest reward. In medicine, it is remarkable that though we have two or three specifics for the cure of two or three disorders, yet we have no curative system for any one disorder. To this hour we have no decided and principled plan for the healing of any one of the greater distempers. There are a hundred plans for the cure of mania, with as many fathers for those plans, each contending that his own is the only one rational; yet, who sees mania cured by *medicine?* Ten thousand cases of consumption are at this moment under the hands of English physicians, and of those, we will unhesitatingly say, that not ten are treated in the same manner; and that probably not one, where the disorder has been suffered to proceed for awhile, will recover. In this state of things there must be some singular neglect of the ordinary processes of nature, some inveterate adherence to erroneous practice, or some innate difficulty; which latter, however, we will not admit, until we see better proof that it is the rule of nature to interpose insurmountable difficulties between man, and objects of the highest import to human happiness, and general benevolence. Nothing can be more undeniable than that the medical student is still distracted with theories rising and falling every day. What is now become of the systems that for their time were pronounced infallible? Who would now attempt to cure a fever on the rules of Boërhave, Brown or Cullen? What has become of the sedative school, the stimulating, and the hundred other schools, that, for their day, declared themselves the final discoverers of the art of health? What is become of the vegetable school, the mineral school, the curers of all diseases under the sun, with antimony, with opium, with calomel, and a heap of other panaceas, equally promising, and equally failing? Or what is the annual volume of the Pharmacopœia, but an annual libel on the pretensions of the year before; an acknowledgement of the blunders, superfluities, and hazards of remedies, which but twelvemonths past were in the most favourite practice of the most favourite physicians? But now a new æra is begun; and after having relinquished the fields and the mine; after having rejected the vegetable hope of Hygeia, and left arsenic and antimony to their fate, we turn to the laboratory, and following the steps of the French chemists, extract from the furnace an elixir vitæ, and draw the breath of our nostrils from the crucible. But the age of Iodine will pass away, with all the amalgamations and precipitates of the chemist; and then we shall have to rely on some new discovery, equally shewy, useless, and perishable.

As to the individual who now puts forward his claims to relieve the community of some of the melancholy and hitherto desperate afflictions of the human frame, we leave the reader to such evidence as his book supplies. We agree with the judge's charge on his late trial, that failure in a particular instance, being incidental to even the most authenticated practitioners, is no ground for general distrust; and that the whole question must turn, in this matter as in similar ones, upon the general result of the practice.

"The faculty," says the Introduction, "admit that there are diseases beyond their power to cure, that there are maladies the fatal termination of which they may retard, but cannot arrest. In cases of pulmonary consumption, and of various other disorders, they have no established remedies. Even as to palliatives, how very few of their number agree. Their opinions are alike discordant, whether they relate to the origin of the disease, or the means of arresting its progress; and in nine instances out of ten they are compelled to acknowledge the utter inefficacy and hopelessness of their prescriptions. They stand in the presence of their dying patients more like ministers of religion than professors of medical science, administering consolation to the mind rather than anodynes to the body. But while they thus admit their inability to cure those maladies, they nevertheless shut the door against all discoveries made beyond their own arena, and denounce as empiricism even the success which demonstrates the folly of their tenacious adherence to exploded rules. They are not content with seeing their patients languish under their hands, they contend for the exclusive right of attending their last moments. Beyond their pale they would have the world believe there is no talent, no acquaintance with the disorders incident to humanity, and consequently no remedy for the diseases which they pronounce immedicable."

Talking calmly on this subject, a great part of what is here said of the *exclusive* system of the English physicians is true. Their degrees and forms restrict them within a certain boundary, and the greater number of our established medical men are content to follow the track marked out for them by the ordinances of the College: while of twenty cases of disease, and even of the same disease, there may not be two which allow of the same treatment. Almost the whole of the remarkable remedies have undoubtedly been discovered out of this pale. And allowing, as we readily do, the advantage of having a body of educated men prepared to avail themselves of those remarkable discoveries, the whole of which, without exception we believe, have been owing to accident, yet it is perfectly clear that discovery is much less their object than a formal adherence to practice. However, those times and things must have an end; and without a direct determination on the part of the regular professors to reject all advantageous inventions, nothing can be more notorious than that the science of medicine, if science it must be called, has made no advances in our time at all correspondent to the general progress in other branches of knowledge. It is equally notorious that consumption is a disease which almost throws the regular practitioner into despair. He feels that nothing must be done which has not been done before; and he feels, also, that the whole amount of what has been done before was to make the patient's path a little smoother, and a little slower to the grave. As to the *secret* by which, in the present day, consumption, and its kindred ills, is asserted to be cured, no man can pronounce anything until it is divulged. But there is at least something in the announcement that consumption is not the desperate disease which the faculty have universally declared it to be; that distemper in

the lungs is not beyond the power of medicine; and that a patient seized with the symptoms of this perilous and pitiable affliction is not necessarily to be looked on as under sentence of death. The subject, divested of all the extraneous colouring which has been given to it by exaggerated feelings, by professional hostility on the one side, which may have been excited by the natural alarm at any striking novelty, and by the enthusiasm of partizanship on the other, which may have not less been stirred up by the evidence of that professional hostility, ought now to be made matter of calm investigation. Men of benevolence, and men of science, are equally interested in ascertaining the claims of any offered discovery in the art of healing. We have been persuaded, by a general view of the course of nature, that for every disease there is an intended effectual cure, if we had the skill to investigate it. And it is not either the singularity of the secret, nor the mysterious manner in which a new discovery may be announced, that should prevent a man of real science from examining how far it merits public attention. For theory on this subject, as upon others, where all the value must be practical, we can have no consideration. The only point in question is, has a practice been productive of good, has a deadly disease been disarmed, has mankind one enemy the less to contend with, or even has that enemy been diminished in its power?

The following certificates of the nature of the *lotion* have been circulated:—

We, the undersigned, having been patients of Mr. St. John Long, and having had his lotion applied to us, do declare, that no blisters were ever raised upon us by it, and that we never heard of its producing them upon any of his patients. That the irritation created by his lotion, heals again under its daily application. That we have used the same to our faces and hands, and that it will produce a discharge on diseased parts, while it takes not the slightest effect on any other. Many of us have also held it in our mouth, and swallowed it with impunity. We have farther to add, that we never knew an instance of mortification taking place under its use, and believe it almost impossible that such an effect could be produced by Mr. Long's lotion.—

(Signed)

M. Ashworth.	George Lings.	Ellen Gregory.
Jane Rooke.	M. Swindin.	S. Sotheby.
S. H. Oughton.	Harriet Frances Roxburgh	Geo. Manley, (for his infant daughter).
Jane Macdougall.	Francis Roxburgh.	
Rosetta Prendergast.	Thomas Fussell.	Ingestre.
Jane Campbell.	Nathaniel Higgs.	Sally Otley.
Jane Fortye.	Wm. Abington.	J. Spottiswoode.
Maria Grindlay.	Louis Verellini.	M. G. Prendergast.
William Conway.	M. Macdonald.	

March 24th, 1831.

This is to certify that the irritation produced by Mr. Long's application or lotion, created a discharge upon the diseased parts, whilst the same applied to the sound portions had not the slightest effect whatever, and that the irritation healed again by the daily employment of the same remedy, and that I never knew an instance of mortification arise from its adoption, or any dangerous effect whatever. (Signed) JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

New Road.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Fool! fool! fool!—*Othello.*

Oh! ye ancients, I maintain
'Tis a pity you had birth,
For you've left us not a grain
Of pure wisdom upon earth!
Its seeds have all perished in the schools!
I pronounce the LL.D.'s,
F.R.S.'s and K.G.'s,
And the unreformed M.P.'s
April fools!

What are Wellingtons that shine
In predictions of a storm?
What are Wynfords when they whine
O'er the Chancery reform?
What are Ellenboroughs amiable as mules?
What are Crokers when they speak,
Or contribute a critique,
Just a column, once a week?
April fools!

All ye Wetherells that sigh
O'er the constitution's bier,
And lament that it should die
About twenty times a year,
Though jocose as a comedy of Poole's;
When you see how boroughs rot,
And yet cannot find a blot
In the system—are you not
April fools?

Oh! Freemantles, ye who shine
In inventing honest grounds
Why a king should not decline
Five-and-twenty thousand pounds—
Who would *force* him to adhere to the rules;
And ye Twisses—though they cheer—
Oh! what *are* you, when you sneer
At the people whom you fear?
April fools!

And ye pensioners, that owe
To the rabble ye despise,
All that lifts ye from the low,
What will *you* be, when your eyes
Look in vain for your sinecures and stools?
Or *you*, ye titled dames,
When you cannot find your names
On the list of secret claims?
April fools!

But far more stupid still
Are those who tell the House
That the mammoth, called the Bill,
Will be vanquished by a mouse!
Shall ministers believe and be their tools?
Shall Grey become afraid,
Or Russell retrograde?
Then the people have been made
April fools!

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Nothing can be a more awkward circumstance, nor a more common one, than for public men in power to be expected to perform the promises which they made before they were in that desirable situation. The army are beginning to cry out, and the navy are not backward; they are not great penmen, but they can make a noise notwithstanding, and their anger, if not very classical, is perfectly intelligible. The *Age* thus disburthens the soul of a veteran remonstrant on the subject of the Baring dynasty:—

"Where, let me ask, is there a more flagrant case than that of a Captain of the 1st regiment of Life Guards? This gallant son of Mars never saw a shot fired in his life, except at a pigeon match, at the Red House, at Battersea; nor was he ever out of the smoke of London. He first entered the army as an ensign, in November, 1824; was made a lieutenant in 1826; promoted to a troop in the Life Guards, in September, 1829; and had a brevet majority given to him in November, 1830—'just six years in the service.' Is this acting fairly towards the army? I am myself a captain, of seventeen years' standing, and twenty-seven years in the service; and that this stripling should be put over my head, as it were, in six years, is somewhat galling."

Those Barings are lucky dogs, it must be owned, and thrive in all directions. But the Captain may rely on it, that whatever may be the glory of a brevet in the Blues, the true card is to be on the muster-roll of the *Greys*. Seven and twenty years in the service, and only a captain after all, may seem hard measure enough,; and £211. per annum is certainly no very luxurious provision for a gentleman verging on fifty, as we may suppose a captain of seventeen years' standing. And yet there are a crowd of lieutenants who would think themselves the most fortunate fellows alive if they could but get what the captain has been enjoying for seventeen years; crowds of brave fellows, who have seen service against every enemy, hazarded their lives in every field, and burned up their livers in every climate where an English soldier has trod, and this too for twenty years, and are lieutenants still, and likely long to be, and to enjoy the munificence of this richest of all countries at the prodigal rate of about seven shillings a day. Let the captain think of those things and rest in peace, and growl no more at majors of six years' generation.

The Pension List is thrown into the background for the time; but if *the* Bill pass, Mr. Guest pledges himself that the House, and the world too, shall hear more of it; meanwhile little intimations of the approaching sweep come out, to the boundless indignation of the pensioners, fair and unfair, in the following style:—

"Mr. T. P. Courtenay, M.P. for Totnes, is in the receipt of £1,600. per annum—viz. £600. as agent for the Cape of Good Hope; and a pension of £1,000. per annum, granted him in 1825. The following two items, likewise, appear on the Civil List, thus:—'T. P. Courtenay, in trust for Elizabeth, Frances, and Catherine Courtenay, pensions on the Civil List, September, 1806, £1,000.;' and 'Ann Courtenay, pension on Civil List, 1827, £300.' The member is returned by the corporation influence, being only fifty-eight freemen."

This is said to be official, and if so, we can only congratulate the Courtenays upon those public merits which, doubtless, have secured to

them so pleasing a recompense. One thousand pounds a year for the pin-money of three fair ladies since 1806! or four and twenty thousand pounds sterling, bestowed, we must presume, on the score of public merit on the Courtenays. Well may they rejoice in our power to pay the interest of the national debt. But as if the merits of this distinguished family were not yet sufficiently rewarded, we have another £300. per annum assigned to another of their family circle; and, as we must take it for granted that this additional personage was not in existence at the time of the original grant, or she would have enjoyed the same reward, having naturally the same claims; we may look to the discharge of the public gratitude in the shape of this £300. a year for the next half century, or whole century.

Our politicians are puzzled to conceive how it happens that Ireland, constantly craving, and constantly receiving as she is from England, is never the richer; constantly *conciliated*, is never the nearer quiet; and constantly packing off its people to Canada, and all the world besides, is never without matter enough for orations on yearly famine. Let this statement solve the problem:—

"*The Irish Bar and the Union.*—The *Dublin Mail* states, that the number of practising barristers, ascertained from the library books, is *four hundred and twelve*. Of those, *three hundred and thirty* have signed the Anti-Repeal Declaration. The number of king's counsel, including the attorney and solicitor generals, and the sergeants, is *forty-seven*—of those, *thirty-eight* have affixed their names."

Four hundred and twelve *practising* barristers! Four hundred and twelve keen hunters after human prey let loose upon one luckless land! Four hundred and twelve death-dealers to the peace and the pocket of mankind, raving through the country, and not merely seeking whom they may devour, but giving fangs and talons to every minor devourer. What a host of scriveners, black as their own ink; of special pleaders, sallow as their own parchment; and of attorneys, fierce as their own *fieri faciases*, must follow at the heels of those stuff and silk-gowned devourers; the small proportion of ten for every barrister would give four thousand, to whom litigation is dear as the light that visits their grim eyes, the bread they eat, the condition of their existence; and can we wonder that Pharaoh's lean kine were the Devonshire ox compared to lean Ireland?

It is to be expected that the West India Interests, the most neglected, where they are not the most insulted, of all national interests, will find a firm friend in his Majesty. We have always thought it a strong feature in favour of the conduct of the settlers and owners in our Colonies, that they have uniformly obtained the most favourable opinion from the military and naval officers stationed in the islands. And the nature of their antagonists is scarcely less in their favour. For who have been the *agitators* on the subject, but half-mad missionaries, three-fourths of them without any pretence to education; or cunning rogues of traders, who wished to extinguish commerce in the West, that they might drive some petty traffic in the East; or a junto of sectarians at home, who attempted to gain public strength by clinging together in public, and to whom the West India Question served as the most convenient link.

His Majesty must to his feelings on this topic, arising from his general

anxiety for the welfare of the national possessions, add those of his original profession, in the course of which he visited the West Indies. For our part, we totally disbelieve the monstrous stories of cruelty which the Saintly Association have told for the wonder of the European world. The travellers and merchants, the gallant soldier and sailor, who pass their months or years in the midst of the slave population, return to us without any pathetic histories of the *satanism* of the planters. Hundreds of such men return every year, and no men are more ready to speak their minds upon all topics, yet upon this, their only mode of speaking is generally to express their indignation at the flagrant impostures which the itinerant preachers of sedition, under the disguise of methodism, or of methodism in the language of sedition, import annually, in time for their annual declarations at the meetings held in every corner of London. The House of Assembly in Jamaica presented by their agent, Mr. Burge, an address, at one of the late levees, to his Majesty, a rational, manly, and loyal document, and which was most graciously received.

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

"*The humble Address of the Assembly of Jamaica.*

"We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Assembly of Jamaica, actuated by correspondent feelings with those universally expressed by your Majesty's other subjects, embrace the earliest opportunity of condoling with your Majesty on the great loss which has been sustained in the demise of our late most gracious Sovereign, your Majesty's Royal Brother.—We beg to offer, from principles of duty and affectionate attachment to your royal person, our sincere and cordial congratulations on your Majesty's accession to the throne of your ancestors; and we devoutly hope that, together with your august consort, your Majesty may be long spared to diffuse over your extensive dominions those blessings which promote domestic happiness, while they secure national prosperity.—From your Majesty's personal knowledge of the West India Islands, and their importance to the mother country, we, your Majesty's Assembly of Jamaica, rely with the most implicit confidence on your goodness for that protection which your devoted and suffering subjects in this portion of your empire at present so much require; and that your Majesty will be the guardian of those rights which were guaranteed to this island by your royal predecessors.—That your Majesty may long reign in the hearts and affections of your people, is the ardent prayer of your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, The Assembly of Jamaica.

"Passed the Assembly this 29th day of November, 1830.

"Richard Barrett, Speaker."

The English are a nation of naturalists, and there is more money annually spent in girls' schools on botany, zoology, conchology, and all the other ologies, than would provide half the pretty students with a husband a-piece. And yet there are hundreds of the most curious things under our eyes, of which no rational account has ever been given. Among the rest, White-bait, dear as it is to the souls of aldermen; the prime attraction of life from May to September to the host of travellers down the domains of Father Thames; the sole reason to the citizen for knowing that Greenwich exists, until that citizen, in an ambitious hour, turns hero, and comes back to lay his wooden leg and his laurels in the porticoes of the hospital; white-bait, to this hour, has baffled all the knowledge of the knowing in matters of fish. Sir Joseph Banks tried to fathom the mystery, and tried in vain, at the head of a scientific committee of twenty-one, who, after dining a fortnight at the Ship and the Crown alternately, could decide upon nothing but that they had the

appearance of fish, and possessed, in a very considerable degree, the piscatory qualities of friability, eatability, butterability, and digestability; that their contexture admitted advantageously of an affusion of lemon-juice, cayenne-pepper, and chilies; and that, though several deaths had occurred in consequence of too free an use of them in plethoric habits, they seemed not to be poisonous, or otherwise deleterious *per se*, in quantities less than five pounds at a time. Science had here gone as far as it could; for neither a Sir Joseph Banks, nor even a Duke of Sussex, can do all things; and Sir Joseph's remarkable confession, on the failure of his experiment to boil fleas into the analogous species—"Fleas are *not* lobsters, d—mn their souls!"—is only one of the many instances in which the greatness of the difficulty has overcome the greatness of mind. For the last half century, the question has been left among the "Curiosa," as one of the *opprobria* of science which no prudent philosopher would approach. Diversity of opinions still reigned upon the subject; some conceiving the white-bait to be the fry of a species of whale, which came up at night, when the watchmen were asleep, to deposit its young, and then stole off to sea before daylight; others, salmon in their infancy; but the majority, a species *sui generis*—a gift of nature to the especial river of London, for the luxury of its especial people—and, in fact, for the especial honour and emolument of Greenwich; the tradition being that no art of man could transport them in an eatable state above London-bridge—a tradition, however, which has been within the last year, and the last year only, triumphantly refuted by the landlords of the Albion and the Freemasons' taverns. But Science is indefatigable; and we have to record from its "Quarterly Journal," the bold attempt of one of its cultivators to bring the white-bait not only dead, but alive, before the eyes of the people of London:—

"A Mr. Yarrell has made several attempts to preserve white-bait alive, of which the following are the results:—Several dozens of strong lively fish, four inches in length, were transferred with great care from the nets into large vessels (some of the vessels, to vary the experiment, being of earthenware, and others of wood and metal) filled with water taken from the Thames at the time of catching the fish. At the expiration of twenty minutes nearly the whole of them were dead; none survived longer than half an hour, and all fell to the bottom of the water. On examination, the air-bladders were found to be empty and collapsed. There was no cause of death apparent. About four dozen specimens were then placed in a coffin-shaped box, pierced with holes, which was towed slowly up the river after the fishing-boat. This attempt also failed: all the fish were dead when the vessel had reached Greenwich. Mr. Yarrell was told by two white-bait fishermen, that they had several times placed these fishes in the wells of their boat, but they invariably died when brought up the river. The fishermen believe a portion of sea-water to be absolutely necessary to the existence of the species; and all the circumstances attending this particular fishery appear to prove their opinion to be correct."

The arrival of the Lord Advocate in town has revived the panegyric written upon him by that most pleasant of parsons, Sydney Smith. But, by giving only the first verse, the merit of both parties is cruelly mutilated. We present the world with the entire:—

On seeing Mr. Jeffrey riding on a Jackass.

Wittier than Horatius Flaccus,
Far more eloquent than Gracchus,

Rounder in the waist than Bacchus,
Rides little Jeffrey on a jackass.

Let the Tories now attack us;
Tooth and nail let Wetherell sack us;
Let indignant Sadler thwack us—
Here's little Jeffrey on his jackass.

Loss of place and pence may rack us,
Not a soul on earth to back us;
To the devil the king may pack us—
Welcome Jeffrey, Whig, and jackass!

Now and then coincidences start up, that seem the oddest, and yet the most natural things in the world:—

"The mace carried before the officer of the Royal Society, at the queen's drawing-room, was presented to that body by King Charles the Second, having previously belonged to the House of Commons summarily dissolved by Oliver Cromwell.

The relic of an extinguished Parliament—the fall of a dynasty—an illustrious reformer—and the year 1831! We leave the subject to poetry, and the prediction to time.

The news from Ireland is invaluable to all the lovers of conciliation, liberalism, and the power of sending papists to the "Grand Council of the nation." The papist bill has issued in a demand for the separation of the countries. The panacea of peace has been followed instantly by the spreading of midnight murders and robberies, and the outcry of the country gentlemen for placing the counties under martial law; and the new policy, which was to produce plenty in every cabin, is answered by the immediate prospect of a famine:—

"In the barony of Costello, county of Mayo, distress still continues without any prospect of mitigation. It appears that while several families are at the present moment quite destitute of food, many hundreds, with a view of economizing their scanty store, are dragging on a wretched existence on one meal in twenty-four hours, and that the entire stock of potatoes in the whole district will be consumed early in May."

This is tolerably well for one proof. Another list states that 40,000 people, in a single corner of the most popish of the provinces, where all was loyalty, liberty, and rejoicing, at "being freemen once more, and not Helots, bondsmen, slaves," and so forth, are now actually begging from door to door. Another promises that, before a month is over, for every thousand starving now there will be a hundred thousand. Subscriptions have been attempted to be raised. In Ireland they always fail; for the Irish know each other, and know that the money of charity is sucked into the pocket of the priest, or the orator of rebellion. In England, large sums of money were raised scarcely more than two years since, which conciliated the peasantry neither then nor now. We should like to know how Ireland is to be either fed, *or conciliated.*

Exclusive studies are sometimes unfortunate things. Who could doubt that Spencer Perceval had been for the last forty years reading John Bunyan?—

"He would illustrate his view of the question by a reference to the structure of the human eye. He would suppose two medical men—one, whom he

should call Mr. Newlight, educated at the London University; and the other, Mr. Bigot, educated at Cambridge—conversing on the subject of a gentleman's eye. 'Oh! Mr. Bigot,' says Newlight, 'what a bad condition that gentleman's eye is in! He has an anomaly in his eye.'—'I really don't understand,' observes the other, 'what you mean by an anomaly.'—'Why, don't you see that all the objects, at the back of his eye, are turned upside down. That is an anomaly—and out his eye must come.' They all knew very well that objects were thus represented, topsy-turvy, on the back of the eye, and that circumstance was explained by the laws of refraction; but no person had yet been able to assign a satisfactory reason why, when we use our eyes, every object appears in its natural and proper place. Mr. Newlight would, however, take out the eye, because he could not account for the phenomenon; and, in the same manner, the enemies of boroughs would annihilate them, because they were ignorant of the system of which they formed a part."

Why will the City of London—which *must* comprehend some sensible and manly men—always suffer itself to be *represented* by a set of fellows who have, in all their previous lives, represented nothing on earth but a yard of ribbon, or a pig of iron? The leading merchants, we are told, are too proud for the office. The more fools they; and they will find the benefit of this ridiculous pride in being embarked in the same boat with boobies, and stigmatized with the same thickness of skull. There will soon be an opening for them to shew their sense of this degradation:—

"The discussion of the Reform Question has set parties by the ears in the City; and it is very generally rumoured that one of the representatives, Mr. Ward, will retire, in consequence of the decided hostility which was manifested towards him at the Common Hall on Monday, when he declined supporting the Petition of the Livery in favour of the measure. Sir Peter Laurie has been invited to come forward as a candidate on the first vacancy, with the strongest assurances of support, by a most influential party; and it is equally certain that the invitation will be accepted."

Nobody can doubt anything of the kind, and he would make a much better representative than the mob of his predecessors. But why should the City be abandoned to the aldermen? The men who live east of Temple Bar may be considered to be human beings at least; they have voices, read newspapers, and talk politics, like those living in the more favoured regions which commence on the west side of that venerable and odious line of demarcation. Why should not some man of sense, though he never stood behind a counter, think it worth his while at least to make the trial of whether they could understand him? We are satisfied that even a denizen of Cornhill would not think the worse of a candidate for being a gentleman by birth and education, even though he should not be quite *au fait* at the manipulation of a pair of curling-irons, or at developing the mysteries of a bale of cotton. Let some such try. We long to see the Aldermanic breed routed for ever.

While we are sick to death with the nonsense of "Political Economy"—that science of the ignorant—that problem of the puzzled and pertinacious—that discovery of the dull—that eloquence of those who forget that a man may be prosed to death—of sages who rise from the desk or the ditch to instruct mankind—who turn money into metaphysics, in the hope, we presume, of turning metaphysics into money—and who, being supremely in the dark upon all points of human knowledge, avow themselves the general illuminators of commerce, politics, and national power;—why

does not some true philosopher assist the multitude in their progress to the true principles of acquiring individual ease of circumstances? A single practical maxim for the conduct of the individual, in his way to wealth, would be worth all the sweeping fooleries that take mankind in the mass, and settle our destinies by a million at a time. He would find some very striking and curious documents on this most important subject in the reports of the Society for *bettering* (barbarism as the word is) the Condition of the Poor; or let him ask how the accumulation of the savings-banks has occurred:—

"According to a Parliamentary return just printed, the gross amount of sums received on account of savings-banks is, since their establishment in 1817, £20,760,228; amount of sums paid, £5,648,338; the balance therefore is, £15,111,890. It also states the gross amount of interest paid and credited to savings-banks by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt is £5,141,410 8*s*. 7*d*.

This is astonishing; and we should vainly demand credence for it on less authority than the parliamentary document. Here is a sum of twenty millions gathered, in shillings and pence, from the humblest ranks, in about a dozen years; or upwards of a million and a half a year, saved out of the superfluity of the labouring people and lower order of shopkeepers? The loftiest theory of political economy—all the free-trade flourishes, and figuranti exhibitions of unrestrained imports and exports, could not have accumulated a tenth of the money in the time—if, indeed, they had not rather plunged the nation into bankruptcy. The secret, in this instance, was practical economy; individual abstinence from those gross excesses which make the fortunes of the dram-distiller and the ale-brewer; virtue and decency, which are at once the cheapest and the surest ways to wealth. The nonsense that private vices may be public benefits, has been long exploded. But the success of the savings-banks offers an irresistible proof that the true source of the national wealth is the national practice of integrity, manly self-denial, and quiet virtue.

There are still some curious rumours flying as to the state of the late king's financial matters. That for the last dozen years he had saved vast sums of money seems to be conceded on all hands; and that for the last half dozen he spent nothing in comparison of his income, seems to be equally ascertained. What has become of the money is the question. The story of the pearls demanded from the royal favourite, and the sapphire sent from hand to hand of the magnificent personages implicated, is well-enough known already. The papers tell us that—

"George the Fourth's tradesmen's bills are to undergo a strict scrutiny by a Select Committee. The amount of some of them is almost incredible. There are various extraordinary rumours afloat, and some official persons are in a very uneasy situation."

If all that is said upon the subject be proved, we should like to see those official persons put into a much more uneasy situation.

If those rumours are untrue, why not bring the business to the test? Let the report of the Committee be public, and then justice and the people together will be satisfied, but not till then. Nothing can be more absurd than to say that the nation have not a right to inquire into the mode in which the money which it gives to its public functionaries is expended. If it can be shewn that the enormous sums given by the

nation yearly for the support of the royal establishment are expended for that purpose, well and good. But if the money have taken another direction, we have every right to inquire why it should have been alienated from the course which is equally conducive to the king's state and the national honour. No subject can be fitter for public examination.

The taste for hanging one's self appears to make progress, and within the last three months the cord has superseded all the other favourite and fashionable ways of getting out of the world;—the few exceptions which have occurred lying chiefly among the ladies' waiting-maids, who have adopted the *ennui* with the cast-off petticoats of their mistresses; the sempstresses, who have grown romantic on the contents of the circulating library; and the boarding-school young ladies, who, after having undergone their four years' courses of the piano, Italian, French, quadrilling, and acrostics in the Annuals, think it cruel that such accomplishments must revert to the paternal cheesemonger's counter, or be lost to fame, dead, and buried in a back parlour in Billiter-lane—A class who generally prefer opium or arsenic; and who in all instances, strange as it may appear, contrive to procure both with the most perfect facility, notwithstanding the *precautions* of the venders. We by no means speak of those matters in jest, for nothing can call more directly for the interference of authority, than the frequent instances of crime in both parties, in the scandalous readiness of the chemist to give the poison for its paltry gain, and the fatal readiness of the infatuated purchasers to use it. But there are obvious means enough of terrifying those whom death cannot terrify; and we are perfectly satisfied that if the law should declare that the bodies of all suicides were to be given up to Surgeons' Hall for dissection; and the juries on inquests should be strongly impressed with the public injury and personal crime of giving false verdicts, and bringing in, "died of insanity," while it was as clear as day that the cause was passion and perverseness, we should not hear of one suicide for every fifty we now hear of. If we are to be told that the feelings of families and friends would be hurt by this consignment of the suicide's body, we answer truly, that it would be the interest of all families and friends to have the terrors of suicide as striking as possible, for the obvious reason, that the more formidable they are, the more likely are the moping and melancholy among their children or friends to be preserved in life. Let the law sanction any measure which will make the sense and certainty of shame stronger than the fear of death, and there will be no more suicides. It is a well-known fact of Roman history, that at a period when, from some affectation of Greek heroism, or other similar folly, many women of rank put an end to their existence, the crime was instantly stopped by a law declaring that in future all suicides should be exposed to the public eye in the Forum. From that moment no lady was heroic, self-murder ceased to be fashionable; and in all probability there was not a single exposure in the Forum.

The frequency of this crime has been the proverbial scandal of England, though it occurs to a much more considerable extent in France and in Germany. But wherever it occurs with such frequency, it has the direct consequence of hardening the popular heart. In Paris, the Morgue, or place where the unowned suicides, the chief part of whom

are drowned in the Seine, are carried to be recognized by their families, is a regular morning's lounge, and the morning seldom comes when it does not contain three or four bodies. An instance, mentioned the other day, in our own country, if correctly stated, illustrates the easy *nonchalance* to which custom may bring people on those occasions:—

"*Nobody's Business.*—A fellow hung himself at a tavern at Leeds last week. About half-past seven in the morning, one of the servants went to call him, and on opening the door, discovered that he was not in bed. She alarmed the ostler, who found the man suspended from a staple in the wall. He then called some other members of the family, and went about his usual business. The landlord came into the room, and having (as he said) satisfied himself that the man was quite dead, left the body suspended, and went out to get shaved! desiring some of his neighbours to go in and look at the deceased. A butcher, living next door, accordingly went in—and having satisfied his curiosity, came out again! An hour was lost in this way between the discovery of the body and its being cut down between nine and ten o'clock. A surgeon was then sent for, but life was perfectly extinct."

A month ago we professed our humble belief that the British Government had made a compromise with O'Connell. Mr. Stanley made an angry speech, declaring that such an act of absurdity, time-serving, and timidity, was impossible. But his oratory did not shake our faith. We asked fairly enough—was it not rather a singular thing to see a convicted criminal walking about the world, laughing at his accusers, arraigning his judges, and haranguing about the Repeal of the Union, more daringly than ever? We asked whether any of those who had been convicted in England of exciting public disturbance had ever been suffered to flourish about the highways and byeways with such happy ease, and throw the verdict in the teeth of Government, much less to come over to parliament, make speeches there, and do all kinds of gay and graceful things as free as birds on a bough?

Mr. O'Connell has now taken advantage of his lucky position, to make a speech in favour of the ministerial measure *par excellence*. He has, in fact, made, beyond all comparison, the best speech on the side, for the ministers, and we may as well presume for himself too. But Mr. Stanley has "pledged himself," and all that, "to have the arch demagogue brought up for judgment." We shall see!

It might be conceived that nothing was easier than to know whether a little Princess of ten years old can or cannot walk, or to ascertain whether she is well or ill. And yet many noble, and some illustrious characters are at issue upon these points. One paper asserts, by authority, that there is not a more promising little heir-presumptive to any throne in Christendom, and gives an extract of her mother's letter, saying, that she is robust, healthy, and handsome, full of spirits, &c. Another says the direct contrary, and gives an extract from a pamphlet by the late Sir Richard Croft, to substantiate the probability of the statement:—

"There is the young Princess Victoria, whom I am in the daily habit of seeing; what with her trowsers, her ribbons, her boots, her feathers, and her attendants, the child is as absolutely unable to stir, as was Sancho Panza, when he lay armed and prostrate, in the breach!—It is grievous to see her, in her confined apparel. She has not half the natural activity of a child at her years. She may well be diminutive; yet the Duke of Kent was a fine man, and the Duchess is far from short."

(We had thought that the late Sir R. Croft was dead before the Princess Victoria was born.) Another paper positively says, "that the child was wheeled into the room at the late drawing-room in a chair, and that she could not walk at all." What are we to believe. Another charges the propagation of this report on individuals in high places, and declares that its propagation has had a sinister purpose. But, after all, what could be an easier refutation of the report than suffering this little girl to do like other little girls, and use her legs in the streets. Why is she not seen walking about like a human being, and not eternally cooped up in a chamber at home, with a coterie of stiff governesses or pitiful attendants, who, if they inculcate any lesson on the young mind, must make her believe that she is something more than mortal. If she stirs out it is only in a coach, cramped up all over, while the infinitely more fortunate, and, as time will soon shew, the infinitely better educated for all the rational purposes of life, are enjoying the free use of their existence, taking healthful exercise, and learning the lesson, which royalty should in such times think it well worth its while to learn, that the people of England are not altogether the dust of royal feet. This system of haughty exclusiveness may do well enough for Germany; though its day is pretty nearly over even there. In England it is odious; and while it will have the inevitable result of spoiling whatever understanding the child may have, it may give her habits very awkwardly unfit for the emergencies through which the highest will probably have, before many years are over, to struggle. All this foolery is German. And how is it likely to end there? Hitherto there was not a little duke of half a dozen miles of empire, who did not consider himself as paying a compliment to mankind in allowing that he was of the same species. Where will such Serene Highnesses be in half a dozen years?

A whole mob of our fashionable tourist-women are now on the continent hawking their daughters to every market. In this sublime pursuit may they all succeed; we heartily wish that every man-hunting mamma may get for her man-hunting daughter a marquis, and that the marquis may be, what such cavaliers generally are, a swindler without a sixpence, without a character, and *with* another wife, or another half dozen. But the grand object is gained, the charming young worshipper of whiskers and soirées is entitled Madame la Marquise de Vaurien, or the Baroness Von Tondertentronck. The happy mother exults in being the Madame Mere of the swindler and his *belle Anglaise;* and in six months the Marchioness is returned upon her hands, with *"les trois chemises sur le dos,"* in plain English, stripped of purse, wardrobe, and whatever else she brought with her, and is a Marchioness, Heaven save the mark! for life.

However all goes on in the same way, and the mammas load every steam-packet with their accomplished cargoes. The last advices from Naples, that land of the sun, the *carissima* of the earth, whose lava and lazaroni are inexhaustible in their enchantments; breathe of nothing but rapture: as if the smoke of revolution were not rushing down upon the land of harlotry from the north; and the political ground heaving under the court more formidably than ever heaved the earthquake. One of the letters says:—

"We have had a tolerable Carnival. The masked balls at St. Carlo are magnificent, so far as outward appearances go; but there is a woful lack of wit among the masqueraders. A 'Devil,' or 'Punch,' will squeeze through a

crowd, at the risk of suffocation—'*pour vous dine*,' '*bon soir*,' or '*vous souhaiter la bonne nuit*'—such is usually the utmost one can expect from any Neapolitan. Occasionally some foreigner or two distinguish themselves from the multitude by keeping up some humdrum character or other, but it is *all bad*. The King walked about in a black domino, accompanied by one courtier only. He did Lady B. the honour of addressing her at least six times during the evening; his remarks were common-place, but extremely polite and condescending. He was amiable with all the English ladies, with whom he has the character of being *very shy!* Every body knew the *Domino*, as there was constantly a sentinel within a yard of him, *apparently* by *chance*."

The Spaniards are rising again. The last news from the south give us strong reason for fearing that Ferdinand the Beloved will be sent to embroider petticoats again for the Virgin. She has owed him something for his former needlework, and we hope that her celestial presence will take advantage of the coming opportunity, and for every additional specimen of his skill give him a new step in canonization. If Cadiz is in possession of the insurgents, we should not promise this ridiculous king a six months' lease of his throne. Not that there can be any serious aversion felt for the man himself, who seems to be of the very calibre for a petticoat-maker; but for the abuses of his government, for the systems of peculation, suspicion, and public misery, which makes the cities of Spain dungeons, and the villages of Spain dens of thieves. From all the accounts of travellers, there is more safety in travelling in Arabia than on a Spanish high-road. If this go on, we shall see Madrid as inaccessible as Timbuctoo, and Africa teaching manners to the Dons. Yet what is the source of the phænomenon? In one word, monkery.—

"*The Curse of a Country.*—Who can wonder at the degraded state of Popish Spain, though blest with a climate the most genial, and a soil the most productive, when he considers the multitude of sacred drones that infest it? In Spain it is calculated that there are no less than *two hundred thousand monks* of one description or other, whose only labour in the vineyard is gathering the grapes. Another Peninsular war will thin their ranks marvellously."

No ministry ever had a harder card to play than the Grey Cabinet, for they have protested and promised about retrenchment until they have compelled the people to believe them, and now they must go through with it. The first point which will be battled with them is the "retiring pensions" to the Bankrupt Commissioners. On this "The Legal Observer," a useful and ably-conducted work, observes:—

"We have just obtained a copy of the new bill for the administration of Bankruptcy. A compensation clause is inserted, as we expected. It provides, that no commissioner holding 'any other public place or situation,' shall be entitled to it; but that all other commissioners who have held office for ten years shall have £200 per annum; and those who have held office for a less period, £150 per annum. It is said that this compensation is not a necessary part of the proposed change, and *if it be strongly opposed*, it will not be pressed."

A contemporary observes:—

"—If it be strongly opposed? And can there be any doubt about the matter? Are our ears to be deafened with an outcry against the existing pensions on the civil list, and are new pensions to be created for the lists of Bankrupt Commissioners? They are functionaries who have effected their own annihilation by the odium which their practices have disseminated, and is the country to be insulted by a proposal to give them compensation?"

If the nation have any sense, they will in this instance, and in all others, put an end to the "retiring pension" system. The origin of this system was a job. When a new man came into the ministry, with a parcel of dependants, who *must* be provided for, there was nothing to be done but to turn out some of the dependents of some former man. But perhaps he was still a minister, and would offer some objection. In that case, the pleasantest expedient imaginable for all parties, was to suffer the former holders of place to *accept* a "retiring pension;" in other words, a sum equal, or as near as public decency would allow, to their whole salary for doing *nothing*. All parties, of course, were satisfied. This iniquity, we say, must be put an end to. Another principle of peculation is, that a public servant, after a certain number of years of attendance, is entitled to receive his superannuation allowance, equal to his full salary. But on what reason is this extraordinary principle founded? On the reason, that because the public gives a man the enjoyment of one or two thousand pounds a-year for twenty years, for doing what thousands could be found to do for a fraction of the money; this actually establishes a claim to be paid as many more thousands a-year without the pretence of doing any thing. We can perfectly see the propriety of half-pay to the soldier or sailor, who has worn out his health or lost his limbs in the service, or who is ready to return to it on the first call. But it is completely incomprehensible to us how any public man can, without blushing as deep as his own red ink, support the proposition that, because some hanger-on of place has been paid for twenty years twenty times as much as his labour or his life was worth, he should therefore be fastened on the public bounty until his worthless life was at an end. As to the Bankrupt Commissioners, if they are cast out by an universal outcry, we cannot discover why they should be better off than any other cashiered officers. Let them go; though if they have deserved punishment, we cannot see why the offence to justice of letting them go free should be permitted. But let us not, in the name of common-sense, reward a parcel of fellows who have been rewarding themselves very handsomely for many a long year; and whose dismissal is demanded by the nation on the express ground that their office is a public burthen.

We are glad to see that the Bill for carrying up the street from Waterloo-bridge to Long-acre is brought into the House; and that the work, and Arnold's new theatre, are to be commenced together. The street may be a great ornament to London, and the theatre, we are sure, when it is under the direction of so ingenious and tasteful an architect as Beazley, will be a great ornament to the street.

In the City some improvements are taking place. The projected City Arcade, from Bartholomew-lane to London-wall, is likely to be carried into effect, notwithstanding the well-known indisposition of monied men towards joint-stock concerns. However, an Arcade in London, which one may walk through every day, is unquestionably a more tangible investment than a treasure-fishery at the bottom of the sea. The prosecution of public works at home will afford employment to a number of industrious individuals; and patriots may serve their country better by promoting such an object, than by haranguing about the stuff that generally fills the brains of *soi-disant* patriots. A street is better than a speech at any time.

We are vastly at a loss to perceive the allusion in the following receipt for angling:—

"*How to catch a Gudgeon.*—While your gudgeon is engaged, taking leave of the rest of your family, retire quietly into another room, where he is sure to pass. (By all means take care that you don't sit in a dark corner—on the contrary, select, if possible, a window opposite the door). Leave the door just so far open, and no more, that any one passing it cannot fail to observe you. As soon as you hear his foot in the passage, begin your blubbering and caterwauling. No real gudgeon can resist this. Before he has been well three miles on his journey, he will be seen returning, with distended jaws, to swallow —the white bait!"

Yet what is the Bath System, the Brighton, the Harrowgate, the Cheltenham, or any of those spots where the fair do congregate to ensure the grand object of life, a husband, but variety of gudgeoning? Isaak Walton himself was never half so accurate in his flies, so delicate in his discrimination of lucky and unlucky moments, so adroit in the cast of his line, nor so active in dropping into his basket the finny prey, of which he writes with such tender enthusiasm, as the multitude of "female fishers of men," who haunt the shady corners of those favoured places, and angle from dewy morn to dusky eve. The new feature of the science is, that the whole practice is now in the hands of the ladies. Time was when the fishery was in the hands of the pantalooned sex; when an Irish buck came as regularly on his campaign to Bath, and danced away with an heiress, as the Bath ball-room opened its doors. The French marquis, all essences and cotillons, made an occasional catch among the daughters of rich old West Indians, fools enough to send their half-castes to learn the languages in the city of Bladud, and the London man, of Bond-street, adjourned from the clubs to make up his losses among the jointured. But all this has past away with the dreams of the past. The ladies now have the trade in their own corporation, and where it is their will to bring the spoil to their net, we defy any duke in England to be sure of his fate an hour.

One of the most direct and singular results of the late French Revolution has been the ruin of bankers. The aristocracy of paper, which seemed to have been concocting into a haughty shape in every capital of Europe, and which was presenting its cashiers to be made barons, dukes, and in good time, kings too, has suffered some heavy blows; and we may now live in faithful expectation that the throne will not be seized upon for some years more, by any of those gentlemen who have been in the habit of making their per centage on the discount of bills or the transfer of stock. The shock in France is formidable. All the counters have felt an earthquake, and all the grandees of the five per cents are selling off their estates, their dozen barouches a-piece, and throwing up their Opera boxes. Another leading house has fallen a few days ago. The minor ones are, we may presume, in no very enviable condition, and the shopkeepers are turning royalists as fast as they can. We are not quite so fond of dealing in revolutions here, but, if report say true, some of the potentates, even here, who deal in foreign stock and politics, are likely enough to indulge us with the march of a gambler's history.

On the vote being moved for the expences of the British Museum, Sir John Wrottesley observed on the public inconvenience sustained by

closing the reading-room on Saturdays. He was perfectly right; there are many persons who from their situation in public offices, and similar establishments, cannot go to the reading-room, except on Saturdays. Besides, why should one day in every week be lost to the student, or fifty week-days out of the three hundred in the year? Yet this is not all. The reading-room has a long vacation, as if it were a court for attorneys and clients, with three or four little vacations, the whole amounting to nearly three months in the twelve. Why should this be? Nothing can be less laborious than the duty of attendance. It merely requires half-a-dozen porters to take down the books and hand them to the readers, and a librarian to sit in a snug carpeted room, and by a good fire, reading, scribbling, or asleep, as it may happen to please him. The library is for national use, and it is extremely useful, and even essential to inquiries into almost every subject of literature. Yet for nearly three months every year, it is as much lost to the public as if it never existed. The officers are not to blame: they of course are glad to have as many holidays as they can. There is no possible reason why the reading-room should not be open every day in the year, except Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, and perhaps one or two other solemn days of the church. Nor is there any reason for a vacation at all. The librarians might easily succeed each other, and keep the library open without any kind of unsuitable restraint on their own comforts or leisure. But whatever may be their inconvenience they are paid amply for their duty, and the public must not be inconvenienced, which it now is, in a very serious degree.

The newspapers will not let Horace Twiss die in peace. His unlucky speech on "the lower orders and the small attorneys," has roused a nest of hornets about this learned gentleman's proceedings, which might irritate a more pacific philosopher. They have attacked him for going to the Chancellor's levee, and made the insidious excuse of his doing it under suspicion of friendship:—

"The presence of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Horace Twiss at the Lord Chancellor's levee, last Saturday evening, has excited much observation during the week in the circle of politicians. The honourable member for Newport, although he has manifested much bitterness against the Chancellor for the share he is supposed to have in an important measure, now pending, is still his lordship's *quondam* friend."

Others have charged him with looking to some of the good things which *are to replace* the Bankrupt Commissions, it being an understood affair, that no change of this kind is ever to occur, without leaving a succedaneum, to the full as costly, and a *little* more comfortable for the new claimants. One of the papers presumes that he and the duke have determined to make common cause with the whigs, and discover that they have been in the wrong in their politics, and particularly in their loss of place.

Of these circumstances the aggrieved party has taken notice in a regular speech:—

"On Mr. Hodges presenting some reform petitions,—Mr. Horace Twiss rose to contradict the reports that had gone abroad, that he had spoken disparagingly of the middle classes, to which he considered himself to belong. He said, 'of the middle classes I never spoke at all—the phrase 'middle classes' never passed my lips. It was to the predominance of a body far below the middle class

that I objected; and even of this body, I spoke in no terms of disrespect. I did, and still, protest against giving to the inhabitants of houses, rated at from £10 to £20, a majority somewhat more than three-fifths of the elective power of all the towns in England. I objected to place this overbearing force within the immediate sphere, not of the respectable solicitors of the country, but of inferior practitioners of the law—the description of persons whom the act for petty courts would bring into operation against the more respectable members of the profession. I did object to increase the franchise of that lowest kind of shopkeepers, who have always been found most open to bribery; but I did not object, as has been represented, that the humblest classes of my fellow-subjects should enjoy its just share in that elective power.'"

The case of one of the members for Colchester, as decided by the committee, is a striking instance of the closeness with which the letter of the law may be pursued in some instances. A petition was brought by a Mr. Mayhew against Mr. Spottiswoode, one of the successful candidates. The petition was against the return of the latter gentleman, on several specific grounds, the principal of which were, corrupt preference on the part of the mayor, as returning-officer; an allegation of bribery, on the part of Mr. Spottiswoode's agents; and thirdly, that Mr. Spottiswoode held an appointment under the crown, as king's printer, conjointly with Messrs. Strachan and Eyre.

The grosser charges of bribery and corruption being given up at once, Mr. Harrison proceeded to state that he was content to go upon the ground of Mr. Spottiswoode's ineligibility, that gentleman holding a situation, of considerable emolument, under the government, which placed him within the immediate operation of the statute of George III. for securing the independence of parliament. Mr. Adam, on the other side, contended that the statute referred to by his learned friend applied only to persons who had beneficial contracts with government, but that the office of king's printer, being held under a patent granted by the crown, could not be considered as coming within its provisions; and it was not denied that Mr. Spottiswoode's predecessor, Mr. Reeve, had sat in parliament whilst he held a share in the patent, subsequent to the passing of the act in question.

The discussion continued on this point; and the committee having retired, and consulted for some time, counsel were called in, when the chairman (Sir Robert Heron) intimated that the committee had declared the election to be void.

This decision unseats Mr. Spottiswoode, and will form a precedent with regard to all other members who hold offices under government by patent.

The enormous abuses of the ambassadorial salaries and pensions have been again urged upon the House by Mr. Gisborne. Let him persevere: the salaries allowed to our diplomatists are monstrous, and they require only to be exposed to be abolished. Why should the country be taxed to pay £11,000 a-year to Sir Charles Bagot, at the Court of Holland, even though he has done the state the extraordinary pleasure of marrying the Duke of Wellington's niece? whose mother, by the by, as well as the duke's, *lives on a pension!* Whatever the baronet's use may be at the little Court of the Hague, who can doubt that the interest of £250,000 sterling is an enormous sum for his payment? From the rate of living, the obscurity of the court, and the obscurity of the ambas-

sador's own *menage*, he ought to put £9,000 out of his eleven in his pocket every year of his life. Our ambassador at Vienna enjoys the same, £11,000 a-year, in a country where living is exactly four times as cheap as here; and in consequence the salary which we give to this lucky diplomatist, is the same as if we voted to him £44,000 a-year in London! Will any man in his senses say that such things ought to be? But we are told that this monstrous sum is necessary to keep up the national dignity. Nonsense; is the national dignity to be kept up by dinners? One noble lord sets about keeping up the national dignity by making operas, and feeding fiddlers; another keeps it up by race-horses; another by the superiority of his renown among the rabble of foreign theatres. And for all this, John Bull is forced to pledge his last shirt, and walk about a pauper. The thing is totally beyond defence, and must be abolished. As to the retiring pensions they are an insult to common sense. A man puts all his instruments in motion, begs, kneels, harangues, votes, prays, for a diplomatic situation; he gains his point, looks upon it justly as a prodigious piece of luck, and goes off to the Continent, leaving a hundred candidates cursing their stars. He spends his half-dozen or dozen years in the midst of kings, queens, and marriageable princesses, enjoying from four to ten thousand pounds English a-year, which on the Continent is generally equal to four times the sum. In fact the minister has appointed him to a splendid income, on the painful condition of going to as many dinners and dances as he likes, feasting on the fat of the land, and perhaps for his heaviest task, acknowledging the receipt of a letter of condolence, or congratulation, from one regal personage to another on the death of a wife or mistress. Having received in this matter from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds of English money, the minister finds that he has another diplomatic genius on hand, and he accordingly recals the ambassador. Then comes a fresh demand on the nation. The ex-diplomatist demands as the public penalty for losing his services, that he shall have a pension for life. It is to no purpose to say, that he has been inordinately overpaid for all that he ever did. He insists upon it, that the possession of a good thing this year, implies a right to it the next, and that the more money wasted on him in his office, the more money ought to be wasted on him when he has not even the excuse of scribbling a passport.

Mr. Gisborne complained that there were twenty-eight persons receiving pensions above £1,000, twelve of whom received pensions of £2,000 and upwards. He also considered that £26,000 paid yearly on account of the expence of our diplomatic relations with the Ottoman Porte was extravagant. He contrasted the emoluments of ambassadors and governors of colonies; the former of whom were sent to pleasant places and mixed in agreeable society, were well paid and allowed retiring pensions—while the latter were sent out to countries not very desirable to inhabit, did not receive such high salaries as ambassadors, and upon retiring received no superannuation allowances. The honourable member concluded by moving for a return of the date of all diplomatic and consular pensions, whether included or not in the return of civil and military offices, with the date of appointments, and length of service, of the several persons receiving such pensions.

It must grieve so resolute a reformer as Lord Althorp, to have had nothing better to say by way of answer to this appeal, than that he looked upon those pensions as a sort of half-pay, which it was for the

interest of the country to provide, to induce those persons whose diplomatic talents might be productive of advantage to the country to make the diplomatic service a regular profession. It was true, "that ambassadors were sometimes sent to agreeable places, but it should be remembered that they incurred great expences, and he did not think that it would be good policy to discontinue altogether the payment of pensions." Mr. Hume was of opinion that it would be a far better plan to give no retiring pensions to ambassadors. He wished to know whether the recommendation of the finance committee of 1828, that the amount of these pensions should be confined to £40,000, had been complied with? But we must have inquirers on this subject and on others, who will not suffer their queries to be answered with any official dexterity. The English love plainness; and perfectly knowing that nine-tenths of these diplomatic appointments *were* mere jobs, they will insist upon seeing the abuse extinguished at once, and for ever. On the sale of Lord Granville's shewy *outfit*, a paper remarks:—

"*An Ambassador's Furniture.*—The effects of Lord Granville, or, to use the grand language of the auctioneer, 'the splendid elegances,' are now for sale by public auction; and a grand display it certainly is. We hope our old friend Phillips, when he comes to exercise his eloquence on the *plateau*, which is very similar to that Mr. Leech, of the London Coffeehouse, prepared for his Majesty's table at Guildhall, will exert it to explain why this regal pomp is necessary for an ambassador, and how much better the business of the State is performed in a foreign land, in consequence of such an exhibition of gold, silver-gilt, and plate glass. If he can prove that it encourages foreigners to solicit loans and subsidies from this country, that will be enough."

Shakspeare says, "you have taken away my living, when you have taken away that whereby I do live." The old lady at the police-office, ought on this principle to have charged her criminal with an intention to commit murder, and the magistrates ought to have committed him to stand his trial for his life at the Old Bailey.—A week or two since an old lady made her appearance, in a state of great wrath, at one of the offices, and obtested the anger of the law against an individual who had purloined a set of teeth that cost her thirty guineas, from her bed-chamber. The thief, she said, *wore the stolen property!* but the magistrate said he could not interfere. This was a hard case, that justice could not interfere when a lady complained that a robber had stolen "even the teeth out of her head." The case was pronounced a new one, for though few things are worse than to eat of another person's bread, it is rather singular to add the aggravation of eating that bread with the individual's actual teeth. The wits have been active on the occasion. Some have declared it a happy illustration of the original compact of man and wife, "bone of my bone." An epigram says, as the parties had quarrelled, that the plunder of the teeth was merely a *bonus* upon the dividend. Another, that all the dull things that have been said on the topic are *bon mots*, for all that. The thief, we understand, says that he had but one source of regret, that, "in stealing the teeth he did not carry off the *tongue*."

The theatrical world are beginning to feel the national impulse, and are crying out for the reduction of the King of Comedy, George Colman's, civil list. Among other grievances, they complain that this royal

personage will not license a song under two guineas! George knows the value of licence too well to throw it away for a song, and the mulcted geniuses cry out against his throne accordingly.

Yet who can doubt that Thalia and Melpomene have a strong hold upon the English taste, even though *the* licenser may exist, when we see the statement that (exclusively of the English Opera-house) London now boasts of fourteen theatres; and in calculating the gross weekly sum received at *all* of them, averaging £7,000, why it proves that, notwithstanding the hardness of the times, we may say, with Fred. Reynolds, in one of his eccentric comedies, "John Bull will go without *bread*, but, bless him, never without *plays*."

But the fourteen are going to be reinforced with others in every direction. An actor, named Waithman, is building a theatre at Paddington; and it is stated that the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, will be re-opened in the course of the summer.

This is not all. The city is to have its share in the March of Theatres. The new theatre in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate-street, is likely to realize abundant interest to the speculators. The population is sufficiently dense, unquestionably, to give success to a playhouse, if the attraction of the new Pavilion, now being finished with great splendour, should not interfere.

Having thus provided for London, Hyde-park-corner would feel itself unhappy in being neglected, and of course it comes within the purview of those whose business it is, to "increase the harmless gaiety of nations." A new theatre will shortly be erected at Knightsbridge, upon a large vacant plot of ground nearly opposite the Cannon Brewhouse. The Duke of Sussex has promised to lay the first stone. The theatre will be built in shares, and it is patronized by the principal residents in that very extensive and improving neighbourhood. Egerton, Ward, and Abbot, are to be the managers.

After this let us hear no more of the exclusive rights of patentees, and so forth. London has already more theatres than Paris, and the system will go on with perpetual bankruptcies, of course, but still with perpetual speculators, willing to risk their own credit, and their friends' money on those fragile concerns. We promise a harvest to George Colman.

A very striking work on that agonizing disease, the Calculus in the bladder, has just been published. It is entitled "Cases in Lithotrity," or the new operation invented by Baron Heurteloup, for crushing the calculus by means of instruments, and thus escaping the painful and hazardous operations in common use. The pamphlet contains a considerable number of statements of the use of the Lithotrity on patients, from the different hospitals, as well as on gentlemen confided to the inventor's care by surgeons of eminence. The operations were conducted in the presence of Sir Astley Cooper, and the other principal surgeons of London, and in every case stated the success seems to have been complete. If any alleviation of this dreadful affliction can be discovered, the inventor deserves every honour and advantage that can be implied in national and personal gratitude.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Marchmont Papers. Edited by Sir George Rose, Bart. 3 *vols.* 8*vo.*—To the generality of readers the "Marchmont Papers" will convey little or no idea of their contents, or even of the family to whom they belonged So unfamiliar has the name become, and so little impression have any of the owners, however respectable, made upon the public mind, that it will be more desirable, in our brief notices, to tell who the parties were, than to analyse at all curiously the papers themselves. The first Earl of Marchmont (born in 1641), will be recognized under the name of Sir Patrick Hume, the associate of Argyle in his luckless expedition, on the accession of James II. of England. Sir Patrick was baron of Polwarth, in Berwickshire—was a member of the Scottish parliament for his native county, in 1665—and thrown into prison for some opposition to the tyrannical Lauderdale. On the discovery of the Rye House Plot—with the chief plotters, or at least with those who were involved in the charge of plotting, he was closely connected—he found it safest to escape to the continent. The tale of his concealment in a vault, told by his grand-daughter, Lady Murray, is a well-known narrative. On the death of Charles the Second he joined Argyle, and after the miserable failure, returned to poverty and exile in Holland, where he remained till the revolution of 1688. He was a member of the Scotch Convention, that gave the crown of Scotland to William, in addition to that of England, and was himself in a few years, for his services, made Lord Chancellor of Scotland and Earl of Marchmont. In carrying the act of Union he was one of the most influential agents, and his memory has long laboured under the charge of trucking his honour and patriotism for money. Of the sum certainly spent in bringing about the Union, £1000. was received by him; but Sir George Rose, in his quality of editor, takes up the cudgels in his defence, and shews plainly enough that the money was due to him, as chancellor and a pensioner. It is, nevertheless, probably still true, that, but for his activity in promoting the views of the court, he would never have been paid the arrears. He died in 1724. To this first earl the papers which fill the third volume of these Selections belong, consisting of his own narrative of Argyle's expedition, which has been published before, and his Correspondence with public men, contributing more or less to illustrate the spirit of the times.

Alexander, the second Earl of Marchmont, and son of the first (born 1675), was brought up to the Scottish bar—was a lord of Session before he was thirty—and for some years actively engaged, professionally and politically. In the rebellion of 1715 he raised a battalion of foot and two troops of horse; and was soon after employed diplomatically, and so continued many years. In 1733, he joined the opposition against Walpole on his excise scheme—chiefly, like other Scotchmen, in the hope of turning out Lord Islay from the government of Scotland, in which he had contrived to render himself generally unpopular. By this opposition Lord Marchmont gained nothing but the *loss* of his seat as a representative peer at the next election. He died in 1740. *His* papers occupy about half the second volume—chiefly letters addressed to himself by eminent individuals — two or three from that mischievous and busy-body woman, the Duchess of Marlborough.

Hugh, the third earl, and son of Alexander, was born in 1708, and while Lord Polwarth, in the Commons, was an active opponent of Walpole's measures, and bravely avenged the indignity cast upon his father by Walpole's resentment. "You may cry up," said Walpole to his son, "Pulteney's, Pitt's, and Lyttleton's speeches, but when I have answered Sir John Barnard and *Lord Polwarth*, I think I have concluded the debate." His accession to his father's title threw him out of the Commons, and it was some years before he could get returned as a representative peer. The Diary of this Earl of Marchmont—by far the most interesting portion of the volumes—shews how closely he studied public measures, or rather the public intrigues of the times. The formator of the Broad Bottomed Administration, in 1744, removing all impediments, he soon came into office, and was finally made keeper of the great seal in Scotland, and continued in parliament till 1784. This lord died in 1794, and left his family papers to the late George Rose, father of the editor. The Diary begins in July, 1744, and goes on to the end of that year—is resumed the following year for a few months—and again in 1747, for about the same period. It is of a gossiping kind, but gossip that concerns the leading statesmen of the day, and well calculated to shew that statesmen, under the mask of virtue and public spirit, were generally nothing but traders in politics—salaries the prime object. In his correspondence are numerous letters of Bolingbroke—restless, and impotent to the last.

The Tuileries. By the Author of "Hungarian Tales," &c. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* —Mrs. Gore's heroine is the accomplished daughter of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of France, inheriting all the prejudices of her caste to the fullest extent. The hero is one of the *canaille*—the born-vassal of the lady's family—and his mother her foster-nurse. After the manners of the country, the children were playmates, and grew up together for years. The boy was devoted to her, and as his years increased his feelings took a deeper tone, while the young lady regards him simply with a friendly kindness, as the son of her favourite *bonne*, and her old companion. These two persons, standing at the very poles of society in unrevolutionized France, it is Mrs. Gore's ultimate object to bring together, through the equalizing medium of the revolution—cutting down the haughty prejudices of the one, and elevating the personal merits of the other; and she has accomplished her purpose with a clear perception of the spirit of the revolution, and no common acquaintance with its details.—The lady marries the Marquis de St. Florentin, and mingles with the court; while Camille, her humble admirer, gets a better education than usual in his station, and early wins his way to fortune in the manufactories of Lyons. At the outbreak of the revolution, though sharing, with those of his class, in the bright anticipations of its early friends, he becomes no vulgar jacobin; but foreseeing the interruptions to business, he realizes his large gains and repairs to Paris. The chief magnet that drew him there was still the marchioness —to shield her in the too probable perils that awaited her caste, was the single and absorbing prompter of all his movements. At Paris he has a cousin, a leading orator in the clubs, and one of the mountain in the Chamber of Deputies. With this person, the better to carry his views into effect, he resumes his intercourse, and under his auspices enters the National Guard, and soon, by other influence, becomes an aide-de-camp of Lafayette.

At this time the king's friends were planning his escape, and De St. Florentin, on the impulse of romantic loyalty, devotes himself soul and body to the accomplishment of the enterprise—disregarding the claims of his family—and, as it fell out, perishes in the attempt. Camille had failed in his efforts to deter him—but his position in the National Guard enabled him to gratify his fondest wishes, in serving the marchioness, who is at last conveyed away in safety from Paris, and conducted to her father's château.

Meanwhile Camille's cousin, the jacobin leader—the very beau-ideal of a fiend—is panting for revenge. He has, of course, a natural antipathy to all aristocrats, and especially to the family, whose steward his own father had been. In his youth he had been shut up in the Bastille, for some offence, and once been struck by the head of the family. He resolves to have his revenge—to devastate the estate, murder the owner, and marry the proud daughter—St. Florentin's widow, to whom Camille is so devoted, and watches over so intently. Camille is just in time to rescue herself and one of her two children—the other is lost in the *mêlée*—and carry her to his own estate, and place her under the protection of his mother, her beloved *bonne*. In this secluded retreat the lady lives unmolested, and Camille, happy in her presence, withdraws from his official engagements at Paris, and spends his life in contributing to her comfort, and attempting to make himself agreeable. He, however, makes no progress—the lady hardly suspects his hopes, and dreams not of any thing so audacious as an attempt to realize them. Suddenly the jacobin leader discovers the retreat of his cousin and the marchioness, and intelligence reaches them that he is on his way, armed with authority, to work his own purposes. Camille and a confidante of the marchioness confer together, and the only means of safety for her seems to be marriage, to give him a legal right to protect her. The proposal is made—the lady is horror-struck, but eventually submits, apparently not knowing what she is doing. The ceremony takes place—Camille is himself flung into prison, and at the very moment, when the ferocious jacobin hopes to seize his prey, he is himself assassinated by a little manœuvre of Robespierre. On Camille's consequent release, the lady, alive to her situation, upbraids him with trickery and treachery; and poor Camille, seeing her prejudices thus indelible, takes suddenly a solemn leave of her and joins the army.

Five or six years elapse, when in Italy, after the battle of Marengo, appears, in an important command, a General Mainville. This is Camille. His official authority brings him in contact with an émigré family of distinction, where re-appears also the marchioness. The marchioness's lost daughter is found to be a protégée of Josephine—both Josephine and Bonaparte are aware of the circumstances, and through their agency the intercourse between Camille and the marchioness is resumed. No very pressing influence is necessary—the lady's prejudices had had time to give way; she gladly and gratefully recognizes the validity of the former tie, and becomes the wife of Camille, who shortly after-

wards was a Marshal of France and Prince of the empire. In spite of the eternal details of the old French revolution, the tale is sufficiently readable—Mrs. G. has spirit, knowledge and execution.

The Extraordinary Black Book. By the Original Editor.—In this department of our miscellany we have little to do with any thing but the literary merits of the publication before us. The Black Book appeared some years ago, originally in driblets, and, when radicalism was less in fashion, excited no common attention, and drew the regards of many, for the first time, to corruptions—nor did the detection of repeated blunders very much lesson its credit. Essentially, the abuses, which it is the object of the book to expose, are now admitted on all hands, except only by those who benefit by them, and even numbers of them can no longer muster assurance enough to maintain black is white, and corruption purity. The work is once more republished — collected in a single volume—a new work in fact — better arranged, better executed, more correct in its details; and though still abounding in small mistakes, inevitable in such an undertaking, and shewing an unwise leaning to confound things essentially distinct, is yet backed by such irrefragable testimony and authorative documents, as to deserve the serious regard of every one who considers that the interests of the *whole* community should alone be the governing principle of its public institutions.

It is idle to talk of bringing things back to some far distant point of purity. It matters not how affairs were managed, good or bad, some hundred years ago. The real question is, what does common sense demand for the security of the common rights and best interests of the existing community? That demands—and it is the pervading cry of the country—not any change in the constitution of the government, but the sweeping away of its corruptions, and the realizing of the theory of it. By that theory every man is equal under the law—every man governs by his representative, and every man is eligible to office. By the practice of the day, nothing like such equality exists; the whole government is monopolized by a small knot of exclusionists, who tax as they like, and pocket the produce, till pluralists, placemen, pensioners, and sinecurists, all of the "order," cover the land, and cut away the sources of all fair pretension. — Inequalities of property, and that to great extents, must always exist, and inequalities of personal influence in proportion—*that* is not the evil complained of—but that the great are not content with the enjoyment of their property, and the natural power it brings with it, but they must *rule*, willy-nilly, and what they cannot accomplish by fair means, they scruple not to do by foul. The days of pension, and monopoly, and boroughs, are fast vanishing—and the noble must, like the mean, take care of their own families, and not saddle them upon the community.

A very large proportion of the Black Book rests, for its authority, upon official documents—themselves often incorrect, but not guilty of *over*-statements.

A Year in Spain, by a Young American, 2 *vols* —These two agreeable volumes profess to be the production of a young American, who spent a twelvemonth in Spain, partly for the gratification of a liberal curiosity, and partly to acquire the language—become in the United States of vast importance, from their growing connections with the South. The tour of the young American extended along the eastern coast to Valencia, and from thence to Madrid, where he passed the winter, mixing, apparently, mostly among the humbler classes—he had no grand introductions —and, with the first travelling weather in the spring, made excursions to Toledo, Segovia, &c.; and finally quitted the country by the way of Seville and Cadiz. Full of the superiority of his own country, the writer—a very intelligent person—finds abundant grounds for deploring the condition of the Spaniards—ascribing all, and fairly enough, to the institutions that have crushed their energies. The priests generally—in the larger towns—amount to two per cent. of the population. Whole regions are in a state of comparative desolation, and much of the country looks more so than it really is, from the absence of woods. La Mancha is stript bare, and very much of the interior, from a prejudice of the natives against trees, as harbouring birds. This is a most woeful prejudice; for the central parts of the country consist generally of a high tableland—exposed and dry naturally, and made ten times more so by the absence of shade and foliage. Valencia alone presents the appearance of a cultivated and opulent region. Corn, fruits, flax, hemp, and cotton, abound; and mulberry-trees, that produce silk to the amount of a million and half of pounds. The extraordinary fertility is attributed to the system of irrigation. The rivers are almost wholly poured upon the crops, and with so much success, that mulberry-trees are stript three times a year —clover and lucerne mown eight, and even ten times—citrons of 6 lbs., and

bunches of grapes of 14 lbs., are gathered—wheat yields 30 for 1—rice, 40—and Indian corn, as a second crop, 100.

The author travelled, for the most part, by the public conveyances, and found them generally the least liable to interruptions and delays. Twice they were stopped by robbers. Between Tarragone and Valencia, the wretches deliberately crushed the head of the guard, by battering it with a stone, and stabbed the driver, a boy—till both were left for dead; and, in fact, one died within a few hours, and the other lingered only a little longer. Great difficulty occurred in procuring assistance. Instead of hastening to lend their aid, in such cases, Spaniards will in general run the other way. Persons found near the body of a murdered person are detained either as witnesses, or as suspected persons. The author doubts whether the Spaniards do not dread the law worse than robbers and murderers. The word *justicia*, he says, as in the days of Gil Blas, is never pronounced without a shudder. Three of the robbers were taken into custody, the author learnt, when at Madrid; and upon inquiring if they were likely to be hanged, his informer told him—"The fact of one of them being a stranger rendered it probable; but if they had money to put into the hands of an *escribano*, or notary, to fee him and the judges—or to buy an escape—or, as a last resort, if they could procure the interposition of the clergy, they might yet go unpunished."

At Madrid, he had the assistance, for the language, of Don Redondo y Moreno, who, in the days of the Constitution, had been a minister of state. He was still an impurificado. This requires explanation:—

> The reader is not perhaps aware, that on the return of despotism in Spain, Juntas of Purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear, and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over-active in support of the Constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as come out clean from this investigation, from being *impurificados* or unpurified, become *indefinidos* or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half-pay. These indefinidos have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look-out for a god-send, never think of any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth, and read the gazette, but never spend anything; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known, if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff colour, and by their military batons, or still more readily by their huge cocked-hats of oil-cloth, with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

The bigotry of the Spanish court and government are ascribed wholly to the priests:—

> From these causes, then, and not from the sovereign will of a single individual, originate those persecuting decrees and apostolic denunciations which have brought on Ferdinand the appellation of bloody bigot, and all the hard names in the calendar of abuse. There is much reason to believe, on the contrary, that he cares little for religion; and though, by way of flattering the clergy and the nation, he may once have made a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, yet, if the truth were known, he would doubtless be willing to do less for her ladyship than for any living Manola or Andaluza. The character of the present king is indeed little known in foreign countries, where, from the mere fact of being called *El Rey Absoluto*, every thing is supposed to emanate from his individual will. His character is not, in fact, so much a compound of vices, as made up of a few virtues and many weaknesses. He is ready to receive the meanest subject of his kingdom; and is said to be frank, good-humoured, accessible, courteous, and kingly, in an unusual degree. He will listen attentively to those who appeal to him, appear convinced of the justice of what they ask, and promise compliance, without ever thinking again of the matter. Facility is his great foible, and yet is he occasionally subject to irritability, and disposed to be wrong-headed and have his own way, to the no small inconvenience of those who undertake to direct him. The faults of Ferdinand are partly natural, partly the effect of education. Instead of being trained up and nurtured with the care necessary to fit him for the high station to which he was born, his youth was not only neglected, but even purposely perverted.—There is about him a look of blunt good-humour and rough jollity, which gives a flat denial to the cruelty ascribed to him. He is said to have a leaning towards liberalism—weak, perhaps in proportion to the inefficiency of his character, yet rendered probable by the fact that he is now more detested by the ruling party, and acting under more restraint, than in the most boisterous period of the Constitution.

Proposal for the Establishment of Village Schools of Industry, &c.—The purpose of this brief address is to urge upon the proprietors of land the utility and practicability of village schools of industry. In this country we have no notion of any purpose to be promoted by schools, but the acquisition of A, B, C. The fundamental principle of the proposed institutions is to communicate not merely letters, but whatever knowledge, mental and manual, is likely to be of service to the future labourer, and no more. Industry is the first object—the essential habit to be inculcated—and for this purpose a piece of land is to be attached to the school, to be cultivated by the children, under the direction of a master, who, with the aid of a workman, accustomed to farm-labour, is to allot and enforce the labours. The children,

besides, are to be instructed in various mechanical employments, and brought to turn their hands to any thing useful —to the works of the mason, the carpenter, the smith, &c.—knitting, knotting, tailoring, &c. The friends of the children will be invited to lend their assistance in teaching their several trades, and receive a compensation, in little jobs of their own, done by the children, washing, mending, &c., or a share in the produce of the land. The scheme is full of benevolence, and only requires zealous agents to be productive of most admirable results. Here and there the proprietors of villages will meet with a person ready to give up soul and body to the realization of such a plan, and then it will succeed, with only common encouragement on their parts. But to set mere mercenaries about such an occupation, will entail nothing but disappointment upon the kind-hearted individuals who attempt to carry the scheme into effect.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Parts XI. and XII. — The new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which interweaves the whole of the well-known and well-approved Supplement, and undertakes to work up every article to the period of publication, goes on steadily—fulfilling with great zeal and excellent effect all its engagements. The extensive subject of Anatomy, comprising that of man, animals, and vegetables, fills up almost the whole of the fasciculi before us. The Treatise is a very competent epitome, and will, with the illustrative plates, furnish all the information that any unprofessional person is likely to have occasion for. We know of no volume of anatomy — whatever may be its professions of adaptation to popular utility—that will so completely answer the general reader's purpose. The ornamental part of the work is very superior to that of the best of the antecedent editions.

Recollections of a Seven Years' Residence in the Mauritius, or Isle of France. By a Lady.—The lady represents herself as having quitted the West Indies with her husband, and accompanied him to the Mauritius, whither he went in the fond hope of getting some official appointment of importance from the governor of the island. The situation he obtained fell far short of his expectations, and what was worse, his duties detained him in the town during the unhealthy season, and he soon left his wife a widow, and his children orphans. The Recollections of the poor lady are addressed to the surviving children, and are, of course, tinged with a lugubrious colouring; but apart from the sad circumstances of her tale, the volume contains a very lively account of a region but rarely the subject of description. The French ladies, though devoted very much to dress and gaiety, and but little informed, she found universally amiable, and vastly improved by the numerous intermarriages that have been contracted with English officers and English merchants. The Mauritius is looked upon as the Montpellier of the East—many repair thither from India for the recovery of their health, and are often benefited. The lady seems to think less favourably of it—

> Contrary to the usual opinion in small islands, the sea-breeze (she says) is considered highly injurious by the inhabitants of Port-Louis, and is as much dreaded by them as the malaria of Italy. I thought at first this was a mere fanciful notion, but when I had been some little time a resident there, I found that the wind from the sea invariably affected me with head-ache, and frequently gave me cold. Most persons, I believe, experienced the same effects from it, and it was consequently generally excluded from the apartments when it prevailed.

It is not generally known that Hindoo convicts are sent to the Mauritius from the Presidencies.—

> Amongst the objects that arrested my attention in passing through the country, I remember being struck with the appearance of the Hindoo convicts at work on the roads. These are men who have committed various offences in India, and have been sent to the Mauritius (at the request, I believe, of Governor Farquhar) to be employed in this way. They were dispersed about the country in parties, under the command of an English serjeant, and had each a small ring round one ancle, merely as a mark, for it is too slight to be a punishment. They had a most scowling aspect, and some particularly seemed to me to be suited to the study of a painter in Salvator Rosa's style—the dark malignant glance, the bent brow, the turban of dirty white, or dusky red; the loose drapery, only half clothing the body, gave them a wild, picturesque appearance, to which mountain scenery added still greater effect.

At Pamplemousses—the most beautiful spot in the island—are the tombs of Paul and Virginia—still visited, it seems, by all the young lieutenants and middies the moment they land upon the island. The lady has no mercy upon the illusion—

> The fact is (she says) these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos. Formerly only one was erected, but the proprietor of the place finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visitors who have been gratified, consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial-place of that unfortunate pair.

These "tombs" are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses, and pathetic ejaculations, and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre's story of the lovers is prettily written, and his description of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even *his* pen can do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale. It is said that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France for education, during the time that M. de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The Bay of the Tomb, the Point of Endeavour, the Isle of Amber, and the Cape of Misfortune, still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre.

British Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. XIX. of Family Library. —Allan Cunningham makes an admirable biographer of artists—he is free from the prejudices and fetters of the profession. Though acute enough in his perceptions, his feelings never shake his judgment; he knows and cares too little about established rules and the cant of taste, not to obey the dictates of common sense; and is too independent and resolute not to give expression to his own convictions, though they chance to conflict with received opinions. He finds but eight British architects to commemorate, and of them two were scarcely worth noticing, while a third is perhaps but equivocally connected with the practice of the art itself. William of Wykeham, no doubt, built at his own cost the splendid cathedral of Winchester, but how far its architectural merits are indebted to his *designs* must for ever remain a secret. Mr. Cunningham cuts the difficulty of tracing the origin and career of Gothic, or rather ecclesiastical building; and after repeating a few conflicting opinions concludes thus, in his own rough, but felicitous manner—

When I have wandered among the majestic ruins of the abbeys of Scotland—not unacquainted with the classic works of Greece—I never for one moment could imagine that in the ribbed aisles, the pointed arches, the clustered columns, and intelligible yet grotesque carvings of the mouldering edifice before me, I beheld but the barbarous perversion of what was once grand and classic—I could as soon have believed that a battering ram had degenerated into a cannon, or a cross-bow into a carabine. The building on which I looked seemed the offspring of the soil—it corresponded in every thing with the character of the surrounding landscape. The stone of which it was built came from the nearest quarry, the wood which composed its screens and carvings were cut in the neighbouring forest, and the stories and legends chiselled on every band and cornice were to be found in the history of the particular church or in that of the Christian religion. The statues of saints, kings, angels and virgins, belonged to modern belief: and in their looks, and in their draperies, they aspired to nothing beyond a copy of the faces and dresses to be found in the district; whilst the foliages, flowers, and fruits, which so profusely enriched band, and cornice, and corbel, were such, and no other, as grew in the woods and fields around, &c.

Inigo Jones was the introducer of Grecian architecture; but he had few opportunities of executing his own favourite plans, and was compelled, for the most part, to conform to the tastes of his employers. In conjunction with Ben Jonson, he got up the masques of the courts of James and Charles, and thought his doings in pasteboard and paint equal at least to Jonson's poetry, and was even for taking the lead in the assertion of his claims—the performances were announced as the works of "*Jones* and Jonson." Soured by disappointment, and irritable by temperament, Jonson lampooned his colleague, and fell without mercy upon his vanity and follies. Of Jones's buildings, few now remain in their original state. On account of his extensive works in the repair of St. Paul's, he fell under the censure of the angry Commons; on the breaking out of the war, he lost his place of surveyor-general, and as a known "malignant," he was compelled to compound severely for his estates.

Wren is the architect who has left behind him the most numerous works, and some of the most important. St. Paul's and the city churches are splendid monuments of his genius. He lived too long for his cotemporaries, and in his old age was sacrificed to the jealousy of rivals, and the neglect of his patrons. At the age of 86, he was deprived of his official appointments, and even the conclusion of the works at St. Paul's taken out of his hands. He bore the indignity manfully, and survived it still five years.

Vanbrugh, though the constant butt of Swift's and Pope's satire—from mere love of mischief apparently—has risen in reputation considerably in modern times; and indeed the builder of Blenheim, and the writer of some of the wittiest, though perhaps coarsest comedies of the age, was never likely to be long obscured by the sport of Swift, nor the spite of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The throwing open of St. Martin's magnificent portico has revived the memory and illustrated the merits of Gibbs, while nothing, not even the villa of Chiswick, can keep those of Burlington alive. Walpole, with his aristocratic predilections, could see nothing to admire in the ignoble commoner, while the architectural peer, like the king, could do no wrong.

In Kent, Mr. Cunningham finds no-

thing but quackery. He seems to think him a kind of architectural milliner—possessing about as much title to distinction as a maker of artificial flowers.

Chambers could write better than build—and not much of that; though Somerset-house is a splendid pile of building.

History of the War in the Peninsula, &c., from 1807 *to* 1814, *by Col. Napier, Vol. III.*—We have before expressed our sense of Colonel Napier's qualifications for accomplishing the task which he is zealously and indefatigably prosecuting. As a soldier, and one who was himself engaged in the service he describes, he comes with advantages which no mere layman can possess, whatever be his industry or intelligence; and he has too much confidence, by natural temperament, in his own decisions to withhold any of them, whether bearing upon military or political points. His admiration of Napoleon and Wellington knows no bounds; while for the ministers at home, who blindly pursued their own views, and carelessly thwarted their commander, his contempt is supreme. The conduct of the French troops, Colonel Napier traces as much in detail as that of the British and their allies—and so, acceptably enough, supplies what is lamentably defective in all other histories of the war. For the general reader—who is not, of course, as somebody said with some humour, "particular"—the military details are too oppressive to get through; but for martial folks they have their charm and their good; for it must be as useful to study the blunders of the enemy, as the victories of their own chief. Most of those blunders may be tracked to the disunion and jealousy of Napoleon's officers, and the want of his own controlling presence.

The third volume is occupied chiefly with the campaigns of 1810—preceded by some details of the former year, in Catalonia and the South, to bring up arrears. After the battle of Talavera—where the second volume terminated—Lord Wellington took up a position on the Guadiana, and maintained it till, provoked by the want of cordial co-operation on the part of the Spaniards, he resolved to abandon the country, and confine himself, for a time, to the defence of Portugal. While thus encamped along the river, the troops perished by thousands, from what was called the Guadiana fever; and censures upon the commander have been pretty generally cast, for thus exposing them, apparently, for no adequate purpose. Colonel Napier insists that it was by maintaining this position, and not by the battle of Talavera, that he saved Andalusia; and the proof is, that the moment he quitted it for the valley of the Mondego, the French advanced.

The detail of Massena's invasion of Portugal—of Wellington's retreat within his own lines (of Torres Vedras)—and of Massena's final abandonment of Portugal, bring up the narrative of the war to the miserable battle of Albuera, which Colonel Napier characterizes, without scruple, as one that adds nothing to the laurels of the commander. Alive, as Beresford still is, some men would have yielded a little to the restraining hand of common delicacy; but Colonel Napier piques himself upon obeying higher impulses.

Colonel Napier's remarks upon the Guerilla system are admirable. We quote a scrap:—

> It is true that if a whole nation will but persevere in such a system, it must in time destroy the most numerous armies. But no people will thus persevere; the aged, the sick, the timid, the helpless, are all hinderers of the bold and robust. There will also be a difficulty to procure arms; for it is not on every occasion that so rich and powerful a people as the English will be found in alliance with insurrection; and when the invaders follow up their victories by a prudent conduct—as was the case with Suchet, and some others of the French generals—the result is certain. The desire of ease, natural to mankind, prevails against the suggestions of honour; and although the opportunity of covering personal ambition with the garb of patriotism may cause many attempts to throw off the yoke, the bulk of the invaded people will gradually become submissive and tranquil. It is a fact that, notwithstanding the violent measures resorted to by the Partida chiefs to fill their ranks, deserters from the French, and even from the British, formed one-third of their bands.
>
> To raise a whole people against an invader may be easy; but to direct the energy thus aroused, is a gigantic task, and, if misdirected, the result will be more injurious than advantageous. That it was misdirected in Spain, was the opinion of many able men of all sides; and to represent it otherwise, is to make history give false lessons to posterity. Portugal was thrown completely into the hands of Lord Wellington; but that great man, instead of following the example of the Supreme Junta, and encouraging independent bands, enforced military organization upon totally different principles. The people were, indeed, called upon and obliged to resist the enemy; but it was under a regular system, by which all classes were kept within just bounds, and the whole physical and moral power of the nation rendered subservient to the plan of the general-in-chief. To act differently is to confess weakness: it is to say that the government, being unequal to the direction of affairs, permits anarchy.

His estimate of the Spaniards, with his defence of that estimate, is spirited and decisive:—

> I have been charged with incompetence to understand, and, most unjustly, with a desire to underrate the Spanish resistance; but it is the province of history to record foolish as well as glorious deeds, that posterity may profit from all;

and neither will I mislead those who read my work, nor sacrifice the reputation of my country's arms to shallow declamation upon the unconquerable spirit of independence. To expose the errors is not to undervalue the fortitude of a noble people; for in their constancy, in the unexampled patience, with which they bore the ills inflicted alike by a ruthless enemy, and by their own sordid governments, the Spaniards were truly noble: but shall I say that they were victorious in their battles, or faithful in their compacts; that they treated their prisoners with humanity; that their Juntas were honest or wise; their generals skilful; their soldiers firm? I speak but the bare truth, when I assert that they were incapable of defending their own cause! Every action, every correspondence, every proceeding of the six years that the war lasted, rise up in support of this fact; and to assume that an insurrection so conducted did, or could possibly baffle the prodigious power of Napoleon, is an illusion. Spain baffle him! Her efforts were amongst the very smallest causes of his failure. Portugal has far greater claims to that glory. Spain furnished the opportunity; but it was England, Austria, Russia, or rather fortune, that struck down that wonderful man. The English, more powerful, more rich, more profuse, perhaps more brave than the ancient Romans; the English, with a fleet, for grandeur and real force, never matched, with a general equal to any emergency, fought as if for their own existence. The Austrians brought four hundred thousand good troops to arrest the conqueror's progress; the snows of Russia destroyed three hundred thousand of his best soldiers; and finally, when he had lost half a million of veterans, not one of whom died on Spanish ground, Europe, in one vast combination, could only tear the Peninsula from him by tearing France along with it. What weakness, then, what incredible delusion, to point to Spain, with all her follies and her never-ending defeats, as a proof that a people fighting for independence must be victorious. She was invaded, because she adhered to the great European aristocracy; she was delivered, because England enabled that aristocracy to triumph for a moment over the principles of the French Revolution.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library. Vol. III. Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831.—This is no bad conception. A glance of this kind over the year, at the end of it, in these stirring times, might save abundance of labour, and reminds us conveniently at little cost and trouble. But one volume should have been the limit. Such a degree of compression would have prevented much of it resembling, as it now does, the stale details of the newspapers. Greece, France, and Belgium occupy the chief portion of the volume. Leopold's rejection of the sovereignty is told far too lengthily, though fairly enough. More swelling matters have driven Greece into the back-ground. The great patrons of Greece in England and France—Palmerston and Sebastiani—are now both of them respectively at the head of the foreign departments—will Greece be the better for it? Will they now urge upon the Port the evacuation of Candia—so earnest as they both were when out of office?—French affairs are brought up to the trial and sentence of the ministers, which might very well close the year; but the writer is not disposed to let go his hold, and proposes to prosecute the subject in a second volume.—Belgium is barely touched upon—a little preluding only respecting De Potter. Home seems to present nothing but Parliamentary prattle, of which the author takes a fair estimate enough. Would that the Reform Bill swept away another two hundred! Four hundred talkers might surely satisfy any nation upon earth. The Athenians themselves were never such babblers as we are become—but *they* had no reporters!

Waverley Novels—Kenilworth. — Sir Walter's success in his portrait of Queen Mary, in the "Abbott," naturally prompted, he tells us, a similar attempt respecting "her sister and her foe," the celebrated Elizabeth of England. Robertson avowed his national prejudices, and Sir Walter, "a poor romance writer," as he describes himself, dare not disown, what so liberal an historian ventured to avow. Nevertheless, in delineating Elizabeth—whom, by the way, Dr. Nares, in his second volume of Burghley's life, assures us, was not, as some affirm of the devil, so black as she is painted—Sir Walter's aim was to describe her as a high-minded sovereign, and a woman of passionate feelings—hesitating between a sense of her rank and duty to her subjects on the one hand, and her attachment, on the other, to a nobleman, who, whatever might be his character, was at least a very handsome man, and of attractive manners. Leicester's murder of his wife was a subject of general suspicion and allusion, as appears from numerous sources. Sir Walter's authority is Ashmole's History of Berkshire — but his first acquaintance with the story was from Mickle's Cummor Hall. There can be little doubt Leicester had enemies enough. A favourite has no friend; and he was not of a nature to conciliate. Sir Walter has clenched the nail. Leicester and murder are for ever now inseparable—an effect which might suggest a little more caution in dealing with historical character.

The Animal Kingdom, on Cuvier's Arrangement. Edited by E. Griffith, and others. Part XXVII. — The twenty-seventh portion of this respectable undertaking, of which we have more than once expressed our approbation, is taken up with Reptilia, and chiefly with frogs and toads. Frogs, it seems, are going out of favour in France, though still to be met with in the markets, but not so

generally or so abundantly as in Italy or Germany. The French, with us, monopolize the whole credit. They, however, eat nothing but the hind quarters, and that only of animals fed and fattened with care and selection; but the Germans eat all parts of this loathsome animal, except the skin and intestines. Of old, the flesh of the frog, with salt and oil, was used as an antidote to poison; and, in modern times, doctors have recommended, in cases of epilepsy, the "liver of a frog calcined in an oven, on a cabbage leaf, between two plates, and swallowed in peony water." But what absurdities have they not recommended? The ornamental portion of the work is very superior both as to selection and execution.

Arthur of Britanny, by the author of "The Templars," 3 vols., 12mo.—Though we have given Arthur of Britanny but a hasty glance, we have seen amply sufficient to satisfy us, that the author is destined to gather no ordinary renown on the fields of historical romance. He enters well into recorded characters—supplies with skill and congruity—and talks *consistently* of the times he describes. The prominent personage of the tale is King John—a mixture of the ape and the tiger—a dastard in spirit, but a profligate in purpose, and reckless of the means employed to perpetrate his designs, whether to gratify revenge or lust. The history of the world, fertile as it is in worthless monarchs, when monarchs were less cribbed and cabined than they now are, or than they are likely to be, scarcely furnishes so odious and contemptible a person as John—one so utterly without any redeeming virtue. A rebel to his father—a traitor to his brother, and the usurper of his nephew's rights, instead of removing invidious impressions, and conciliating the good-will of unwilling subjects, he alike, without scruple or restraint, violated public rights and invaded private ones—trampling upon the charities of life—seizing by main force where he could not dupe or seduce, and murdering by dark assassins where he despaired of netting his victims in the meshes of perverted laws. Human tolerance could no longer brook the insulting tyranny, and to the resentment of the barons, not always of the purest kind, are we indebted for the basis and principles of our own civil liberties. It is true, the nobles meant nothing but to secure their own rights; but, luckily for us, so large and so comprehensive were the terms employed by them to define their demands, that it has since been difficult, and finally impracticable to confine and contract them again within the limits which the barons of old doubtless meant to restrict them, and to which again the barons of our own days would gladly bring them back. The defining of political rights, in general terms, once admitted, was of eternal advantage—it has been a constant object of appeal and triumph—a step that never could be trodden back.

In his tale the author introduces young Arthur, quickly after his marriage with Marie of France, into the palace at Winchester, as the son of Hubert de Burgh, where he plays queen's page, while Hubert bestirs himself in rousing the nobles to get rid of their worthless king and assert the youth's rights. Of course much of the piece is occupied with the risks both parties incur from the jealousies and suspicions of John, and the activity of his agents. In the palace Arthur recognizes his sister Eleanor, who, like Brutus of old, had been feigning idiotcy for years, and her lover, Louvaine, in the disguise of court-fool. His bride too, is employed by the indefatigable Hubert, in prosecuting the same schemes. With all these zealous agents, however, the plot fails for want of money. Money was to be forthcoming from an old money-dealer, but John got scent of it, and was beforehand with them—murdering the poor man, and bearing off for his *own* use, the sinews of war. The scene changes to Britanny, where Arthur is captured and thrown into the Castle of Falaise; but is rescued from John's assassins by the faithful Hubert, and instead of dying the death which historians assign him, he lives a long life, in some happy retreat with his lovely and active bride, where though he gives up royalty for himself, he becomes the steady adviser of his brother-in-law, and all Louis IXth's best deeds are ascribed to his sage promptings.

Venetian Sketches — Family Library. Vol. XX. — These are well executed sketches, but so connected and even continuous, that the title of history might as appropriately have been assumed. The volume extends to the year 1406 — the year in which Carrera and his sons were captured and butchered. The sequel will occupy another volume. The exposure of her archives, when Venice finally sank under the dominion of Austria, and the subsequent, or rather consequent works of Sismondi and Count Daru, have of late stirred a new interest in favour of Venetian history. Poets and novelists have long made Venice their favourite theme. But the public acquaintance with its history has been chiefly confined to the periods

which romance has made its own. Never was the study of facts more indispensable than since writers of imagination have blended their fancies so intimately with realities as they have done of late. They are perpetually misleading, partly by their own misconceptions, and partly from their incapacity, often, to keep their representations within the limits of congruity. The study of history becomes daily more imperative, to prevent the confusion of fact and fiction, which must be the consequence of the grave and imposing tone taken by novelists. No harm will be done by the romance writer, where the reader is acquainted with the spirit of the times, and the characters exhibited. Just as no mistake results from the representation of modern manners, where a previous and personal acquaintance exists; because, in that case, the reader enjoys the illusion, even while he discriminates. Nobody, in short, should venture upon historical novels without first possessing himself of facts—or, at least, of what are, till they get corrected, regarded as such. Such sketches as these of the Family Library will prove most convenient little books for precluding the erroneous impressions to which we have been alluding.

Lays from the East. By Robert Calder Campbell.—A volume of poetry from the East, with which the author may probably have beguiled the weariness of some solitary station up the country. Some of the pieces—they are all short—are very beautiful, and the whole of them considerably above the average of current versification. The specimen is taken almost at random—

Silent she stood—her white hands on her breast
Clasped, with the strength of pain; and o'er her
cheek
A crimson blush was seen to come and go,
Like lightning—bursting from the curling cloud,
Making all bright, then leaving it again,
In all its waste of darkness. Lovely still
She was, though wild; and on her eyes there
shone
A fierceness, not her own, by madness sent
To soil that gentle nature. She had loved,
And wedded one who was not what he seemed;
For 'neath the form of noblest manhood
He hid the spirit of a demon-fiend,
And in the ardent lover soon she found
The scourge domestic—the home-paining tyrant.
It was too much for her—her breast, though
meek
As is the lambkin's in its mirthful mood,
Had yet deep wells of passion and of thought,
And they did flood ere long.

Endymion asleep reminds us of Keats, not only in subject, but in manner. It is equal to the very best of Keats—a little strained like his,—but soft and sweet as voluptuousness can conceive—

Endymion! mine own Endymion, sleep!
Sleep, still as sea flowers in the silent depths,
Where Naiads come not! Sleep, soundly as birds
That crush rich grapes in wantonness, until
Intoxication seize them! Sleep, dear boy!
Soft as young cygnets. Sleep, that I may breathe
The kisses of a goddess on thy brow—
Kisses more sweet than bees of Hybla sip
From spice-balls on Hymettus—sweeter far
Than those the incense-breathing born inhales
From lily-buds and scented cinnamon!
Oh! sleep, my shepherd swain! my beautiful!
That I may stamp the signet of my love—
My fervent, burning love, in one long kiss
Upon those perfumed lips.—Oh ye who know
What 'tis—the secret transport—thus to glide
Upon the slumbers of the one you love, &c.

A Grammar of the German Language, by C. F. Becker, M.D.—Becker's Grammar, though logically reasoned, and consistently arranged, will never become popular among English folks, were it only for the new terms and technicalities which the author has chosen to adopt—as if to repel the student at the threshhold. To a German, accustomed to application, and with abundance of leisure, new terms for an old science present no obstacle; but an Englishman, who knows what he has called from his childhood a substantive and an adjective, has no notion of confounding them both under the mystical term of national words, and other old acquaintances under that of relational words. Dr. Becker, indeed, gives us *his* word that the difficulties of this terminology of his are but trifling—are all in the outset, as if *that* was nothing at all—will soon vanish, as he has himself had ample experience in the course of ten years teaching Englishmen. It may be so, but every body cannot go to Offenbach on the Maine, to secure his personal services. The doctor, however, plumes himself, especially, upon his renouncing these our old fashions of grammars built upon antique Latin ones—*his* depends wholly upon the dictates of nature. He goes to the *roots* of things, and these roots are all verbs. Of course verbs might be expected to take precedence in his grammar, but they do not. The derivations, primary and secondary, of nouns and adjectives in sundry shapes, come first, and then follow, by some unaccountable inversion, the roots in the disguise of verbs. Then follow other classes of words,—which do not, however, differ essentially from the old-fashioned "parts of speech," with which the greater part of the world are well content, and manage, moreover, to get up, with them, a foreign language, sufficiently for common purposes, and not one in a thousand requires more. The doctor is fearfully learned, and subtilizes till the reader loses his way in a cloud of discriminations.

The Didoniad, a semi-Virgilian Nautic Epic, in Nine Cantos. Edited by Paul Heidiger, Esq., late Lieutenant of the Royal Navy.—A vast deal too much, if the term of a "good thing" was even remotely applicable to it. The joke is carried to a most serious extent—surpassing, indeed, the limits of all mortal patience. The writer must be his own reader—for one labour must be as stupendous as the other. Five or six thousand lines of a pertinacious attempt at humour—much of it in the shape and semblance of parody too—stand about as much chance of getting read as so many sleepy sermons. No parody spread over more than half a dozen pages, however brilliant in spots, was ever yet successful. There is really no laughing over it—one can do nothing but growl. The recollection, too, of Cotton's Travestie—quite irrepressible—is of no manner of advantage to this nautical attempt at a new one. The new Æneas is the commander of a man-of-war, as rough and wilful as his own element, who, after undergoing repairs in a Sicilian port, cruizes off the African coast, and encounters a new Dido, who falls in love, &c. We print a specimen—by no means the worst, and perhaps not the best—

Divine Æneas, then, our noble chief,
With mortals dwelling, deigned, [but here, Belief
Scarce *can* believe,] for sympathy's dear link,
With men to dine divinely, and to sup,
And no less as a demigod to drink,
Where friendship's summons claimed the social cup
Or sparkling bowl. His steadiness to steal
All powerless they, or once to make him flounder:
Howe'er mere common human clay might feel,
The heaven-born hero only slept the sounder.
Did Virgil wish to give a novel bias
To the Epic when he drew *his* hero pious?
Was't "piety," he neither drank nor swore?
The Ilian swordsman always had some sleight
Or foul play of his godling guides in store,
To help him out, in lieu of manly might.
His buccaneer behaviour to poor Turnus,
With indignation is enough to burn us.
Who shall pronounce him either good or great,
Who heathenly ascribed events to fate?
Now, *our* Æneas never had but one duct
Of moral feeling—*cutlasses and conduct.*
The one a conquered fugitive went to sea;
The other, in his native gallantry.
Compared with Slowjohn he was quite a craven,
Whom chance, not worth, consign'd to fortune's haven.
True, there's that story of his filial feat
In shouldering off his father, in retreat
From burning Troy, which children learn by rote.
Not very likely, in the crowded street
Of the sack'd city, Greeks, in battle heat,
Should grant such grace to any. But we'll quote
A surer case:—Slowjohn, in perpetuity,
Tripled his mother's jointure, as annuity.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XVI.—This volume completes the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, and the whole proves to be an excellent digest of materials, covering an immense space, and much of which has lost its value by subsequent and more correct information. This concluding portion of the work communicates the pith of the discoveries and narratives of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Cook, La Perouse, Vancouvre, Ross, Parry, and Weddell—besides a rapid sketch of events in the South Seas, and a glance at Australia and Van Diemen. Of Travels, in like manner, we have Franklin's Journeys in North America, and Humboldt's in South America—and in Africa, Bruce, Parke, Denham, Clapperton, every one, in short, down to Caillié. The most remarkable deficiency is in India, of which vast regions we find nothing but notices of travellers in the Himalyeh. One chapter is dedicated wholly to Bruce, against whom the compiler entertains too much of the old prejudice, which Major Head has recently been combating in Murray's Family Library. He mistakes as to facts—so far were Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt from affording, as he states, their testimony to Bruce's correctness, that the first studiously, though with little personal knowledge of his own, sought to exhibit proofs of his ignorance and his falsehood. Salt himself, too, was ready to back his patron, and even when subsequent experience better enabled him to appreciate Bruce's statements, he tardily and grudgingly acknowledged their general fidelity. But Bruce is charged specifically with humbugging the public as to the source of the Nile. The branch he traced to its springs was after all not the *main* stream; but, then, who but Bruce himself told us that the *Blue* River was far inferior in magnitude to the *White?* Then again, proceeds the writer, he "endeavoured to conceal from the public, and even from himself," the fact, that the sources which he visited had been seen 150 years before by Paez, the Portuguese jesuit—when the truth is, that Bruce points out inaccuracies in Paez's descriptions; and as to concealing the fact *from himself*, it is not so easy a matter as the writer seems to think.

The writer does not, we observe, question the fact of Caillié's having actually reached Timbuctoo, but he adds, justly enough, that geography has gained *nothing* by the details. It is idle, indeed, for incompetent persons to go on such errands; and yet our own government have recently dispatched Clapperton's *servant* to the coast of Africa—a man who has no earthly recommendation but that of being seasoned to the climate.

An Only Son, a Narrative. By the Author of "My Early Days." — Only sons have rarely a common chance of judicious management in any rank of life. The writer's aim is to illustrate the effects upon the character and fortunes of a child so circumstanced, produced by the ambition of a parent in one of the humblest stations of society. The father's efforts are directed towards an object, of which he has but a vague conception, and the means of accomplishing which are wholly without the sphere of his own experience. The result is not to be wondered at—the father is baffled, and the son's happiness wrecked. The only son of the tale is the offspring of a small farmer and shopkeeper in the west, rough and uncouth, but who married a woman of a softer and more intelligent cast, whose influence served to soften a heart not perhaps originally hard, but frozen by the rigid principles of Puritanism. She died early, but had lived long enough to stir in him a desire to educate his son beyond his own station. Unlicked himself, and with no judicious advisers at hand—his efforts are miserably directed, and the consequent failure is all ascribed to the youth's indolence, perverseness, or want of filial regard. Though hoarding avowedly for the child's benefit, he grudges the outlay of every penny. He takes him to a fashionable school, rudely and coarsely equipped, and the child becomes the sport of his fellows—and money and anxiety alike are thrown away. The result is past his comprehension—he loses his temper, and condemns the boy to the lowest offices of the farm and the shop. Then suddenly reverting to his old object, he places him with an apothecary, and speedily dispatches him to Edinburgh to study physic. At the end of the session the youth returns, embarrassed with a load of debt —there is no confidence between father and son, and the latter dreads to make the disclosure. A discovery follows, and with it a scene of violence. The youth deserts his home, and accompanies the son of an opulent neighbour, just starting as a dragoon officer for Spain, in the character of a volunteer. For a time his friend is still his friend, but by degrees he cools—the other's pride is alarmed—words ensue, and a duel is the consequence, in which he has the misery to kill his friend. Already shocked at the devastations of war, he abandons the camp, and, returning to his paternal dwelling, finds his father dead, heart-broken by the disappointment of his fondest hopes. Eventually, the young man, left to himself, turns again to his medical pursuits, and seems to be proving himself a very useful country surgeon, in Wales, at peace, and without ambition, in the company of an old maiden aunt. The tone is gloomy and dispiriting—but the writer's purpose is well developed—and the whole composition vigorous and full of thought.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

The sixth and seventh parts of the Views in the East, are full of beauty. The first scene is a very curious temple at Benares, half immersed in water, with some of the towers leaning over upon the river, in a position that renders Pisa's leaning tower anything but remarkable. The next is one of the Caves of Ellora, well engraved by Woolnoth; and Delhi, a splendid scene by Purser and Miller. Jahara Baug, Agra, by Boys and Cooke, is clear and sunny enough; and yet it is exceeded in beauty by the Palace of the Seven Stories, Beejapore, which forms a lovely picture, and is admirably engraved by W. Finden.

The subjects selected for the twenty-second and twenty-third Nos. of the National Portrait Gallery are, the late Mr. Huskisson and the late Lord Ellenborough, with the following living "illustrious and eminent personages:" Sir Edward Codrington, Lord Tenterden, the Bishop of Peterborough, and Sir George Murray. The portraits of Lord Ellenborough, Admiral Codrington, and Sir George Murray, are from pictures by Lawrence; and the engravings do entire justice both to the taste of the painter, and the character of the subjects. Mr. Huskisson's portrait, from an original picture painted three months before his death, is an interesting accession to this popular and valuable series.

In addition to the intrinsic beauty, as engravings, of the Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, we feel a charm in looking through them which could never naturally belong to the scenes themselves, picturesque as most of them are. It is the genius of the Novelist that has made them magnificent in our eyes, and given beauty to the barrenest places. Who can look on Bothwell Bridge in the number before us—the eleventh—and not be awakened to all the stirring associations connected with Old Mortality? The others are—Fast Castle, Bride of Lammermuir, York Minster, Ivanhoe, and Castle-Rushin, Peveril of the Peal; all of them worthy the volumes they illustrate, and the names that are attached to them.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Dr. Uwins: a Treatise on Mental Derangement, considered in all its bearings—Statistical, Pathological, Preventive, and Curative.

By the authors of the Odd Volume, and others: two volumes of tales, sketches, and poems.

By Dr. Thomas Mayo: an Essay on the influence of Temperament in modifying Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

By J. M. Cramp: a Text Book of Popery; with Notes and Illustrations.

By Robert Vaughan, Author of "The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe:" Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England from the Decease of Elizabeth to the Abdication of James II.

By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, Author of "May You Like It:" The Records of a Good Man's Life.

By Walter Savage Landor: Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems.

Tales from the German of Tieck: Old Man of the Mountain, the Love-charm, and Pietro of Albano.

By the Author of Rank and Talent: a Novel, entitled Atherton.

Rustum Khan, or Fourteen Nights' Entertainment at the Royal Gardens at Ahmadebad.

Compiled by Mr. Arrowsmith: a Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography.

By the Rev. William Thorp: the Destinies of the British Empire, and the Duties of British Christians at the present crisis; in four Lectures.

By Archibald Alexander, D.D., with Introductory Remarks, by John Morison, D.D.: the Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained; or, the Bible complete without the Apocrypha and unwritten Tradition.

By R. Jarman: Omnipotence, a Poem.

By the Author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands," Spain in 1830.

By W. H. Harrison: a Second Series of Tales of a Physician.

By Mr. R. Ainslie: a Series of Essays on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.

By the Author of De L'Orme: a new Novel, entitled Philip Augustus.

The Life of Sir Thos. Lawrence: embellished with three portraits from paintings by himself.

By Dr. Hamilton: the History of Medicine, Surgery, and Anatomy, from the earliest period to the present time.

The fifth and concluding Volume of D'Israeli's Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.

The third and concluding Volume of Dr. Nares's Life of Lord Burleigh.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Henry Fuseli, Esq., Lecturer on Painting, &c. By John Knowles. 3 vols, 8vo. £2. 2s.

The Life of John Walker, M.D. By John Epps, M.D. 8vo. 12s.

Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach, in the Ban de la Roche, with Portrait and Vignette. 12mo. 7s.

Col. Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula. Vol. 3. 20s.

A Selection from the Papers of the Earls of Marchmont, illustrative of Events from 1685 to 1750. By the Rt. Hon. Sir George Rose. 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 2s.

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To Samuel Dunn, Southampton, engineer, for a method of generating steam.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Trevithick, Saint Aith, Cornwall, for an improved steam-engine.—21st February; 6 months.

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To William Sneath, Ison Green, Nottingham, lace-maker, for certain improvements in, or additions to machinery for making, figuring, or ornamenting lace or net, and such other articles to which the said machinery may be applicable.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Abbey, Walthamstow, Essex, gent., for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant, for producing a healthy beverage by infusion.—21st February; six months.

To William Furnival, esq., Wharton, Chester, for certain improvements in evaporating brine.—21st February; 6 months.

To John Phillips, Arnold, Nottingham, for certain improvements on bridles.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Williams, College Wharf, Belvidere-road, Lambeth, Surrey, engineer, for certain improvements on steam engines.—28th February; six months.

To David Selden, Borough of Liverpool, county Palatine of Lancaster, merchant, for certain improvements in machinery used to give a degree of consistency to, and to wind on to bobbins, barrells, or spools, rovings of cottons, and the like fibrous substances.—26th February; 6 months.

To David Napier, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, and James and William Napier, Glasgow, engineers, for certain improvements in machinery for propelling locomotive carriages.—4th March; 6 months.

To Apsley Pellatt, Falcon Glass Works, Holland-street, Blackfriars-bridge, Surrey, glass manufacturer, for an improved mode of forming glass vessels and utensils, with ornamental figured patterns impressed thereon.—9th March; 6 months.

To Robert Stephenson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, engineer, for an improvement in the axles and parts which form the bearings at the centre of wheels for carriages which are to travel upon edge railways.—11th March; 4 months.

To Charles Wood, Macclesfield, Chester, manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for the spinning of cotton, silk, flax, wool, and other fibrous substances of the like nature, as well as for throwing, doubling, and twisting threads and yarns made of the same materials.—11th March; 6 months.

To William Peeke, Torquay, Tormsham, Devon, shipwright, and Thomas Hammick, of the same place, shipsmith, for certain improvements in rudder hangings, and rudders for ships or vessels.—21st March; 6 months.

To George William Turner, St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, Surrey, paper-maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making paper.—21st March; 6 months.

To Peregrine Phillips, jun., Bristol, vinegar maker, for certain improvements in manufacturing sulphuric acid, commonly called oil of vitrol.—21st March; 6 months.

To John and James Potter, Spiedly, near Manchester, spinners and manufacturers, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus applicable to the spinning or twisting of cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous materials.—21st March; 6 months.

To George Royle, Walsall, Stafford, whitesmith, for an improved method of making iron pipes, tubes, or cylinders.—21st March; 6 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of April, 1817, *expire in the present month of April*, 1831.

19. Edward Nicholas, Monmouth, *plough for covering with mould wheat when sown.*

29. Antonio Joachim Friere Marrere, London, *machine for calculating and ascertaining the longitude at sea.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

This gentleman, equally known in the world of fashion and the world of art, was a descendant from the Hopes (Baronets) of Craig Hall, in the county of Fife. The founder of the family appears to have been John de Hope, who came from France in the train of Magdalene, Queen of King James the First. His grandson, Henry, an eminent merchant, married Jeanne de Tott, a French lady, by whom he had two sons: Thomas, created a Baronet in 1628; and Henry, ancestor of Hope, who settled in Holland, and amassed a large fortune in commerce. Of this gentleman, Mr. Hope was, we believe, a nephew, and a partner in the concern. One of his brothers still resides in Amsterdam; and another (Philip Hope, Esq.), in Norfolk-street, London. The Hopes, of Amsterdam, were proverbial for wealth, for liberality, for the splendour of their mansion, and for their extensive and valuable collection of works of art.

Early in life, Mr. Hope, possessing an ample fortune, travelled over various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and having, with a refined taste, acquired a facility of drawing, he brought home a large collection of sketches, principally of the architecture and sculpture of the different scenes. Soon after his return to, and settlement in, London, he published "A Letter, addressed to F. Annesley, Esq., on a Series of Designs for Drumming College, Cambridge;" in which, founding his pretensions on what he had seen and examined in the course of his travels, especially with reference to architecture, he criticized, with considerable severity, the series of plans, elevations, &c. which had been produced by Mr. Wyatt. In consequence, as it has been said, of these criticisms, Mr. Wyatt's designs were rejected; and Mr. Wilkins was afterwards employed to commence the college. The building, however, has not been finished.

Mr. Hope married the Hon. Louisa Hope, the fifteenth child and youngest daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, and brother to the late Marquess of Waterford. By this lady, he had three sons, who survive to lament his loss. Of this Lady, eminent for beauty, grace, and accomplishments, a finely-engraved portrait, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated painting, was published in *La Belle Assemblée* for May, 1830.

Having purchased a large house in Duchess-street, Mr. Hope devoted much time and study in finishing and fitting up the interior, partly from his own drawings, and partly in imitation of the best specimens of ancient and modern buildings in Italy. He made designs for the whole, and also for the furniture. The house (of which a brief account with two plates, is given in the first volume of Britton's "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London") consists of a picture-gallery, a statue-gallery, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cabinets for vases and other antique curiosities, which he had collected in the course of his travels. Alluding to the style of this mansion, and that of his country residence, at Deepden, near Dorking, Mr. Hope thus expressed himself:—"In forming my collection, and in fitting up my houses, my object has neither been an idle parade of *virtù*, nor an ostentatious display of finery. I have observed, with regret, that most persons employed in our manufactures, or in furnishing our habitations, are rarely initiated, even in the simplest rudiments of design; whence it has happened that immense expense has been employed in producing furniture without character, beauty, or appropriate meaning."

In 1805, Mr. Hope published the drawings which he had made for his furniture, &c. in a folio volume, entitled, "Household Furniture and Internal Decorations." Notwithstanding the sneers of that very tasteful publication, the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Hope's work speedily effected a complete revolution in the upholstery and all the interior decoration of houses.

Mr. Hope was, in all respects, a munificent patron of art and of artists, and even of the humbler mechanic; for he has been known to traverse obscure alleys, lanes, and courts, to find out and employ men of skill and talent in their respective pursuits. Therwaldson, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was chiefly indebted to him for the early support and patronage which he experienced. Flaxman was extensively employed by him; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of having excited the genius and fostered the talents of Chantrey. These are only a few of the numerous instances in which his liberality was nobly and advantageously employed. In one case, however, his patronage was returned by an act of the basest ingratitude. Some dispute having arisen between Mr. Hope and a Frenchman of the name of Dubost, respecting the price and execution of a painting, the artist vented his spleen by the exhibition of an infamous caricature—a picture which he entitled Beauty and the Beast. It is in the recollection of many, that, in this pictorial libel, Mrs. Hope was drawn as the Beauty, and her husband as the Beast, laying his treasures at her feet, and addressing her in the language of the French tale. The picture was publicly exhibited, and drew such crowds of loungers and scandal-lovers to view it, that from £20. to £30. a day

was sometimes taken at the doors. It was at length cut to pieces in the room, by Mr. Beresford, the brother of Mrs. Hope. For this, Dubost brought an action against him, laying his damages at £1,000. The jury, however, gave him a verdict for £5., as the worth of the canvas and colours; and even that would not have been awarded had Mr. Beresford put in a plea that he destroyed the picture as a nuisance, instead of putting in a general plea of "not guilty."

In 1809, Mr. Hope published "The Costumes of the Ancients," in two volumes, royal 8vo; and that it might be the more easily purchased, and thus more extensively circulated, he generously caused it to be sold at a price by which he is said to have made a sacrifice to the amount of £1,000. Three years afterwards, he published his "Designs of Modern Costumes," in folio. These works evinced a profound research into the works of antiquity, and a familiarity with all that is graceful and elegant. In the improvement of female costume in this country, they may be said to have wrought wonders.

Even in this prolific age of authorship, a work of more varied, lively, and intense interest than Mr. Hope's "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek," has scarcely been known. When it first appeared, it was generally ascribed to the pen of Lord Byron. It has passed through several editions, and is, in fact, a standard book. At the time of Mr. Hope's decease (which occurred at his house in Duchess-street, on the 3d of February), he was engaged in passing through the press a publication, "On the Origin and Prospects of Man." He has left an extensive collection of drawings and engravings, illustrative of buildings and scenery in Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, and Germany; and several plates of his antique sculpture, vases, &c.

COMTE DE SEGUR.

Le Comte Louis de Segur, eldest son of the Marquis de Segur, Mareschal de France, was born at Paris, in 1753. His high connections gave him consequence, and his talent enabled him to avail himself of the fortuitous advantage. He had distinguished himself in arms, in letters, and in diplomacy, before the commencement of the revolution. After serving two campaigns in the revolutionary war of America, he was, in 1786, appointed to the high station of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburgh, between which and that of Versailles he had the satisfaction of accomplishing a perfect reconciliation. In the year following, he concluded a treaty of commerce for France, prevented the renewal of the treaty between Russia and England, and thus secured for his own country all the advantages which, till then, had been exclusively enjoyed by England. The Comte de Segur was a poet, and a man of gallantry; qualifications which were thought to have had their full weight, with reference to the success of his negociations, in the breast of the Imperial Catherine.

The Comte accompanied the Empress in her celebrated journey to the Crimea; and, the war between the Turks and Russians having broken out, he became her mediator. He was negociating a treaty of alliance, in favour of France, when the revolution in that country broke out. He, in consequence, returned to Paris; and, in the same year (1789), he was appointed deputy from the noblesse of the capital to the *états-généraux*. In 1791, he was made a mareschal de camp. The ministry for foreign affairs, and an embassy to Rome, were offered to him. He chose the latter; but, differences arising between the Holy See and the French government, he either did not set out upon his mission, or the Pope refused to receive him.

In 1792, the Comte de Segur was sent, by Louis XVI., as ambassador to the court of Berlin, in the hope of averting the threatened war. In this object he, with difficulty, succeeded. When the king was dethroned, he retired from public affairs; but, on the 10th of August, 1792, he was arrested by the Committee of Public Safety. On his liberation, he left France, and remained abroad during the whole of the reign of terror. His property in France, and in St. Domingo, having been ruined, in 1793 and 1794, he is said to have for a long time supported his father and his family by the productions of his pen.

After the fall of Robespierre, he returned. In 1801, he was elected a member of the legislative corps. He voted in favour of the consulship for life to Buonaparte; a measure which he pronounced to be the most efficacious for consolidating the new institutions. In 1803, he was called to the Council of State, and elected a member of the National Institute; and, under the imperial government, he was appointed to the office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies of France, and invested with the *cordon rouge*. In 1813, he became a senator; and, in January, 1814, he was named commissioner extraordinary from the imperial government to the 18th military division.

On the return of the Bourbons, the Comte de Segur was created a peer of France; notwithstanding which, when Buonaparte reassumed the government, he, by imperial command, resumed his legislative functions, was again Grand

Master of the Ceremonies, and became one of Napoleon's peers. This conduct rendered him obnoxious to the ordonnances of the king, on his final restoration, in 1815; and, stripped of all his dignities, he afterwards lived in a state of elegant retirement, surrounded by many of the leading writers and philosophers of the day. The only public distinction he enjoyed was that of member of the French Academy, by a royal ordonnance of the year 1816.

For a time, the Comte de Segur was one of the editors of the *Journal de Paris*. In 1800, he printed his "History of the principal Events in the Reign of Frederick William the Second;" which, in the following year, reappeared under the title of a "Political Picture of Europe." He afterwards wrote "Favier's Politics of Cabinets," with notes; and also a "Collection of Poetical Pieces;" amongst which was a tragedy, entitled "Coriolanus," which had been performed at the Court Theatre of St. Petersburgh, numerous vaudevilles, &c. In addition to these works, the Comte de Segur wrote "The History of Modern Europe"—"An Abridgment of Ancient and Modern History, for the Use of Youth," in 38 volumes—"Moral and Political Gallery," &c.

The Comte died at Paris, on the 27th of August.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE variable state of the weather still continuing, much impediment has occured to the Spring culture, which nevertheless generally, will not be very backward, excepting upon the heaviest and wettest soils; upon those of a more favourable description, a laudable expedition has been used, assuring a somewhat early seed season. Here the farmers seem to have profited by unfortunate experience. They have had before their eyes the striking difference between the early and the latter sown wheats—the one a flourishing and luxuriant crop, requiring a check from cold and drought, the other, in many parts, scarcely visible until the commencement of the present month, the plants appearing puny and starved, abounding with bare patches, from the depredations of insectite vermin, wire-worms, slugs and grubs. Salt, from six to twenty bushels per acre, has invariably, according to custom on the occasion, during the last half century, been warmly recommended from the press, as the cheapest and most effective remedy, and it probably is so, when sudden rains do not occur to dilute the salt. In February, the uncertainty of the weather occasioned much interruption and delay in getting the Spring wheat seed into the ground, and perhaps entirely preventing the usual practice in some parts, of filling up vacancies in wheat sown before Christmas, with Talavera, or Spanish wheat. We have, indeed, sometimes reaped abundant produce from land, the crop of which in the Spring, had a very suspicious and discouraging appearance; should such good fortune attend the present crop, it may be larger than we have experienced during several past years, since the shew on all dry and good lands, is to the full as satisfactory as could be expected, their too generally foul and neglected state considered. At any rate, the corn laws have provided against almost the possibility of scarcity or exorbitant price. In the mean time, these laws are most unpopular among our home growers, more especially in reference to the plan of *averages*, the managers of which are accused of the grossest frauds. The corn question, like all others which involve conflicting interests, we find oppositely determined, in accordance with the peculiar views of each party. Impartially, the impost was matter of stern necessity, and however defective in form, the legislation may have been, bread corn has hitherto maintained nearly a famine price.

The slovenly practice of broad-casting beans is at length fortunately giving way, even in the remotest parts; but the *dibble*, or setting by hand, has ever been a greater favourite than the drill; the misfortune is, too many farmers will incur the expence and labour of these beneficial practices, subsequently neglecting the very grounds and essence of the benefits they are intended to confer, the inestimable ones of hoeing, aërating and clearing the soil. Beans and the earliest Spring crops were in the ground upon the forwardest soils, by the first week or middle of the present month, where they are at present busily engaged in getting in their barley, which in few parts is entirely completed. The farmers of heavy and backward lands, that have not been benefited by a due quantity of March dust, will dip too deeply into April, for the sanguine expectations of very abundant spring crops. The winter bean is losing its reputation in many parts, superseded by the white-eyed species, at any rate better adapted to the lighter kind of bean soils: Welch barley also, is getting into vogue, as of good weight and quality and an early ripener. The young clovers and tares are backward and much deficient in plant, chiefly no doubt, from the imperfect seed of last year. The Tartarian oat is said to have improved much in weight and quality from culture.

Immediately on the closing of our last report, a considerable reduction took place in the price of wheat, occasioned by the admission of foreign at the low duty; at the same time a sudden and large advance was experienced in the flesh markets. With respect to horned cattle, store or fattened sheep, pigs, and dairy produce, every article is rising in price (store cattle twenty per cent. above last year's price) throughout the country, notwithstanding, sheep being excepted, a most abundant supply—according to the old economists—a true sign of national prosperity, great stocks and high price. The distress of the labourers comes home to the heart of every humane and considerate man, nor can there exist any doubt that farming *generally*, is a miserable and losing concern; since, were there no other cause, the last two or three harvests were sufficient to render it such; but as to the general distress and ruin of the country, we may happily and rationally make a positive demur. If the farmers of dry, good, and sound lands, have not made a living profit at the late prices of corn and cattle, farming is a profitless occupation indeed! Surely the sale of Mr. Paull's stock, at Dillington farm, near Ilminster, attended by upwards of one thousand persons, where Devon bulls were sold at from £35. to £55. each, and cows from £15. to £25. 10s., exhibits no indication of poverty and distress. Wool, at double last year's price, is still advancing, and so scarce in some quarters, that staplers have been obliged to discharge their sorters, having no material on which to employ them. Timber is gradually rising in price, walnut-tree being in great request for gun-stocks. The aversion to tithes seems to pervade the whole country, amounting in a great number of individuals, to an implacable spirit of opposition. Notwithstanding the recent date of so many severe examples, a number of midnight fires have been again lighted, even within these few weeks, both in the East and West; and our letters on this subject are of a very melancholy and apprehensive tone; those from females with families, cannot be read without exciting sentiments of horror and commiseration. The old treacherous and malignant spirit, though repressed and smothered, is still said to lie rankling and festering in the minds of the agricultural labourers. There are happily fewer out of employ than has been usual of late, and their situation has been in some degree amended. The just and liberal plan of allowing the married men an ample portion of garden ground, is extending in all parts, and we trust will become universal; we also heartily wish success to a settled and permanent scheme of emigration. The threshing machines lately destroyed or laid aside are, in various parts, reconstructing and coming again into use. Hay in great plenty; turnips consumed excepting on the best lands, where they can yet be of little use, as running to seed. Potatoes are plentiful and cheap, in the Western counties about 4s. per sack.

As might be expected from the diseased state of the sheep, the lambing season has been most unfortunate. The plague of rot is not yet stayed, but even said to be still spreading, and the lambs produced by infected ewes partake of the parental disease, and those which survive are of little worth. Sheep have not done well during the present season on turnips, a fact which need not excite admiration, considering the loose and washy quality of the roots, and the nature of the disease with which the animals were afflicted. The price of horses, within the last month or six weeks, has had a considerable advance; good ones, as usual, sufficiently scarce in this country, so celebrated for its superior breed.

To conclude merrily, in these disastrous times, we repeat the intelligence we have had from various inhabitants of that county so highly favoured by nature and fortune—Herts. "No rot in our sheep, which are doing well at less than the usual expence, our plant of wheat strong and good, and our field-work more forward than formerly—stocks of wheat in the farmers' hands larger than usual at this season." We could moreover quote a number of districts, in which the too common calamities of the occupations of farming have been fortunately escaped.

P.S. Since writing the above we have received Mr. Inglis's letter on the rot in sheep the fall and condition of lambs in the counties of Kent and Sussex. We return him our thanks for the communication, the facts of which have been also stated to us from various parts of those counties. Mr. Inglis may convince himself that we have not neglected this melancholy subject in our preceding reports, in a late one of which he will find our opinion, grounded on long experience, of "cures for rotten sheep."

Smithfield—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Pork, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.—Lamb, 7s to 7s. 6d.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 84s.—Barley, 26s. to 48s.—Oats, 22s. to 34s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 45s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, 21s. to 31s per chaldron.

Middlesex, March 25th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—Muscavadoes improved considerably towards the close of the market: last week the prices were rather more firm. The request for low goods considerably improved last week; the prices were 6d. to 1s. per cwt. higher; some parcels of Crushed, subject to double refined bounty, were sold for the Mediterranean, 35s. and 34s. 6d. In fine goods for home consumption of the country, there was more doing, but the prices were not higher; Molasses were higher and rather brisk. Mauritius sugars brought forward last week were of very inferior quality, they went off at full market prices. In Bengal, and other East India sugars, there have been few transactions. There is a great improvement in the inquiries after foreign sugars, large parcels of Brazil sold at full prices; brown Pernamo, 15s. to 16s.; brown Bahias, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d.; white Bohai, 19s. 6d. to 20s.; white Rio, 25s. 6d. to 27s. 6d.; parcels of white Havannah sold 32s. and 34s.; for inferior white, good, 35s. and 36s., yellow, 22s. 6d. and 23., brown 20s., the latter is rather higher; average price of sugar, 24s. 5¾d. per cwt.

COFFEE.—There is some improvement in the demand for coffee, parcels of St. Domingo are reported sold at 40s.; large parcels of Brazil, 38s. and 39s.; fine old Havannah, 45s. to 49s. 6d. bright coloured raw, 53s. 6d. to 54s. 6d.; Batavia, 38s. to 39s., mixed, 35s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. In other East India coffees there are few transactions; the request for Jamaica and Berbice for home consumption is limited.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—In Rum there is nothing worth reporting. The sales of Brandy are of the best marks, 5s. 2d.; there is still an inquiry after the low marks for exportation. The purchases of Geneva are extensive, the prices 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d., on the quay.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow market remains in the same state as before. The quotations for immediate delivery, or to arrange what the jobbers sold on contract but cannot deliver, is 48s. 6d., and for August and September the price is 41s. 6d. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 4th inst.—Exchange 10 13-16. Tallow 101 to 102. Bought 400 casks.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1½.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Hamburgh, 13. 13.——Altona, 0. 0.—Paris, 25. 20.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 151. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Trieste, 0. 0—Madrid, 37. 0.—Cadiz, 39. 0.—Bilboa, 37. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0½.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 65.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 38. 0¾.—Palermo, 117. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0.—Oporto, 46. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 19. 0½.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 19s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 10d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (⅛ sh.) 265*l.*—Coventry, 795*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 75*l.*—Grand Junction, 246*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 397½*l.*—Oxford, 510*l.*—Regent's, 17½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 630*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 250*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock) 62½*l.*—West India (Stock), 122*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 000*l.*—Grand Junction, 48½*l.*—West Middlesex, 70*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 7¾*l.*—Globe, 134½*l.*—Guardian, 24¾*l.*—Hope Life, 5⅝*l.*—Imperial Fire, 96*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52½*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 2 dis—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from February 23*d to* 23*d March* 1831, *in the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Nowland, Liverpool, shoe-maker.
S. Breeden, Birmingham, draper.
J. Mann, Cleobury Mortimer, baker.
W. Marshall, Huddersfield, shoe-manufacturer.
M. Barlow, Salford, publican.
J. Jackson, Liverpool, merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 35.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Andrew, W., Shrewsbury, mercer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Williams, Shrewsbury,
Askin, E., Litchfield, printer. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Young, Stoke-upon-Trent.

Allcock, P., Redditch, needle-manufacturer. (Lowndes and Co., Red Lion-square.

Armisted, H., Sabden-bridge, within Read, innkeeper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hall, Clithero.

Armstrong, J., Raskelf, miller. (Butterfield, Gray's inn.

Baddeley, J. C., Brisham, ship-owner. (Stratton and Co., King's-arms-yard.

Bochsa, N. C., Regent-street, dealer in music. (Cross, Surry-street.

Barnard, R., Hollingbourn, paper-maker. (Brough, Fleet-street.

Britten, D., late of Breda, Holland, packer. (Dampier, Gray's-inn.

Browne, H., sen., and Humphrey, jun., Tewkesbury, carriers. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Brookes and Co., Tewkesbury.

Byrne, W., Charing-cross, army-agent. (Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street.

Bromwich, H., Newgate-market, carcass-butcher. (Smith, Charter-house-square.

Bowman, B., and W. Thompson, Commercial-road, colour-manufacturers. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane.

Bloxham, T., Hinckley, surgeon. (Jones and Co., Gray's-inn; Jarvis, Hinckley.

Brown, T., Kingston-upon-Hull, scrivener. (Rushworth, Symond's-inn; Rushworth, Kingston-upon-Hull.

Chadwick, B., Ashton-under-Line, victualler. (Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Line; Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Carter, H., Portsea, surgeon. (Sandys and Son, Crane-court; Nicholls, Southampton.

Crow, J., Bedford-court, tailor. (Bromley, Gray's-inn.

Cooke, H. S., Lothbury, stock broker. (Kearsley and Co., Lothbury.

Choat, J., Lamb's Conduit-street, trunk-maker. (Smith, Furnival's-inn.

Cheeseman, J., Reading, baker. (Holmes and Co., Great James-street.

Dawes, R., Knaresborough, merchant. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn; Dickinson, Leeds.

Doring, J., Oxford, mercer. (Helder, Clement's-inn; Westell, Witney.

Debatt, F. J., Poultry, pastry-cook. (Leigh, George-street.

Dods, W., and R. Moore, Percy-street, linen-draper. (Jones, Princes-street.

D'Emden, H., Upper Frederic-street, bookseller. (Chilcote, Walbrook.

Downes, E., Manchester, publican. (Hurd and Co., Temple.

Edge, J., Byworth, tanner. (Helliard and Co., Gray's-inn.

Elvin, J., Hautbois, corn-merchant. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Dyer, Norwich.

Fowler, T., East Butterwick, potatoe-merchant. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Howlett, West Butterwick.

Fry, J., Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool.

Farrar, J., Halifax, and J. Farrar, Bradford, common-carriers. (Jaques and Co., Coleman-street.

Frost, T., Lambeth, miller. (Smith, Great East-cheap.

Faxton, S. W., Jermyn-street, surgeon. (Pain, New-inn.

Fowler, T., St. Peter the Great, carpenter. (Sowton, Great James-street.

Grimshaw, J., Rawden, merchant. (Rushworth, Symond's inn; Hardisty, Leeds.

Geddes, J., Demerara and Gracechurch-street, merchant. (Davies, Devonshire-square.

Gray, J. S., Manchester, wine-merchant. (Kay and Co., Manchester.

George, R., Parker-street, stage-coach-master. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street.

Greasley, T. and C., West Smithfield, clothiers. (Gale, Basinghall-street.

Grayson, J. and M., Halifax, linen-drapers. (Edwards, Bouverie-street.

Hallas, B., Ossett, cloth-merchant. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Archer and Co., Osset.

Heel, T., Gateshead, Low Fell, draper. (Shaw, Ely-place; Crozier, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Hewitt, C., Kingston-upon-Hull, ale-dealer. (Edwards, Bouverie-street; Stock, jun., Halifax.

Hancock, T. H., Brighton, inn-keeper. (Cornwall, Thavies' inn.

Holder, R., W. Vanhouse, and W. A. Hankey, jun., Mincing-lane, West India-brokers. (Peile, Old Broad-street.

Ion, G., Great Musgrave, inn-keeper. (Addison, Gray's-inn; Atkinson, Appleby.

Joyce, R., Cambridge, shoe-maker. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square.

Jones, Y., Manchester, merchant. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester.

Jones, T., Cross-street, window-blind-maker. (Yates and Co., St. Mary-Axe.

Lewis, T., Chelsea, builder. (Watson, Gerrard-street.

Lees, G., Little Dean, malster. (Byrne, Cook's-court; Lucas, Newnham.

Luck, T. W., Walworth, laceman. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.

Layzell, W., Colchester, linen draper. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Sparlin, Colchester.

Little, W., City-road, tea-dealer. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch.

Moss, T., Kirton-in-Lindsey, draper. (Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard.

Morgan, J., Moor-lane, victualler. (Smith, Barnard's-inn.

Morris, C., Manchester, joiner. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris and Co., Manchester.

Norris, E., and T. W. Hodgson, Manchester, cotton-spinners. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Jacksons, Manchester.

Paris, J., Rav-street, horse-dealer. (Towne, Broad-street-buildings.

Peedle, G., Little Missenden, cattle-dealer. (Darke, Red Lion-square.

Palmer, G., Epping, schoolmaster. (Young, Mark-lane.

Pope, C., Bristol, copper-manufacturers. (White Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol.

Phillips, H. N., Edward-street, Regent's-park, tavern-keeper; Cobb, Clement's-inn.

Pinnell, W., Upper Lambourn, farmer. (Walter, Symond's-inn.

Platt, J., Liverpool, innkeeper. (Hurd and Co., Temple.

Pratt, W., Norwich, brewer. (Bignold and Co., New Bridge-street.

Rigmaiden, H., Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn, Hodgson, Liverpool.

Ross, D., Liverpool, shoe-maker. (Chester, Staple-inn; Cort, Liverpool.

Rushforth, R. W., Manchester, merchant. (Kay and Co., Manchester.

Stewart, W., Liverpool, merchant. (Taylor and Co., Temple.

Saville, G. and M., Ashton-under-Line, drapers. (Milne and Co., Temple; Crossley and Co., Manchester.

Smith, J. S., Bedwardine and Worcester, glove-manufacturer. (Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn.

Shillibeer, G., Bury-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Lyle and Co., King's-road.

Stott, J., Bishopsgate-street, oilman. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange.

Veal, J., Fordingbridge, draper. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street: Davy, Ringwood.

Wilmot, W. G., Grosvenor-place, builder. (Freeman and Co., Coleman-street.

Wright, T., Manchester and Salford, tobacconist. (Rogers, Devonshire-square; Goolden, Manchester.

Williams, J., Bath, tea-dealer. (M'Ghie, New-inn.

Wilkinson, J., Eamont-bridge. (Addison, Verulam-buildings.

Wright, J., Studley, maltster. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartleet, Birmingham.

Webster, J., Leeds, dyer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Holt, jun., Leeds.

Wythes, R. and W., Birmingham, grocers. (Hindmarsh and Son, Jewin-street.

Wakefield, J., Hinckley, grocer. (Jones and Co., Gray's-inn; Jarvis, Hinckley.

Wall, J., Manchester, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. N. W. Gibson, to the Chapelry of Arnwick, Lancashire.—Rev. L. Cooper, to the Rectory of Mablethorpe, St. Mary, and the Rectory of Stane annexed, Lincoln.—Rev. R. H. Whitelock, to the Perpetual Curacy of Saddleworth.—Rev T. Garratt, to the Perpetual Curacy of Talk-o'-th'-Hill, Stafford.—Rev. G. Glover, Archdeacon of Sudbury, to be Vicar of Gayton, Norfolk.—Rev. H. W. White, to the Rectory of Dolgelly, Merionethshire.—Rev. J. Lockwood, to the Curacy of the New Church, Brighouse.—Rev. J. Carlos, to the Perpetual Curacy of Wangford, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Lloyd, to the Rectory of Llanfairoerllywn, Cardiganshire.—Rev. J. B. Watson, to the Vicarage of Norton, Herts.—Rev. Dr. Kyle, to the Bishoprick of Cork and Ross.—Rev. G. Salmon, to the Rectory of Shustock, Warwickshire.—Rev. C. Childers, to the Rectory of Mursley, Bucks.—Rev. E. Cove, to the Rectory of Thoresway, Lincoln.—Rev. R. J. King, to the Vicarage of West Bradingham, Norfolk.—Rev. Dr. G. Chisholm, to be Minister of St. Peter's, Hammersmith.—Rev. J. Carr, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Giles's, Durham.—Rev. T. Henderson, to the Rectory of Colne Wake, Essex.—Rev. W. Wellington, to the Rectory of Upton Helion, Devon.—Rev. J. S. May, to the Vicarage of Herne, Kent.—Rev. T. Fardell, to the Rectory of Boothley Pagnell, Lincoln.—Rev. J. Biddulph, to the Vicarage of Lillington, Warwick.—Rev. E. Lewis, to the Perpetual Curacy of Llanbedr Paincastle, Radnorshire.—Rev. Dr. A. Dicken, to the Rectory of Norton, Suffolk.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

March 1. Bill for Reform introduced in the House of Commons by Lord J. Russell, Paymaster of the Forces.

2. Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the 20 prisoners in Newgate convicted at the last December and January sessions, when they were respited during the King's pleasure.

9. The lord mayor, and aldermen, and sheriffs, presented an address to his Majesty at St. James's, expressive of their satisfaction at the principles of the measure of Reform introduced by his Majesty's government into the House of Commons; to which his Majesty made a most gracious answer. Same day a deputation of the Livery of London attended at the levee and presented an address of the Common Hall upon the same subject.

—. Dinner given by the friends of Polish and European independence, to Marquis of Wielopolski, the Polish envoy, and a number of other distinguished foreign gentlemen, in order to celebrate the heroic efforts of the Poles.

17. Colonel Davies, in the House of Commons, in moving for a committee to inquire into the best means of giving efficacy to secondary punishments, stated that the criminal convictions which in 1811, were 3,163, and in 1812, were 3,913, had in 1827 increased to the enormous number of 12,564. In France with a population nearly twice as large, the convictions in 1827 were 6,988, in England, the same year, they were 11,095!

22. Bill for Reform, after having been read a second time, and after 8 days debate, the numbers were for it 302; against it 301—Majority 1!!!

HOME MARRIAGES.

In Devonshire. Alfred, Lord Harley, heir apparent to Lord Oxford, to Eliza, daughter of the Marquis of Westmeath. At Foreham, Rev T. W. Gage to Lady Mary Douglas, 2d daughter of the Marquis of Queensbury.—Hon. A. W. A. Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to Maria Anne, daughter of Colonel H. Baillie.—W. Hutt, esq. to Mary, Countess of Strathmore.—Hon. W. Towry Law, brother to Lord Ellenborough, to the Hon. Augusta Champagne Graves.

HOME DEATHS.

In Bruton-street, Dowager Lady Scott, 82.—At Brighton, General Lord Charles Henry Somerset, late Governor of Cape of Good Hope, and brother to the Duke of Beaufort.—Sir J. P. Acland, Bart, 76.—Dame Mary, 91, relict of Sir P. Nugent, Bart.—Hon. Henrietta Burton, 66, sister to the Marquis of Conyngham.—Hon. Colonel Ward, uncle to Viscount Bangor.—Sir Montague Cholmley, Bart.—Earl of Darnley.—Brigadier-General A. Walker.—At Dulwich College, Rev. O. T. Linley, 66; he was eldest son of the late T. Linley, esq., Patentee of Drury-lane Theatre.—T. Payne, esq., 79, late of Pall-Mall, bookseller.—John Bell, esq., 86, formerly bookseller in the Strand, and pub-

lisher of "The Poets," "British Theatre," &c.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Malta, Elizabeth Jemima, Countess Dowager of Errol, wife of Right Hon. J. H. Frere, and sister to Lord Wallscourt; the beautiful portrait of this lady adorned *La Belle Assemblée* for the last month.—At Bombay, Hon Sir J. Dewar, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.—At Pisa, Hon. J. K. Erskine, son of the Earl of Cassilis; he married Miss Augusta Fitzclarence, 4th daughter of His Majesty.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—At the assizes for this county Mr. Justice Littledale, in his charge to the grand jury, remarked, that the calendar generally exhibited a less proportion of crime than any other county of equal population, and that there were only three prisoners for trial on the present occasion.

The Duke of Northumberland has accepted the office of patron of the "Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Shipwrecked Mariners," established at Newcastle, and has presented to it a donation of £100., besides annually subscribing 10 guineas. The Duchess has likewise presented a donation of £20. The Bishop of Durham and Lord Prudhoe, have accepted the office of vice-patrons; the Bishop presenting a donation of 50 guineas, and Lord Prudhoe £100. The Corporation of Newcastle have also presented a donation of 50 guineas, and an annual subscription of 10 guineas.

The opening of the new channel of navigation of the river Tees, lately took place, amidst loud rejoicings, and in the presence of a great concourse of spectators, who lined the banks of the river and the quays, in such numbers that the whole population of the town and neighbourhood seemed to be congregated on the occasion.

DURHAM.—At the Spring assizes, Justice Littledale, in addressing the grand jury, said, "he was sorry to perceive the calendar was more numerous than it had been on any former assize." The learned judge in conclusion, reprobated a practice which he found from the depositions to be very common, that of inducing the prisoners to confess; 9 prisoners received sentence of death, and one executed for murder.

WESTMORELAND.—The whole business of these assizes occupied the Court only 7 hours.

LANCASHIRE.—At these assizes 17 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported.

WARWICKSHIRE.—In consequence of some variation from the original idea of the establishment of the New Agricultural Society of this county Sir E. Wilmot has resigned the secretaryship—"But," he says, "as far as I am concerned, I shall persevere in my object, as expressed in the resolutions of the society of the 4th of February; and the money I intended to apply to that object, through the medium of the society, I shall apply through my own. If gentlemen will assist me, so as to make up the necessary funds, I shall put *one* of the original objects of the society into execution; and shall send a sovereign and a half to the minister of *every parish in the county*, to devide into 3 premiums of 15s. 10s. and 5s. for the three best cultivated gardens in his parish; for I am proud in declaring, that I would sooner see one labourer, honest, industrious, and happy, than ten landowners or land occupiers rich; and that the sight of a cottager on a Sunday, with a nosegay in his button-hole, sitting down to a *smoking* meal, the produce of his garden, is more gratifying to me, than all the bulls, boars, stallions, and rams collected from the four quarters of the world!!!"

STAFFORDSHIRE.—13 prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—At these assizes 8 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned. The Chief Baron expressed his satisfaction to the grand jury of the state of the county, specifying that, with the exception of 2 cases of machine-breaking and arson, the crimes were of an ordinary nature.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—At the Spring assizes, Baron Vaughan observed to the grand jury, that "the catalogue of crime that day presented to him, was of a most fearful and unprecedented nature." 18 prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes, and a few transported.

The following petition has been presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Lord King and Mr. Hunt.—"To the Honourable the Houses of Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled. 'When a rich man speaketh, every one holdeth his peace, and, lo! what he saith is extolled to the

clouds; but when a poor man speaketh, they say, 'What fellow is this?'—The humble Petition of the Labouring Poor of the Parish of Gedney, in the County of Lincoln,—Sheweth, That although the truth of our motto be (generally speaking) true, yet we are encouraged, from the consideration of having a patriotic King, and a change of Ministers, to look up to your Honourable House with humble confidence that our grievances (when stated) will be redressed. Owing to the extreme pressure of the times, our wages are now insufficient to support us, and our fireside comforts are all gone. We have frequently brought the subject home to our employers, and they have told us to be patient; and our minister has also preached patience to us from the pulpit; but, alas! our patience is exhausted. Our masters tell us that they cannot afford us more wages, as the taxes press heavily upon their shoulders, and the tithes are breaking their backs. We verily believe their statement is true. Had they plenty of money, we should all be wanted in the fields; for, although the land is of excellent quality, yet from want of sufficient culture, and having too many crops in succession, 'thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley!'—Some of our elders tell us, that, when they were young, and went to hedge, or ditch, or mow, or thresh, their countenances were healthy, and their hearts light, and that they even whistled as they went to their work; but now, instead of whistling, or singing, or joking, nothing is heard amongst us save the loud lament! – Our fathers would often drink the health of their good old King, George the Third, in a pint of home-brewed ale; whilst some of us, who have large families, are obliged, even when the sweat is falling from the brow, to slake our thirst with a little herb tea, and not unfrequently from the stagnant and filthy ditch. Such being generally the case in this the most luxuriant part of the great county of Lincoln, we implore your Honourable House to take our distressed circumstances into your immediate consideration, and if it be possible, to take off all the taxes upon the necessaries of life, and abolish the tithes; and your poor but honest petitioners will then shout, with heart and voice, 'Huzza!—Old England for ever!'"

WILTS.—17 prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes, and several transported.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—By the report read at the last annual meeting of the Bristol Savings' Bank, it appears that the sum of £274,725. 9s. 5d., had been received from its institution up to Nov. 20, last; contributed by 6,172 depositors, including 95 charities and friendly societies.

OXFORDSHIRE.—At the assizes for this county, there were 47 in the calendar for machine-breaking, of whom 12 were transported, 18 imprisoned, and 17 discharged on bail and acquitted.—Death recorded against 7.

BERKS.—At these assizes 12 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned.

HANTS.—At Winchester assizes 11 prisoners received sentence of death, and a few were transported and imprisoned.

SUSSEX.—The sum of £64,308. 9d. was expended last year from June 30 to Dec. 31, by the commissioners for the better regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brighton, and the poor thereof.

Mr. Baron Graham in addressing the grand jury at Lewes Assizes, said, "in the present calendar there is, I am most happy to say, no case of burning, no case of rioting or tumult, none of machine-breaking, nor even of robbery, except two in November last."—7 prisoners were left for death.

RUTLANDSHIRE.—At these assizes, the following address to the grand jury was delivered by Lord Lyndhurst:—"Gentlemen, I congratulate you that, in times like the present, the calendar for this county presents but one case for your consideration, and that not a case requiring any assistance from me. I have nothing further to say."

DORSETSHIRE.—At the assizes held at Dorchester, 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 8 transported, and a few imprisoned.

WALES.—There was not a single cause for trial at Montgomery assizes. The judge in addressing the grand jury said, "he was happy to find by the calendar that the county was more free from recent enormities than any other county; there were only 10 prisoners for trial, and they were for minor offences." There was neither cause nor prisoner at Merionethshire assizes.

IRELAND.—The state of the county Clare was thus spoken of by Judge Jebb in his charging the grand jury at Ennis at the late assizes:—"The melancholy and appalling condition of this county is a subject which should be well pondered upon. If I were to analyse the calendar, I am sorry to say I could not give you an adequate picture of the extent and enormity of crime contained in it."

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XI.] MAY, 1831. [No. 65.

THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE King has put an end, in person, to one of the briefest parliaments within the last hundred years. We acknowledge, with due respect for the throne, that such is its prerogative; that the King has the power to call a parliament once a week, and to dissolve it on the next day; that he may proceed in this style as long as he lives, and that no man has a right to ask his reason for it. We admit all this, for such is the prerogative.

But by the law of the land the King's ministers have no prerogative. They are responsible for the conduct of the government. They may not control the actions of the sovereign, but if they dislike the responsibility they may at all times wash their hands clean of crime by resigning. If they do not resign, the fact is legal and sufficient proof of their approval of the proceeding. They bring the sole responsibility on themselves, and stand forward exposed to the full penalties of the law.

Why Lord Grey, a man advanced in years, and who for many a year had declared himself voluntarily withdrawn from political life, should be aiding and abetting a Bill of direct and undeniable revolution, is beyond our power to conjecture; Lord Grey who, four years ago, in 1827, declared that his old passion for "Reform" had passed away, and that he did not see any harm in opinions to the direct contrary of Reform, or in his own words,—

"The question of Reform had not been so uniformly supported, nor had it at present the public opinion so strongly in its favour, as that it should be made a *sine quâ non* in joining an administration. It was not then because of the right hon. gentleman's *opposition to Reform*, that he objected to him as *one opposed to civil liberty*—"

followed by a piece of sentimentality, which in its day satisfied every body that Lord Grey was quite a philosopher.

"Those," said his lordship, "who had done him the honour to attach any importance to his opinions, were aware that he had *for some years been withdrawing himself* more and more from a direct interference with the politics of the country. *To take a more active part in public life was quite out of his intentions.*—NON EADEM EST ÆTAS, NON MENS!

Why, after all this, his Lordship has not merely reintroduced himself into public life, but has made his commencement by the most outrageous

specimen of that Rabble Reform which he so pathetically abandoned, is to us altogether inconceivable.

Among the ideas to which the public are driven for the explanation of a conduct which absolutely defies all common principles, one has been suggested, extravagant enough, but whose very extravagance may make a part of its probability. Where the object of men is to startle us by frantic projects, no reason can be too much out of the way for their conduct. The idea is this. The fall of the Wellington ministry took the Whigs by surprise. It was as rapid as a death by suicide. Its last furious declaration in favour of the known abuses of the representation, acted on them like wine on a man already half intoxicated, heated their Whiggery into Radicalism, and in the joy of seeing office once more within their grasp, deluded them into pledges of the wildest Reform.

Office came. They had already encumbered themselves with declarations enough to sink any ministry, unless that ministry could throw them overboard. To throw them overboard was from that moment the policy; and the whole invention of Lord Grey was summoned to the work of proposing some measure at once so specious as to gull the populace into the belief, that the ministers were the "true Radical Reformers" which they had sworn themselves to be; and so furious, foolish, and unconstitutional in the eyes of every man of sense, that it *must* be thrown out by the Legislature.

Whether this be the true solution or not; the Bill has some circumstances that coincide strongly enough with the theory. Why, if my Lord Grey was sincere in desiring this Radical measure to be carried in the Commons, was all his ingenuity exerted to remove from the Commons, Brougham, by a hundred degrees the most popular and powerful advocate of Whiggery? Why was he even so much afraid of leaving Brougham to deal with this single measure, that he thought it worth his while, to sacrifice his assistance on all other questions, to deprive his ministry of the aid of the opposition leader, and, for the purpose of keeping him aloof from this single topic, fix him for life in a House where his powers must be neutralized, and his personal influence must be comparatively nothing? Brougham was pledged to bring in a Reform, and within three nights his pledge was to be redeemed. Every effort was made by Lord Grey to withdraw him from his purpose, in vain, until the Chancery was offered. Then the Advocate was transferred from the spot where he was to have completed the work of Reform, to the spot where every member feels that such Reform would be but another name for personal robbery and extinction. There he was safe, locked up in honourable duress; and the fair field was left to the wily Premier.

But, as much may be argued from the hands into which the measure was put, as the hands from which it was thus anxiously and intriguingly wrested. Who would or could select little Lord John Russell to give triumph to a measure, on which either minister or party had the most trivial wish to succeed? It is no crime in any one to be born without talents, or to have lived in a diligent attempt to make something out of nothing. But of all the young men in Parliament, who have had any opportunity of coming forward, this Lord John Russell is beyond all comparison the most trivial. As a speaker he is unequivocally wretched; want of words, still more, want of ideas, and still more, if possible, want of vigour, clearness, or originality of any kind, extinguish his claims as

a public speaker, at the end of his first sentence. His very figure could be atoned for by nothing but the most remarkable brilliancy of powers. Meagre, mean, obscure-looking, and awkward, Lord John Russell creates a prejudice at first sight, against every topic which he touches; and it may be pronounced as a House of Commons maxim, that if you want to turn a promising motion into disgrace, you cannot trust it into better hands than this little lord's. His only redeeming quality is his diligence; and yet, by the ill-luck that belongs to his nature, this very quality only enlarges and gives publicity to his exposure. It has urged him to try his pen at a novel, and thereby prove that he could turn romance into dreary insipidity. It has urged him to write a history, and thereby shew that he could make the most stirring epoch of English liberty as tiresome as an old chronicle. It has urged him to the drama, and thereby displayed a talent for alternate bombast and buffoonery, that would have been enough to have brought a better man than Don Carlos to the block.

And it was to this personage, to whose advocacy, as Heaven shall help the cause, we would not have trusted the interests of a lame chicken, that Lord Grey trusted the "grand measure," the "great, healing, essential, vital measure of Reform!" Lord Grey is old, but he is not yet either deaf or blind. All men know that, if it were the object of a minister to destroy a public measure, it would be by the double contrivance of decoying away an able advocate, and saddling it with an incapable one. We see the precise steps taken, and for our souls we cannot conceive any other cause for those steps, unless we are to believe that Lord Grey has ceased to be the cold and subtle calculator that he was through life, and has sunk at a moment into good faith and dotage.

There can be nothing now more unquestionable than that the public opinion previously to the actual announcement of the Bill in the House, was that the minister was only manœuvring to get rid of an incumbrance. The common phrase in the clubs was, "Oh! now that he has got rid of Brougham, he will slip his neck out of the collar, bring in some milk and water measure, and let the House dispose of it to its satisfaction." Those surmises were so universal and so notorious, that nobody can now doubt nor deny them. But the measure came in at last; and to the astonishment of the kingdom, parliament had never witnessed a proposition so outrageously radical in every point. Even radicalism itself shrunk from it. Blacking Hunt protested against it, as going too far. Queen Caroline's Sir Robert, every man who had prided himself on being deep in the spirit of the rabble, either desired "time to consider," and waited "to see how the Bill would come out of the committee," or gave some such sign of surprise at the enormity of the measure. Then too, let us look at the rationality of supposing that it could ever be carried in the existing House of Commons. The first thing it was to do, was to cut away the seats of sixty-eight members. Will any man in his senses believe that Lord Grey introduced this clause, with the slightest expectation that the Bill would pass, with such a clause in it? It may be so, for we must leave the fathoming of Lord Grey's conceptions to himself. But we know, that if it were our purpose to have a Bill inevitably thrown over the bar, we should conceive the introduction of such a clause to be an infallible expedient. We cannot get rid of the conclusion.

But let us come to the closing scene of the parliament. If we were believers in omens we should look upon it as the commencement of a period to whose hazard, contempt of law, and furious confusion, every Englishman of a right mind and honest heart must look with indignation and trembling.

The House of Lords.

PRAYERS were read by the Bishop of EXETER! by Philpotts; the gift of the pro-popery ministers to the protestant church—Rat Philpotts, who is now a lord of parliament, with an income from the protestant churches of no less than seven thousand pounds a year! God defend us from the omen!

The House was crowded with Peers, the space below the bar was full of the public. The strongest agitation was evident in all parts of the House. On the Duke of Gordon's presenting a petition against Reform, Lord Mansfield rose and moved, that Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman of the committees, should take the chair. On this the Duke of Richmond, who had ratted to the Whigs, and is in the enjoyment of a place of two thousand pounds a year, started up; for what purpose? to address the House, to speak to the motion? No such thing. The etiquette of the noble Duke was pained by the discovery that noble Lords were not all in their proper places, and that an Earl had been seen actually whispering to a Baron. We are unacquainted with the heinousness of this offence, but it must doubtless be one of great magnitude, for it infinitely disturbed the noble Duke's nerves. He failed, however, of communicating his feelings to others; for Lord Lyndhurst gave him his opinion with a distinctness which perfectly surprised the noble head of the House of Lennox; and Lord Londonderry unhesitatingly characterised it, as "a *miserable shift* to prevent noble Lords from expressing their opinions on this *coup d'état.*' The Marquis of Clanricarde, whose name is valuable to the world since that curious affair of Mr. Auldjo, now interposed for the Duke, and talked as the noble Marquis always talks. Then rose Lord Wharncliffe, with an address in his hand, praying his Majesty *not* to exercise his prerogative of dissolving the parliament. A few manly words put the House in possession of his meaning, and he was loudly cheered. The guns were now heard announcing the King's approach; and the confusion increased. At this moment Lord Mansfield rose and reprobated the conduct of ministers in the strongest terms. "They had placed the country in the most awful situation. He accused them of weakness; and of conspiring against the safety of the state by making the King a party to his own destruction.—What did the petitions on this table pray for? The reduction of taxation, of the army, the appropriation of church property to the use of the state, universal suffrage, and the vote by ballot."—He had, he rejoiced to say, demanded an audience of the King on this subject; he had told him, that if he gave his consent to a dissolution for the sake of this Bill, the certain result of its success would be an attack on the credit of the country; on the privileges and existence of the House of Lords first, and then on the crown itself." The announcement of the King's arrival put a close to the noble Earl's address, and the King taking his seat on the throne, read the speech of which the following is the first paragraph. (See page 583, for the entire speech.)

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this Parliament with a view to its immediate Dissolution.

"I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which shall be founded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, and may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberties of my people."

Such was the last day of the House of Lords of the first parliament of William the IVth.

The last day of the Commons was equally characteristic. On the presentation of one of the Reform petitions, Sir Richard Vyvyan, who has distinguished himself during this session as a singularly manly and intelligent member, and who stands fairly at the head of opposition in the House, rose and arraigned ministers on all points of their policy. "He charged them with rashness equivalent to frenzy in proposing a Dissolution of Parliament now; even if they had no reference to any thing but the desperate disturbances of Ireland, unless indeed they had made a compromise with the member for Waterford, which notwithstanding all their denials, he fully believed they had, though they might bring him up for judgment, to blind the eyes of protestants."

On this point our readers know that we had made up our minds from the very commencement of the proceedings. The delay, the silly sufferance, the legal quibbles, the affected employment of irresponsible persons, and of that Mr. Bennett, who contrives to make himself as intangible as the fiend in the Freischütz, and yet sets every thing in motion, all satisfied us of the fact. O'Connell will, we suppose, for shame's sake, be compelled to appear at last, and then after days or weeks, perhaps months, spent in the nonsense of mooting points, on which a jury would have come to a decision without leaving the box, and a government possessed of any common sense or sincerity would have finished the matter in four and twenty hours; we shall have O'Connell discharged with some pitiful fine, or an admonition to be a good boy for the future.

As to Lord Grey's declaration alluded to; his lordship's express words more than substantiated the remark, "that they are well entitled to excite the alarm of every friend of protestanism in the empire." Lord Farnham had stated that the Reform Bill would put an exorbitant power into the hands of popery in Ireland, and would be in fact in the first instance giving up to it the Irish church, and in the next Ireland itself. To this Lord Grey, coolly answered:

"If, as anticipated by the noble lord, the Roman Catholic church *should acquire greater power than it had at present,* I cannot agree in the opinion that therefore the union between the two countries would not be maintained. In Scotland I find an establishment adverse to the establishment of this country, but no such result followed. In Canada the same circumstances exist without being followed by the consequences apprehended by the noble lord. And in many places on the Continent, even in despotic states, adverse churches exist without any interference with the general harmony. Seeing this, I hope, if ever that which I should regret should take place, that the union between the two countries would remain undisturbed."

Let the Irish protestants, and the English too, look to this. The Prime Minister, who is sworn to preserve the Protestant constitution in church and state, contemplates tranquilly the supremacy of popery.

With him it is merely a matter of political arithmetic. He "should regret it, indeed," as he politely says. But if it must come, why he has the comfort remaining, that the Union may still subsist. As if the predominance of popery, which is idolatry, ought not to be a terror in itself to every man who desires the favour of God on his country. As if the predominance of popery in any country did not imply the predominance of every private and public abomination, of every abandonment of free principles, and of the adoption of every furious excess of tyranny and persecution. Would we have Ireland what Spain or Portugal is at this moment? and yet those are the countries of Europe in which popery is most in the situation which this protestant premier contemplates with such frigid equanimity. Every man who knows Ireland, knows perfectly too that the predominance of popery would be the extinction of British connection; that the only link by which England holds Irish allegiance is the protestantism of the respectable orders; and that civil power put into the hands of the papist would, before half a dozen years were over, force us to the question of retaining the island by arms.

But his Lordship's arguments are as weak, as his prejudice is strong. Does he compare the trivial differences of the establishments in England and Scotland with the deep and perpetual gulph of separation that divides popery from protestantism? The Scotch and English profess word for word the same religious principles, and differ only in discipline. The Scotch have no sovereign lord the pope demanding the first allegiance, and giving the sovereign lord the king the second, or none. They are not bound by their religion to destroy ours, nor to pronounce us heretics, and excluded from all salvation.

And as to Lower Canada, what comparison can be drawn between a little shivering community of French settlers, under the cannon of Quebec, overawed by a constantly increasing European population, and cut off from Europe by a sea of three thousand miles; and Ireland, flaming with disaffection and superstition, crowded with demagogues and priests, and with its shores actually visible from our own? So much for the wisdom of Lord Grey. The sects of the continent are still more out of the comparison. There, but one power exists,—the bayonet. The government is administered by the power of the bayonet. All sects are menaced alike by the strong hand; and Lord Grey might as well talk of freedom in a dungeon, as of the effects of liberty of thought in three-fourths of the continental states. The whole argument was nonsense.

Sir R. Vyvyan then touched on another point of ministerial conduct, to which we call the attention of all honest men: their notions on the subject of the National Debt.

"The parliaments of this country had been for two centuries constituted in the manner in which they were at present! but if the system proposed by the ministers should be carried, there would be a mighty alteration in their constitution, and the people of England would do well to reflect upon its inevitable consequences. Already had the ministry which called for this Reform in Parliament attempted to touch the funds, and did the fundholders think that their property would be held sacred if the change in the parliament now took place? He stated his belief, founded upon the experience of the history of every country, that no new body of legislators, no new system of government, ever entertained a strictly honourable regard for the debts incurred under the old one. It

was idle for the fundholder to hope that his property would be secure under the protection of a parliament which had been framed upon the plan and suggestion of those ministers, who had *already endeavoured to assail that property;* even if the new parliament were to be passive. Past administrations were accused of having saddled the country with debts, unjustly and unnecessarily, and how did the ministers propose to lower those debts except by *taxing the funds themselves?* It was of no use to attempt to stand on forms at a time like that, and it could not be well expected that any one should speak immediately to the question before the House. In fact, that question was, as to whether the parliament should be dissolved or not—whether they were to be dissolved because they had voted the other evening that the English representation should not be reduced?"

Nothing can be truer. The tax on the transfer of stock was simply the first step; but it was a step, and we should have seen it followed up with whig vigour. There is an idle clamour against fundholders, who are all supposed to be immense porpoises of aldermen, or cunning sharks of Jews and brokers, to whom the nation is committed to pay thirty millions a-year. Nothing can be further from the reality of the case. The funds are scarcely more than a saving-bank on a large scale. They are the accumulation of the savings of trade, talent, and industry, exerted in a thousand ways, and some of them in very small ways. In the funds the widow and orphan deposit the little sum on whose interest they are to live; and any reduction of that interest would be not merely a gross violation of faith, which in an individual would deserve to be marked with perpetual infamy, but it would be the immediate ruin of thousands and tens of thousands of the most meritorious, friendless, and helpless of the human race. It is probable enough that even the infamous gain that might be thus swindled out of the helpless would be but little after all, for they must come, in innumerable instances, on the parish, and the money which whiggism refused to pay as a debt must be paid as an alms.

Sir Richard then adverted to another of the desperate illusions played in the eyes of the people by the Bill: the seizure of church property, which he justly designated as only the preliminary to the seizure of rents, and of all other property. "But he would ask, upon what ground did the ministers imagine their appeal to the agricultural interest would result in a majority favourable to the measure? He would tell the ministers the ground upon which they relied. There had but recently existed a frightful excitement in the south-west provinces of England; that excitement had not yet subsided; it had been so strong that it exceeded every thing of the kind that had occurred since the days of the going out of Sir R. Walpole's administration. The farmers through circumstances had called for a Repeal of the Tithes, and they had been told that the Reform Bill would lead to that result. Such was the fact. The farmers, however, supposed that they were to be benefited by that repeal—that the *tithes were to become their property.* They did not know that in this country at no period had the tithes been taken away from the rightful possessors and given to the occupiers of the land. The state, or *some powerful and favoured individual,* had, in all cases where the property of the Church was confiscated, seized upon that property, to the *utter exclusion of the agriculturalist.* From the state the farmer would enjoy but little leniency. With the state for a collector, the farmer would not find matters so

easily or so considerately settled as they now were. The tenth was not now exacted, but the case might be very different if the tithes were possessed by the state."

From this topic the speaker proceeded to throw out a hint which may yet be fearfully realized, and which may reproduce exhibitions that have not been seen in England for these hundred years.

"If the ministers advised their sovereign to a dissolution, under such circumstances and upon such grounds as he had mentioned, he took upon himself, without offering any apology, to call upon *those ministers to pause*—not wildly to proceed in a course which might not only throw the country into confusion and anarchy, but might lead to the taking of the crown from the King's head—and for which, sooner or later, the *ministers themselves would have to answer.*"

The guns announcing the King's arrival were now heard, and a scene of extraordinary confusion was produced in the House, by the efforts of a number of members to address the chair. Some called on Sir Francis Burdett to speak, some on Peel, some shouted out, "Lock the doors!" The whole was the most unexampled and violent agitation. The Black Rod now made his entrance, to summon the House to attend the King, and thus the first Parliament of William expired in convulsions. In what will the next be born?

We are Reformers to the fullest extent of the word. But we are not revolutionists. Revolutionists are not Reformers, but exterminators. We say, abolish every abuse, that is proved to be one; extinguish every base addition to the pension list; give the gallant soldier or sailor, the old servant of obscure office, whose salary is too small to suffer him to make provision for his age, the allowance dictated by human feeling and national gratitude. Cut away the extravagant pensions of ambassadors, and all public men, who have only been too well paid by their salaries, and who ought, like the men of other professions, to make provision out of their income for their families. Cut away the Bathurst pensions, root and branch, and hundreds of others, which claim neither by desert nor by necessity. Cut away the extravagant allowances to Lord Chamberlains, and Masters of the Horse, and the Household; lop and prune every gross and wanton expenditure, even though the money may go into the pocket of some coxcomb with £100,000. a year. To this extent we will go with the loudest of the Reformers.

Extinguish, we say, every borough which is found guilty of bartering its votes for money; punish every boroughmonger who makes a sale of his borough; destroy all the base and vile bargains of so many thousand pounds for a seat, or so much rent per annum for the privilege of voting away the money of England. Down with corruption to the ground. Let a law be passed, sentencing the elector, the elected, and the proprietor of the borough, when convicted of trafficking his conscience in the parliamentary market, to fine and transportation for life! Let the law put forth its strength and severity, and let the criminal be punished, if he were the first noble in the land! But let us not, in a spirit of frenzy, do an act which extinguishes the abuse and the constitution together, cures the diseases of the state by destroying the state, and pretends to support the cause of justice, freedom, and truth, by a measure which wades to general mischief through individual vice, and is marked in all its steps by falsehood, the abolition of long-earned rights, and the debasement of the higher and middle orders under the heels of the very rabble.

MECHANISM AND ITS MARVELS.

This is the age of mechanical invention, and we have no doubt, that before its course is run out, we shall have made a prodigious advance in the power of man over nature. The railway system is of itself a great triumph. We are not to be discouraged by the accidents which from time to time occur in its use, for in every instance of those accidents the misfortune has been fairly earned by the folly or rashness of the sufferer. Two or three things of this kind have lately happened on the Liverpool railway. But what is to be expected, if a clown who thinks he can outrun a vehicle flying thirty miles an hour, is crushed in consequence. Another fellow gets drunk, and will choose no place to sleep off his drunkenness but the middle of the railway; the engine comes, with the rapidity of a shaft of lightning, and before the engineer can see that there is any thing before him but the sky, the body is cut in two. Another clown chooses to hang on the engine, at full speed, as he would hang on the shafts of his cart; warning is of no use to him; he drops off, and is ground into powder at the moment. But those are no more impeachments of the system than the possibility of breaking one's neck by a fall from a first-floor window is an argument for living on the ground. Even the more serious doubt whether the railway be in reality the cheaper, as it is decidedly the more rapid and powerful mode, vanishes before just consideration. The expense of the Liverpool railway has been heavy, and like all commencements, there have been errors, and even some unnecessary expenditures in the undertaking. A railway too, on which the chief articles of carriage must be the bulky products of manufacture, or the still bulkier raw material, must have dimensions that can scarcely be required for the usual intercourse of the country. There may have also been a rather ostentatious attention to magnificence in the design, which, however laudable and even fitting in a great national monument, is not required in a mere instrument of connection between two trading towns in a remote part of the kingdom. But this is of all faults the most venial. We hope that no *London* railway will be constructed without a view to the national honour. It is a nobler monument than all the triumphal arches of Rome.

We say then that the Liverpool railway is an *experiment* no longer; that it has fully succeeded. The profits may be less than the sanguineness of speculation imagined. But the facts are ascertained that a steam-engine can carry weights to which no animal power is equal, with a rapidity that sets all animal speed at defiance; and that it can do this without intermission, without regard of night or day, frost or sunshine, the height of summer, or the depth of the most inclement season of the year. If the Liverpool railway were not to pay its own expenses, all that could be rationally said would be: "There has been some rashness or clumsiness in the details, but you have got all that an inventive people can require. You have got a new and mighty power of nature; such things are not vouchsafed for nothing; and your business is now to bring to it the observation and ingenuity with which you have been furnished by Providence for such purposes, and to bring this noble principle, this new revelation in mechanics, into the active and manageable employment of man." One of the curious and useful results of the railway will probably be some improvement in the communication of sound. Every body knows

the contrivance, which has now become so common in the shops of workmen and tradesmen, the tin tube by which a message is conveyed through all parts of the house, at the moment, and which of course saves the delay and trouble of sending a servant. Those tubes are capable of a much more general application, and might be very conveniently applied to every house. The principle is now to be tried on a larger scale. It is proposed, by means of a small tube throughout the length of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, to convey information as quickly as in conversation. The length of the longest tunnel of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is about 6,600 feet, but it is thought that articulate sounds could be transmitted not only through the tunnels, but along the whole length of the railway. Its convenience on the railway would be obvious, as by a few men stationed at regular distances, even miles apart, warning could be instantly given through the speaking-pipe of any obstruction or accident. But the probability is, that it will be discovered that not only can the words of a speaker at Liverpool be transmitted to Manchester, but that they can be transmitted through any distance however great, and with an almost instantaneous rapidity. The progress of sound through the air is well known to be 1142 feet in a second, and it is a singular fact that the feeblest sound travels as rapidly as the loudest: thus a whisper has the speed of a burst of thunder. But by all the experiments on tubes, it appears that the transmission of sound is infinitely more rapid than in the open air, or actually occupies no time whatever.

A series of experiments made a few years by M. Biot and other French mathematicians when the iron pipes were laying down for conveying water to Paris, seems to promise an unbounded power of transmission. They joined long ranges of those pipes to each other, so as to make a continued tube of several miles. The results were, that the lowest whisper at one end of the tube was heard with the most perfect distinctness at the other, and that it was heard instantaneously. The moment the speaker at one end was seen to apply his lips to the tube, his words were heard at the other. If this discovery should be substantiated by the railway tube, man will possess another power over nature of the most curious and the most useful kind. The telegraph, admirable an invention as it is, would be a toy to an instrument by which a public order or any other piece of intelligence could be conveyed at its full length from the seat of government to a seaport, or any other important spot of the kingdom, equally in fog and clear weather, night and day, and without even the delay that occurs by the telegraph. The sailing and triumph of a fleet, the surprise of an enemy, a stroke that might decide the fate of a nation, might be the consequence of this simple invention. And its value would be still enhanced, if in the course of time, it could be turned to the individual use of the community; if a system could be established allowing every body to avail himself of this mode of communication; like the Post Office, the intercourse of which was originally established only for the usues of the state and monarchs, but is now turned to the service of every man who desires to write a letter.

With this project, however, we by no means rank the following:

"*Atmospheric Letter Carrying.*—A curious model of a tunnel, through which the mail-bags might be projected, is now exhibiting in Glasgow, by a Mr. Read. According to a calculation by Professor Stevelley, of Belfast, twelve

minutes would be sufficient to transmit the letter-bags from London to Portsmouth, a distance of 70 miles."

If the Belfast professor can find no better employment for his calculations, we are much at a loss to know the use of his being taught Algebra. Here we have mail-bags proposed to be *shot* through a tunnel, for carried is out of the question, at the rate of about six miles a minute, or three hundred and sixty miles an hour. What kind of mail-bag must it be which could stand the wear and tear of such a journey? we known nothing equal to it except the texture of the Belfast professor's scull. But why all this waste of tunnel and air pump? why not put the mail into a cannon-ball at once, and fire it off by point blank stages? We consider the latter as decidedly the more rational, as it is the equally safe and much more manageable contrivance, while it has all possible advantages in point of finance; and in a national point of view might afford a pleasant and permanent practice for that meritorious body, the royal regiment of artillery.

THEATRES, MAJOR AND MINOR.

Frederic Reynolds is growing old, and he now indulges us with his "Reminiscences" in the natural style of age. He fights his battles o'er again, and makes the most of them both times. But he has no right, old as he is, to bring all the world behind the scenes, and reveal the contrivances of the machinery there, unless, indeed, he is acting on the principle, that as he was the chief constructor himself of the tricks, called the *management*, of a new play, the principal sinner is pricked by conscience to make the first confession. Here is a fragment of his king's evidence,—

"In the event of two or three disastrous seasons, that formidable champion, the press, always most liberally and good-naturedly comes forward, and offers to rally round the falling house. After various sprites, we then bring out our manufactured novelty—our aforesaid lion or lioness—of course taking care that the curtain shall draw up to a crowded audience; for if it be a bad house, the town regularly deem it to be a bad performance. Then, as to applause, in addition to our rank and file, the dread of closing our doors induce so many hundreds to open their hands and mouths, that three *rounds*, and continued *bravos* are secured to every attitude and clap-trap. Next, if a tragedy be selected for this important first appearance, we rely on the never-failing pathetic author's producing tears; but having three or four *fainters* at command, we ourselves bring them into action."

The confessor to whom he makes the discovery is moved to the soul by its genius, and declares that it leaves nothing to chance.

Nothing, is the answer; "for, the curtain down, the hackneyed call, amidst waving of hats and handkerchiefs, is huzzaingly made and acceded to. Laurel is likewise thrown on the stage; the next morning the *tocsin* of panegyric being sounded in every liberal paper, in a day or two after, the manager not only raises the salary, but publicly, in the green-room, makes a brilliant and appropriate present; next, most of the print-shops display a likeness of the new wonder, whose *defects* actually become *beauties;* then, in case of the slightest indisposition, bulletins are issued, and the box-keeper is also ordered to state that 'not a box is to be had for a month.' Such a sufficient quantity of *dust* is thrown into John Bull's eyes, that he cannot see any mode of escape, and therefore,

though at last he *finds it out*, he *comes* till he *does find it out;* and which act of kindness is all that is required in a city whose population consists of above a million and a half of capable customers. 'There—don't you call this management?'"

Aye, and first-rate management too. With what delightful recollections must the spirits of the "Rage"—"Notoriety"—"Who wants a Guinea?"—"The Dramatist"—and some forty others, flutter over this book, and rejoice in the memory of their maker!

Now that we are on the subject of the theatre, we may as well add a word or two more. We dislike monopoly, as much as if *we* were the proprietors of an omnibus, or the Surrey. But we have our misgivings after all, on the enormous increase of the little theatres. It will scarcely be believed that there are no less than *twenty-eight*, of one description or other, now open in the metropolis and its environs, in addition to Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the King's Theatre. To these will soon be added the Haymarket and the Olympic—and the Lyceum and the Knightsbridge now building. Here is at least a handsome provision for John Bull's play-going propensities. But of what calibre will be the performances at those places. We have no hesitation in saying that in nine instances out of ten, they are and will be the disgrace of the drama. When do we see a single instance of any able production among them? Every year they grow worse and worse. Even the actors who pass from the regular theatres to those places sink into miserable buffoons. And what else can they become, with such pieces to act and such audiences to act to? The passion of the vulgar is for vulgarity, and the passion of the actors and proprietors of those vile places is to make money by the vulgar, and of course both the actors and their performances must hourly degenerate into vileness. The Tom and Jerry school, which was at first reprobated by the public, and from which actors of any decency of character shrunk, is now *the* school, and the nearer the actor and the piece approach this standard, the nearer they are to perfection.

Then, too, let us consider the population of the lobbies. It is true in this the winter-theatres have led the way, and it is one of the abominations which, we perfectly believe, has done them ten times as much injury, as the money of the miserable creatures who go to exhibit their nakedness there has ever done them good. Nay, we will say, that this participation in the gains of a horrid and disgusting life of vice and misery is one of the causes which seems to make theatrical prosperity a dream, and brings a curse on the fortunes of theatres. But bad as all this is in the great theatres, where there is still some attention to decorum, what is it already in the wretched theatres planted in the midst of the most pestiferous portion of our populace, and how much must the evil be aggravated by tripling or quadrupling the number in those very places, as we seem likely enough to do! We shall have audiences composed of nothing but these miserable creatures, and the pickpockets who are in their pay, or the fools who go to be duped and robbed by them. Let the government look to this in time.

APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[*Continued from last Month.*]

LVI.

The greatest proof of pride is its being able to extinguish envy and jealousy. Vanity produces the latter effect on the continent.

LVII.

When you speak of the popular effect and enthusiasm produced by the ceremonies of the Catholic church, it is presently objected that all this faith and zeal is excited by mummery and superstition. I am ready to allow that; and when I find that truth and reason have the same homage and reverence paid to them as absurdity and falsehood, I shall think all the advantages are clearly on the side of the former. The processes of reason do not commonly afford the elements of passion as their result; and the object of strong and even lofty feeling seems to appeal rather to the grossness and incongruity of the senses and imagination, than to the clear and dry deductions of the understanding. Man has been truly defined a *religious animal;* but his faith and heavenward aspirations cease if you reduce him to a mere mathematical machine. The glory and the power of the true religion are in its enlisting the affections of man along with the understanding.

LVIII.

We are imposed upon by the affectation of grace and gentility only till we see the reality; and then we laugh at the counterfeit, and are surprised that we did not see through it before.

LIX.

English women, even of the highest rank, look like *dowdies* in Paris; or exactly as country-women do in London. It is a *rule-of-three* proportion. A French milliner or servant maid laughs (not without reason) at an English Duchess. The more our fair country women dress *à la Française*, the more unlucky they seem; and the more foreign graces they give themselves, the more awkward they grow. They want the *tournure Françoise*. Oh! how we have "melted, thawed, and dissolved into a dew," to see a bustling, red-faced, bare-necked English Duchess, or banker's wife, come into a box at the French theatre, bedizened and bedaubed! My Lady-mayoress or the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of ——, before she ventures on the word *vulgar*, or scorns her untitled and untutored neighbours as beneath her notice, should go to see *les Angloises pour rise! That* is the looking-glass for upstart wealth and inflated aristocracy.

LX.

The advantage of our nobility over the plebeian classes is said to be in the blood and in the breed—the Norman breed, we suppose—the high noses and arched eyebrows date from the Conquest. We plead guilty to the insinuation conveyed in the expression—"the coronet face" —and bow with some sort of pride to the pride of birth. But this hypothesis is hardly compatible with the evident improvement in the present generation of noblemen and gentlemen by the intermarriages

with rich heiresses, or the beautiful Pamelas of an humbler stock. *Crossing the breed* has done much good; for the actual race of Bond-street loungers would make a very respectable regiment of grenadiers; and the satire on Beau Didapper, in Fielding's Joseph Andrews, has lost its force.

LXI.

The tone of society in Paris is very far from John Bullish. They do not ask what a man is worth, or whether his father is the owner of a tin-mine or a borough—but what he has to say, whether he is amiable and *spirituel.* In that case (unless a marriage is on the *tapis*) no one inquires whether his account at his banker's is high or low; or whether he has come in his carriage or on foot. An English soldier of fortune, or a great traveller, is listened to with some attention as a *marked character;* while a booby lord is no more regarded than his own footman in livery. The blank after a man's name is expected to be filled up with talent or adventures, or he passes for what he really is, a cypher.

LXII.

Our young Englishmen in Paris do not make much figure in the society of Frenchmen of education and spirit. They stumble at the threshold in point of manners, dress, and conversation. They have not only to learn the language, but to *unlearn* almost every thing else. Both words and things are different in France; our raw recruits have to get rid of a host of prejudices, and they do it awkwardly and reluctantly, and if they attempt to make a regular stand, are presently out-voted. The terms *gothic* and *barbarous* are talismans to strike them dumb. There is, moreover, a clumsiness in both their wit and advances to familiarity, that the spiteful *brunettes* on the other side of the water do not comprehend, and that subjects them to constant sneers; and every false step adds to their confusion and want of confidence. But their lively antagonists are so flushed with victory and victims to their loquacity and charms, that they are not contented to lecture them on morals, metaphysics, sauces, and *virtu,* but proceed to teach them the true pronunciation and idiom of the English tongue. Thus a smart French widow having blundered by saying, "I have never *made* a child;" and perceiving that it excited a smile, maintained, for three whole days, against a large company, that it was better than saying, "I never *had* a child."

LXIII.

The Parisian *trip* (say what they will) is not grace. It is the motion of a puppet, and may be mimicked, which grace *cannot.* It may be different from the high, heavy-heeled walk of the Englishwoman. Is is not equally remote from the step (if step it may be called) of an Andalusian girl?

LXIV.

It has been often made a subject of dispute, What is the distinguishing characteristic of man? And the answer may, perhaps, be given, that *he is the only animal that dresses.* He is the only being who is coxcomb enough not to go out of the world naked as he came into it; that is ashamed of what he really is, and proud of what he is not; and that tries

to pass off an artificial disguise as himself. We may safely extend the old maxim, and say that it is the tailor that makes both the gentleman and the man. *Fine feathers make fine birds*—this lie is the motto of the human mind. Dress a fellow in sheepskin, and he is a clown—dress him in scarlet, and he is a gentleman. It is then the clothes that make all the difference; and the moral agent is simply the lay-figure to hang them on. Man, in short, is the only creature in the known world, with whom appearances pass for realities, words for things; or that has the wit to find out his own defects, and the impudence and hypocrisy, by merely concealing them, to persuade himself and others that he has them not. Teniers's monkeys, habited like monks, may be thought a satire on human nature—alas! it is a piece of natural history. The monks are the larger and more solemn species, to be sure. Swift has taken a good bird's-eye view of man's nature, by abstracting the habitual notions of size, and looking at it in *great* or in *little*: would that some one had the boldness and the art to do a similar service, by stripping off the coat from his back, the vizor from his thoughts, or by dressing up some other creature in similar mummery! It is not his body alone that he tampers with, and metamorphoses so successfully; he tricks out his mind and soul in borrowed finery, and in the admired costume of gravity and imposture. If he has a desire to commit a base or cruel action without remorse and with the applause of the spectators, he has only to throw the cloak of religion over it, and invoke Heaven to set its seal on a massacre or a robbery. At one time dirt, at another indecency, at another rapine, at a fourth rancorous malignity, is decked out and accredited in the garb of sanctity. The instant there is a flaw, a "damned spot" to be concealed, it is glossed over with a doubtful name. Again, we dress up our enemies in nicknames, and they march to the stake as assuredly as in *san Benitos*. The words Heretic or Papist, Jew or Infidel, labelled on those who differ from us, stand us in lieu of sense or decency. If a man be mean, he sets up for economy; if selfish, he pretends to be prudent; if harsh, firm; and so on. What enormities, what follies are not undertaken for the love of glory?—and the worst of all, are said to be for the glory of God! Strange, that a reptile should wish to be thought an angel; or that he should not be content to writhe and grovel in his native earth, without aspiring to the skies! It is from the love of dress and finery. He is the chimney-sweeper on May-day all the year round: the soot peeps through the rags and tinsel, and all the flowers of sentiment!

LXV.

The meaning of all which is, that man is the only hypocrite in the creation; or that he is composed of two natures, the *ideal* and the *physical*, the one of which he is always trying to keep a secret from the other. He is the *Centaur not fabulous*.

LXVI.

A person who is full of secrets is a knave or a fool, or both.

THE LONDONDERRY MYSTERY.

High life is often so completely like low life that it is sometimes amusing to detect the instances of discrepancy. The Marquis of Londonderry's kitchen justice affords a case which we presume could not be rivalled in any other establishment in London. Here the Elysium of the West End, the "Third Heaven" of the élite of society, certainly stands unequalled.

"It is ridiculously untrue that the marquis, in the heat of his temper, *struck* the complaining party; his lordship merely used the means, when remonstrance failed, of endeavouring to *force* from the party that portion of the queen's gratuity which had been given to her to distribute to other of the servants who were considered as equally entitled with herself to a share of it, in pursuance of the queen's understood intentions; for the money left by her majesty (which was £45, not £50.) was enclosed in a sealed envelope, on which was written the following words:—'For the *nursery* of the Marchioness of Londonderry.' Of this money £15 was given to the head nurse—the person above referred to; a second £15 was given to her to distribute to the other nursery servants; and the remaining £15 was *retained by the Marchioness!* with a view to distribution among other members of the establishment, who were considered as entitled to a share of it. The head nurse having thus gained possession of £30, positively refused to give up any part of it; and thus arose the occasion of the Marquis's interference. The nurse gave up the £15, and quitted the house."

The first announcement of the transaction was a very plain, though not very credible, statement from one of the police-offices, of a complaint made by a nurse in the noble Marquis's family, of certain modes of persuasion by which he attempted to further the ends of justice in the distribution of fifty pounds which the queen had given at the christening of the noble Marquis's last child. The whole affair made a brilliant figure among the morning papers, and furnished the friends of the noble family with "nods and winks and wreathed smiles," with sneers and scandal for three dinners in succession. Never were fifty pounds more productive in the dead time of the season.

At the close of the week came the *explanation* which "by decision more embroiled the fray," making the doubtful clear, and polishing the clumsy into burlesque. It has the advantage of bringing in a new party, and the fair Marchioness figures in the family-picture of justice; the fat nurse has clearly the best of the story still. A contemporary says—

"Her majesty little suspected the sum of £45 would lead to such discord in an establishment like that which she had honoured with her presence. We are rather surprised that the words 'For the nursery of,' &c. were not understood to mean *for the children in the nursery*, and that parental love did not divide it among the smiling offspring of the noble peer, instead of lavishing it on domestics, who could have no occasion for it."

The reading world will doubtless thank us for rescuing so valuable a trait from oblivion. As for ourselves, being compelled, *malgré*, like Horace Twiss, to confess ourselves *not* of the nobility, we should gladly have given the fifty pounds out of our own purse, rather than indulge a laughter-loving public with the incident—if it could by possibility occur—that we applied our genius to ascertain, on the departure of our guests, the precise sum which our servants had contrived to net for their civility in attending on their hats and cloaks. We dislike the custom itself too much, to employ ourselves in the valuation of the profits. But of course a different rule exists for the *supreme bon ton;* and besides, public men have a right to give public lessons!

THE WHITE SPECTRE OF MALINANZA; A MILANESE LEGEND.

At the time when the Spaniards held the government of Milan and its paradisaical district, there dwelt, on the borders of a remote undulation of the lake of Como, two famous barons, whose names are still preserved by oral tradition among the peasantry, and by legendary transmission among the higher classes of their countrymen. Costantino di Ferrando and Carmelo di Malinanza might, in those times of ever-changing dynasties, have carried the world before them, had they been spiritless enough to remain united; but, like all other legendary barons, they chose to quarrel, each wasting his own strength in endeavouring to exhaust that of his rival. The circumstance which originated this feud was singular. The inimical barons were heirs (in default of direct descendants to either party) to the possessions of each other: the prospective rights of Carmelo rendered him, therefore, a future usurper in the eyes of Costantino; and *vice versâ*. Both chiefs married. Carmelo was childless; Costantino had heirs. Carmelo now almost loathed his vast possessions, because he only saw in them the splendid reversion of his rival; while Costantino became convinced that his feudal enemy was daily plotting the destruction of those innocent beings who not only stood between him and his future aggrandisement, but were the detested heirs to his present possessions. After many ineffectual attempts to ruin each other, Costantino di Ferrando succeeded in whispering into the ear of a jealous Spanish governor a tale of treason, armed vassals, assassinations, &c.; and a large portion of the lands of Carmelo di Malinanza were, without much ceremony or examination, seized by the executive power, and declared forfeit to the crown of Spain. All men, however, now considered Carmelo a ruined man, and looked for some proof of his despairing vengeance either against his successful rival, or even the government itself. But, to the surprise of every one, he seemed neither ruined nor vindictive; and when the surrounding district beheld both his riches and his followers daily augment, while his vengeance seemed to slumber as his power of gratifying it increased, there were not wanting those who affirmed (though in a whisper which shewed their sense of the chief's mysteriously enlarging power) that Carmelo had known how to increase, by predatory means, the wealth he had lost by degrading forfeitures, and that he was only waiting some fit occasion of public tumult, to burst with sudden and irresistible vengeance.

Years rolled on, and Costantino's viceregal friend was succeeded by another Spanish governor. To him Costantino whispered his suspicions; but they were evidently listened to with a cold or a careless ear. The Spaniards, at this period, were manifestly more occupied by the intrigues of strangers than by those of their own vassal lords, and more apprehensive of foreign incursions than of internal banditti. Nay, it was said that Carmelo di Malinanza was in secret negotiation with the governor. The terms of this treaty were appalling to Costantino. An invasion of the duchy by a powerful enemy was shortly expected; and report affirmed that the confiscated lands of Carmelo were to be restored on condition that he should supply the governor, in his approaching emergency, with so numerous a body of followers, that the wonder of every peaceful *Castellano* was moved to know how the disgraced baron could command such military resources. Supernatural agency had long

been called in by the peasantry as the shortest and most reasonable way of accounting for a power which seemed to gather strength by each effort to weaken it. It was not enough to believe that he was the lord of a fierce and increasing band of choice spirits, who ranged wood and mountain, and nobly set the paltry dyssyllables *meum* and *tuum* at defiance; for a white phantom of mist was seen nightly to glide round the towers of the baron's castle; strange lights—the usual concomitants of haunted dwellings—sent blue and lurid rays athwart the lake—then, deepening to a glaring red, threw a ruddy glow on the opposite mountains. Then the fearful chief had—as usual in all these cases—his mysterious chamber in a lone and tall turret, where nightly he watched the course of the heavenly bodies, and called down their baleful influence on earth. The spirits of darkness were his agents; and the night-wind which blew from his castle brought dire events on its dusky wings. Very few, excepting by daylight, ventured to eye the castle, lest some foul or hideous spectacle on its walls, or at its windows, should blast their senses.

An event which tended to strengthen the idea of Carmelo's intercourse with the powers of evil, was the untimely and mysterious death of the heir of Ferrando, in the prime of health and manhood. The brow of the unfortunate Costantino now began to darken with fearful convictions of forebodings. He made another unsuccessful appeal to the preoccupied governor, and then summoned home in despair his youngest son, now the heir to all his lands, and the sole hope of his still powerful but declining house.

Brave and noble in person and disposition, Alberto di Ferrando had been educated in a foreign university, had served valiantly in a foreign army, and received knighthood at the hands of one of the first monarchs of the age. He remembered little of his father's country, his father's residence, or his father's feuds. With the name of the dread enemy of his house he was not, however, unacquainted, and with generous promptitude gave up his own successful career to protect and support the declining years of his parent. On his homeward-way, he visited the residence of a Castellano, to whose hospitality his father had recommended him, and with whose daughter he received a paternal hint to fall in love. The latter injunction was far from being agreeable to the spirited young chief, as his heart had, more than two years before this period, taken the unfilial liberty of making a selection for itself, and had even stood the test of twelve months' absence from the object of its devotion. That object was no other than Portia di Baveno, the niece and the ward of his father's enemy, whom (by one of those fatuities with which legend-readers must be familiar) he had met and loved in a foreign country, ere the will of dying parents had consigned her to the care and the dwelling of the dark-browed lord of Malinanza.

The young knight, however, visited, as enjoined, the Castellan ally of his house; saw the lady; found her no trial at all on his constancy; and, fatigued with his journey, was preparing early to retire to his couch, when the good baron, drawing him into close conversation, began to descant on the miserable political state of the country; and, on conducting him to his chamber, commended to his special care a sealed packet to the Baron Ferrando.

The young knight proceeded on his way before cock-crowing of the morrow. As he prosecuted his journey, he began to think rather unea-

sily of the sealed documents he had with him. Some indistinct notion that they contained treasonable matter, half suggested itself to his mind. He now remembered his host's injunction to keep them concealed about his person, and did not half relish the thought of being made the periled carrier of such matter. Night began to close in, and as his way now wound along the margin of the lake of Como, he felt more than half inclined to throw the condemnatory documents into its peaceful waters. They were directed, however, to his father, and might be on matters which narrowly concerned him: he would, therefore, at every hazard, deliver the packet to his hands. This hazard soon appeared to lessen, when, at a turn in the unfrequented road, he was met by an armed escort, despatched by his father to guide him to the paternal abode.

At length Alberto's ancestral dwelling was pointed out to him in the distance, frowning—like all famous traditional castles—on an eminence, which overlooked the waters of the lake. The rippling moonbeams that played on their surface were here broken by the huge mass of building which threw its dark, giant shadow athwart the Como. On reaching it, a personage of lofty brow and high bearing advanced to meet him. The young knight, overpowered by unwonted feelings, could only ejaculate "My father!" and, reverentially falling on his knees, embraced the hand of his parent.

After this first ebullition had subsided, Alberto saw more in his parent's countenance to inspire fear than tenderness. As the knight, like most young men, was no lover of those whose persons imposed a disagreeable restraint, amounting almost to awe, he felt for a few seconds a keen sensation of disappointment. Perhaps the baron marked this; for the stern hauteur of his brow instantly relaxed into an expression that was almost fascinating, and offering his arm, with somewhat of graceful condescension, to his son, he conducted him to the banqueting-hall, whose festive boards offered delicate and costly refreshments to the wearied traveller. During the repast the conversation and manners of his parent seemed calculated to win the confidence of Alberto; but still there was a something in that dark eye which did not quite please the young chief. Venturing once to turn on it a sort of puzzled scrutiny, his gaze of dissatisfied inquiry was met by a keen, stern glance, which forbade all further ocular examination. Changing the conversation, which had accidentally, it seemed, slidden into politics, the baron said, carelessly, "And what news, sir knight, and hopeful son, from our very worthy and most prosing ally of Balsano?"—"News, perhaps, that were better told in private," answered Alberto, lowering his voice. "Our house hath a fearful enemy, that might make his own of yon old baron's superannuated dreams. I scarce reck of all he told me yester-even. His discourse more mingled with my dreams than addressed itself to my waking senses, and perhaps I had forgotten it altogether, had he not left with me this sealed packet to be *safely* and *secretly* conveyed to you, my sire." As he spoke, Alberto passed the packet to his father. But he almost started at the expression of the Castellan's countenance. His brow was wrapped in a crimson glow; his dark eye flashed as if it had been actually ignited; his lips—partly opened—shewed the length of his teeth, whose whiteness was rendered more dazzling by a light froth, which seemed, as in a moment, to sparkle upon them; while his hands, as he took the packet, literally trembled with the eagerness of his grasp on it. There was something so fiendish in the expression of a face

whose lofty features had, not an instant before, worn the polished smile of what would in these days be termed gentlemanly urbanity, that Alberto almost rose from his seat with an indefinable sentiment of distrust, if not dislike. "Sit down, boy—sit down; what moves thee?" said the Castellan, endeavouring, but without his usual success, to banish from his countenance its darker expressions.—"I started, sire, to mark the change on your brow when I gave to your hands that dangerous packet. I gather from the discourse of mine host of yesterday, and from the kindling of my father's eye, that the toils are spreading anew for the dark lord of Malinanza, the hated enemy of our house and race. O! my sire, shall this wild feud never have an end? Is it not a shame that Christian men should live in deadly hate, like the unbaptized foes of our Venetian neighbours? Nay, smile not, father; I am no priestly advocate for a senseless and slavish submission to every unmerited indignity. I am no womanish coward, that preacheth peace because he feareth to make war. The sword of the bravest of Europe's sovereigns gave me knighthood as the due meed of a stout hand and a bold heart. Yet, my sire, I do profess to you that I cannot enter into the personal, the vengeful feelings, which make the vassals of the same government and the denizens of the same soil the haters and the destroyers of each other."—"Ho! Vincenzo! call hither our chaplain," said the baron, sardonically; "here is discourse might mend his style of preaching.—In what school hast thou learnt the sweet meekness that chimes so well with thy martial gait and lofty bearing? Oh, thou art all too patient, soft, and virtuous, to be fitting foe for such a flesh-inshrined demon as the lord of Malinanza. Dost thou know him, sir preacher knight?"—"By person, surely no, as my sire well wotteth," answered Alberto, with filial patience—"by fame, too well; and I hold him—if report speak truly—for a man of dark brow, and darker heart; yet I hold him also for one who hath somewhat to forgive at our hands, and whose evil passions might with better grace be told over by any other than by the head of the house of Ferrando."

The Castellan's countenance softened for a moment without an effort on the part of its owner, and he eyed the young man with a gaze in which surprise had certainly the largest expression. He changed the conversation, however, for a few moments, and then, rising from the table, took the light from the torch-bearer, and himself conducted his son to the chamber appointed him. As they entered it, the knight turned to his parent, and said, with much earnestness, not unmingled with dignity, "Although, my sire, I have protested against any vengeful and unchristian efforts to compass our dark rival's ruin, yet let me here call Heaven to witness, that I will, as a true knight and a loyal son, stand by my father's side, even in the most fearful hour of peril, to repel every aggression of his enemies; and that I will not yield to the loudest brawler against the lord of Malinanza in the defence of the just claims of our house, and in the firm and bold protection of my father's rights against all who would abridge them. Let the proud lord of Malinanza try me, by one trespass on my parent's privileges—by one effort to bring dishonour on the grey hairs of my sire, and he shall see that he who was least forward to deprive him of his own rights, is his firmest, his most inflexible opponent, when he dares to ride triumphant over those of another."—"Now by the bones of all the goodly saints in Christendom, I thank thee, young man," exclaimed the Castellan,

triumphantly; "thou hast restored me to myself—thou hast exorcised from my bosom strange guests, that had, all unbidden, returned to it after long banishment. Thou art, indeed, worthy to be my son. I counsel thee but to one thing, sir knight—look to it that thy power to restrain the lord of Malinanza squares well with thy bold purpose. 'Tis said he is no feeble enemy, and perhaps he may have resources somewhat too strong even for your valiancy."—"I fear him not," answered the young man; "I would defy him, even in his own castle—ay, were it garrisoned with all the goodly hosts report hath given him—demons, robbers, and assassins. I have small desire to exercise vengeance on Don Carmelo—still less fear to receive the effect of his malice in my own person.—Nay, nay, my sire—take my *armour* from me *yourself!*—and carry them out for burnishing, too!—This is making me more guest than son." As the Castellan prepared to quit the room with the light weapons of the young knight beneath his arm, he held the torch for a moment to his own dark countenance, as if almost purposely to reveal its expression to Alberto. The current of the young man's blood seemed almost arrested in his veins. Surely it was the face of a demon he gazed on! The Castellan approached him. "Good night, young Sir," he said, with a fiendish expression; "all good angels watch over thee in these friendly towers; and, be thy waking to-morrow where it may, forget not my paternal good night." He was going, but, returning a step or two, he added, scornfully—"And thou knowest not the feelings of revenge? O charming, insipid innocence! Thinkest thou long to retain thine ignorance? Be injured—be robbed—be stricken, hand, heart, and limb—and then retain thy meek bearing! I will tell thee, young man, that revenge is the nearest feeling to rapture of any this poor sordid nature of ours knoweth. For me, I would sacrifice on its altar my health, my wealth, my fair lands, and all that ministers to meaner pleasures. Ay, even such a son as thou (though I am not so impassable as to close my eyes to thy noble qualities) would be but as dust in the balance.—Poor youth," he continued, with a smile, in which a very slight shade of pity was strangely mingled with an expression of triumph—"poor youth, if I *could* pity, I might pity thee.—But good night, young sir. They say that last dreams are the pleasantest: I go to pray that thine, to-night, may be surpassing sweet."—"Gracious Heaven! what meaneth all this?" exclaimed the knight, in astonishment, as his father (carrying away his arms) withdrew from the chamber. The idea that his parent must be in a state of insanity darted across his mind; but when he heard a sound of locks and bolts on the other side of his apartment, he rushed to the door, and endeavoured, by forcing it open, to prevent the incarcerating process which seemed to be going on without: he was too late. He next protested, in loud and vehement terms, against this unparental strictness: a fiendish and stifled laugh without was the only answer he received. Complete silence succeeded. The gallant young chief scarcely knew what he expected—what he apprehended. He began to look suspiciously around his chamber. Whatever might be its attractions as a sleeping apartment, it was certainly strong enough for a prison. Alberto explored a small anti-chamber into which it opened, and endeavoured, but in vain, to discover some egress. In doing this, he wrenched open the door of a cabinet, which stood in a dark and scarcely discernible recess of the anti-chamber. Curious instruments, of which he did not understand the use, met his eye; but

among them he descried one or two simple machines which could not be mistaken: these were hand-fetters.

Sensations, undefined, but far from soothing, haunted the brave knight's bosom; and he stood, for some time, with his eyes fixed on the moonlight, which, falling through the vertical bars of his window, streaked the floor of the chamber. "'Tis nothing," at length he said, aloud. "My father—without violence to filial duty be it spoken—is a man of dark brow and moody temper. I chafed his humour to-night by holding in light esteem the feud that stirs our family-blood. I'll to bed, and think no more on his strange bearing." He was about to cast off his garments, when the words "Not to bed, lest you lie down to rise no more" met his ear.—"Gracious Heaven! I am in the castle of some enchanter!" exclaimed the knight. "Portia—Portia di Baveno—can it be thy voice? What white form do I see in the moonlight? Say, shadow of an angel, art thou of earth or of heaven?"—"Of earth, and a prey to all the miseries it groaneth under," answered Portia, gasping for breath, and supporting herself with difficulty. "Hush! hush! for mercy's sake speak softly."—"In the name of every saint that walketh earth and heaven, how came you hither?" exclaimed Alberto, rushing to her assistance.—"I concealed myself at nightfal in your chamber," she said, endeavouring to collect breath for explanation. "Alberto, thy life hangs on a thread. The proud lord of this fearful dwelling hath had his wakeful eye on thee, ever since thou enteredst the land of thy sires. The treacherous escorts that met thee in thy homeward-path were not the followers of thy father. They were sent to beguile thee into the hands of thy deadliest foe. Thou art now *in the castle of Malinanza, and in the power of its merciless lord!*"—"Gracious power! I see it all," exclaimed Alberto; "his dark words—his fiendish gaze of triumph—his parting salutation—all are explained." The knight paused, and, almost overpowered for a moment, covered his face with his hands. At length he said—"Alas! my real, my desolated parent, thou shalt now look for thy son—thy last hope—in vain! He shall never behold thy face, nor hear thy blessing.—And thou, my beloved Portia, I must bid thee farewell for ever. Thou hast not let my final hour come on me without thy kind warning. I thank thee. In such coming peril, I would send thee from my side, thou faithful and lovely one; but exit is denied thee, and the arms which Alberto would only have yielded with his last breath, have been guilefully removed from his stout hand. But conceal thyself, my Portia: it were ill fitting that thou shouldst be discovered here; nor would I that thy tender age should behold aught thou wouldst hereafter shudder to think on." The damsel drew a poniard from beneath her white garment. "Alas! dear knight," she said, in that kindness of tone which, under such circumstances, was the nicest proof of female delicacy—"alas! I know too well how little will avail this single weapon, even in the hands of thy valour, against the whole force of a castello armed against thee. But listen to me. 'Tis the fatal packet that makes thy ruin. My cruel kinsman might not, even in this wild age and country, dare to lay hands on thee, held he not a fearful sanction to his utmost violence in the proofs of thy treasonable purposes. Two hours after midnight, trusty messengers and a body of armed followers will be secretly ready to convey thy fatal documents to our jealous rulers in Milan, with the news that the loyal lord of Malinanza holds thee in strict guard until their pleasure be known. Alas! 'tis this

packet hath given thy foe a power over thee that no fear of future retribution now checketh. I do divine that his vengeance only slumbereth until he hath seen the messengers of thy ruin on their way to our despot rulers. O! Alberto, there are high thoughts in my soul! Could that fatal packet only be obtained, thy hours on earth might, perchance, be prolonged until a way of escape, or even aid from thy unhappy parent, appeared for thy salvation. My dread kinsman hath passed from thy apartment to his own. This is his brief hour of midnight repose. The fearful packet lies in his chamber."—"But what power, my gentle Portia, can remove the bars that inclose us in mine?" asked the knight —"how may I reach the chamber of my guileful foe?" Portia sprang lightly and softly to the window, and—standing within its deep niche—looked, in the pale light, like some etherial sprite that had glided on moonbeams through the casement. She softly opened it.—"Behold here, sir knight," she said. He rose to the place where she stood. She pointed to a strong stone parapet, or breast-work, which terminated the first and main wall of the edifice, and seemed designed partly to strengthen and partly to ornament the castle. Above the parapet—and only a few inches removed from it—arose a second range of building, containing innumerable chambers, some of whose long and narrow casements opened on the kind of breast-work just described. This parapet offered but a precarious pathway to the slenderest foot, even where the projection ran parallel with the straightest and most continuous portions of the edifice; but it became fearful, indeed, where it rose and descended according to the inequalities of the wall, or sharpened into acute angles in doubling the minuter turrets. "In mournful and romantic mood," said the lady, "I have often, unknown to the savage dwellers of this gloomy castello, loved to tread this dangerous path, meditating some wild and impracticable scheme of escape from the hands of my dreaded guardian. I now thank the God above, who hath turned the mad act of a desperate maiden to some sober account. I thank him, too, that care and woe have made this young frame spare and slender. Seest thou the casement of that farthest turret? The lamp within it throws its red light on the lake beneath us, and disturbs the peaceful moonbeams. *There* sleeps my kinsman. The weather is sultry—his lattice is not closed. Bars like these, which forbid not the passage of such slender frame as mine, alone defend his chamber. God of mercy and justice, strengthen me! I implore thy aid.—Farewell, sir knight—pray for me, I am adventuring on a deed of danger." She glided through the strong, vertical bars of the window, as she spoke—stept out on the parapet—and, ere the astonished knight could arrest her progress, disappeared from the casement. As she passed away, he endeavoured, by seizing her garment, to draw her from her dangerous enterprize: he was too late. He tried to thrust himself through the bars, in order, at least, to share her fate; but the interval was only calculated to admit the passage of a fairy form, and defied the utmost efforts of the knight to push his stalwart frame through such a narrow interstice. He pulled stoutly at the bars, and endeavoured to wrench them from their fastenings; but they were too closely articulated to yield to his grasp. He could only, with beating heart and dizzy brain, watch the progress of the devoted maiden.

For some time, her way lay along a straight line of building that connected the knight's tower with a cluster of turrets, in the farthest of

which she had pointed out the chamber of her terrible kinsman. The young chief perceived that her face was slightly turned towards the upper wall, as if to divert her eye from the dizzying depths beneath her. Alberto began to breathe freer as he marked the steadiness of her light foot; but his heart again throbbed with violence as he saw her reach the end of the straight line of parapet, and prepare to mount it where it stretched upwards to the higher portions of the dwelling. There he beheld her crouch — nay, almost prostrate herself, and cling with her delicate hands to every slight projection in the walls which might either afford her a protecting hold, or advance her progress. At length she reached the height, and stood, like a pale phantom of the night, on the first turret. It was of sexangular form ; and as Alberto beheld her reach the first point, he could scarcely forbear a cry of terror. In the dubious light it seemed, when she reached that angle, as if she were about *voluntarily* to throw herself from her fearful elevation: but she passed on, like the gliding and mysterious spirit of another world — sometimes lost in the recesses of the building—sometimes reappearing on its projections, until she at length *neared* the formidable place of her destination. The knight now watched the lady with augmented anxiety, not only because her fearful goal was in sight, but because the diminishing light and increasing shadows on the lake forewarned him that the moon was about to sink behind the castle, and leave its immense pile in an obscurity which would effectually conceal every object from his view. Portia at length disappeared in a recess of the edifice. Alberto strained his vision :—the moonlight continued to decrease: his heart throbbed— his head swam. Did something white reappear from the recess?—he could not tell. The obscurity augmented ;—and now the moon sinks behind the vast building, and leaves its intricate varieties one shapeless mass. Alberto flung himself on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, poured forth a fervent supplication for the safety of her he loved.

Meanwhile the maiden pursued her fearful way until she reached the lower extremity of the dreaded turret. She marked the waning light: it was ominous—yet still she pressed forward. And now she gained the parapet, which wound round to her dire guardian's chamber. This turret was of greater elevation than its architectural neighbours, and considerably overhung the main wall of the building. It was now impossible for the damsel to avert her eye from the awful depths beneath her. She seemed to look down a dizzy and immeasurable precipice. She saw the fast-darkening waters beneath her; she heard, in the silence of night, their mournful plashing against the grey rocks at her feet. Her head began to swim—her steps to falter. Darkness succeeded. A novice in that fearful path must now have perished; but Portia was not treading it for the first time in such an hour. She pressed her hand in fervent but speechless supplication to Heaven. Her courage revived. She turned another angle in the tower. A red light burst suddenly upon her —it shone over the maiden's white raiment, and lighted up every object around her with a brilliancy that for a moment almost startled her, and suggested the idea of inevitable detection. She pressed on ; she reached the chamber—the casement was open.

Whatever slight sensations of fear Portia might have experienced in threading her perilous path, they assumed the character of complete indifference, or even pleasurable emotion, compared with those she felt

on beholding the object of her nocturnal adventure—the chamber of her terrible guardian. For a moment she even marvelled how aught could have excited her to an attempt so appalling. She held for support by the stone-work which surrounded the casement. Her limbs trembled; she gasped for breath; her heart beat with a violence which seemed to render its throbbings almost audible. It was too much—her courage succumbed; she could not—she durst not enter that dread chamber. She cast a hesitating, backward look on the intricate path she had so recently trodden—it seemed to lie in utter and hopeless obscurity. No matter—she would wait until the first streak of dawn should afford her light to retrace her steps. But, meanwhile, what would be the fate of him whom the contents of that fearful packet placed entirely at the mercy of one whose dark passions knew no check in the ordinary feelings of pity or compunction? That thought was enough. A returning tide of courage rushed into the heart of the high-souled damsel. She ventured to look into the chamber. The lamp—whose peculiar brightness was the whispered theme of the neighbourhood, and held, of course, of preternatural brilliancy—shewed distinctly every object in the apartment. Portia saw the long form and dark countenance of the Castellan as he lay stretched on his couch. He was evidently asleep; but the expression on his countenance shewed that his dire passions slumbered not with his sleeping body. His brow was knit, and his eyes only half closed; while the partial opening of his lips, contrasted with the fixedness of his long teeth, gave a peculiar and malevolent expression to his physically handsome countenance. A tone of malign exultation played over the whole features, and shewed that the last dark, waking thoughts of the sleeper were infused into his dreams. The periled maiden gazed round the apartment to discover where lay the object of her romantic enterprize. To make long search within the chamber would, she rightly deemed, be to prolong the risk of discovery. There was a table covered with minute maps of the neighbouring district, parchment manuscripts, and ponderous piles of bulky documents. But how was she to divine which was the desired packet? How was she to summon calmness of hand and vision to examine, under such tremendous risk, the contents of that table? Again she turned a glance of fear towards the Castellan. His pillow was slightly raised at one end. Something peeped from beneath it. Portia strained her vision in earnest gaze. It was certainly the fatal packet on which reclined the head of her dire relative! Carmelo had probably placed it beneath his pillow, less to conceal his treasure than to afford himself the exquisite gratification of slumbering on the instrument of his enemy's ruin. "God of the captive! I implore thy good hand upon me!" in mental devotion ejaculated the maiden. She drew her garments closely around her; she pressed her slight frame through the narrow interval which separated the window-bars: she entered the chamber!

For one moment Portia remained at the casement to recover the breath which now seemed to be abandoning her stifled bosom. The stilness which reigned in the apartment was so profound, that she distinctly heard the slumberous breathings of the fierce Castellan—her own gasping respiration—the faint vibrations of a pendulum placed near the bed—and even the distant plashing of those peaceful waters that laved the rock beneath the castle. As the lamp flickered on her kinsman's coun-

tenance, his features seemed to Portia's excited imagination to writhe into wild and fiendish contortions. "What," half thought the damsel—"what if he should really be the subject of demoniacal possession! What if—even worse—he should be awakening from his slumber!" She paused. The arms of the dire chief were placed near him, and his poniard lay beside him on the very couch where he reposed. Rather like one in a fearful dream than with the steady purpose of a conscious agent, Portia stole softly to the bed. She stooped towards the pillow. As her countenance unavoidably approached that dark visage, her limbs half sunk under her. Her hand was on the packet—she proceeded gently to draw it from its concealment; but it yielded not readily to her grasp. She ventured on another effort. Heaven have mercy! The Castellan half awoke. He murmured some indistinct words. The maiden sank to the ground. She saw him, in his partial awakening, stretch forth his hand, and almost mechanically feel for the object of his jealous care. Then, with the restless evolution of a disturbed sleeper, he turned on his side, and relapsed into slumber.

Without motion—almost without breath—Portia remained in her prostrate attitude. All again became silence. Her eye almost unconsciously fell on the time-piece. Its index shewed that, ere the lapse of a brief half hour, Carmelo would be aroused from his slumber, and the fatal documents despatched to their final destination. The feverish movement of the Castellan had now averted his face from the maiden. The change was encouraging. Without rising from her prostrate posture, she stretched forth her hand—she again laid it on the desired packet. She began to draw it forth. The baron stirred not. Providence surely deepened that slumber! She has gained the packet—she holds it in her trembling grasp!

With a throbbing heart Portia softly arose, and stole in trembling triumph towards the casement. The documents were of parchment, heavy and numerous: they somewhat embarrassed the retreating passage of the maiden. Her foot struck against a piece of furniture. The baron started up in his couch. Portia stifled her rising shriek, with the energy of despair threw down the lamp, and endeavoured in the obscurity to press through the window-bars.

"Angels and fiends! my treasure—my packet!" exclaimed a vengeful and tremendous voice. A heavy foot was instantly on the floor. With desperate efforts the maiden endeavoured to effect her passage; but a projection of the casement caught her garments. They were seized by her pursuer. She struggled wildly forward—she was almost dragged back into the chamber. Faithful, even in her last extremity, to the feeling which had dictated her enterprize, Portia collected the whole of her remaining strength, and clinging to the bars of the window with one arm, raised the other to its full stretch, and flung the packet into the lake beneath her. A pattering sound was heard against the walls of the castle—then against the rock beneath: a slight plash in the waters succeeded, and proclaimed that the fearful cause of such dark and varied feelings had sunk to final oblivion.

Lashed almost to phrensy by the sound which conveyed the heavy tidings that his treasure was no more, Carmelo relinquished his grasp on Portia, and flew to the door of his chamber. "What, ho! Vincenzo! Amodeo!" he cried, "traitorous hands have flung my treasured packet into yon lake beneath us. On your lives lower a boat this instant: it

may yet float. A thousand zecchini to him whose hand shall yet secure it."

The sudden relinquishment of the baron's grasp in the midst of her struggle for release, would probably, by its abruptness, have precipitated the maiden into the lake below, had not her entangled garments proved a timely check to her fall. Heaven had granted her an instant for escape, and given her strength to use it. With a courage which desperate circumstances rather kindles than extinguishes in characters of a certain tone, she extricated her raiment, and clinging for support to every tangible substance that presented itself to her grasp, passed from before the casement, and concealed herself in the first dark recess the turret afforded—secure, at least, that no inmate of the castello could follow her. Here the damsel paused. She stood to recover her breath—to listen to what passed in the dwelling, and to wait till the restored tranquillity of the castle, the renewed strength of her limbs—trembling with recent agitation—and a streak or two of returning light should enable her to prosecute her strange path with less danger. She heard a confusion of voices and busy feet in the castle; she heard the plashing of oars in the quiet waters of the lake; she heard the return of the successless adventurers. Stilness succeeded; and, in the silence of the night, the voices of her kinsman and one or two of his confidants reached the maiden's ear. She ventured to draw a little nearer to the casement.

"It must have been a form of earth," observed the Castellan, who, like many persons superior to the vulgar credulity of accepting a revealed religion, was the subject of a scarcely avowed superstition—"it must have been a form of earth: I felt *its* garments—I held them in my grap; and—if a form of earth—then a woman's form, for no other could pass between those bars. But what woman? It could not be the meek and timid girl, my kinswoman. The thought is idle. She starts at her own shadow, and would dream not of such fearful emprize. Nay, as a good guardian, I have ever cared for her safety. Her window opens not at all, nor does it even look on this giddy parapet; and, for her door, I turned its locks and bolts as I passed from the prison-chamber of yon hopeful cavalier.—Thou sayest, Vincenzo, that she sleepeth even now in her chamber?"—"God of mercy! then I have found a friend!" ejaculated the maiden to herself.—"What, then, was that form?" continued the Castellan, in a deep and troubled voice. "Vincenzo, we may not now safely do our work to-night. *Lay not thy hands on him.* There be those may now call on us to answer for the deed."—"Merciful Heaven! I thank thee; thou hast crowned my purpose," again ejaculated Portia.—"Dream on, young sir, a few more hours in safety," pursued the Castellan, in the tone of a baffled demon, "my vengeance only slumbereth to fall the surer.—Power that rulest all things, and kindlest our dark and deep passions! why—why hast thou placed in my keeping the treasure my vengeance hath so long craved at thy hands, only to let it elude my grasp? There is something strange on my soul to-night. What could be that form?—Thinkest thou, Vincenzo, yon knight hath agents we wot not of? I have the thought.—Melcurio, go get me some half-score of picked men. I will forthwith visit that young gallant's chamber. I will see whether he still slumbereth in unsuspecting security. If he still calleth me by my most soothing paternal name, I shall know how to deal with him. He may yet give me knowledge that shall crush him and his sire. Not to

rouse the young lordling's suspicion, let the castle be quiet for a brief space. Then come hither with thy force. Follow me with the softest foot to the knight's chamber—and enter it not until I summon thee. *He is without arms.*—Go." The Castellan apparently walked close up to his casement as his attendants quitted the apartment; for his voice sounded to Portia more near and distinct. As his eye wandered over the hosts of heaven, which were waxing dim in the first pale and scarcely perceptible influence of morning twilight, he seemed only busied in invoking the spirits of darkness; and the low, but audibly-uttered sentences—"Give me vengeance—I ask but for vengeance!" reached the ear of the maiden. She staid not to hearken farther. O! could she but gain Alberto's apartment ere her kinsman's visit, what a fatal tragedy might she prevent! With no other guide than the pale light of faintly-struggling day, she ventured on her returning path.

Long and anxiously did the gallant and prisoned chief gaze from his window; but in vain he seemed to strain his vision. At length, however, a slender form darkened the casement. On his knees the knight received the maiden, and heard from her lips the deed of devotion she had performed. "And now, sir knight," she said, with hurried voice, "your part must be taken boldly and promptly. Withdraw the inner bolts of your chamber. Throw yourself on your couch, and feign the slumber of easy security. Above all, as you hope for another hour of life, shew not that you have discovered the falseness of that paternal name your dire foe hath assumed."—"Cowardly and wily traitor! it will ask more art and more forbearance than my nature knoweth to hide from him the feelings which his presence and his guileful title will arouse in my bosom," said Alberto, indignantly.—"For my sake, then, forbear," said the lady, sinking to her knees. "As you are a Christian man, and the servant of Him who took patiently the wrongs of his enemies; as you are a true knight, and value the safety of her who hath periled all for you, take the counsel I give you. I will not conceal myself—I will dare the worst, if you refuse." The knight took the hand of the lady, pressed it to his lips, and swore obedience. Gently and respectfully he then conducted her to a place of concealment in the anti-chamber.—"God grant," said the maiden, with noble candour—"God grant that matters, on the coming morrow, may wear such changed aspect that I may be free to blush at the strange part which fear for the periled life-blood of a brave friend hath urged me to."—"O! blush never for the heroic deeds this night hath witnessed, noble and high-souled maiden!" said Alberto, tenderly, but respectfully;—"'tis your poor knight must ever blush at the little return the service of his whole life can make for such devotion."—"Away—away, dear knight! Remember I have acted towards thee as towards one who stood on the verge of this life, and might shortly be the tenant of another world. Time presses. The crisis of our fate approaches. Hie thee to thy couch, sir knight, and God speed our purpose!' Alberto now re-entered the chamber, and softly withdrew the inner bolts of his door. He then fastened a light breast-plate to his bosom, and throwing a loose night-robe over his clothes, betook himself to his couch. The hearts of the knight and of the lady now rose in throbbing prayer to Heaven.

After a breathless suspense of some minutes, a sound was heard like that of many feet endeavouring to tread with noiseless stealth. They approached close to the chamber. Then came a pause, as if to allow the

sound to die away ere the pretended parent entered the apartment of his son. Bolts were quietly withdrawn; and the baron, holding a light in his hand, made his appearance. Alberto made a motion as of one awakening from sleep, and strove hard to convert his look of indignant aversion into a gaze of simple astonishment.—"I crave pardon for disturbing thy slumbers, gentle son," said the Castellan; "but our own sleep hath been strangely broken to-night, and we come to know if thine hath partaken of the disturbance."—"The greatest disturbance my night hath known," answered Alberto, oddly, "is your presence, sir father, at such unseemly hour."—"And this is (in very truth) the greatest, the only disturbance, thou hast experienced this night?" asked the baron, rolling an eye of fearful inquisition over the countenance of his intended victim. "But how now, fair son? methinks thy visage is somewhat changed towards us. Oh! thou chafest at our uncourtly but very parental freedom in drawing the bolts of thy chamber!"—"In verity," answered the knight, "I have been little used to be locked up like a helpless monk or a prisoned maiden."—"But hark thee, fair son, thy good hand must forthwith indite us some half-dozen lines to our good cousin of Balsano, praying him to return us, by our own trusty messenger, farther notices on the subject he treats so well of. My hand hath lost its cunning in clerkly doings; but here be materials for writing. I will dictate to thee. Thou wotteth so well of what importance this matter is to our house, that I will not tax thy filial courtesy by vain excuses for disturbing thee. My messenger must depart ere sunrise. To-morrow, my noble son, all shall be explained to thee, nor shall my too officious care for thy safety draw one more bolt on thy fair freedom."—"I pray you, my lord—my father," said the young man, endeavouring to stifle the indignation which this treacherous proposal excited—"I pray you let your good pleasure be postponed to a more seemly hour. I am but a sorrry clerk, and can only indite my letters by the broad light of day."—"Sir son, I am not in the habit of being contradicted."—"Sir father, I am not in the habit of being commanded."—"So—a choice spirit I have to deal with!" said the Castellan, with a look in which the affectation of good-humoured, parental forgiveness of youthful obstinacy struggled with an awfully contrasted expression. "But come, young sir, thou wilt not, for a moody fit of surly insubordination, ruin the fair prospects of thy father! Here, take thy pen. In filial courtesy do my pleasure to-night—then sleep in peace, and wake to-morrow to thine own pleasure—to feast, to mirth, and pastime.—Thou wilt not?"—"My lord—my lord!" began the knight, off his guard for a moment.—"*My lord*, too! so stiff—so ceremonious!" said Carmelo, bending on Alberto a look which might have withered a less stout heart. "Young man," he added, "I like not thy bearing this night; I understand not the changed expression of that eye. Say—speak out boldly—for what dost thou take me?" The Castellan was evidently about to retreat as he spoke, perhaps to summon his attendants; but the active young knight wound his stout arms around his pseudo-parent.—"For what do I take thee?" he repeated. "Stay in my filial embrace, and I will tell thee. I take thee for a coward, and a villain, and a traitor—for one unworthy to be a good man's friend, or a brave man's enemy—for one capable of betraying the innocent and the unsuspecting—for one ripe for Heaven's avenging thunderbolt—for the base, the pitiful, the wily lord of Malinanza!"

It must be remembered that Carmelo had commanded his followers not to make their appearance until summoned by the voice of their chief. In the strong grasp of his powerful prisoner, the proud Castellan now, therefore, struggled—but struggled in vain—for breath to summon his attendants; while the knight, who could not spare a hand to seize his poniard, felt that on the prolongation of that strong embrace depended the few remaining minutes of his existence: the moment when his dire foe should recover the use of his lungs must, Alberto felt, be *his* last on earth. The Castellan was evidently struggling for his stiletto. O! could the knight but close for one moment the inner fastenings of that door! A light form rushed from the anti-chamber; a slight, grating noise was heard; and, ere the relaxing grasp of Alberto gave the baron breath to summon his attendants, the hand of the faithful Portia had effectually precluded their entrance. "My guardian angel! God of heaven, I thank thee!" ejaculated the grateful knight, now withdrawing one hand from the Castellan, and seizing his poniard. "Now strike, thou paltry and base entrapper! I have met bolder and purer hands than thine. Strike—do thy worst—I have weapons to meet thee."—"What, ho! knaves—traitors! come to the aid of your chief! To the rescue, ho!" exclaimed the baron, in the tone of a baffled demon. The combatants made two desperate but ineffectual passes at each other as they spoke. The knight then bore back his foe, and, without relinquishing his grasp on him, sprang from the bed.

The attendants were now heard endeavouring to effect an entrance into the chamber.—"Break open the door!" thundered the Castellan, who had himself no hand free to remove its fastenings—"break open the door!" he added, in a dreadful voice. "Use bills—use axes—set fire to the chamber!"—"No—no, man of blood and treachery! thine hour is come!" exelaimed Alberto, relinquishing his hold on the baron, and placing his back against the door. The knight held the point of his weapon to the ground. Though well acquainted with the arts of single combat, the now furious Castellan could not resist the tempting sight of his foeman's exposed bosom: he made a desperate thrust at Alberto, leaving his own body unguarded. The knight's poniard was raised with the quickness of the lightning's flash. He struck off the weapon of his adversary; and, ere the Castellan had time to recover guard, his captive's weapon drank to its very hilt the life-blood of that dark and treacherous bosom!

Carmelo di Malinanza stood for one moment like a scathed spirit of darkness—then fell with a violence that sent forth the crimson stream of life in a gushing tide from his deep and mortal wound. He was in the convulsions of death. A dead silence followed. The generous knight and the maiden instantly knelt over him. "His dark soul is passing," said the young man, solemnly. "Turn thee away, my gentle deliverer, from such unfitting sight."—"God of mercy! and he must die without ghostly aid," exclaimed the maiden, horror-stricken. "O! dear and true knight, on my bended knees I praise God for thy victory; but, as a generous foeman, use it for the weal of thy fallen enemy. *Thou* art now lord of this dread castle. O! use thy new authority to get spiritual help for this dying man—it may not yet come too late!" The attendants, perceiving the sudden stilness in the chamber, and uncertain which combatant had gained the advantage, now deemed a neutral conduct the most politic, and therefore ceased their efforts to force an entrance into the

apartment. The knight arose, and went to the door.—"Vassals and retainers!" he said, speaking through it with dignity, "*I* now am lord of this castle. Your Castellan I have vanquished in fair combat, and in defence of my life, which some of you well wot was most unjustly practised on. In the name of your master, my father, I publish a pardon to all who have aided their chief in this foul design, on condition that they now acknowledge my authority and execute my orders. Refuse—and you will expose yourselves to the vengeance of a powerful master, and an incensed parent. Go—and instantly summon ghostly and physical aid to your dying chief."

The knight opened the door as he spoke, and presented himself, with fearless brow and firm mien, to his new followers. One glance into that chamber was sufficient for the menials. They beheld their dreaded chief in the struggles of death; they marked the high and confident authority of the knight's bearing. Like all politicians, their part was soon taken. They at once turned their back on the fallen potentate, and recognized the power of the successful claimant on their homage; and the young man, so lately a captive on the verge of everlasting fate, beheld himself lord of the dwelling that had, a few minutes before, been his prison—conqueror of him who had so recently held him in his power—and possessor of the lady whom, on the preceding evening, he had deemed immeasurably separated from him!

As the vassals flew to execute the humane orders of the knight, the news of this change of dynasty spread fast and wide through the castle. Domestics thronged towards the tragic chamber, and a shout of "Long live the lord of Ferrando! Long live the brave knight of Ferrando! Long live our new chief!" arose from the former slaves of the terrible baron of Malinanza.

The sound which proclaimed the ruin of all those darling and deadly schemes for which he had sacrificed soul and body, seemed to recal the passing spirit of the fallen Castellan. A dreadful flush, like the last red gleam of a baleful comet ere it sets in night, wrapped for a moment his whole countenance, and seemed to rekindle the eye that death had almost extinguished. He half raised his head, and turned on the knight and the maiden—who, side by side, were kneeling over him—such a concentrated look of dark hatred, wild anguish, and unutterable despair, that the cheek of Portia waxed pale with horror. That flush died away. The shades of death succeeded. The last dews of struggling nature burst from the high forehead of the expiring Castellan; the momentary kindling of his eye was soon lost in the dim and rayless gaze that precedes dissolution. His countenance grew stiff and pale—his head fell—the dark spirit passed to its eternal doom—and the haughty, vindictive, and once terrible lord of Malinanza was now only a powerless and undreaded corpse!

THE HANSE TOWNS.

THE greater part of the life of Charlemagne had been spent in efforts to subdue the north; and, with the usual effect of the mere war of ambition, he found that his labours and even his triumphs ended in at once exhausting his own force, and increasing the force of his enemy. The vigour and activity necessary for resistance to a monarch and warrior who carried the whole south and west of Europe in his train, rapidly brought out the latent powers of the barbarous tribes; and partially broken as the nations round the Baltic were by this incessant war, they had acquired habits of industry, self-dependence, and political union, which, at the death of Charlemagne, placed them in a position to become conquerors in their turn.

The vices and follies which finally broke down the empire of Charlemagne, relieved the north of the only rival which it had to dread; and the nature of the country—watered by large rivers, indented by bays, and, above all, containing in its bosom the Baltic—turned the popular attention to commerce. But a still more powerful influence civilized the people. Charlemagne had planted Christianity among them; and rude as was the Christianity of Charlemagne, and suspicious as all religion must be when planted by the sword, its better spirit gradually made way among their institutions. Its first result was in reconciling those half-savage tribes to each other. The missionary passing through the camps of the wild sons of violence and plunder, offered to them the sight of a being whose principles and life were regulated on grounds totally distinct from their own, and who forced their respect without the hazardous and sanguinary distinctions of war. Where the monastery rose among them, they saw a building nobler than any of their castles, tenanted with a crowd of men, living together in quiet; opulent by their superior intelligence and industry; surrounded by lands whose cultivation and beauty shamed the neglected and barren state of their own; masters of a rank of knowledge to which the barbarian, in all ages, bows down, if not with superstitious fear, with wonder and reverence; and this whole splendid community sustained by a declared adherence to the precepts of peace. The worship of the sword was thus rapidly approaching its close. Men discovered that all the best advantages of life might be not merely more rapidly obtained, but more fully enjoyed and more securely held, by abandoning the old career of fury and rapine; and from that hour the spell of barbarism was broken. The peasantry flocked round the walls of the convent, where they received not only spiritual wisdom, but assistance in their difficulties, medicine, food, and clothing, education in their ignorance, and not unfrequently protection against the outrages of their lords. They next built a village round the monastery. The village grew to a town; its opulence, or the funds of the monastery, purchased the right of self-government from the feudal sovereign; and a little republic was thus formed, guided by a wisdom which was not to be found in the councils of idle and brute barons; and urged on to opulence by that resistless animation and judgment, invariably belonging to a state of a society where every man is free to follow the bent of his own genius, and every man is secure in the fruits of his labour.

Before the end of the thirteenth century, Europe was studded with those privileged cities. They were to be found along the shores of every sea, on the banks of every great river, in every spot where the productive

industry of man could be expended to the highest advantage. They were to be found on the Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Vistula; on the borders of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. While the rest of Europe lay reduced almost to its primitive barbarism under a race of dissolute and impoverished princes, those were the arteries which gathered and sent life through the frame. Even war owed its science and its laws to those cities of peace. Forced to raise troops for their defence against the rapine of their sovereigns, their chief citizens officered their armies, and, transferring the sense of justice and civilization even to the camp, they gradually constructed that code of arms which, rendering due honour to the virtues even of an enemy, has eminently tended to ennoble the principles and mitigate the horrors of war.

But as the intelligence of the privileged cities increased, they discovered that another important step remained to be taken for their security against the sovereigns. The deposition of the Emperor Frederic II. had thrown Germany into confusion. Some of the commercial towns on the Rhine were surprised and plundered by the vagrant soldiery. The other Rhenish towns, indignant at this outrage, adopted the cause of their brethren. An alliance was instantly proposed; and, in 1255, the first confederacy, an "alliance for ever," of no less than sixty Rhenish towns, was published to Europe.*

Hamburgh is said to have been founded in the ninth century by Charlemagne, who placed in it a garrison to watch the more than doubtful fidelity of his Saxon subjects; but its situation on the Elbe soon gave it a higher rank, and it shared largely in all the commercial opulence of the time. Lubeck and Bremen, founded probably in the following century, distinguished themselves by the daring spirit with which their mariners ventured on the *long* voyage to Norway; the skill with which they navigated the Sound, then a scene of fabulous perils; and the wealth and the wonders which they contrived to bring back from the Russian provinces, then the peculiar seat of witchcraft, and the terrors of a superstition mingled of the wildest tales of Europe and Asia.

But it was that grand stimulant of nations, the Crusades, that showered gold on the north. The German chieftains, summoned by their emperor, and retaining their hereditary love of war, more than vied with the enthusiasm of the south in embracing the sacred cause. But they were poor, and the money and the ships of the commercial cities were essential to their enterprize. The greater part of those gallant champions left their remains in Palestine. The ships alone returned, and they brought back the precious cargoes of the east, the knowledge of the Mediterranean navigation, the passion for luxuries hitherto unknown, and the determination to share this brilliant traffic with its masters, the Venetians and Genoese. The success of the Crusades had thus far aided the northern towns. Their failure was the next thing necessary to the success of commerce. The event soon occurred. The Saracens and their climate, the expense of the armaments, and the jealousies of the princes, broke down the passion of the Crusaders for triumphs in Asia. But their valour must be employed. A simpler crusade lay before their eyes. Saxony, Denmark, Prussia, almost the whole coast of the Baltic, were still heathen. The Knights of the Cross were let loose among them: their cabins were burnt, their harvests seized, their warriors put to the sword.

* Mallet, Histoire de la L. H.

The cause was finally victorious; but the land was a wilderness once more. It must be filled. Colonies of civilized Germans were marched into the fields which had been tenanted by the fallen tribes; walls and towns were built; ships and harbours followed; and those settlements in the desart soon rose into the rank of members of the great commercial league.

At Cologne, in 1364, was held the first general assembly of deputies. This assembly gives an extraordinary idea of the extent and power to which the association had arrived in an age antecedent to nearly all the chief discoveries of European science, to all regular polity, and all general knowledge. It represented the principal cities of the immense shore spreading from the Scheld to Livonia. The cities of the interior eagerly solicited leave to send deputies, and the assembly laid down the laws of commercial empire. It is on this occasion that we find the phrase Hanse Towns first applied to the league. In the Low Dutch, *hanse* signifies a *corporation;* and the word itself is presumed to be a corruption of *hands*—the natural and common emblem of united strength or fidelity. It had been used before by Hamburgh and Lubeck, in the charter granted to their factory in London, by Henry II., in 1267. But it was now applied to the whole association, and henceforth superseded every minor title.

The assembly had been summoned by the necessity of providing for war against Denmark, once the head of the piratical states, and now evidently extending its ambition to the overthrow of the Hanseatic privileges, and, as the natural consequence, to the seizure of northern sovereignty. All history is but a repetition of the same men and things; and Valdemar the Third, the King of Denmark, might have been a prototype of Napoleon, in his love of conquest, his successes, and his double flight from the throne. Valdemar had found Denmark fallen from its ancient supremacy, and he determined to raise it to a supremacy still higher than it had ever attained. But in a realm intersected everywhere by great waters, he could do nothing without a fleet; he created one. Wisby, a city in the Isle of Gothland, had grown to singular opulence by being the depôt of the chief trade between the Hanse Towns and the North. It had acquired a still more honourable distinction by being the cradle of that code of maritime law on which the chief codes of commercial Europe have since been constructed, and which has earned the praise of all the great civilians. But the pirate king saw nothing in this celebrated spot but its wealth and its weakness. He made a sudden descent on the coast, under pretext of assisting the Swedish king, whose yoke the citizens had thrown off. The place was stormed, the people were mercilessly slaughtered, and Valdemar carried off a booty which, in those days, was equivalent to the possession of a kingdom. But a formidable reverse soon followed. In the destruction of the city, every commercial establishment of the North felt a wound; their goods had been carried away, their merchants and agents slain, and their privileges insulted and annulled. The whole Hanseatic alliance instantly prepared for war. Holstein, Bremen, Lubeck, Hamburgh, the Prussian ports, the whole trading republic, strained every effort for retribution. They sailed for Gothland with a large fleet, and swept every thing before them. Gothland was taken, Wisby was freed from the presence of the pirates, the Danish fleet was beaten in sight of its own capital, and Valdemar was driven to demand a truce.

But a new source of alarm roused the war again. Valdemar despairing of the seizure of the Baltic by arms, attempted it by intrigue, and gave his daughter, the famous Margaret, the Semiramis of the North, to Haquin, heir of the crowns of Sweden and Norway. This extraordinary union of power in the hands of an enemy, so active and inveterate as the Danish king, would have exposed the Free States to imminent hazard. The merchants of the league had already become warriors, they now became diplomatists. Their first act was to raise an insurrection in Sweden, which finally deposed its king. Their next was to prevent the elevation of his son to the throne, by giving it to Albert, Duke of Mecklenbourg. Their fleet put to sea at the same time, and Valdemar, thus cut off from land and sea, had no resource but to fly for his life.

Human nature may rejoice in this triumph, for it was the triumph of intelligence, manliness, and a sense of right, over plunder, cruelty, and wrong. But the vigour which man learns when left to the natural workings of his own understanding, was still more conspicuous in the progress of the war. Valdemar had fled to the Emperor, Charles the Fourth, and a succession of haughty decrees were issued against the League. But the merchants persevered, in defiance of the Imperial authority. The pope launched his bulls against the League, and excommunicated all who bore arms against the will of Charles. Yet, in an age of profound superstition, when the pope was supreme monarch of Europe, and when its kings were proud to hold his stirrup, the bold traders of the Elbe and the Baltic listened with disdain, or answered with open defiance, to the anathemas of a throne which never forgave, and which combined in itself more of the elements of power than any sovereignty ever witnessed by man.

It was to counteract the imperial and papal hostility that the celebrated conference of Cologne was summoned, and the Hanseatic League first assumed its complete form. Seventy-seven cities subscribed to the declaration of war against the King of Denmark. The declaration was followed with military promptitude. While their troops and fleets pursued Valdemar with open war, their money and influence raised insurrections in his territories and those of his allies. The League, inflamed by victory, at length loftily declared its determination to dismember the Danish kingdom, which still extended largely over the provinces to the south of the Baltic. They sent expeditions against the coasts of Scania and Zealand, took Copenhagen by storm, and laid it waste, seized on Elsineur, and were thus complete masters of the entrance of the Baltic. But while war thus thundered round the shores of the inland sea, and threw Sweden and Denmark equally into terror, a new fleet swept the Danes from the ocean, ranged the coast of Norway, where Haquin now reigned, landed at all points, and ravaged the whole sea line. Two hundred towns or villages were burned; and hostilities were pursued until the king, on the point of seeing his capital fall into the hands of those bold and irresistible avengers, renounced his right to the Swedish throne, recognized Albert of Mecklenbourg as king, and submitted to all the commercial claims and privileges of the League. Valdemar fled from Denmark, and was driven, like a mendicant, to solicit subsistence from the German dukes. The regency of Denmark gave up the fortresses of Scania as an indemnity for the plunder of Wisby, and Valdemar, as a last humiliation, subscribed to this treaty, before he was suffered again to set foot within his kingdom. Emergencies often make men, and among the

most honourable testimonies to the spirit of commerce was, that it had made officers and councillors, who without the usual training of camps and cabinets, were found capable of conducting the greatest transactions of public life. The fleets of Lubeck were commanded by two senators, Attendam and More. Their general was Warendorf, the son of a burgomaster. He fell gloriously in the moment of victory, and his countrymen raised a monument to him in one of their principal churches, where he stood for many an age in a Roman helmet and cuirass, and with a fame not unworthy of the distinction.

Nations are sometimes driven by necessity to the discovery of principles which long elude philosophy. One of the latest doctrines of political œconomy is, that the most profitable traffic is the one nearest home. The first efforts of the Hanseatics had been to share the splendid profits of Venice and Genoa in the Mediterranean trade. They soon succeeded in obtaining a share. But it was found that the length and hazards of the voyage were more than equivalent to its advantages. The vessel, sailing from the Baltic or the Elbe, did not return for a year. It thus became necessary to find a nearer port. The Low Countries, in their liberty, industry, and commercial habits, offered the true site for this central establishment, and Bruges was fixed on for the grand depôt of the Baltic and the Mediterranean.

But the history of commerce is a detail of all the improvements that have shaped the modern mind of Europe. Perhaps two of the finest expedients of civilization are Insurance and Bills of Exchange. Yet the former of those was in activity in Bruges even in the beginning of the 14th century; and the system of bills of exchange, a simple yet admirable effort of human ingenuity, from which the principal liberties of Europe arose, and which, beyond all other human inventions, gave the invaluable power of escaping from the hands of a tyrant, was brought almost to its perfection within the walls of this Flemish town.

Before the middle of the fourteenth century the League had risen to the highest pitch of prosperity. It was destined to feel the symptoms of decline long before its close. On the death of Valdemar, his daughter Margaret placed her son Olaus on the thrones of Denmark and Norway. An insurrection against Albert, the unpopular king of Sweden, drove him from his throne, which the nation offered to Margaret. The League, dreading this new accumulation of power in one line, immediately armed; and, in their rage, singularly forgetting the first principles of the commercial state, let loose a whole swarm of pirates upon the dominions of Margaret. But those robbers, who were named *Vitalians,* or the Victuallers, from their having been originally employed in provisioning the besieged towns, soon turned upon their masters. The Hanseatic ships offered a spoil which was not to be looked for among the meagre cargoes of the impoverished ports of Sweden; every day brought accounts of some new excesses, and the League was finally forced to a compromise with Margaret, in order to stop a war which was destroying themselves. Albert, deserted by his last support, was now forced to abdicate, and by the memorable "Union of Calmar"* the three crowns were supposed to be laid on one brow for *ever!*

The brevity of those "eternal" arrangements in politics is proverbial; and the death of this great princess threatened her System with

* 1397.

immediate dissolution. Her policy had been bold, but temperate; that of Eric, her successor, was at once feeble and violent. The Swedes, by nature a singularly restless people, soon declared themselves neglected for the Danes. The Danes pronounced that they were robbed with impunity by the Hanseatic monopolists. The Norwegians were jealous of both, and demanded why they should pay obedience to a king who scorned their crown, and who never visited their capital? As if only for the purpose of embarrassing himself inextricably, Eric made war on the Count of Holstein, by whose military skill he was perpetually baffled. He provoked the Hanseatics by impeding the herring fishery, and he alienated the German princes by the alternate indolence and rashness of his character. The internal dissensions of the League alone prevented them from now wrenching the tyrant from his throne. But he was not to escape the natural fate of weakness and guilt in high places. The Swedish revolt was renewed under more active auspices. Denmark declared itself beggared by his wars and personal waste. Eric in vain attempted to save himself, by making peace with Holstein, after nine years of ruinous hostility. With equally fruitless effect he abandoned to the League all its monopolies. The cry of his people still arose, that he was unfit to reign; until with his mistress, Cecilia, not less obnoxious than himself, and with whatever wealth he could seize, he retired into Gothland. Denmark gave its crown to Christopher, Duke of Bavaria, a son of Eric's sister. The exiled monarch, in wrath, poverty, or despair, turned pirate, and robbed all nations in his exile, as he had robbed his subjects on his throne. This career could not be suffered long: he fled from Gothland, and shortly after died in Pomerania, obscure and scorned.

The League had already shewn that it was equal to the highest efforts in the struggle for its rights. But there was reserved for it a yet loftier display for the rights of others. Sweden, whose remoteness from the stirring scenes of Europe, and whose barrenness have never saved it from the whole wild game of ambition, intrigue, tyranny, and war—Sweden, the country of revolution, was now suffering under the sternest calamity which can afflict the heart of a proud and gallant people. Christiern the Dane, who, even among his own people, had earned for himself the title of Christiern the *Bad*, had suddenly marched an army of mercenaries into Sweden, surprised its forces, seized the young heir to the throne, Gustavus Vasa, and mastered the country, which he delivered over to the savage licence of his soldiery.

It is for the honour of human nature that there is a point at which oppression works its own ruin. The peasants met in their morasses and mountains, the nobles, as each could elude the vigilance of the tyrant, joined them; insurrection burst out, and, to complete the peril of the Danes, the young Gustavus escaped from the place of his confinement, and was declared leader of the patriots of Sweden. But the source of this heroic resistance was found in the counting-houses of the League. Hatred of the tyrant, fear of the result of accumulating the power of three crowns on his head, and not less the natural compassion which men of intelligent and civilized minds feel for undeserved misfortune, were motives which roused the whole energy of the Hanse Towns. They sent a fleet into the Baltic, assisted Gustavus in his escape, supplied him with money, and were rewarded for their efforts, by seeing the dreaded Union of Calmar* totally and finally dissolved.

* 1520.

History has no nobler office than that of shewing the triumph of manliness and justice, of however humble an origin, over bloated insolence, let its rank be what it may. The proud king of Denmark and Norway, the despot of the north, and conqueror of Sweden, the brother-in-law of the first monarch of the continent, Charles the Fifth, found himself at war with the clerks of Hamburgh and Lubeck, and baffled by them. Wherever his fleets or armies appeared, they felt this daring enemy on their track, and were forced to fly. Christiern, reduced to extremity, fled to Charles, and attempted to rouse the imperial wrath against the traders. But Charles had been taught, by his experience with the free German cities, that it was perilous to disturb men armed for their rights and properties. An unfortunate request, which Christiern made, hastened his catastrophe. He asked Charles to give him the city of Lubeck. The emperor justly treated the request as that of a madman. Christiern, in a fit of rage, tore off the Order of the Golden Fleece, which had been given to him by the emperor, and dashed it on the ground. But Lubeck had heard the request, and determined to punish its insolence.

Gustavus had already driven the Danish troops from the open country of Sweden, but they still possessed the three strongholds of Stockholm, Abo, and Calmar. Against these walls the insurrectionary army, ill provided with money or military means, must have wasted its rude valour. But the spirit of Lubeck and its allies was roused, and it poured in troops, provisions, and money, until Gustavus was monarch of Sweden. After having placed a king upon the throne, its next office was to extinguish a tyrant. The general rendezvous of the Hanseatic fleets was fixed for Copenhagen,* and on the first attack Bornholm and Elsineur were taken, sword in hand. The outworks of the capital thus seized, the capital must next have fallen. But the Danes, weary of expending their blood, and seeing their fleets and cities burnt for a prince "who should long since have fatted the region kites with his offal," revolted against Christiern, and conferred their crown upon his uncle, Frederic, Duke of Holstein. Thus Gustavus and Frederic equally owed their diadems to the sons of trade. But Christiern had not yet felt the last vengeance of the republic. Its fleets pursued him through every corner of his dominions, and conveyed the Swedish and Danish troops with a rapidity which he could not elude, until Norway too, disgusted with the spectacle of a fugitive king, abjured him, and gave her crown to Frederic. The League was now paramount, its services were acknowledged by both sovereigns: at the decision of their claims it was chosen umpire, and at the famous conference of Malmœ† its ambassadors acted as the general mediators.

Christiern was now broken down and an exile. But he was not destroyed, and for six years he spent a life of perhaps the greatest misery that the spirit of a proud man can suffer, a life of solicitation at foreign courts for assistance to recover his dominions. The jealousy of Holland against the Hanse Towns at length enabled him to obtain a fleet from the States, with which he sailed for Norway. But his indefatigable enemy was still upon his steps. The Dutch fleet was suddenly assailed by the Lubeckers, and after a desperate resistance destroyed. This was the final effort of the tyrant. In attempting to make his

* 1522. † 1524.

escape, he was surrounded, seized, and thrown for life into the dungeons of Sunderbourg, leaving to the world nothing but a name, which in his own country still points many a tale of terror.

The fortunes of this great league had now reached the meridian, and from this period they were to decline. The history of all republics is the same. By the simplicity and directness of their earlier councils, by their riddance of the weighty expenditure which overwhelms monarchies with debt; and still more by their utter rejection of that spirit of patronage which encumbers old governments with imbecility and ignorance in office; and which altogether renders desperate or crushes men of talents born in the inferior ranks of life, they suddenly outrun all their competitors. In their operations there is no reserve for waste; their whole vigour is called on, and thrown directly into the struggle. Their finance is applied exclusively to the purposes of the state. And where eminent ability exists, it is stimulated to its full development by the consciousness that the most dazzling of all prizes is within its reach, and that if it fail of the highest wealth, power, and fame, the failure is altogether its own.

But the fall of a republic is as certain as its rise. It contains within itself a principle of inevitable ruin. The popular energy which raised it, undermines it, and the volcanic fire does not more surely hollow and eat away the soil which it covers with preternatural luxuriance, than the power of the multitude breaks down the foundations of the national prosperity. Lubeck by its maritime prowess in the Danish war had risen for a time to the head of the confederacy. And it was the first to feel the symptoms of decline. George Wullenwer, a trader of Lubeck, had forced his way up to the highest rank in his country by the exhibition of great public talent. His element was struggle; and after he had obtained all that ambition could demand at home, the office of bourgomaster or chief of the republic, he was driven by his vigorous and daring nature to seek it abroad. The disturbances of Sweden and Denmark, still agitated by a turbulent noblesse, an impoverished, unruly populace, and the rival claims of pretenders to the throne, offered Wullenwer the natural field for fame. But while he held the reins of government, he required a soldier capable of putting his designs in execution. This ally was soon found in Meyer, who from being a locksmith at Hamburgh, had sprung into celebrity as a first-rate soldier. On this man he conferred the military command of Lubeck; and then, to render himself monarch in all but name, haranguing the pupulace on the vices of the old senate, and the general errors of the old government, he proposed to *renovate* the constitution. The oration was successful, the populace applauded, the golden days were come when all was to be freedom, peace and plenty; and with the words on his lips, this type of Cromwell marched to the senate-house, expelled the senate, placed his creatures in their room, and was lord of the republic.

Wullenwer's plans of conquest were worthy at once of the brilliancy and the rashness of his ambition. He felt that Lubeck, restricted in her territory to the narrow district at the mouth of the Trave must perish at the first attack by any of the great land powers. He projected the perpetual possession of the Sound, which would give him possession of the Baltic, and the perpetual union of Denmark with Lubeck; or if he failed in obtaining the whole Danish territory, including Norway, he looked to at least the dismemberment of provinces suf-

ficient to make a solid territorial power. In the last resort, the fertile brain of this politician thought of obtaining the aid of our Henry the 8th, and even of Francis the first, by offering to them successively the crown of Denmark.

A fleet and army were raised, and the command given to the Count of Oldenbourg, one of those roving German princes whose trade was war, and who were ready to fight any quarrel for their pay. This powerful armament fell irresistibly upon the naked coasts of the Baltic. The principle of the war was Revolutionary. There is nothing new under the sun; and the French fraternity and equality of the eighteenth century were anticipated by the proclamations of Lubeck in the sixteenth. The Count of Oldenbourg every where declared that he came only to restore their rights to the people, to extinguish the tyranny of the nobles, to teach the suffering nations the way to peace and freedom, and to spread commerce and independence through the north. These promises were alike fulfilled in both cases. The Count's republican army robbed, burned, and slaughtered with the vigour of the oldest abuses; roused the peasantry to reform their government by slaying their masters; and by the double scourge of insurrection and invasion, covered the unfortunate land with fire and blood.

But this violence wrought its own extinction. The Danish nobles had chiefly fled to Jutland, another La Vendée, where the tenantry were yet unenlightened with the new doctrines of public prosperity. They put at their head Christiern, Duke of Holstein, son of the late king Frederic; summoned their retainers, and learned in the war of adversity and exile the lessons by which they were to reassert the rights of their country. The young prince was fortunate in having for his contemporaries Henry the 4th of France and Gustavus Vasa, two of the most extraordinary princes that Europe has seen; and who, like himself, were forced to fight their way through rebellious subjects and powerful invaders to the crown. Christiern is said to have resembled Henry in his romantic valour, his brilliant resources, and peculiarly in that animation and buoyancy of heart which never failed him in his lowest depression; and which to the leader of a popular army is of all qualities the most invaluable.

The aspect of the war now suddenly changed: Christiern, at the head of his desultory levies, ranged the country, attacked the invaders unexpectedly, harassed their communications, and while every skirmish cheered his rude soldiery with vengeance, or with the spoil of troops loaded with the plunder of Denmark, he broke the spirit of the Lubeckers—tired of fighting in a wilderness, and longing to return and enjoy their plunder at home. But the catastrophe was hurried by more than the sword of the young king. While every courier brought details of triumph, the people of Lubeck had sustained the war with national pride. But when the news of defeats came, accompanied with urgent demands for troops and money, the question of profit and loss fortunately awoke their sensibility. The merchants angrily and despondingly compared the sums which peaceable traffic would have brought in, while they were expending millions of florins for the empty honour of distributing kingdoms. But higher considerations may have opened their eyes, for the spirit of commerce is one of justice and goodwill to man. The opulent merchant, in his luxurious mansion on the banks of the Trave, must have thought of the "looped and windowed nakedness" of the unfortunate

Dane or Swede, with whom he probably had long personal intercourse and whom at least, he must have felt entitled to the claims of a common nature. A counter-revolution commenced. The former senate were restored. Their first act was to return to the peaceful maxims of their ancestors. They proposed a truce. A congress was held at Hamburgh,* and the war of Lubeck was at end.

The Count of Oldenburgh, who had flattered himself with the hope of seizing a territory in the general dismemberment still held out in Malmae and Copenhagen. But he was pushed vigorously. Famine finished the sieges, and Christiern the Second, made his triumphal entry into Copenhagen, on a day which is still recorded as the second birth of the throne.†

The fate of the "regents," of Lubeck, Wullemwur and Meyer, is but a part of the customary picture of popular ambition. Those men, who had been idolized in the day of their prosperity, had now become objects of the fiercest aversion. All the misfortunes of the war were heaped upon their heads, their splendid talents and services were forgotten in this indiscriminate calumny. Their noble expenditures for the state were imputed to avarice. Their intelligence, valour, and grandeur of design which had raised Lubeck to the summit of the League, were now converted into presumption, rashness and personal cupidity. Their fate may be easily conjectured. They had raised a spirit which was too strong for them to lay, and in making the populace the arbiters of the republic, they had signed their own death-warrant. "They were" justly says the historian, "undoubtedly no common men. They had given proof of great courage, and of genius firm, vast, and daring. They clearly belonged to that class of mankind, fortunately a small one, which possesses all qualities for the overthrow of established things, and for the termination of their own career on either the throne or the scaffold."‡ The "regents" died by the hands of the public executioner.

The establishment of the factories was one of the most characteristic and effective conceptions of the League. Among the jealous and half-barbarian people of Europe, the merchant was always an object of mingled envy and contempt, and the Hanse Towns had found at an early period that an unprotected commerce was only an allurement to plunder. Their only resource was to form large communities in the principal countries, capable of giving protection to their traders, of receiving their cargoes direct, and by their superior knowledge of local circumstances, fitted to avail themselves directly of all the advantages of their position. To those who recognize a factory under its modern aspect, the solemn and formal rules of the ancient school of commerce must appear singularly forbidding. The age was one of cloisters and chivalry, and the Hanseatic factories curiously combined the spirit of both. The factory at Bergen, the model of them all, was at once a fortress and a convent. Its tenants were at once knights, and recluses. Its buildings spread over a large quarter of the city, and its walls were regularly mounted by guards attended by dogs of extraordinary ferocity, trained to fly equally at friend or foe. No person was permitted to pass the gates after nightfal. To prevent the influence of external manners or interests, all alliance with the people of the country was strictly prohibited. Its inmates

* 1536. † 14th July, 1536.

‡ Mallet. Histoire de la Ligne.

were all unmarried, and they were prohibited from receiving the visits of any female. To satisfy the governors of the fortitude of their younger members under this cloistral discipline, all aspirants must undergo an ordeal scarcely less severe than that of old appointed for criminals. The three species of torture were the trial by smoke, by water, and by the scourge. Those were so severe, that it was not unusual to see them die under the operation. Still the certainty of making wealth in time, the eagerness of youth, and perhaps even the mystery of the life, attracted such crowds of young men from all parts of the Continent, that it was constantly found necessary to increase the difficulties of admission by still more barbarous penalties. This ordeal, which was called *The Games*, annually attracted an immense concourse of spectators to Bergen. The severities of the exhibition were followed by a carousal, dances, masquerades, feasts and revellings of all extravagant kinds. The factory was mad, till the Carnival was over. Then the gates were shut, silence prevailed, every man was bent over his ledger, and the grimness of a den of Carthusians succeeded to the revelry of a German hostel. The close of the ceremony was announced by the appearance of a jester or fool, who proclaimed, "Long life to the Games," and proposed a general health to the prosperity, the honour, and the trade of the Hanseatic factory.

The second factory but the most productive in point of trade, was that of Bruges. The early progress of the Flemings in the possession of public rights, had long made them eminent in every art cultivated by the free labour of man. While France and Germany were turned into deserts by the perpetual quarrels of their masters, and while the people, exposed to the extortions of all, lost the spirit of economy and industry—for who will toil for the robber and the oppressor?—the Fleming, secure that what he earned would be his own, and fearless of power while he could take shelter under the wing of a constitution, had turned his country into a garden, and built manufactories like citadels, and houses like palaces.

The wool-trade of Europe, like all other trades, had naturally devolved into the hands which could best pay for it; and the beauty of the Flemish stuffs, the richness of their dyes, and peculiarly the splendour of their tapestries, which to the eyes of the half savage German and Russian must have looked scarcely less than miraculous, commanded the wealth of Europe. A Flemish tapestry was a royal treasure, and no sovereign hesitated to strip his exchequer for so singular, and certainly so beautiful an evidence of the skill of man. The Hanseatics filled their depôt at Bruges with the produce of the extreme north, timber, iron, hemp, canvas, cloth, and especially wax, which had an extraordinary sale, at a period when the Continent was overwhelmed with churches and cathedrals, when perpetual lights were burning in them all, and when sins were atoned in proportion to the thickness of the sinner's candle.

Another of their great factories was established in the heart of Russia. It must seem strange to us, that in the only country of Europe which now exhibits the model of the most unrelieved despotism, one of the earliest and most powerful republics existed, so far back as the eleventh century. This was one of the many miracles of commerce. The situation of Novorogod, on the Wolchof river, and at the head of one of the great inland waters of Russia, directed its attention to trade, on the first cessation of the Tartar wars. From a place of refuge for fishermen, or the few

wandering traffickers who still survived in the desert, it rapidly rose into a city, the wonder of surrounding barbarism. Its duke or sovereign was soon forced to limit his tyranny, and was finally compelled to surrender all but the shadow of power into the hands of the general assembly of the citizens, by whom the hereditary succession was changed into the elective, and the barbarian despot into the limited and responsible magistrate of a republic. With wealth, its commercial enterprize, its population, and its rank as a government rapidly increased, until in the fifteenth century its population was said to amount to half a million; its fairs were the emporium of Asia, and the north of Europe; the German, the Italian, and the Chinese met in the streets of this famous and flourishing city, and the admiration of the surrounding provinces, to which its strength and opulence must have looked like something fallen from Heaven, could find no other language than that of idolatry: "Who can resist God, and the mighty Novorogod?"

But the usual fate of republics was not to be averted. The citizens, grown ambitious as they grew opulent, fell into faction, and were surprised by the wild invasion of the neighbouring barbarians. Ivan the Fourth, a brutal savage, looking with a greedy eye on the arts and wealth, which he had neither the taste to cultivate, nor the industry to acquire, suddenly rushed on the city with a host of savages, as furious, greedy, and blood-thirsty as a life of savagery could prepare for plunder and massacre. The overthrow was complete. An immense multitude were destroyed by the indiscriminate havoc of the Russian pike. A still greater multitude fled from a spot where nothing but security could have reconciled men to the ungenial climate, and the remoteness from the general intercourse of Europe. They never returned. The furious feuds of Russia, alternately torn by revolt, and trampled by the Tartars, extinguished all hope of personal safety, and Novorogod never recovered the blow. The transfer of the seat of government to the mouth of the Neva, by Peter the Great, and the change of the route of commerce to the cities on the Euxine, were new impediments, which even the tendency of all great places of commerce to resume their original strength, was not able to resist; and Novorogod has long since dwindled down into a provincial city, with a feeble and idle population of a few thousands.

The Hanseatic Factory among ourselves would deserve a history of its own, from the singular vigour of its system, its perpetual encroachments on what, even in the darkness of the middle ages, we had already discovered to be the rights of trade, and the perpetual and stubborn resistance with which its monopoly was met, and by which that monopoly was finally abolished. The whole detail would give a striking proof of our early sense of justice, the clearheadedness in commercial principles which distinguished the British merchant, and the public and personal evils that must arrive in this country from any system of favouring strangers at the expence of the nation. While the English monarchs were poor, and their thrones unsteady, the Hanse Towns were lords of the trade of England. But as England began to feel her strength, the privileges of the foreigner declined. As her kings became more secure, and were less compelled to lean on foreign influence, the natural rights of their people took the lead, the cessation of the York and Lancaster wars prepared the Hanseatics for their fate,

and the last privileges of the Factory were abolished by Elizabeth,* when, in the closing years of her reign, she had at last fixed the unsettled throne of her ancestors on an immoveable basis, and had built round her empire the impregnable walls of liberty and religion.

The same causes which repelled the League at so early a period in England, began to operate on the continent in the following century. The general European system gradually assumed a consistency, which gave comparative security and peace to the people. Elective monarchy was replaced by inheritance; and commerce, no longer compelled to take refuge under the protection of strangers, established itself nearer home. The Hanseatic League then declined. Its purposes had been accomplished; and they were admirable and almost providential purposes. But their necessity had passed away, and other substitutes less cumbrous, and more consistent with the immediate good of nations, were to assume its office. The allied towns gradually broke off their connection with the once famous League, and before the close of the seventeenth century it was but a name.

MY UNCLE'S DIARY AT CALAIS.

My uncle is one of those extraordinary characters which unite with the charitable affections the acrimonious petulance of a disposition changed, by the unexpected reverses of life, from its original suavity. I remember him, in early manhood, an example of gaiety, friendship, generosity, and frankness; confiding and lenient in his every opinion—sensitive, it is true, but not tenacious—and rarely animated to severity against the vices of another, unless they evinced some immediate evil to the fortune or well-being of a fellow-creature. He was then one of those happy beings who took his notions of life, in general, from the unmingled felicity of his own, and who imputed to the bulk of mankind the harmless purposes of his own existence; a sceptic of the evil propensities of human nature, which he always thought the mere imagination of idle poets or professed tale-makers, who found their account in the description of passions removed from the reality of common life. In short, he looked on the even tenour of his past and present existence as the type of our common destiny; he had as yet suffered none of those mortal privations which gradually desolate the exuberant yet tranquil joys of a contented bosom; nor had he learned, from the allotted bitterness of experience, that friendships are sometimes fallacious—that prosperity, however fairly maintained and rationally enjoyed, is liable to unforeseen and unmerited interruption; nor could he have imagined that the placid nature of a bosom like his own required but the ordinary collisions of life to give it the angry habit of commotion, and to rouse resentments which, once intensely actuated, are seldom known to subside in perfect peace, until infirmity or imbecility—the occasional prefaces to death—consigns us to the blank insensibility which frequently involves the end of a dissatisfied and disappointed career. In short, my uncle was no practical philosopher; and, like Porson, in the moments of his aggravation, was known to disapprove of "the nature of things." He was a compound of strong feeling, lacking the inestimable power of equa-

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* 1597.

nimity; and it depended totally on occasion, by what passion he was impelled. Early convictions had made him a creature of humanity and acquiescence; the painful discoveries of prolonged existence had rendered him capricious and mistrustful. His perceptions were quickened by his animosity, which still was of a general and never of an individual character. His original nature was too powerful for even the strong perversions of adversity. He could enjoy, he fancied, the sufferings to come, as they afflicted mankind indiscriminately; but I have seen him electrically shed a tear of undissembled anguish when calamity, though merited, became a case in point. He could bear a sweeping visitation on his species; but the tenderness of his heart could not endure the sufferings of an isolated individual. In short, he could have legislated like Draco, in his wrath; but his judgment, like that of a sublime spirit, would have fallen in the lenity of mercy. His precipitation threw him frequently into situations of peculiar hardship—self-imposed, it is true, but from which his pride would not allow him to recede at the bidding of his sober judgment. To a circumstance of this description was attributable his exile from his native land. A difference with his attorney on a point involving twenty pounds, inspired him with a resolution to forsake a country, in which, he said, there was no protection against the rascality of lawyers; and, rather than pay a sum so unjustly demanded of him, he preferred a residence abroad, surrounded by the innumerable miseries which afflict an Englishman born and bred, when he leaves his own native region of convenience, comfort, sociality, and refinement, for the realms of wretchedness, fraud, incivility, and insincerity, which congenially triumph in a foreign land.

It arose from this irritable mood that my uncle, who chose his abode at Calais, from its solitary merit of proximity to England, hastily and angrily—sometimes with prejudice, but more frequently with truth—described in vivid items the place and its inhabitants. His account is eminently immethodical. The points most flagrant in offence were foremost to engross the record of his indignation. The greater part of his reproaches emanate from an impression of the country he had left, which led him to comparative remarks, by no means favourable to the elected city of his sojourn. Though he little thought, and certainly did not intend, that his remarks should pass beyond the hasty memoranda of his rambling diary, he seemed determined on the refutation of opinions unjustly held of the superiority of aught in manners, morals, and civilization to "the state of things in other *countries*" that he would not name. To me, who knew him so profoundly, every entry in his manuscript conveys the very mood in which it was committed to the paper. I could trace those passages in which remembrance had evoked his sighs; and I think I see him now, in his seclusion, as a stroke of bitter irony or caustic ridicule illustrated the truth of his perception, and supplied an adequate expression of dislike. I see him, on the flash of an effective simile, apply his fingers to his snuff, which he would often use insensibly in vast profusion, and rise to pace his chamber with rapidity proportioned to the satisfaction of his eager humour. Like many of his singular countrymen, he partook very largely of the nature of a weather-glass; and the mercury was insensibly depressed or elevated as the temperature operated on his physical components. In the languor of oppressive weather, he would trace the less offensive singularities he saw around him. It was certainly on some fine glowing day that he consented

to a kind of effort to compose his picture of the town; and the atmosphere, I doubt not, was intensely keen when he recorded, in the vehemence of his disgust, his admirable descant on the despoiling harpies of the custom-house. There is but little commendation mingled with his censures: this may destroy, in some opinions, the verity of his delineations; but true it is he found but little for his eulogy, had his mood directed him to such an enterprize. It must, however, be observed that he was evidently wrong in taking from the town of Calais—so mean and rancid a conglomeration of the worst materials of society—his sentiments of France in general; a country teeming with luxuriance and beauty—with intellectual and moral excellence—indeed exhibiting the noblest qualities of human nature, and all the social virtues and affections which constitute the charm of private life. I must, once for all, admit that many of my uncle's notions were tinctured by his native predilections, by which he formed the standard of propriety in general. He seemed not to have known, before he left the country of his birth, that art and industry had given it a vast pre-eminence above all other nations of the world, and had commonly diffused among the lower classes even of its people every object of utility and comfort, which in lands of less felicity are merely known by name, and rarely found in the possession of the great and opulent themselves: a fact which, by the way, is worth the notice of the squeamish portion of our countrymen who languish for the indulgence of a few exotic, questionable benefits, forgetful of the numerous—or, to speak more justly—the innumerable means of comfort, cleanliness, and ease which England, beyond all nations of the earth, profusely places in the reach of every order of her people. These, indeed, were all my uncle's notions; for he was genuinely English even to his prejudices, which he looked on as the laudable excrescences of the love of country, and which, far from wishing to rescind for their unphilosophical character, he studiously and fondly trained into expansion, with the highest admiration of their luxuriance. He was a bitter adversary to the conversion of native taste into the *goût* of foreign systems; it appeared to him a treason against the sovereign law of nature—an unfair desertion of legitimate authority, for a capricious acquiescence in the usurpation of an alien sway. Thus he was firm to the rigid decency of English attire: he disdained the monkified assumption of barbarian mustachios, was always well shaven, and wore clean linen—white as he could get it, in a town renowned for the worst washing in all Europe. He abhorred the laxity of dress so palpable in most of the expatriated sojourners in Calais, who gradually declined from the propriety of their vernacular attire—from coats to jackets, from hats to caps, from good plain linen to party-coloured dirt-concealing cottons; until, by imperceptible degrees, the nicety of English costume had sunk into the slovenly indifference of genuine French uncleanliness. I think it fair to preface the random thoughts of my relation by this admission of his strength of prejudice and prepossession, that the fair deductions of the reader may fix the veritable quota of his observations.

MY UNCLE'S DIARY.

April 1.—Put into effect my resolution of quitting England. The day was ominous. Landed at Calais. Half a franc to pay for stepping on a plank. The first object that struck me, the column dedicated to Louis XVIII. —a monument of French perfidy and subservience: the inscription,

which was mawkishly adulatory of one dynasty, was effaced by the temporizing weathercocks who have readily subscribed to another. A Frenchman's mind is the region of inconstancy and shadowy fancies; he can never let well alone—he is all talk—all theory, pomposity, and enthusiasm—a vast braggart, and a little doer.

Pestered to death by a phalanx of commissioners, who plied me with a thousand questions—none of which I answered; not understanding French, of which I am glad.

Dined in a cold coffee-room—the wind whistling through the doors and windows: the stove filled the chamber with smoke. A good soup. A turbot neither hot nor cold, with the fins cut off: what would they say to this in the city? Five beggars looking in at the window during our repast; gave them some halfpence—when they departed, and sent another detachment, headed by a blind fiddler in a green hat, led by a ragged boy, who cried bitterly while the musician played. Sent out more halfpence, when they all quarrelled—and, having divided the donation, went laughing away. Drank some *grave*, which gave me the stomach-ache. All the plates cold. Tried several dishes with different names—all nasty alike. A French traveller ate of all of them—tucked his napkin in his cravat—picked his teeth with his fork, and his nails with his knife—spoke and drank with his mouth full—spat on the bit of carpet in the centre of the room—swallowed a cup of coffee—drank a dram—pocketed half a loaf and some lumps of sugar, and left the table. A man of a most flatulent habit—French politeness!!

A good bed, but the odour of the linen offended me. Pulled a bell twenty times which did not ring. My clothes badly brushed, and brought me in a heap. My boots ill-cleaned, or rather smeared, looking like drooping fire-buckets. The soap in my stand too tenacious to yield a lather. I could not forego a pun. An English gentleman told me it was *Castile*. I told him I thought, from its consistence, it might be *cast-iron*. He didn't take my joke.

2d April.—Plundered at the custom-house. Lost my little favourite queen's-metal tea-pot—an article not found in France. Lost my little blue jug, and a Manchester shawl. Obliged to write to Paris to the director-general of the customs. Received no answer, because—as I understood—I had not written on stamped paper. Wrote again, according to direction, and received permission to send back my goods to England. My things, in the interval, had been spoiled. Obliged to make three various applications to different Jacks in office for leave to act on paramount authority. Grew tired of the trouble, and abandoned my property. What became of it is best known to the harpies of the customs.

3d April.—Awakened by the screams of "*sauterelles crues;*" meaning, I am told, raw shrimps—some say grasshoppers. This music was enlivened every half-hour by the blast of a horn—the notice of the bakers that they are about to draw their batches. The din of the lace-machines incessant. The *carillon* of the Hotel de Ville recurring every quarter. The melancholy cry of "*eau!*"—a monosyllable which the French vender has the painful talent of extending to the length of a Greek composite, and of marking, through all its doleful distortions, with a different key; succeeded by the rapid call of "*qui vent de la tourbe?*" and the eternal voice of the knife and scissors'-grinder.

4th April.—What do our *travelled* youth mean by their encomiums on

the walking of French females? Is a lame amble *elegance?* or is the halting of a cat in walnut-shells called *grace?* I execrate the wriggling gait of the French girls; it gives me the uneasy conviction that they have sore toes and narrow petticoats, or that they tie both stockings with a single garter, too short to admit of the extension of their limbs. In the young it is mincing and unnatural; and when French gormandizing has clothed the elderly with bilious corpulence, when in motion, they look like forms of jelly in staggering agitation; tottering, with unwieldy feet in narrow shoes, under an unmanageable impulse. I have seen them take to an ascent to counteract the force of an original *momentum.*

4th, 5th, 6th, 7th April.—Confined to the house with a sore hand, which I cut severely in opening my door—an arduous task sometimes, from the clumsy workmanship of French locks and latches. Here they are centuries behind us in all articles of hardware. Their pokers are skewers, their tongs pincers, and their shovels spoons; a coal-skuttle is a curiosity, a grate a rarity, and a hearth-brush unknown. The temperature of their rooms is a constant battle between the result of one element and the violence of another—the warmth of smoke being constantly qualified by the rushing of the wind through windows, doors, and key-holes. You may sit by a red-hot stove, and roast your knees, while your extremities are frozen.

8th April.—Visited ———, a countryman, who felt ashamed at the delusion of all his projected comforts. I remember, in England, his favourite theme was the charm of the French climate, the obliging disposition and quick perception of its people. He couldn't bear the atmosphere of his native country; he hated the dulness and incivility of its inhabitants; so he sought a refuge from these intolerable evils in the superior temperature, manners, and character of France and its population. He was ashamed to own his disappointment. He was drinking claret—as he called it—which sank like frozen lead within him. He would fain have mulled a bottle; but his servant was gone, in spite of a raging storm, to a dance some leagues distant. He appealed, in miserable French, to the female of a fellow-lodger, who answered him with a broad stare, and a perpetual "*plait-il?*" He succeeded, at length, by pantomime and gibberish, in wringing a reluctant promise of some boiling water from this type of national acquiescence—this perceptive and obliging handmaid. In an hour it came, lukewarm, highly tinctured with the savour of an unclean tub, in which it had been caught from the house-tops; tolerably suffused with grease, and—in a tea-cup. He could bear this no longer; and sincerity compelled him to say, "Was there ever such a d—d set of ———?" Here he stopped; and I responded with a hem! He had ever been a warm encomiast of French furniture. I saw him wriggling to and fro upon his chair; being somewhat lusty, he found himself uneasy in his seat, over which his Britannic person was expanded like a toad-stool on its stem. "Let us drink Old England!" He assured me that the wine, at least, was excellent—and surely wholesome; but he swallowed every bumper with the air of one who takes a draught by gulps, to guard against its nausea. He seemed to labour through a bottle for the compensation of his toil, which was, in general, a kind of counterpoise against its healthful predecessor—a quart of brandy, with a fiery twang, diluted in a fashion of his own, with economical consideration for his water, which, in Calais, is both bad and scarce.

9th April.—I was arrested for three francs, by the malice of a Jezabel, who found that I had purchased articles, in which she dealt, at other shops. In this land of modern liberty I paid the sixty sous, and stood superior to their lenient and impartial laws.

Mem. Never to owe another sou in France, and invariably to have "Acquit" on every bill, however large or small.

10th April.—The French have no idea of what we call "a home." Their pleasures are of a vagabond, external character: their sole and whole pursuit is money. I never followed any Frenchmen talking, but "money, money, money," was the topic of their conversation. Their grimaces, bows, and phrases are a miserable compound of fallacious humbug. I see no friendships round me—every thing is artificial and deceptive. They have not our faults; but they have not our virtues. They are satisfied with inconvenience, dirt, and wretchedness, because they never knew the comfort, cleanliness, and plenty of an Englishman. Their propensities are not propensities of principle. A Frenchman has no piety: his religion is a form—a mere expedient; not a feeling or a duty. He holds nothing to be reverend or sacred. In the saying of the impious wit, Voltaire, they were alternately tigers and monkeys. The breed is crossed, and now they smack of both. They lack the rational devotion of good subjects, and hardly one among them can regard authority with deferent affection. They doat on politics because they vary, and abominate all order from the fear of permanence. They talk of liberty and equal rights, while the spirit of their law protects the roguery of natives, and exposes foreigners to injury and persecution. Why was I subjected to the loss of freedom, and a possible expense of great enormity, because by accident I left unpaid a bill of sixty sous? Is this their rights of man, their generous impartiality, their philanthropic tenderness for liberty?

11th April.—I am sickened with exotic comforts; I am insensible to foreign elegance. I have a cupboard for a bed-room—a wilderness of sand to dine in—a towel for a table-cloth—and a cheese-plate, as a dish, to hold my leg of mutton. The forks and spoons are dim and dirty, and a lie is stamped on every knife. Sheer-steel, indeed! sheer-tin, it should be. If they made their knives of what they make their buttons, we should carve an Indian-rubber-stew with ease! I have cut my finger to the bone in putting on my gaiters!

April 12th.—Visited a café—a receptacle for English indolence and French frivolity, in which meanness and finery are fantastically contrasted—marble slabs, rush-bottomed chairs, gilded lamps, sanded floors, *pendules*, Cupids, bouquets, mirrors, pipes, bottled beer, dogs, cats, and parrots. A melange of company, and diversity of pursuit, are remarkable in these extraordinary haunts. The demon of play tortures some, who would stake their being, were it capable of transfer, on a game of écarté or bouillotte; while the table is surrounded by the lovers of the vice, whose purses are exhausted, but whose propensity is rather obstructed than subdued. I have seen them, pennyless, lingering round the players, till the last card, when the exulting winner and the dejected loser depart, and leave the tribe of languid strollers to seek a refuge from the world's hopelessness in the oblivion of their beds. Others are clamorously loquacious in clouds of smoke, the wrath of politics, and the inflation of bottled beer;—others, again, who fancy that the dislike of being alone is the love of society, frequent the café to put their hands

into their breeches-pocket, and snore in company, till the *garçon* wakes them with the intimation, "*Monsieur, il est minuit, tout le monde est parti!*" I have seen many of my countrymen indulge this social habit of repose, and walk away at midnight with a stare, a yawn, and a "*bon soir, Monsieur!*" The café presents a specimen of French equality. All trades and all professions mingle: a shoemaker sits opposite a physician, a tailor with an officer, a haberdasher with a naval captain, a merchant with a courier—whose wants are supplied by a landlord decorated with the legionary honour.

April 13th.—Strolled into the *Basse Ville*—the chosen residence of Nottinghamshire refugees. Every other house exhibits "*fabriquant de tulle.*" My countrymen are easily discernible among the mixture of inhabitants. A haggard aspect, and a red nose, are the distinctive designations of an English workman, who can earn, by three days' toil, sufficient for existence and for four days' indolent debauchery. Black eyes and mutilated faces manifest the independent spirit of our pugnacious countrymen, who seldom separate without a desperate appeal to pugilistic skill. The Nottingham enunciation, engrafted on the tortured French, surpasses all the riddles of the Sphinx.

April 14th.—We are ridiculed by our polite neighbours for our blasphemy. In point of frequency, they far surpass us in the use of impious exclamations. I have heard—and often too—from *female lips* in France expressions which a well-bred libertine in England would be ashamed to use. I cannot pollute my paper by recording them.

April 15th.—What a sorry sight is that!—that misshapen carriage called a diligence!—by nick-name, I suppose? Its pannels tawdry red, and "St. Omer," in letters roman and italic, half and half, in dirty yellow on its side; never washed these three years: the whip and harness wet, and dirty on the seat inside; the window open, and the rain beating in upon the gawdy plush and faded binding! Horne, Waterhouse, and Chaplin, could ye see but this! No hand to clean the team; a jaded, dirty, goaded triplet—limping, blind, and broken-winded; each bit incrusted with ferruginous decay; the reins, a rope; the whip, a humble fishing-rod. I would Bob Snow could see the coachman! A night-cap on his head, a pair of wooden shoes, a blue smock-frock; the reins tied to the seat; the driver with both hands belabouring his starved cattle, and asking them in angry parlance if they mean to travel—each animal the likeness of Petruchio's steed.

April 16th.—I watched the beggars in their rounds; and now again I see, for the tenth time this day, *that groupe* disposed in most effective order. The object is to raise compassion: the very rags are wrought to dress the character in poverty. An infant at the breast; a child reclining on the knee, with folded hands—the parent, with dejected eye and melancholy mien, incapable, to all appearance, of soliciting the charity which every passing stranger feelingly bestows. Yet this is pantomime! She has not collected less than forty sous this day; her wallet has been filled by various hands; she has levied universal contributions—but maintains her supplicating tone and melancholy mien; and yet that great performer has her *cher ami*, who indolently thrives on the production of her beggary! The profession of a mendicant in France is an authorized vocation, having rights and prescripts of its own. A well-established intelligence among the members of the society enables them to prosecute their duties with mutual ease and common advantage. Every

beggar has a post. You will see, in Calais, the blind fiddler, in his green glazed hat, and his crying tatterdemallion, in punctual attendance on every steam-boat which goes or comes. Between the southern gates of the fortification, you as surely find a hale, squat, old, blear-eyed cripple, with inverted feet, who *sings* with the lungs of Stentor his supplications to the passers-by. On Wednesdays and Saturdays—the market-days—this thoroughfare is apportioned to additions of the halt and blind, who reap a handsome harvest from the pity of the peasantry.

April 17th.—Went to seek for letters, and was nearly smothered on my way by the abominable vehicles and tubs which, in the English towns, are duly limited to midnight occupation. The hall of the post-office is the vestibule of anxious hopes; I remark the faces as they pass, and contrast them as they return. I have seen them at the window, in eager hope, as the *commis* has cast his eye across the parcels—"*Il n'y a rien pour vous, Monsieur*"—these tidings are the message of despair. I have seen the disappointed expectant loiter back, and pause at every street, as if unconscious whither he is bent—his eyes expanded into unobservant thought, and speculation far away. The effect is widely different when the reply is "*Trente-six sous, s'il vous plait!*" The letter is received with glee approaching agitation—the paper squeezed with all the customary question of a practised touch; and the responsive softness of a hoped enclosure lightens on the features in rapid flashes of satisfied solicitude.

April 18th.—A hurricane. Confined to my apartments; the wind whistling through a thousand crevices; the rain straining through the windows; volumes of stench and soot continually rushing down the chimney; my wood continually squeaking, fizzing, but too damp to burn—attempting to confute the proverb, that "there's no smoke without fire."

April 19th.—Continued storm. Sand driven horizontally in sheets—nearly choked and blinded! Saw a few passengers land like drowned rats—as pale as spectres, though, from certain tokens, not so supernatural.

April 20th.—Keen north-east wind; cold as the arctic regions.

April 21st.—Mild and sunny in the morning—oppressively sultry in the middle of the day—severely cold at sunset. Every body barking. Undertakers lively.

April 22d.—Saw my friend ——— in the packet—another fool come abroad in quest of comforts, I suppose. The day favoured his arrival. Calais, from the dark blue water, girded by a fine expanse of level, yellow sands, is certainly an animated picture, in spite of the Arabian wild, extending on its east and west. Its outline is distinctly traced on the horizon. Its ancient Gothic spire, the Saxon massiveness of its pharos, the grotesque and quaint commixture of its Hôtel de Ville; the shipping in its port, surmounted by innumerable tri-colours; its several belvideres; the long and handsome pier, by the side of which you ride into the harbour; its fortified extent of walls, constitute a gay, a novel, and peculiar scene. Look where you will, on all points, the eternal vigilance of the *douane* is manifest. The solitary wanderers you behold on all sides are the lynxes of the custom-house. Not a boat is on the water, nor a human being on the strand, that escapes the jealous vigilance of those ever-wakeful guardians of the shore.

A three hours' voyage transports you to a world of novelty—of other

habits, laws, and prepossessions—to a difference of physiognomy, of manners, and of dress. My friend was somewhat ruffled, yet amused, to pass through guarded gateways, over massive drawbridges, and under obsolete and ruined battlements; through heaps of odious filth and shops of paltry finery. It was market-day, and he was justly struck with the beauty of the female peasantry of Lower Picardy—the comeliness of their costume—at the abundance of supplies—the wretched guise of the innumerable beggars—at the multitude of those unwieldy, useless dogs which slumber under shambles in the sun, commixed with myriads of yelping mongrel curs—all concentrating in their mangy carcases as many lineal combinations as a high Dutch nobleman of ample quarterings. All had a peculiar character: the sailors, loitering along the port; the *poissardes*, ranged in order, in an uniform costume; the strings of shrimping women, naked to the knees; the herds of beggars, and the vociferous crowd of pestering commissioners. I took my friend to visit my own favourite sight—a kind of mountebank upon the place—a creature about sixty years of age. He was holding forth most volubly among the staring rustics. His attire, a pair of patched and faded crimson trowsers, with a military stripe; a vest in velvet, richly polished with the droppings of his mouth and spoon; a shirt of chequered filthy cotton, on which I have observed a faithful and tenacious patch of egg for fourteen days at least; a jacket of pea-green, embroidered, and a superannuated cocked-hat. No lacker could surpass the glossy darkness of his hands, in which he held aloft a rusty nail, as instrumental in the illustration of his recipe. His essay teemed with language by Dr. Johnson called "magniloquence:" every other word was long, and closed in "*ation.*" He suffused the nail with an abundance of saliva, rubbed it with his nostrum, and having wiped it, shewed a surface of decided brilliance. Having shewn the efficacy of his merchandize, he closed his puffs with praises upon *cleanliness*—while I remarked an undisturbed deposit on his ears, which was nearly a sufficiency in landed property to authorize his voting for a deputy of the department. He relieved the tedium of his audience by a song, and was succeeded in his exhibition by "*Madame, ma femme*"—a congenial specimen of tawdry dirt and eloquent pomposity.

23d April.—Disgusted at the spoliations of the custom-house officers.

24th April.—I gave the following opinion to ——:—"These rascals, Sir, are paid by England for their frauds and incivility to drive us from the country; and the plan is excellent. You may remain here if you will; but I shall certainly return. It is insufferable to see such robberies committed in opposition to the will of government. The system needs purgation. A competent and strict authority should fix the powers of minor officers, and stop the paltry larcenies that vex all foreigners, and shed disgrace upon the country. A gentleman is treated like a varlet by these presumptuous cavillers; and nineteen out of twenty men who come to settle in the country, are disgusted with their project at the outset, by the injurious treatment of such harpies. We, at least, should know the fate of what they take from us, and not be bounden to the intercession of a race of beggarly commissioners. Why should we solicit from the favour of a public *servant* what his duty to his government forbids him to detain? Is it reasonable to believe that any state would drive away a man about to spend an income of 8,000 francs within its territory, by the seizure of a shaving-pot, a jug, a candlestick, a bit of

flannel, or half a dozen knives or spoons? The government will look to this hereafter; it will vindicate its character by the reformation of such mean abuses, perpetrated, in the spirit of supererogation, by the lowest of its functionaries, against the dignity and palpable advantage of the country. For my part, Sir, I feel myself immeasurably degraded by being at the mercy of such contemptible despoilers, and shall carry my small modicum of money to some shore where the state protects the meanest of her subjects against the impudence, and fraudulence, and despotism of dirty *Jacks in office.*

April 25th.—A Frenchman starting on a shooting excursion, arrayed in all the novel apparatus of a gun-case, whistle, shot-bag, whip, and pickers; his ambitious imitation of the English sporting costume rather frustrated by boots and long brass spurs; the attendant dog, a greyhound out of all dimensions. as corpulent and jolly as an alderman.

April 26th.—Had my friend ———'s daughter to dine with me. She has been cursed with a French education, and is now in the blossom of frivolity, vanity, impiety, and affectation—a sheer compound of frigid mechanism and heartless artifice. Her mind is exalted above the meanness of vulgar belief. She has an argument against religion, against natural affection, and against her native country. She is a philosophic coquette—a kind of hard-hearted liberal. She has, however, learned to pin her clothes on with a foreign air, which bestows on her the semblance of a hump-backed wasp in petticoats, with a stiff neck and crippled feet. She has all the juvenile greediness and nastiness about her that are contracted at a French seminary; plays on the piano like an impaled automaton, and knows no harmony, though she is prodigiously *advanced in music.* When at her instrument, she was only once in obvious motion, in the performance of a passsage of extravagant discord, when, stretching out her crossed arms to the extent of the piano, the union of sound and posture gave the auditor and beholder an idea that she was strangling a kitten among the additional keys. She is eloquent in support of atheism, and unblushingly *au fait* on themes of immorality. She has read all books on which good men reflect with indignation. She is perfect mistress of Dupuis—a student of Faublas—an ardent lover of the "Guerre des Dieux"—I doubt not, too, possesses a refined and copious cabinet of pictures! She is too polite to feel a preference for her relations, and seems, indeed, ashamed to own the common ties of mere humanity. Kill me a child—if I should ever have one—rather than defile her youth with foreign immorality, base refinement, and delicate indecency—rather than rear a future monster, through the foul degrees of vitiation, to make her husband a repentant laughing-stock in profligate society, and the helpless patron and support of bastards sprung from wantonness, depravity, and fancy.

27th, 28th, 29th April.—Employed in packing up. Walked to the Basse-Ville, where I beheld an effort at translation. A projecting board exhibits "Basset-Gilliod, Veuve, Chaudronnier." It is rendered, on the other side, in English—"Basset-Gilliod, Mrs. Tinker."

30th April.—All my things turned topsy-turvy by the prying ruffians at the custom-house. What do these public nuisances suppose an English gentleman can wish to smuggle *from* their country? Regaled myself, before departure, with some excellent Mortadella from Donnini's, and a glass of pure Bourdeaux from Carstaing's—luxuries that I shall leave with some reluctance.

And here concludes My Uncle's Diary, in which he has described, with truth but petulance, the several disagreeables attendant on a residence in Calais. His observations, though morose or caustic, are mainly just. But I must add, that he is most profoundly wrong when he derives his inference of France in general from what he saw and suffered in the town of his abode. The inhabitants are commonly a set of persons who have risen, by their constant traffic with the English coast, from the worst condition of distress and beggary, into a state of premature abundance. Their character exhibits all the *traits* of men grown opulent by lawless arts and servile offices—too much absorbed in the pursuit of lucre to bestow a thought on any other object of existence. They are, in short, a kind of fungous filth thrown out upon the stock of industry and trade. My uncle, had he bent his course inland, would have found the uncorrupted qualities of pure good hearts, a moral character, a friendly sympathy, and social disposition in the people; in fact, a state of amiable society, from which he might have accurately drawn an estimate of France and her inhabitants. He would have found no angry collisions arising from the imposition of the rapacious on the unwary; no rude presumption of importance in the livery of public function; no mean sneaks to greatness, and no unprincipled oppressors of supposed inferiority and helplessness. But having placed his foot ashore, where official impudence, and fraudulence, and incivility maintained such vigorous, such systematic ascendancy, he had the candour to correct his plan of exile; and, returning to his native soil, conceived it wiser to

> "rather bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

THE POPULATION QUESTION.—MR. SADLER AND THE POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, in some scattered memoranda found amongst his papers, says, that "there are on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas: their tracks may be traced by your own genius as well as reading." There is no subject to which this maxim will be found to apply with more truth than that of the Law of Population; and most men who have a few sparks of the Great Intelligence from whence they sprung are capable of working down into the mine of thought when they have once started the arteries through which the mineral courses. But it cannot be denied that there are knaves and blockheads in the world; rogues who delude and fools who are deluded. The classes are numerous, and they thrive mutually on the simplicity of others and their own. It would be hard to say whether the Edinburgh Reviewer who, by the grace of Mr. Napier, and the encouragement of a shuffling party behind the curtain, undertook to refute Mr. Sadler's theory of Population, in the pages of Old Blue-and-Yellow, be really the greater knave or blockhead; for, with a mixed cunning and absurdity not often united in the same person, he confounds his own design and misrepresents his antagonist so as to produce doubt, pity, and contempt in the minds of the uninformed. It is very true that few out of the multitude have ventured into the depths of this important ques-

tion; but in proportion to the ignorance and lack of opportunity of the people, is the responsibility of the hireling who, under a shew of exposing fallacies and instructing his fellow men, daringly mis-states the elementary principles of a new and untried philosophy, distrusts its proofs, and crows on his own rank Scotch muck-midden, in all the glee of victory. The *rationale* of this vast inquiry is as simple as that two and two make four; it cannot be vitiated even by stupid men, if they can but repeat one brief sentence of ten words correctly; for within that compass, aye, within the metaphorical outline, in this case truly made and provided, of a nut-shell, could the whole basis of the One Truth be shut up. The multitudinous and laborious links of reasoning by which this conclusion is attained are, however, of a different complexion. They would engross in their own compilation the time of an ordinary life spent in ordinary habits of research. The space they fill —voluminous as they are—is as a shadow to the time they demand of him who would honestly put his mind through the same exercise of inquiry to which Mr. Sadler must have subjected himself. But our Edinburgh Reviewer, who deals with those gigantic proofs as boys on vaulting poles deal with mounds and ditches, by springing over them, wisely avoided entering at full upon the bearings of the question; but, getting rid of some parts by a side-wind, mystifying others, deforming not a few, and wholly suppressing the rest, contrived to perplex himself into the belief that the whole theory was insubstantial and untenable, firstly, because he could not comprehend it, and secondly (and principally), because Old Blue-and-Yellow had years ago pledged himself to the atrocities of the Malthusian system, and could not now retreat without acknowledging, what your Scotch Whig never will acknowledge, that he was for once in his life fallible.

This is the Vanity of Vanities. This it is that makes intolerant tolerance and bigotted liberalism so foul, and nauseous, and unseemly. Now that this question of the Rights of the Poor—for such it is, let the economists marvel as they please—has brought to issue the true nature of men's Christian charities, the pureness of their Active Creeds, and the strength, and wisdom, and honesty of their political professions, we find how the steam of pollution and falsehood rises round the orators, pamphleteers, and reviewers, who in times past have been the advocates of popular privileges, and the Oracles of damnatory prophecies against all those who dared to think and move outside their circle. Who now advocate the Rights of the Poor? Who now stand up in their proper places to redeem by practical deeds, at the moment when the exigencies of famine and anarchy demand it of them, the solemn promises of their cheap popularity? Who are now to be found the Apostles of Hope and Messengers of Good, dispensing in the season of want the sustenance granted in prospect when it was not wanted? Where are they to be found? Do the Irish landlords succour the Irish poor who starve and rot on their estates? Do the Liberals oppose the crushing, diabolical, selfish, grinding, and unnatural doctrines of Malthus? Who are the promoters of those doctrines? Who are their enemies? And who is their Detector and Exposer? The last interrogatory concerns us mainly here. The master mind that developed the ingenious sophistry and laborious artfulness of the Malthusian system was a Tory—no other than Mr. Sadler! The Malthusian system was essentially a defence of a gilded and luxurious order of hereditary families that could never

experience a pang of distress, against the natural wants of the defenceless peasant-born race that cried at their gates for bread. Who defends that system? Old Blue-and-Yellow! The pledged companion in arms of public and common rights, reform, low rents, and the thousand and one watch-words and signal-lights of the much abused and misled people! We do not care for the small fry — the minnows — that have danced on the surface of the stream in the sun-light of this luminary of modern whiggism; they come in their season, and go away unnoticed. We never expected steadfastness of them, and they are welcome to their petty treachery; but Old Blue-and-Yellow has sold the pass too notoriously to escape his proper amount of open punishment.

The flagrant apostacy is interwoven in the history of the Population Question, and will suggest its own incidents to our readers as we proceed in our details. But in order to a clear understanding of the whole, and that none of its many branches may be confused, it is our intention to state as succinctly as we can, in the first instance, the grounds of the case as it lies between Mr. Malthus and Mr. Sadler, before we address ourselves to the immediate opponents of the latter, with Old Blue-and-Yellow at their head.

At a very early stage of society, when men formed themselves into communities such as we may venture to suspect wolves do, to prey upon all surrounding creatures, or, in deficiency of food, upon each other, it was thought that there was a tendency in mankind to increase in numbers beyond the means provided by nature for his support. The belief was in perfect keeping and harmony with the character of the era. It was the philosophy of a time when the first appeal was that of hunger: when Morals lingered on the heels of Appetite; and Man, the express image of his Maker, was no more than Man, the animal. In that age the Selfish qualities took the place of the Intellectual; and it was an inevitable consequence of a degraded and prowling state of being, that each person should fancy his neighbours cormorants, and wish he had fewer, lest they should eat up "all the corn in Egypt;" and that government should be equally apprehensive of the growing strength and numerical importance of the people. To flatter both fears—of the sensualist and the despot—this ingenious, but, at that period, not very luminous dogma was invented. It answered for its day: but knowledge advanced, and children increased, and food was found everywhere on the bosom of the fertile earth, and at last the Famine Creed melted away, like a mist, and was forgotten.

Each condition of corporeal things has its own delusion. When people were pressing onward to prosperity they feared a blight would strike them back; when they reached the height of prosperity they discovered a new source of terror in the apprehension that they would not be allowed to enjoy it, and that the numbers of Man would diminish, and that some desert-curse was hovering over them. When they were struggling for food they shrunk from human increase, and when they had food in abundance they trembled at the prospect of loneliness! These are the only legends connected with the Population Question, and, although they are authentic enough, yet they made so slight an impression upon the actual conduct of mankind, in the bulk, or so little affected his views, that they may be dismissed as preliminary trifles are by the German writers, when they are approaching the pith of their horrible demon-stories.

The latter doctrine is the more creditable of the two. It is foolish and ridiculous enough, but it shews a clinging to kind, and a love of the earth on which God has placed his creatures, and a zest in the enjoyments of its cheerful and busy surface, and a reverential anxiety about life that indicated love and gratitude. The more fictitious and complicated relations into which society formed itself, however, required a doctrine that would give a missionary appearance to the masters of the soil, and keep off the unholy approaches of the lower orders. The good of the few was to be consulted, and the desires and spreading hopes of the many were to be curtailed. In our times there was no want of zeal in the pursuit of some feasible apology for depreciating the increase of the poor; and that apology found its expounder in the person of a clergyman. With considerable shew of skill, an exhibition of painful research, and the air of one who had discovered the philosopher's stone, Mr. Malthus revived the exploded and hardly formed folly of a primitive age, announced it as his own, and became the father of a new sect of philosophers.

The substance of his theory is briefly stated. He maintains that mankind has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of existence: that population increases in a geometrical ratio, doubling itself every twenty-five years, while food, with all the advantages of accumulating labour, and application of enlarged and enlarging information, could not increase more rapidly than in the arithmetical ratio. As it is desirable that this fundamental principle may not be mistaken, here is the example of the relative proportions put into figures:—

Population	1	2	4	8	16	32	64	128	256, &c.
Food	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9, &c.

Thus it appears that the natural and ordained progress of mankind is to starvation; for if at the end of two centuries the proportion between the number of created beings, and the amount of food that could be produced for their sustentation, would be as thirty-two to one, it is pretty clear that thirty-one out of the thirty-two must famish. Indeed, had we not the fear of Old Blue-and-Yellow before our eyes, we might say this theory refutes itself, since if human beings were to be decimated after so wholesale a fashion by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, there never could arise any danger of that super-fecundity which the theory propounds, seeing that the people who were to have propagated at so fierce a rate must have died for want of food. But it does not appear that mankind has run into any such excess, for every man contrives to get enough to eat either by honesty or theft, and many men get much more than their share, which would be things impossible if it were true that the quantity of food in the world was inadequate to the demand.

But Mr. Malthus asserts that such would be the case, were it not that Providence provides checks against the increase of our race under the forms of moral restraint, and vice and misery. "Only for something the sky would fall." Grant Mr. Malthus these premises, and away he goes, whistling like a man who had just sold a spavined colt for sound wind and limb, and had got the money in his pocket.

It requires very little penetration to perceive that these checks, which Mr. Malthus assigns to the Creator of life, and the Giver of the means of living, are as direct impeachments of the goodness and mercy of God as they are insults to the dignity of our own nature. To add that they are also an unequalled specimen of bad logic would be an anti-climax

from which we will spare the Political Economists. They pre-suppose that GOD had miscalculated the power and operation of the machinery constructed out of His own bidding, since they assume that He has found it necessary to repress its springs and retard its motions; that He made a world which so fructified in its own vile luxuriance, as to outgrow the Original Design, deform the pure symmetry of its plan, and render imperative some mighty scourges to cure those excrescences, to the evils of which it was exposed from its formation. In this, either the wisdom or the goodness of the Omnipotent is staked. The Malthusians cannot escape from the force of this impiety. They have committed it, and they continue to commit it in their professors' chairs, in their dark lectures in Old Blue-and-Yellow, and in every hole and corner where they can thrust their sallow, lank faces, and unpronounceable heads.

The preventive check that proposes to turn the natural passions into other and nameless channels—that would extinguish marriage amongst the poorer classes—(the wretches, to whom, of all this world, the sweets of home are sweetest, and its least enjoyments boundless!)—and that would stop the current of nature in its onward flow, by means diabolical, pestilential, and unholy—forms that feature in the system, which, although but subsequently introduced by its founder, has occupied more than any other the attention of the public, and the wonder and horror of all men whose sympathies are not blunted by the vices of the imagination, or the practice of cruelties to their fellow creature.

This system, then, with its many charms for people in high places—for with all its absurdities, blasphemies, and inconsistencies, it permitted the rich to propagate *ad libitum*, and it is even said that Mr. Malthus himself is the father of seventeen children, Heaven prosper them to him in the solitude of his latter days!—this system became fashionable. In the wake of its father—the father of the seventeen children—followed all such men as Mill, McCullogh, Senior, and fifty fellows who wrote pamphlets that they could not understand, and that nobody else would read. But as indescribable pamphlets, with the name of a floating theory inscribed on their title-pages, help to spread the reputation of such theory, whether said pamphlets be worth half-a-crown or not worth a rush; it happened, of course, that the pamphlets, and Old Blue-and-Yellow to boot, stamped the name of Malthus upon the minds of the million. And he might have remained there until now, had it not been for a work in two volumes entitled the "Law of Population," written by Mr. Sadler, which made its appearance some time in the course of last year.

The gigantic grasp, profound reasoning, diversified research, and, above all, the humane philosophy it inculcated, were one and all wondrous. Each separate part was a perfect treatise upon a Malthusian fallacy, an incentive to implicit reliance upon the bounties of Providence, and a chapter in the sublimities of creation. The style was glowing and enthusiastic; the proofs, figures that could not be controverted; the deductions as clear as sparkling water in the sunbow. The appearance of this work was naturally met with jealousy, and pursued with virulence. Wherever the club-foot had pressed the black soil of a vindictive heart, there were the simple yet laborious doctrines of the Law of Population received with dismay and hate. But its enemies were in the condition of men who fight in a bad cause, and who feel it, and whose conscience, before the struggle is over, forces them to quail

and throw down their arms. This is now happening—Old Blue-and-Yellow is the last in the field, and he, perchance, may fight like the Parthians; but run he must, or strike.

To convey the spirit of Mr. Sadler's stupendous work—that is its leading bearings—is as much as we can accomplish within our necessarily circumscribed limits. It will be well to begin with his great elementary principle, which is a direct refutation of the fundamental doctrine of the Malthusian system. The main and primary position is, that as the numbers of mankind increase the tendency to increase diminishes, thereby assuming that procreation contains within itself the elements of correction, by the mysterious operation of which its due progress is rectified. This position is not mere statement, or theory. It is the sum of many complicated calculations; it is the result of such a mass of population returns as were never before collected into any work professedly statistical; and it is sustained by tabular evidences to which it is as impossible to refuse conviction as it would be to offer refutation.

If the propagation of our species be checked by an agency in nature itself, and that it never can exceed the amount of vegetable life through which and by which it is sustained, then the whole system of political economy which mistakes the meaning of capital, and proceeds upon an erroneous apprehension of existing or approaching super-fecundity, is utterly false. To attain the means of settling that question for ever is a signal blessing to mankind: and even if this Law of Population accomplished no more, it would be for this alone entitled to our gratitude.

Our readers will remember that Mr. Malthus maintains the geometric ratio in the propagation of the human race, and the arithmetical ratio in that of vegetable life. Now Mr. Sadler maintains that the prolificness of human beings, otherwise similarly circumstanced, varies inversely as their numbers; or in the words of Old Blue-and-Yellow, who unluckily for himself has made his opponent's principle so clear to his readers as to neutralize his own arguments, that "on a given space, the number of children to a marriage becomes less and less, as the population becomes more and more numerous." Extend this doctrine to nations, continents, and finally to the whole world, and you have the substance of Mr. Sadler's Law of Population. It is at once evident that it differs as widely as pole from pole from the Malthusian system; that it distinctly controverts its first and great doctrine; and that it derives no aids from appeals to the credulity, the passions, the interest, or the fears of mankind. In the latter theory there was, to speak tolerantly of it, a vast deal of twaddle; it affected to argue upon moral possibilities; to draw lessons of human self-control from instances of individual self-conquest; it demanded assent to assertions without proofs, and passed on to its final deduction, (that the days, the numbers, and the happiness of mankind ought to be curtailed,) through a sort of trellice-work of sophistry and sentiment, in which the facts that were mixed up were only seen at intervals as they flitted through. On the other hand, in Mr. Sadler's work, whatever enthusiasm there may be, and there is much—and it is right there should be a lofty and glorious enthusiasm in such a cause—the reader, be his prejudices in favour of, or against, the principle, is never irritated by a display of zeal without knowledge, or of statistical argument without documentary substantiation—in other words, *Mr. Sadler never asks belief in a single principle,*

or corollary from a principle, unless it be clearly borne out by facts; nor does he ever assert a principle that is not amply so borne out. Here is a stand made at once upon the manner in which the Anti-Superfecundity doctrines are enunciated in contrast with the loose, half-appeal, and half-assumption management of the Malthusian Anti-Humanity theory. But they could not manage otherwise. When they wanted the world to believe that human beings were made to inherit misery, and to live, like Tantalus, on the edge of the ever-rolling stream of sexual temptation, but forbidden to taste its waters, could they expect to obtain credence? They had no figures for that. But we are detaining our readers from such analysis of Mr. Sadler's proofs as we can afford space to give.

The principle being clearly stated—that the prolificness of human beings, otherwise similarly circumstanced, varies inversely as their numbers—the proofs adduced by Mr. Sadler are thus thrown into a summary:—

First; By generally acknowledged facts.

Second; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in different countries, equally circumstanced, except in regard to population.

Third; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in different districts of the same countries.

Fourth; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in towns, in relation to the number of their inhabitants.

Fifth; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in the same countries and districts at different periods, as the population has increased.

Sixth; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in the same places and districts, at different periods, where the population has diminished.

Seventh; By the comparative prolificness of marriages as determined upon physiological principles.

Eighth; By the analogies of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in regard to the principle of reproduction.

Ninth; By the demonstration afforded by distinct classes of the human species: and especially the British peerage.

There, Old Blue-and-Yellow, there is a display of tests to which we challenge you to put Mr. Malthus's creed! Is there a single aspect of the question blinked in this ordeal of inquiries? Is there any one way of examining it omitted? On the contrary does it not subject the whole doctrine to the most rigid and unparalleled sifting from first to last? And if it be found to come out proven from each and every of those searching positions, are you not, in plain justice, bound to acknowledge that you have been labouring to delude the understanding of your readers, and to practise treachery upon them—or that you have contrived, not for the first time, to deceive yourself?

We shall now endeavour to give a condensed view of the substance of the proofs enumerated in the above summary.

First. In evidence of this proof, Mr. Sadler quotes the authorities of statisticians, physicians, and philosophers, deducing therefrom a sum of opinion, valuable as bearing distinctly upon the great fact stated. But as much of this proof is necessarily and inevitably involved in the others that follow, we pass on to the next.

Second. In the consideration of this proof some qualifying circumstances must be observed. The statistical data are unavoidably inaccur-

ate, in consequence of the difficulties that in different countries impede the collection of that sort of information. We must also take into account the different habits, and the dissimilar influences of soil, climate, and government, that will be found to prevail in different countries; so that this proof, as near as it can approach to correctness in facts, must yet be subjected to these modifications in principle, and cannot be expected to do more than indicate the theory. Yet we find, even under these disadvantages, how fully the law of nature is justified by the results. The following table exhibits the comparative prolificness of marriages, as regulated by the density of the countries enumerated, beginning with the most thinly populated, and proceeding in a gradual advance to the most densely populated.

	Inhabitants on a square mile.	Children to a marriage.
Cape of Good Hope,	1	5·48
North America,	4	5·22
Russia in Europe,	23	4·94
Denmark,	73	4·89
Prussia,	100	4·70
France,	140	4·22
England,	160	3·66

We perceive that as the population in a given space increases, the number of births proportionably diminish. To this view there are exceptions, such as those to which we have alluded; but even they still serve to vindicate the benevolence of the Deity, whose law seems not to regulate human increase merely in proportion to space, but also to food. As we advance into the cold latitudes, where the soil is sterile and the population thin, we find the principle of human increase visibly contracted. The Laplanders are pronounced by their own historian, Shefferius, to be unfruitful. So that the exceptions in these instances are in themselves but more convincing proofs of the important truth that human beings do not propagate beyond the means of sustentation. Either way it overthrows the Malthusian system.

Third. When the inquiry descends to the examination of the relative examples in different parts of the same country, where the people enjoy the same advantages, natural and artificial, and suffer under the same evils, the results may be expected to be more minute, accurate, and certain. But that accuracy and certainty expose the principle to a test out of which it must come either with complete and decisive triumph, or absolute defeat. Let us see how it stands this trial in reference to the censuses of England. Mr. Sadler arranges the counties in the order of population, beginning as before, with the most thinly populated, and exhibits all the results in an elaborate table, of which the following presents the collected proofs:—

No. of Inhabitants to the square mile.	No. of Births to 100 Marriages.
Under 100 (2 Counties)	420
From 100 to 150 (9 Counties)	396
150 to 200 (16 Counties)	390
200 to 250 (4 Counties)	388
250 to 300 (5 Counties)	378
300 to 350 (3 Counties)	353
500 to 600 (2 Counties)	331
4000 and upwards (1 County)	246

Comment upon this unanswerable document would be impertinent. It might be supposed that Mr. Sadler had in this test alone abundantly satisfied himself, and that he needed not to have pushed his inquiries farther. But his ardent spirit was not contented. He knew that our English registers, to the disgrace of those to whom large sums of the public money are disbursed for the preservation of such documents, are deficient in many essential particulars. Those deficiencies, it is true, might tell either way; but he was resolved, by the addition of such unentered births, marriages and deaths, as could be obtained through the medium of official queries addressed to every parish in the kingdom, to subject his proof to a still severer test. Here is the result:—

No. of Inhabitants to a square mile.	No. of Births to 100 Marriages.
From 50 to 100	427
100 to 150	414
150 to 200	406
200 to 250	402
250 to 300	392
300 to 350	375
500 and upwards	332

The scale of fecundity again falls in proportion to the denseness of the population. But the indefatigable inquirer has yet another torture for the censuses of England, to see if they can be made to yield a solitary argument against him.

No. of acres to each Inhabitant.	No. of Baptisms to 100 Marriages.
Under 1	227
From 1 to 2	341
2 to 3	348
3 to 4	365
4 to 5	370
5 and upwards	380

In every way then in which it is possible to test the population of England, we find it prove to mathematical demonstration, the truth of Mr. Sadler's great principle. Indeed so triumphant a series of proofs was never displayed on any other question. If the phrenologists, or the political economists, or the admirers of Mr. St. John Long, had such a train of evidences to produce, we should never hear the end of their brazen-trumpet-blowing.

Having shewn amply how the law of nature works its consequences in England, it is sufficient to refer our readers to Mr. Sadler's work for the proofs he derives from the censuses of the British Isles, some of the counties in England, separately considered, France and Russia, Ireland, the United States, &c. In each of these his principle is proved on equally incontrovertible data, the operation of which in the above instance will have afforded a sufficient example of its results in all.

Fourth.—This branch of the inquiry leads to the establishment of the important fact, that marriages are less prolific in proportion to the density of the population on a given space. Thus, we find in crowded towns that fecundity diminishes, by which mysterious provision of nature the evils of excessive numbers are always anticipated and prevented. The following abstract presents the results of two tables—the one giving the prolificness of marriages in one hundred and five towns of England, being the whole number of those contained in the population abstracts,

in which the marriages, births, and deaths are separately given—the other pursuing the same inquiry in the rural divisions of the country where the population is sparingly disseminated, and agriculture mainly prevails. In the latter we find that the

Annual proportion of marriages to baptisms, are as	100 to 477
In towns under 1,900 inhabitants (1 town)	100 to 467
From 1,900 to 2,000 (2)	100 to 422
2,000 to 3,000 (10)	100 to 390
3,000 to 4,000 (12)	100 to 360
4,000 to 5,000 (11)	100 to 356
5,000 to 10,000 (30)	100 to 327
10,000 to 20,000 (22)	100 to 304
20,000 to 50,000 (10)	100 to 282
50,000 to 100,000 (4)	100 to 240
100,000 & upwards (3)	100 to 234

Another table of certain towns in Ireland follows this, proving still more decisively the truth of the original proposition. It is hard to believe that any credulity could exist after evidence of this irrefragable character, yet there are such men as Mr. Macauley to be found in the most enlightened times, and under all possible combinations of circumstances. Well may Mr. Sadler ask, "If the proofs adduced in this and the preceding chapters are not sufficient to place this great and important principle of nature beyond the reach of doubt or contradiction, can any facts, however striking, numerous, and uniform, relating to any subject whatever, be regarded as amounting to demonstration?" Certainly not: and more, if Mr. Sadler could produce such proofs as are only to be discovered in pure mathematics (and these approach them) Old Blue-and-Yellow would refuse to assent to them!

Fifth.—One of the benevolent corollaries from Mr. Sadler's main principle is, that "growing members" have been the great means of diffusing increasing plenty in every community, and on the contrary, that "fewness of people" has ever been accompanied by real poverty and destitution. This very consoling doctrine of the philosopher's creed is abundantly proved throughout, and although perhaps not sufficiently indicated by any individual fact, or facts, is placed beyond cavil by the series of views afforded by the examination of the subject throughout. The argument here appeals to time. It has hitherto drawn its witnesses from space. The adjustment of numbers to food is shewn at different periods in the history of each country. Here is a table to begin with, shewing the diminishing fecundity of marriages in England, as its population has increased.

Periods.	Population.	Births to a Marriage.
1680	5,500,000	4·65
1730	5,800,000	4·25
1770	7,500,000	3·61
1790	8,700,000	3·59
1805	10,678,500	3·50

In not a single instance have we as yet found these scales to contradict the fundamental law of nature. We could multiply these tables if it were necessary, for Mr. Sadler's indefatigable zeal has enabled him to prosecute this branch of the examination through the statistical returns

of France, Russia, Sweden, the Netherlands, Ireland, the United States, &c.; but as before, we content ourselves with one example out of a multitude, merely adding that they all arrive with surprising agreement at the same conclusion.

Sixth.—Having shewn that prolificness diminishes as the population numerically advances, the next curious and important point to be proved is, that prolificness increases with any considerable diminution of population. This is the most extraordinary aspect the whole inquiry assumes: and the means by which it is shewn exhibit, perhaps, more strongly than any other part of the work, the great powers of investigation, and the unwearying industry of the author. It naturally divides itself into those great mutalities that have occasionally visited the earth in the form of epidemics, and those fluctuating mortalities to which all great communities are subjected. In both cases the principle is most triumphantly proved. It might be expected that the test would fail in some of its applications; but such is the regularity, consistency, and certainty of this law of our being, that the deeper we enter into the inquiry, the more satisfactory do the evidences become, and the more impregnable a position do the whole body of proofs take, both relatively and in the abstract. As we can only afford to shadow forth the sums-total of Mr. Sadler's tables, referring to the original for the particulars, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting his very curious tabular view of the history of fecundity throughout the disastrous era of the plague in London, and a few years following it. Here is an abstract of it, however, shewing the proofs, divided into sections of ten years.

Ten Years ending	Deaths.	Besides of the Plague.	Total of Deaths.	Conceptions.
1610	61,299	50,390	111,689	62,979
1620	80,843	829	81,672	76,200
1630	100,057	36,987	136,987	82,534
1640	103,527	15,892	119,419	100,133
1650	104,439	13,663	118,102	74,397
1660	128,860	143	129,003	67,328
1670	182,109	70,699	252,808	110,410

The reasoning founded on these data is full of interest, and must have the effect of convincing every candid mind that the intricacies through which the subject is necessarily pursued, are of a nature to entitle that man who has succeeded in threading them, at all events to the respect of his adversaries, if their political prejudices exclude him from their assent and co-operation. It will be perceived that, although in the table now before us the proportions are not accurate, yet the great result sufficiently vindicates the operation of nature. Perhaps the arbitrary division of the period into portions of ten years each is not just, since the true working of the principle can best be seen in the progressive development year after year, of the relative mortality and procreation; but even in these totals we find that the period of the greatest mortality was distinguished by the greatest fruitfulness, and that the number of conceptions never sinks below, but always rises above that standard: so that even the deviations favour the principle. When we consider the immediate effect of a depopulating epidemic, it might be enough for our purpose to prove

that the number of conception did not decrease, which would be relatively speaking an actual increase; but here we find that not only did the conceptions not decrease, but that they really increased, a coincidence with the great law hardly to have been anticipated.

The calculations drawn from the effects of varying mortalities are equally complete. Of course, in those cases the operation of the mysterious, but ever labouring law of population, is not so visible, nor its sphere of evidence so extensive; and it is liable to many incidental interruptions, and minor influences, that tend to render its display in figures less apparently convincing than that of the phenomena that breaks up the order and harmony of our system. Yet in spite of all these obstacles, it developes itself clearly and unequivocally, and offers so incontrovertible an auxiliary to the great argument as to leave no doubt of the constant action of the principle for which Mr. Sadler contends. From a variety of statistical tables, comprising every country in Europe from whence such facts could be derived, collected from city and country districts, and comprehending a period of time sufficiently extensive to render the uniformity of the deductions of universal application, Mr. Sadler derives these curious and astounding results. Taking a series of mortal, average, and healthful years, here are the deductions:—

Proportions of conceptions to 1000 Marriages.

In the most healthy years,	4015
In the average years,	4084
In the mortal years,	4254

This, we frankly admit, appears almost incredible. And when we remember the fact that in the mortal years a fewer number of marriages take place than in the other periods, the wise and benevolent dispensations of Providence in this regard will derive a still higher claim on our gratitude and wonder. Of the registers of eighty-eight places enumerated in Sir Frederick Eden's History of the Poor, here are the results of a similar examination:—

	Deaths.		Births.
In the most mortal years,	88,349	..	92,052
In the most healthy years,	65,564	..	90,287

The investigation is pushed into other censuses, all directly tending to the same point. The importance of this very decisive argument is greater than perhaps it may appear at first sight. Mr. Malthus maintains the necessity of a "preventive check," the whole of the dark purport of which we cannot venture to translate into intelligible language; but we may trust ourselves so far as to explain, that a part of its object is to suppress the disposition of the multitude to intermarry, affirming that it is necessary to keep back by that means the apprehended numerical excess. Now, the moral effect of Mr. Sadler's argument in this instance is to shew that the seasons of mortality, instead of being sterile, in order to make room for marriages, as the Malthusian doctrines assume, are actually remarkably fertile—which is, as it were, a sort of compensation for the ravages of death, instead of death being a punishment for the extreme procreation of the species. If the reader will turn this strong antithesis in his mind, he will have in a short compass a pretty clear notion of the anti-population philosophy.

Seventh. The comparative prolificness of marriages as determined upon physiological principles, affords a debateable ground which none of the other proofs admit. On that account we should prefer calling it an ingenious argument or illustration, rather than a proof, although it

is not a proof only in so far as it rests on doctrines, generally received, instead of demonstrable facts that cannot be denied. It is therefore a confirmation of a principle already proved. We cannot hope to express this confirmation in shorter terms than we find it conveyed in the language of Mr. Sadler.

"The first and lowest condition in which human beings are presented to our contemplation, is that in which they are mere hunters, or little more than superior animals of prey; a state of extreme severity, whether it respects the fatigue, or the privations it implies. It demands, moreover, a vast extent of country, in proportion to the inhabitants, to render such pursuits available for the purpose of sustaining life; and, therefore, as they multiply, a more ample and certain supply of those animals on which they subsist becomes necessary, and the nomadic or pastoral must therefore succeed to the predatory condition. Numbers still increase, and the agricultural state necessarily ensues, being the simplest form of civilized society; that which obviously supposes the scantiest population, and unquestionably the most laborious, not 'to say necessitous habits, of any with which we are in these days personally conversant, though greatly superior, in all respects, to the preceding conditions.' Population still enlarges; and while all classes partake of the general benefit, multitudes are liberated from the lower drudgeries of life; many are found devoting themselves to higher and more intellectual pursuits; and not a few exist in a state of the most luxurious refinement.

"Such has, in many respects, been the history of almost every country upon earth; nor could a community, originally barbarous, and increasing in numbers, continue to subsist, much less attain to a high state of civilization, in any other course. Two facts, essential to the argument, present themselves to our consideration in this progression of society: the first is, that, at every step of it, the means of subsistence become more certain in their supply, more sufficient in quantity, and, above all, greatly improved in their kind. The second, that human labour is, at the same time, as regularly diminished in its duration, and mitigated in its intensity. In short, increase of population is, in every properly regulated community, the cause of diffusing greater ease and enjoyment, and of dispensing greater plenty; and the ancient maxim, that people are the riches of a country, is, in every sense of the expression, fully confirmed." —*Vol.* 2, *p.* 572–3.

This lucid retrospect brings the whole question into a very small space. It distinctly shews that population precedes food, (in the sense of productiveness) that food increases with and in proportion to the human species; and, which is the great object of the physiologist, that where the population is scanty, poor, laborious, and inured to hardships, it is most prolific; and, *vice versa*, where it is densely planted, and where labour and want are either mitigated or unknown, and the comforts, rising upward to the luxuries of life, are enjoyed, it is least prolific; thus reversing the Malthusian doctrine, and proving that man, instead of increasing beyond the supply of food, increases that supply with his own increase, and by a mysterious law of nature, accommodates himself at the point of luxury, to the means of subsistence. Mr. Sadler gives physiological instances to prove this latter curious fact, but we cannot afford to quote them. It is sufficient for our purposes that it is satisfactorily shewn that in proportion to the poverty of a people is their tendency to propagate, and by that means to urge on the undeveloped bounties of the earth, and that in proportion as they rise above necessity that tendency gradually fades away.

Eighth. The analogy between the animal and vegetable kingdoms proves that the physiological principle is the same in both. There exists between them a striking conformity in the processes of reproduction. Plants luxuriously nourished will not, to use the agricultural phrase, "seed again." It is the same with man, and animals of the lower grade. Animals remarkable for their symmetry and perfection, and that are fed profusely to keep up the tone of beauty, are invariably infertile. These singular coincidences, are sufficiently remarkable in character, and uniform in their operation to establish on an imperishable basis, this great fundamental law of nature.

Ninth. In order to invest the argument with a degree of individuality, although it thereby confessedly loses some of its comprehensiveness, Mr. Sadler takes a class of persons raised above sordid wants, in whom all the advantages of blood, luxury, ease of mind, and station were combined, in order to demonstrate yet more forcibly the fact that as the population increases in numbers and reaches towards affluence, the tendency to fecundity declines. He selects the British peerage, because the registers of their families are at once accurate and attainable. The results are that the peers are decidedly a marrying class; that they marry early in life; and that although on the average they live to a greater age than the members of any inferior and less favoured class, their marriages are less prolific!

These are the prominent features of Mr. Sadler's theory. We have endeavoured to place before our readers a sketch of the series of proofs by which it is illustrated and established; and although we could not perform that justice to the details of the subject which they deserved, we trust we have rendered the chief propositions embraced in the main principle clear. On looking back upon what we have written, it occurs to us that a short recapitulation of the truths that incidentally arise through the examination may prevent that difficulty of retention which sometimes attends a lengthened statement. The facts established by Mr. Sadler, as flowing from the great law of population, may be thus summed up.

As population increases, fecundity declines.

The thinnest population is the most prolific.

In cold latitudes, where the earth is sterile and the population scanty, the tendency to propagation is contracted; which forms an exception to the general rule elsewhere prevailing, but proves the universal application, adapted to varying circumstances, of the divine law, that man shall not outgrow the means of sustentation.

In towns, where the population is closely packed, the average fecundity is lower than in the country, where the population is scattered.

The higher ranks who enjoy the comforts of life are less prolific than the lower, who labour and undergo privations.

The increase of population is always accompanied by an increase of prosperity; and *vice versa*.

Early marriages are less productive than those of more mature age.

As the population of countries increases, the checks of War, Pestilence, and Famine operate very languidly, less frequently, and less fatally. This is proved, in the only way it can be proved, by collation and comparison of historical facts; and it completely refutes the Malthusian doctrines that these calamities come in to keep down the tendency of mankind to increase beyond the supply of food.

Such are a few of the side-lights that break in upon us as we traverse

the labyrinths of this interesting question. They are all necessary to the perfect development of the subject, and lead separately into paths of inquiry that will amply repay the cares of the student.

Political economy stands wholly opposed to the wisdom of this theory, on the front of which are engraved the characters of justice and benevolence. When Mr. Sadler's work appeared it was for a time neglected by the press. The majority of periodical writers were confessedly inadequate to take a part in the controversy. Besides it requires some courage to stand up against received opinions, even although their palpable folly, fallacy, and iniquity be distinctly exhibited. The first Journal, we believe, that openly advocated the law of population was the Atlas, which, on all political subjects, is opposed to Mr. Sadler. The Standard, the political adherent of that gentleman, also gave its powerful assistance to the promulgation of his views. These two papers stood alone. Then came the Edinburgh Review, with its discharge of heavy artillery, and its blundering wit, to take up at the eleventh hour the examination of a topic which it would gladly have permitted to sink into obscurity, but which was making such way with the thinking part of society as to render its recognition inevitable. The article it put forth on that occasion will be certain of immortality. It will descend to posterity as a part of the history of this struggle in Philosophy to rescue humanity from the degradation of an unnatural and impious creed in Morals and Statistics. The name of Dennis is for ever linked to that of Pope: but the picture it presents to the mind is that of a fool dogging the shadow of a wise man. So will Mr. Macauley be hereafter remembered as one who played antics in the path of a Philosopher.

We said we could not venture to translate into intelligible language the meaning of Mr. Malthus's "preventive check." What then must be the true character of the system which the Edinburgh Review espouses, since its mere enunciation would pollute our pages? Oh! holy Nature, how hast thou been defamed by these economists! How heartless must he be who propounds to his fellow-creatures, the revolting doctrine that commands them to crush the play of their inborn instincts, to silence the voice of sensibility and sympathy within, and to defile a glorious manhood, by turning aside from the walk of duty and happiness into the dark ways of unnatural indulgences! The "preventive check" is an impiety of an unspeakably disgusting description. It cuts off all the finer attributes of our race, that distinguish us from the beasts of the field: it proposes so to regulate the intercourse of the sexes, as to defeat the especial purposes for which it was ordained; and it hints at the horrible alternative of a celibacy more criminal and infamous than the worst licentiousness of the worst periods of oriental history. And this is the system which Old Blue-and-Yellow advocates with an energy at once daring and disastrous; this is the system which the liberal journal—the organ of whigs, reformers, retrenchers, and demagogues—defends from first to last, as if the liberties of the subject, and the general good of mankind, were absolutely dependent upon its truth. We think we shall satisfactorily shew before we close, that the said Old Blue-and-Yellow is a witness not to be believed; and that, whether he thinks himself to be honest or not, he is utterly inconsistent with, and treacherous to his own professions.

First—how does the Reviewer meet Mr. Sadler's stupendous body of proofs? He picks out an objection here and there, works himself up into a fit of rhetoric, hits his point with a piquant witticism, and dis-

misses the inquiry with a sneer. He takes one table out of a multitude; chooses some part that suits his object; twists that part until it bends to his design; and then, having ingeniously shewn that the brick has a flaw, condemns in a most victorious manner the architecture of the whole house. He finds Mr. Sadler tracing his subject laboriously step by step through its regular gradations, and proving his statements to demonstration as he goes along; and seeing that he cannot rebut facts, except by some disingenuous and dishonest artifice, he exclaims, "Oh! this looks very well; but let it be remembered that Mr. Sadler has packed the cards after his fashion; we shall see how they turn out when we have shuffled them a little."—This shuffling (a word most felicitously chosen) proves to be no other than a picking and choosing of such cards as will tell but one way, and so arriving at a mighty triumphant conclusion, on a general law, by the result of an examination of partial particulars. He is his own Polonius, and cries out, "It is mighty like a whale!" while his ear takes up the echo, and his pen writes down that it *is* a whale. He brings no facts of his own, but avails himself of Mr. Sadler's. He has no power to illustrate the subject, and exhibits no farther cleverness than that which comprises the tact of decomposing the materials before him, and fabricating them into other forms. In the management of all this he is adroit, and takes care not to betray to the mass of the lookers-on that sleight of hand by which he shuffles the aforesaid cards. But we have detected him. We are enabled to expose the tricks by which he mystifies the public: and they are tricks unworthy of literature, and degrading even to Old Blue-and-Yellow.

The particular tricks of this Reviewer have been already exposed elsewhere,* and it would be but an idle expenditure of space to enter into an elaborate consideration of them here. It is sufficient for our purpose to furnish a specimen of his logic, and to shew how he reasons on and from figures. Here is a characteristic exhibition of his logic.

"The theory of Mr. Malthus, says Mr. Sadler, cannot be true, because it asserts the existence of a great and terrible evil, and is therefore inconsistent with the goodness of God. We answer thus: we know that there are in the world great and terrible evils. In spite of these evils, we believe in the goodness of God. Why may we not then continue to believe in his goodness, though another evil should be added to the list?" Edin. Review, No. CIV. p. 507.

Now this short sentence contains a falsification of a simple fact, and an illogical deduction from that falsification. Short as it is, it is nevertheless wonderfully comprehensive. In the first place, Mr. Sadler never said that Mr. Malthus's theory could not be true, because it asserted the existence of a great and terrible evil, and that it was therefore inconsistent with the goodness of God. On the contrary, Mr. Sadler said that the evil asserted by Mr. Malthus was inconsistent with the goodness of God, and that, *therefore*, Mr. Malthus's theory could not be true. We see how easily the web can be unravelled, and how poor this creature looks when we come to expose his artifices. But granting this falsification to our despicable arguer, let us see what he makes of it. He says, we know there are great and terrible evils, and yet in spite of these evils we believe in the goodness of God. Why then, he adds, with his usual chuckle, may we not continue to believe in his goodness, though another evil be added to the list? Does not the man see that confidence in the

* See a pamphlet published by Ridgway, which refutes the article that appeared in the *last* number of the Edinburgh Review.

goodness of God, in spite of evils *that we know*, does not justify the extension of that belief to evils *that we do not know*. In that consists the whole difference, but that difference involves the whole theory. We know, for instance, that we are subjected to physical pain, yet still we confide in the goodness of God; but we are not, therefore, out of the fulness of our confidence in that goodness, to believe in the existence of other assumed evils, such as that of super-fecundity, of which we do not know. Our Reviewer does more foolish things than that of putting the car before the horse; he sometimes puts the horse into the car; and sometimes turns the car upside down. It is natural that he should now and then find himself in the mire.

It will be observed that Mr. Sadler always arranges his tables in their natural order; that is, he places them according to their relative importance, just as we run figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., in their proper progression. If Mr. Sadler begin with the lowest, he goes on regularly to the highest. If he begin with the highest, he comes down regularly to the lowest. Now, it is quite clear that this is not only the correct method of estimating the truth or falsehood of his principle, but that it is also the most rigid that could be devised. But our Reviewer calls this method "packing." We should like to know what the natural method is, if this be artificial? What the proper adjustment of quantities, if their regular ascent and descent be "packing?" Now here is a specimen taken from one of Mr. Sadler's tables which the Reviewer considers to be "packing." It gives the legitimate births in the following proportions of the population in France, where there are to each inhabitant

	Births.
From 4 to 5 *hectares*,* there are to every 1000 marriages ..	5,130
3 to 4 ditto	4,372
2 to 3 ditto	4,250
1 to 2 ditto	4,234
·06 to 1 ditto	4,146
and ·06 ditto	2,657.

Here we perceive, as usual, that as the population thickens the principle of fecundity declines. It is difficult to foresee how our candid Reviewer meets this statement, and still more difficult to anticipate the argument by which he sets about proving that the method by which these convincing results are obtained should be designated as "packing." He says, that if we look at the departments *singly*, we shall discover that there is not a single one of them in the place it ought to occupy. That is, that there is not a single one of the departments that will in itself prove the universal law of Nature. To be sure there is not, and who, except our sapient Old Blue-and-Yellow, ever expected there would. He next advises his reader, that such a department is tenth in one table, fourteenth in another table, and only thirty-first in a third table; that another department, which ought to be third, is twenty-second by the table which places it highest; that the one which ought to be eighth, is fiftieth *or* sixtieth; that that which ought to be tenth from the top, is at about the same distance from the bottom, &c. Now, not to say any thing about the littleness of mind which all this hubbub and much ado about nothing betrays, does not the intelligent inquirer at once perceive the character of the criticism to which Mr. Sadler is subjected by this honest Reviewer? Is it not self-evident

* A French *hectare* consists of between two and three English acres.

that he picks out instances, jumbles them, contrasts them at his own pleasure to suit his own views, and that while he is accusing Mr. Sadler, who gives the facts in arithmetical progression, of "packing," he is most shamelessly "packing" them himself? The parade of phrases about placing one department twenty-second, that ought to be third, and another fiftieth, that ought to be eighth, &c., is a mere confusion of words to perplex the reader, who will never take the trouble to ascertain whether the Reviewer's calculations be correct, but will probably take it for granted that Mr. Sadler's tables must be constituted of a mass of fallacies. Another method of "shuffling" ("I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word,") used by our veracious critic, may be thus imitated, although any imitation must fall short of the original—

"Take away the two first departments, then draw a line at the sixth; omit the next department, and add together the tenth and twelfth; then take the last but one, and run up to the fourteenth; and by calculating the average of these you will perceive that the result is diametrically opposed to Mr. Sadler's principle."

We can only say, that if it were not, the Reviewer would be dedicating his ingenuity to a very idle purpose. It must not be supposed that our imitation is far-fetched. We assure the unconscious public that such is the mode of examination adopted, and also that the Reviewer has the impudence to call the results he thus produces "strong cases!" Why, give us any table—except Lord Althorp's budget, which we candidly declare we could not render more perplexing than its noble propounder made it—and permit us to slash it in this manner, and if we do not make it prove the very reverse of that which it actually proves, we hereby allow all the clubs in London to put Old Mag. upon the same shelves with Old Blue-and-Yellow—than which we cannot conceive ourselves submitting to a greater indignity.

We cannot dismiss Mr. Macauley until we give the following passage from the last article in the Edinburgh. He is herein nibbling at the tables of the French population.

"By dividing the departments in a particular manner, Mr. Sadler has produced results which he contemplates with great satisfaction. *But if we draw the lines a little higher up, or a little lower down,* we shall find that all his calculations are thrown into utter confusion; and that the phenomena, if they indicate any thing, indicate a law the very reverse of that which he has propounded."—E. R. No. CIV. p. 516.

Here our reviewer betrays himself, by letting out the secret of his refutatory process. The drawing the lines a little higher up, or a little lower down, means no more than the disturbing of the natural order of the proofs, and the distortion of facts to suit a purpose. He is not candid enough to tell his readers that Mr. Sadler does not calculate one table in one way, and another in another, *but that he adopts throughout the whole of his table the same uniform mode of investigation.* There is no capricious, or dishonest method adopted; there is no Procrustean bed to make the table suit the proof, or the proof the table; but each table harmonizes with the rest, in its arrangement, its divisions, and its results. Now, the reviewer's method is altogether different from this. Instead of letting the tables speak for themselves, he selects only such parts as he wants, and places those only in such relative positions as will produce contradictions. Of course he must by this process distort each table differently. There is no uniformity of plan, progressing distinctly to the one given end; but all is contrariety, sophistry, and chaos. The operation of the laws of nature is uniform and universal; so ought to be the method of prov-

ing it. Mr. Sadler's proofs are uniform and universal; but the reviewer's are distracted and confined. Which of these, think you, honest Mr. Napier, is the more likely to be true? Having shewn that by "shifting the line higher up or lower down, he can produce any statement he pleases," the reviewer adds that "the phenomena, if they indicate any thing, indicate a law the very reverse of that which Mr. Sadler has propounded." Why, goose-cap, if *your* theory be right, and Mr. Sadler's wrong, "the phenomena," as you call them, instead of "indicating any thing," should *prove* the truth of your theory. How is your theory, or Mr. Sadler's, or any one else's to be proved, unless by the evidence of population returns? And now that you have those population returns, why do you not shew that they prove your theory? You tell us that if they indicate any thing, they indicate something the reverse of Mr. Sadler's theory; but that is not enough; they ought to be susceptible of affording two distinct proofs instead of one hypothetical indication; they ought to prove, first, that Mr. Sadler's theory is false; and, second, that Mr. Malthus's is true. Shew us that, thou last of the race of the wise men of Gotham, and we will acknowledge that you have some pretensions to enter upon the discussion.

But we have wasted enough of words upon this creature of the Old Blue-and-Yellow school, and shall content ourselves with a closing observation on the infidelity that marks the proceedings of that Review. This question is essentially a question that goes to establish the right of the poor to live. The political economists would invest the aristocracy with the exclusive right to enjoy life, and taste of all the privileges which Nature in her bounty has showered upon Man. Mr. Sadler vindicates the Universality of Happiness. He says, or rather the obvious deduction to be drawn from his pages is, that the distinctions which have sprung up in the formation and distribution of society ought to have no penal influence upon natural prerogatives: that man should alike throughout all grades taste the sweet delights that are spread before him in that banquet, which was not prepared by human hands; that the Affections, the Hopes, the Sympathies, and the multitudinous throng of Sensations that fill the Heart, are no more called into existence for the rich man's sole enjoyment, than are the glorious lights which, like beacons, take up their eternal stations in the sky, placed there for the exclusive illumination of the rich man's night; that all that is given by God is given in common; and that we who live in affluence making laws for our fellow men, have no right to make a law, or urge a proposition, that has for its object the annihilation of the Natural Rights of the Poor. What then must we think of the Edinburgh Review, which professes the popular creed, when we find it abetting the unnatural, and unjust, and oppressive views which Mr. Sadler combats. Of course these views lead to political results. All philosophy is political. The original principles of all branches of philosophy are of application to various departments in the science of politics; and the anti-humanity tenets of the Edinburgh Review, lead to the most disastrous and fatal political fallacies. We now leave Mr. Macauley, and Old Blue-and-Yellow to the tender mercies of the public. We have done our part. Should another arm be raised in the contest, we shall be found armed for the fight. In the mean time it will be curious to observe how the Edinburgh will endeavour to escape the responsibility its errors have already incurred. That it must, and will ultimately renounce Malthus we entertain no doubt; but, for the delectation of amateur superfecunditarians, we shall carefully note the progress of the Second Apostacy.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

When the French have lost a battle, they always swear that it was lost by treachery. The *sauve qui peut* is regularly traced to a lofty origin. No "bandy-legged drummer," no faint-hearted captain of the guards, no half-dozen regiments, peppered beyond all Gallic patience, and moving to the rear without leave of absence, has any thing to do with the affair. The whole is a sly contrivance of some rogue of a field-marshal, bribed by foreign gold, and on the strength of a heavy purse consenting to tarnish the national honour.

On precisely the same principle our politicians, when after a short burst of triumph they begin to discover that the day is against them, always cry out *secret* influence. The leading Whig journal thus makes the discovery that the Reform scheme is going to the dogs, and, of all people under the smoky canopy of London, who is the antagonist?—the Queen!

"Reports have been much circulated, with reference to a belief of an improper interference on the part of an Illustrious Personage on the subject of the Reform Bill. We know that lady to be as much distinguished for the most amiable feelings, and for a just sense of her duties, as she is by her exalted station: with such feelings, every thing tending to political intrigue, or to an active part in the measures of a party, is absolutely incompatible; and we are as confident as we are of our existence that no attempt could proceed from that quarter to disturb the mind of the sovereign, or throw difficulties in the way of his ministers."

We firmly believe that the Queen has no more to do with the break-down of the Bill than the Emperor of Timbuctoo. But the cry is symptomatic—it is evidence of failure, and we may rely on the clamour of the advocates of the measure for the proof of their fears. Now that we are on the subject of royalty, why will not some of the royal and noble authors of the day enlighten us on the name of the fashionable nude, on whom the Court itself fixed its critic eyes?

"A reproof has been addressed from an illustrious quarter to a celebrated fashionable beauty, on the indecorum of her costume at the drawing room, which was such as to excite universal surprise."

The announcement awakes all our curiosity too, as to the degree of the developement in question. For on our faith, as cavaliers, we have seen admitted into drawing-rooms, figures constructed on a principle of such perfect candour, that the eye might as well doubt of their shape as of the Venus de Medicis, or a naked negress. What could go beyond those we cannot easily imagine, at least in a climate where the east wind reigns for one six months, and the Lincolnshire fogs are paramount for the other.

Frederic Reynolds, who retains his pleasantry under the frosts of, who can tell how many years? has filled his Dramatic Annual with pleasant wrath against the powers, plays, and things that be. But his passions burst out most oratorically, where the sound of "salary,"—word dear to the sons of St. Stephen's, as well as of Thalia—comes to sting them into vengeance. What can be more Demosthenic than the following?

"There be players who now-a-days receive, twenty, thirty,—ay, fifty pounds per night; whilst Mrs. Siddons, in the 'meridian of her glory,' received one thousand pounds for eighty nights (i. e. about twelve pounds

per night). Mrs. Jordan's salary, in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas per week. John Kemble, when actor and manager at Covent Garden, was paid thirty-six pounds per week; George Cooke, twenty pounds; Lewis, twenty pounds, as actor and manager; Edwin, the best buffo and burletta singer that ever trod the English stage, only fourteen pounds per week; and Mrs. H. Siddons, by far the best representative of *Juliet* I ever saw, nine pounds per week. After this, may we not exclaim—'Ye *little stars*, hide your diminished heads!'"

It is hard to stand up against such a whirlwind. But still we may ask, why do managers give such salaries now? Certainly not for love of the actors. The true answer is, they find it worth their while. Why do actors demand such salaries? Because every man has a right to sell his talents as high as he can, and the few years during which an actor can be secure of popularity, make it necessary for him to make the most of his time. The lower salaries of the Kembles, &c. thirty years ago, were not so much under the present rate, when we consider the enormous rise of price in every thing necessary for human support. And lastly, because a well conducted theatre is able to pay any salary that can be fairly equal to the ability of any performer. The fact is that the decline of theatrical profits is altogether owing to the decline of theatrical writing. During the period when the theatres were supplied with a constant succession of new performances, various as they were in point of merit, and even in point of success, the theatres throve. Sheridan's theatre was the first to exhibit symptoms of ruin, because Sheridan was at once a genius and an idler, rendered too fastidious by the former to make use of the talents of inferior men, and by the latter never taking the trouble to make any exertion of his own. The plan of this man, who was made to be undone, was to employ great performers, at great salaries, of course. The time soon arrived when the public grew weary of seeing the same performances for the hundredth time, deserted the theatre, left the great salaries to be looked for in empty benches, and walked over in a body to old Harris, who gave large prices to authors, and had of course every thing that was worth having, paid his actors moderately but punctually, and finally made his fortune, by his slight comedies, moderate actors, and small theatre. But the moral of the tale receives its full confirmation from the subsequent fate of Harris himself. In his old age he abandoned his system, lavished his money on shew, and a theatre twice too large for convenience or productiveness, ventured on the Sheridan maxim, of "away with authors, give me the scene-painter and the carpenter;" and finished in a few years by losing every shilling of his fortune, and leaving his theatre under a load of debt, from which it has never recovered.

It seems to be an established fact in the history of medicine that there is no disease which is not capable of a cure; though undoubtedly there remain some of which the cure is so rare, that the disease may, in our present state of knowledge, be generally considered all but desperate. Of those, all the maladies which attack the nervous system seem still the farthest from hope, partly because our ignorance of the nervous system is the most remarkable, and partly because its maladies have the most rapid and violent influence on the frame. Hydrophobia has hitherto baffled all regular treatment, and "locked-jaw," when arrived at a certain height, seems to bid defiance to medicine. How-

ever, the following case, stated in a periodical work by Mr. Joy, a surgeon, of Norfolk, may lead to some important investigation.

"A chaff-cutter, about twelve years of age, apparently in good health at the time when he was exercising his occupation, so injured one of his fingers as to render immediate amputation of it at the first phalanx necessary. Although the wound went on very favourably, locked jaw came on when it was nearly healed. Notwithstanding the usual remedies—as, opium in large doses, mercury, musk, and other anti-spasmodics—were actively employed on the first appearance of the disease, the spasms increased in violence, and extended to the muscles of the back, producing the convulsive contractions of the muscles, termed opisthotonos. The anti-spasmodics and warm bath having totally failed to afford the slightest relief, after pushing them to their fullest extent for ten days, Mr. Joy determined to give the muriated tincture of iron a trial. He accordingly ordered ten drops to be administered every hour in a little water, which the loss of a few teeth allowed of being done without much difficulty. After continuing this medicine twenty-four hours, the spasmodic affection of the muscles was evidently much diminished. The following day he was nearly free from pain. The medicine was continued in the same quantity, and at the same intervals; and the disease so rapidly decreased in violence, evidently under its influence, that he was perfectly well in the course of a few days."

The public are tired of the vulgar ravings of such fellows as Hunt and Hume, as of course those people have no other object than to talk themselves into notice. But why does not some honest and plain-spoken English gentleman, who dabbles in neither Greek Loans nor Liquid Blacking, apply himself to the consideration of the enormous waste that occurs hourly in public matters? Whoever that man may be he may be assured that, by this line of conduct, he would be of more use to his country, do more honour to himself, and, if such were his object, gain a more extended and enduring popularity than any and all the prating patriots of the day. Let such a man take up the following extract from the speech of Lord Althorp, his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"The original estimate for Buckingham Palace, sanctioned by Parliament, was £496,000., to which was to be added a further sum of £3,500. for sculpture, making a total of £499,500. The expenditure on the palace up to the midsummer of 1830—the latest period at which those accounts were made up—was £576,353.; thus leaving an excess above the estimate sanctioned of £76,000. in round numbers. As about £5,000. of this, however, could be realized by a sale of the machinery, &c., the excess might be taken at £71,000.! Notwithstanding this excess of expenditure over the income, he did not mean to say that Buckingham Palace was *at all in a situation*, or even *nearly so*, to be inhabited by any one. The estimate of the works not yet began was £21,000; the estimate of the works ordered by the late king, and not included in Mr. Nash's estimate, £25,000; the garden, £4,000. These items remained still to be provided for, not being calculated in the estimate of Mr. Nash, who, however, had exceeded his own estimate in the sum of £46,000."

Thus by the Parliamentary paper, the money actually expended on building the shell of the Pimlico Palace was at the lowest computation £71,000 above half a million of pounds sterling! with works to be done estimated at £50,000 more. But every body knows that the estimate is always *under* the expense in matters of this order, and as Mr. Nash has exceeded one estimate by no less than £46,000, it is to be presumed that a handsome allowance must be made here also.

And let it be remembered by John Bull, who pays for all, that, for this enormous sum a building has been raised, which is at present utterly useless. That it at present can afford a tenement to nothing but the rats, and that in those estimates furniture, and the innumerable things necessary to complete a palace for a residence, are not adverted to. Before that Pimlico Palace can be fit for the reception of the King, *another half million* must be extracted from the pockets of John Bull.

Then come the repairs of Windsor Castle, which though no man would grudge, if they were actual and necessary repairs of a great national edifice, as the castle is, seem to have been characterised by just the same want of taste and economy. But here the furniture is the galling affair.

In order to check the estimate, three commissioners were appointed, and they sanctioned an estimate of £233,990. The expenditure incurred, however, appeared to be in the Chamberlain's department, £289,718—in the Lord Steward's department, £1,768—and for the tapestry, £3,550, making a total of £295,036, leaving an excess of £61,000 on the estimate sanctioned by Parliament. In the furniture supplied, the principal excess was in the account of one tradesman. The estimate for the work was £143,000, but his bill came to £203,000.

The furniture of a portion of the castle has already cost upwards of £300,000. The combined cost of the Pimlico Palace, in which the King cannot reside, and Windsor Castle, in which he probably will not reside a month in the year, is actually at this moment one million four hundred thousand pounds! Lord Althorp declares that all this deserves to be inquired into, and in particular the estimate of that dashing dealer who in an estimate of £143,000, contrived to make an advance of £60,000. And his lordship is perfectly right. The whole transaction demands the most rigid inquiry. The country will be satisfied with nothing less, and he may rely on it, that unless such investigation be prompt, complete, and clear, the consequences may be formidably injurious to the quiet of the country. We by no means conceive that ministers look upon those things with less disgust and contempt than we do; but it is essential to their honour that they see justice effectually and expeditiously done.

Lord King's perpetual attacks on the Church, are made so much with the air of a man eager to talk about something or other, that they lose all their effect, and the affair goes on in the old way. But on one of his late motions, whose object was to ascertain the number of resident and non-resident clergy in England and Wales, distinguishing the non-residents who held of the clergy or corporation from those who held their benefices of lay impropriators, he brought out some remarkable admissions.

"A right rev. prelate had the other night stated that the average income of each clergyman did not exceed £365. 18s. 4d. This he would not deny; but he saw from the returns that, while the average was to that amount, there were six thousand clergy who had livings at an average of £645, a-year; and he thought some limits should be fixed, and livings made to correspond as nearly as possible with the general average of the incomes of the whole clergy. The son-in-law of the Bishop of Ely had been presented by the bishop to the rich living of Wisbeach, though he held five livings besides, estimated at the value of £5,000. a-year. In the see of York, he found some of the clergy had only £30. a-year, and that the curate of a living in the gift of the University

of Oxford, worth £2,000. a-year, had the same sum, and that the parish had been obliged to make a subscription to raise it to £70."

He concluded by moving for a return of the resident and non-resident clergy.

"The Bishop of London did not oppose the motion. On a former evening he had stated that the average income of each clergyman in the English church would, if church property were equally divided, be between £350. and £360. a-year. Since he had made that statement he had made a most strict inquiry; and the result of that inquiry, he was sure, would excite the surprise of the House, though it might not please the noble lord. The result was that, if the livings were equally divided, each clergyman would not have more than £185. a-year. In Scotland the average for each minister was £275.; and even the Protestant clergy in France were nearly as well paid as the English, if the average were taken."

Well then, why is not this wretched disproportion reformed? Why shall the livings be left in such a state of inequality? Why shall it be in the power of any man to make the distribution of the church property in the style which has been charged on the Bishop of Ely? We have seen the character of that man treated in the public journals in language which demanded instant vindication from him, if he had any defence to make. He is openly named in the House of Lords, yet none of the bishops rise in his defence. The man himself remains silent. Is there no higher authority in the church to rectify matters of this kind? But why will no bishop bring forward a proposal for at least an approach to equalization in the livings, when the abuse is so openly avowed? A bishop declares that on the average the English clergy are paid worse than the Scotch or French; and that the Scotch clergy have on the average £90 a-year, or about a third more than the English, and that too in a country where provisions and all the means of life are one-half cheaper then in England; and yet after all those acknowledgments the old evil is left to take its way.

The old adage of "What's every body's business, is nobody's business," has been seldom more happily illustrated than in the affair of the Weymouth election. On the first statement of the transaction every one pronounced it abominable, and there certainly arose in the public mind a very strong desire to see the most condign punishment inflicted on every person engaged in the transaction.

This state of the business lasted for a while, and then came a tissue of letters and declarations from all the parties, who would have it to be the most innocent and common-place affair in the world. Then came the third stage, the backing out. The affair was so innocent that none of the agents chose to have any of their names involved in it; and now the papers tell us that Lords Grantham and Goderich, Colonel Gordon, and Sir Something Sugden, declare that they knew no more about it, than their grandmothers. All very true perhaps, but still we must say that it is all very strange.

Perfectly satisfied of course, that the traffic, the correspondence, the purchase, and the borough-dealing were the work of nobody, we must give this nobody who does such ingenious things credit for being a very clever fellow.

If the radicals ever expunge the constitution from the records of England, it will be by the help of such documents as the following:—

"Memorandum of some of the Pensions, Grants, &c. of the Cockburn Family, taken from the Lists laid on the table of the House of Commons.

"Vice-Admiral Sir George Cockburn (this is not all by a great deal)		£1,630
Henry Cockburn, Esq., Solicitor-General in Scotland		2,000
A. Cockburn, Esq., late Minister at Wirtemburg		1,700
Dame Augusta Cockburn	600	958
Dame....Do.....Do	358	
Augusta Cockburn (supposed not to be the Dame)		200
Dame Mary Cockburn		680
Mary Cockburn (supposed to be another)		100
Fanny Cockburn		100
Harriet Cockburn	£200	300
Do.....Do	100	
Marianne Cockburn		115
Per Annum		£7,783

Besides which, one of the family, who was sent to Mexico as envoy, expended and received as salary, in about six months, £9,000."

Here the immediate provision of a set of people, but one of whom has ever acquired any kind of public distinction, and even that, trivial enough—for what after all have been the services of Sir George Cockburn, more than the common class of sea officers? are paid for at the rate of nearly £8,000 a-year. The Scotch solicitor-general may be a good lawyer and entitled to his salary. But of what utility have been the services of A. Cockburn, Esq. late ambassador at Wirtemberg, to entitle him to £1,700 a-year, (observe) after having received so many four thousands a-year; for by the Scotch influence of those people, this person has been kept in employ at one or other of the German courts for the last twenty years. The retiring pensions of those extravagantly paid gentlemen our diplomatists must be entirely lopped off. But then comes the barefaced part of the business. Here are seven "lilies of the field," that neither sow nor spin, who demand to be kept in houses and coaches, the luxuries of life, and the pride of the "*high blude o' the feemily,*" as Sir Pertinax says; by the draining of John Bull's pocket, who must walk without shoes to his feet, and live in eternal fear of the tax-gatherer, that those well-born persons may not disgrace the "noble race of Shenkin," by working for their honest livelihood, like so many other people just as worthy in the sight of mankind.

Nobody but Tom Moore ever doubted Sheridan's wit: yet it must be owned that at least one half of this extraordinary man's pleasantries arose from his close observation of the life round him. What can be more in the style of the best part of his best work, *The Critic,* than the game of the newspapers on Miss Foote's advance to the coronet. First came the announcement anticipatory in this form:—

"We have heard, but by *no means pledge ourselves* for the truth of the report, that a certain beautiful actress has had some serious thoughts of late of exchanging the admiration always paid to her public talents, for a position where her personal graces will be not less duly appreciated."

Then followed the regular denial:—

"The fashionable world has been much occupied by a report that a certain noble earl is about to be married to an actress. It is generally known that this rumour is without foundation, as it is pretty well understood that his lord-

ship's attentions have been directed to the lovely and amiable daughter of an old brother officer, formerly in the 10th Hussars.—*Morning Paper.* [The nobleman alluded to is Lord Harrington.]—*Evening Paper.*"

Before the town had recovered from this shock, a revival of its spirits was proposed by a *rumour*:—

"It is rumoured that though some difficulties may have slightly retarded an alliance in a certain quarter; yet those obstructions are now done away with, and all will proceed on the flowery road of Hymen forthwith."

The rumour was doubted, disputed, denied, and the town was at the freezing-point again. But a paragraph in a country paper came full wing to whisper peace; and, as Johnson says, the announcement of the fact "hushed the flutter of innumerable bosoms."

That John Bull will bear a great deal in the way of tax-paying, and do a great deal in the way of grumbling while he pays, is a maxim established by ten centuries of tax-paying and grumbling. But his food and drink might have been conceived matters on which John would scorn to suffer ill treatment; and yet in the affair of the water-supply of London, John has been going on for a hundred and fifty years drinking a compound too horrible to be looked on by the eyes of chemistry, and too frightful to the fancy, to be endured even among the recollections of a surgeon of a city hospital.

Formerly this might have been ignorance, and in his simplicity he drank legitimate horse-pond; but ignorance exists no longer on the subject. The evidence before the House of Commons a few years ago, has compelled every man to know the exact quantity of abomination which he swallows in every pint of water; with the precise proportions of gas-washing, solution of dead dogs and blind kittens, fetid mud, and the more nameless, though scarcely more horrible, contributions poured into Father Thames by three miles of sewers along his venerable and purulent sides. How much of this dreadful abuse has been corrected by the investigation we cannot possibly tell, though "to the best of our belief," as the country witness says, "we believe that nothing has been done;" at least, all that we have heard of, is of reservoirs built here, and gravel-beds laid there, but to the naked eye with no change whatever upon the dinginess of the water. Another scheme is now proposed.

"The members of the corporation have now before them several plans for supplying the metropolis with pure water. It is calculated that the deposit of mud on the sides of the Thames not reaching below the low water mark, and the bed of the river throughout being generally a clean, porous gravel, the mud will puddle in, and close the pores of the gravelly bed on which it lies, above the low water mark, so that the filtration into neighbouring wells must take place below low water mark. A filtering chamber is therefore proposed to be constructed below the bed of the river, through which a main pipe or tunnel will conduct the filtered water into a well on the river side, which may be taken from thence by the present steam power on shore, and delivered out by the mains and branches now laid down by the water companies."

We hope that all this will be intelligible to our readers, but if it be, they have infinitely the advantage of us, for we cannot comprehend a syllable of it. However, something may be done, if any body will give the projectors a hundred thousand pounds to begin with. But why, let us ask, must those people be always dabbling in the Thames? Or how, in the name of common stomachs, can they propose to any living being

to drink a drop out of the Thames? It is itself a common sewer, differing from Fleet ditch, or the brick funnels that run under our streets and convey the *ejectamenta* from our houses, in nothing more than its being the common receptacle of their united abomination. Are there no other streams in the neighbourhood of London? England is perhaps the best watered country in Europe; and yet in the metropolis, where men talk of fastidiousness, and where more money is lavished on luxuries than in many a kingdom, the fluid most necessary to life is a degradation of ditch water, a running malady, a compact of all things emetical. Why will not the citizens take up the matter? half a dozen active men would do more than ten boards of aldermen. Why not bring water in pipes from some of the wholsesome streams of Surry or Herts? Nothing could be easier, and nothing would be more popular than any plan which afforded a rational chance of supplying London with a fluid, which to a great city makes all the difference between cleanliness and filth, health and disease.

Why does not some man of public research enlighten the public on the proceedings at the Mint? The whole system is as little comprehensible by the uninitiated as the philosopher's stone. The cost of the Mint is prodigious, the machinery is all that machinery can be; yet we have one of the ugliest coinages of any nation of Europe. A new issue of coin is about to be commenced.

"It appears, from the king's proclamation, that the new coinage will consist of double sovereigns, to be each of the value of 40s.; sovereigns, each of 20s.; and half-sovereigns, 10s.: silver crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. The double-sovereigns have for the obverse the king's effigy, with the inscription "Gulielmus IIII. D. G. Britanniarum Rex. F. D.;" and for the reverse, the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in a shield, encircled by the collar of the Order of the Garter, and upon the edge of the piece the words "Decus et Tutamen." The crowns and half-crowns will be similar. The shilling has on the reverse the words "One Shilling," placed in the centre of the piece, within a wreath, having an olive-branch on one side, and an oak-branch on the other; and the sixpences have the same, except the word "Sixpence," instead of the words "One Shilling." The coppers will be nearly as at present."

Now we must observe, what the master of the Mint and the people about him ought to have observed before, that here is in the first instance a considerable expense incurred in the coinage of the double sovereigns, without any possible object, except the expense itself may be an object, which is not impossible. We shall have in this coin one of the most clumsy and useless matters of circulation that could be devised. The present sovereign answers every purpose that this clumsy coin can be required for, and even the single sovereign would be a much more convenient coin for circulation if it were divided, as every one knows, who knows the trouble of getting change. The half-sovereign is in fact a much more convenient coin. But on this clumsy coin we must have a *Latin* inscription, as if it were intended only for the society of antiquaries, or to be laid up in cabinets, which we acknowledge would be most likely its fate, except for the notorious bad taste of the British coinage. Of much use it is to an English public to have the classical phraseology of Gulielmus Britanniarum Rex, put in place of the national language. Then too we must have the collar of the Order of the Garter to incircle the national arms, of which this Order is nonsensically

pronounced "Decus et Tutamen." The Glory and Protection. The Order of the Garter, the *glory and protection* of England! We are content to let this absurdity stay in Latin or Sanscrit; English would be shamed by it. The Order of the Garter, which goes round the knee of any man, who comes with the minister's fiat on the subject, and which has no more relation to British glory or British defence than the Order of the Blue Button or the Yellow Frog of his majesty the emperor of China; and this is to go forth on our national gold coin! and for fear that the folly would not be sufficiently spread it is to be stamped on our crowns and half-crowns! The shillings and sixpences luckily escape: plain English will do for them. And all this goes on from year to year, while we have in the example of France a model of what a mint ought to be. Every foreigner makes purchases at the French mint; and the series of national medals executed there is a public honour and a public profit too. But who ever thinks of purchasing English mintage except for bullion? With a history full of the most stirring events, we have not a single medallic series; we have scarcely a single medal. But we have in lieu of those vanities a master of the mint, who is tost new into the office on every change of party, who has probably in the whole course of his life, never known the difference between gold and silver but by their value in sovereigns and shillings; but who, in the worst of times, shews his patriotism by receiving a salary of no less than five thousand pounds a year.

"Mr. James Taylor, who has for several years devoted his time to establish a steam communication between England and India, proceeded eighteen months since to Bombay, through Egypt, and by the Red Sea; and left it in May last to return to England. He took his route by Bagdad to Aleppo, and was joined by Messrs. Bowater, Aspinall, Elliott, Stubb, and Captain Cockell —the two latter officers in the Indian army. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Bowater proposed proceeding to Aleppo, the former intending to go from thence to England. On the 15th August the caravan was attacked, at midnight, on the plains of Sindjar, by two numerous bands of Arabs, and, as resistance seemed useless, it took flight back. It was not till the morning that it was ascertained that Messrs. Taylor, Bowater, and Aspinall, with a Maltese servant to Taylor, were missing. Mr. Taylor's horse came into the party during the day, with all his baggage, and some of his papers. Mr. Taylor, it is feared, and his companions have been put to death by the savages into whose hands they had fallen. He has left a widow and four young children to lament his untimely and cruel fate."

We are no worshippers of Ibrahim Pacha nor Mohamed Ali, and yet we wish that the scymeters of both were let loose from the head of the Red Sea down to the Straits of Babelmandel. Conquest is mercy when it restrains the bloodthirsty and the robber, and gives civilization the power of passing along in its tranquil and noble progress through the great deserted regions of the globe. We fear we have to record the loss of a vigorous and useful man by the Arab sword. Whether this was owing to any mismanagement on the part of our countrymen, or any treachery on that of their guides and attendants, we must expect that our consuls on the station will make due inquiry for both the recovery of the individuals, if they are still to be found, and the punishment of the criminals. It may be difficult to catch the Arab in his deserts, but he may come within the reach of justice notwithstanding, and no exer-

tion should be spared to make the name of Englishmen a tower of strength, even among savages.

How can we wonder at the decline of dramatic writing, when even established and successful authors receive so little encouragement? Miss Mitford, who succeeded two years ago to the unusual extent of writing a tragedy, which lasted nearly a whole season, rare as that distinction is among tragedies, and peculiarly while the present race of tragedians exist, most of whom, as George Colman once pleasantly observed, "add the murder of Macbeth to the murder of Duncan;" yet we see that Miss Mitford has been compelled to transfer two subsequently written tragedies, from one of our theatres to another, and even there with but a sorry prospect of performance. The usual polite negative, "too many things on hand for the present," appears to be the answer. Another case in point comes before us. One of the papers says—

"Knowles, the author of *Virginius*, wrote, some time since, an historical tragedy or drama, denominated *Alfred*, which, in manuscript, has been read by many of his literary friends, who entertain unqualified opinions that it is calculated to increase the reputation of the author, and add *golden* proofs of its success to the coffers of the manager. He has agreed with the lessees of Drury Lane that it shall be produced at that theatre during the present month. Macready will personate *Alfred*."

The truth, we believe, is that Alfred has been written these half-dozen years; for certainly, we have been warned of its existence by various announcements for that time or more, and that Knowles has been fighting his way for its exhibition through all kinds of difficulties. In this we by no means desire to say that managers have acted either harshly or disingenuously; they have had their difficulties too, and in sufficient abundance. But they may rely upon it, that in encouraging only the mere journey-work people of the theatre, they must suffer; that the only solid and permanent emolument must be derived from those higher performances, which can be produced only by superior men; that such men are to be found if they are sought for, as has been the experience of every great theatre, from time immemorial; and that the less they have to do with such stuff as may go down with an Adelphi or an Olympic-theatre audience, the better—not merely for their proper pride, but for their real profit.

The citizen king grows upon us. He is more citizenish every day, and so far he shews his sagacity; for, as the time is likely enough to come when the king will be sunk in the citizen, what is it but wisdom to accustom himself to the change in time? He now wears a white hat, upper benjamin, drab trowsers, and speaks *badaud*, or as we should call it, *cockney*, in a manner the most conciliating. His next costume it may be difficult to conjecture. But we hope that old Lafayette, or his white horse, will not order sansculottism for the next winter-fashion; as it is the duty of a citizen king to set an example to his fellow-citizens, and between the mud and the frost of a Paris winter, the most vigorous patriotism and cuticle, might find themselves rather severely tried. But can we possibly believe this specimen of royal conversation, which Louis Philippe is said to have lately held with the Belgian deputies, who came to offer their crazy throne and ragged populace to the Duke of Nemours!

The citizen king proposed that they should choose a Neapolitan prince, a dexterous thing enough by-the-by, for the Neapolitan being the nephew of the Queen of France, the Orleans influence would be just as strong as with the Duke of Nemours, while it would be less glaring. But the tie would be complete by making "our nephew" marry "our daughter," who besides carrying with her the French blood, which warms through every degree of political intrigue, would carry a little French court, of employés, chamberlains, maids of honour, and every one of them, down to the "foolish fat scullion" and the boots—of course a regular French intriguer, by the law of Nature. This is a fragment of the mode of getting rid of daughters in *la belle France.*

"Now, if you take the Neapolitan prince, I will also send you one of my daughters, that is to say, if one of them be so inclined; for, though a king, I am a father, and my daughters shall not be compelled to marry men whom they do not love. I don't care for royal blood, and they care for it as little. What think you of Marie? You chatted with her a long time yesterday. Does she not look charming with her blonde ringlets? She is a liberal, like you and me. For all this I must not forget my Louise, who is the oldest; she with the large eyes, and cold but sentimental air. She has solidity and judgment; she is liberal too, but not quite so warm as her sister. By-the-by (laughing), before your king accepts your constitution, you must make him come to the Palais Royale, for if he pleases neither Louise nor Marie, I shall have nothing to say to him. But to be serious, tell your Belgians that they have drawn closer the ties of friendship between us; and that they may rely upon me as a father, as their firm support through life."

It is our plain opinion, however, that the citizen king is overdoing the part, and that even the Sansculottes would not respect him the less for being a little unlike themselves. The following story is told by one of our fashionable journals, which the journal seems to think a reflection on the sense of the lady, while we think it entirely a reflection on the sense of the Palais Royal citizen family.

"The beautiful Lady S. M., lately arrived in Paris, and who was in habits of great intimacy with the Orleans family, received a note from one of the young princesses, requesting her to take coffee at the palace. Lady S. M. accordingly made her toilette in her usual style of magnificence. Her ladyship's hair, *à la Chinoise,* was looped up with diamonds, and the diamond star which blazed on her forehead might have graced the brows of royalty. Her dress corresponded with her superb *coiffure.* Upon entering the queen's apartment, Lady S. M. found her majesty seated with her family round a table, *stuffing black leather dolls* for the amusement of her youngest daughter, who has but lately recovered from the measles. Her Majesty wore a plain black satin gown, and her customary head-dress, a black hat and feathers. The princesses wore white muslin frocks and blue sashes. The Duc de Nemours was reading a newspaper aloud. Lady S. M. gave one glance at the family party, and another at her own *coiffure,* and found herself obliged to plead a ball at Lady Granville's as an excuse."

So much for the royal way of receiving a visitor. We think that the lady had altogether the best of the scene. Her only error was in making any apology for her dress, unless, indeed, she might have meant the allusion to Lady Granville's party as a sly cut at the citizen déshabillé of the royal family. She had come to pay her respects to a queen, and very properly dressed herself as was fit for the presence of royalty. She could not have conjectured that she would find herself received, after a regular invitation too, by a party that must have looked much more like the family circle in a back shop in the Rue Vivienne; the matron milliner

stuffing leather dolls; for whom? may we ask, for her youngest daughter is fifteen or sixteen; perhaps for the mere indulgence of an elegant mind, perhaps for sale. The milliner's maids, the *brune* and the *blonde*, simple *grisettes*, in "muslin frocks and blue sashes;" and the *garçon boutiquier*, the young man of the shop, indulging himself in a little politics after his day's work, and reading the paper, while the head of the firm was stuffing the leather dolls. The whole is ridiculous, pitiful, republican affectation; and even a French cockney, brainless as he is, can see through its paltry popularity-hunting submission to the prevalent puppyism of the moment; but foolery is the law of the day, and the leather dolls are as wise as their stuffers.

Old Quick, the comedian, who, like Fontenelle, had lived so long that Death seemed to have forgotten him, is gone at last. Shenstone used to thank his fathers that they had given him a name incapable of a pun; though he would have probably thought his escape of no great value if he had seen the rhyme that libelled it in the Frenchman's garden at Ermenonville,

"Under this plain stone,
Lies William Shen-stone."

But Quick must have been a martyr from the hour he was breeched. Through life he was persecuted by pun-shooting, and the persecution has not even spared him in his grave. We shall, however, be aiding and abetting in but one instance, which we take from that well-arranged and amusing paper the Sunday Times.

On the Death of Mr. Quick, at the age of Eighty-three.
Death paused so long before he struck the blow,
His motions, while approaching *Quick*, seemed *Slow*;
At last victorious o'er mirth's favourite son,
The world seems ended—*Quick* and *Dead* are one.

In the next grand radical election William Cobbett, Esq., patriot, and so forth, starts for parliament. Sir Robert Wilson, of whom the opinion of all honest and rational men has always been the same, having, by the never-failing result of over-cunning, tripped at the last moment, and *ratted* in the most amusing style; we recommend William Cobbett for Southwark. He would make a capital representative of the borough, a much better one than Mr. Spruce, the beer-maker, Mr. Shine, the dealer in mud, Mr. Hog, the bacon-man, or any of the vulgar, utterly uneducated, and thoroughly stupid brood, that insult common sense by pretending to understand any thing beyond their limekilns, salt-pans, and coal-cellars.

Cobbett is worth a million of those fellows in every sense of the word. He has brains, which they have not; knowledge of mankind, while they know nothing but how to make mankind laugh at them; and as for public or personal honesty, we would match him against any patriot of Southwark at the best of times. Hunt and he will make incomparable legislators, and we think that Hunt already shews his dread of the superior genius by his rage. In his letter to the Preston electors, Hunt has thrown first mire, and, in direct terms, denounced Cobbett as every thing that is despicable. He says—

"The moment I was *elected for Preston*, by your free and unsolicited votes, the mean, dirty, grovelling knave, again cast his net, again put forth his slimy

and pestilential web of sophistry, in order to get me once within the grasp of his deadly, his blasting fangs. I resisted all his attempts, public and private, whether put forth as 'feelers' in his *Register*, or whether urged by those who professed to be mutual friends. My answer to all was the same, 'I have twice shaken the ruffian old beast from by back, he shall never fix his filthy carcass upon my shoulders again; I have no connection with him privately or publicly.'"

This is undoubtedly a very handsome specimen of what may be said on a tempting subject. But Cobbett is a master of the art, and Hunt may trust to his skill for due retribution.

But what can be more precarious than the loves of patriots. Hunt and O'Connell are now at feud, and if both *gentlemen* were not precluded by their sense of *decorum* from every thing but foul language, we should doubtless hear of a sanguinary encounter as soon as the April showers are over. Their friendship has been a delightful scene of alternations, full of the caprices of lovers, and worthy to figure in the next novel of the Minerva press. They began by mutual admiration. Hunt then disapproved of something that had fallen from O'Connell, who thereupon addressed to him a tremendous letter, styling him "old *Blacking Ball*," and giving him other desperate hits. They met at a dinner, shook hands, and again became courteous. To civility friendship succeeded. "My friend O'Connell" and "my friend Hunt," were always on their tongues. O'Connell, on one occasion, declared that he could find no one to support his plans of reform but "his friend Hunt." *Now*, he proclaims the same individual to be an enemy to reform, and to have sold himself to the Tories. Hunt accuses O'Connell of trafficking for a judge's seat, and of being any thing but that high-souled patriot who was to regenerate the fallen honesty of the empire. O'Connell was prodigiously angry at being charged with offering to do, we know not what, if the Irish lord-lieutenant would have given him the chief-justiceship. He called the charge a lie, and promised to bring forward Mr. Bennett, the universal scape-goat, to contradict it, whenever he could find him. But Mr. Bennett, besides having the faculty of being in two places at once, the privilege of his countrymen, seems to have occasionally the still more valuable faculty of being no where at all, and this useful friend has not yet started from his invisibility to clear the character of the great agitator.

One of the strangest sources of disgust to public men is, that let their professions when out of office be what they may, their practice when in is invariably the same. We had Lord Grey but a few months ago protesting by himself, and his honour, and his order, and all similar nonsense, that without economy, retrenchment, the extinction of all wasteful, corrupt, and corrupting patronage, and so forth, the state could not go on. Sir James Graham is a dandy and a rhetorician, and so his words may go for nothing, but who clamoured more *conscientiously* for the extinction of all pensions, retiring allowances, &c., than Sir James? Yet of the whole hundred and forty thousand prounds a year to which the pension-list of the empire is acknowledged to amount, and privately it may be much more, have one hundred and forty farthings been lopped off? We have now Lord Grey, the man who has no objection to cut off sixty-eight members of the House of Commons, and to make the most headlong experiment on the constitution, receiving

the thanks of that friend to purity, propriety, and the constitution, his Grace of Wellington, "for his determination to abstain from disturbing pensions, many of which had been well deserved, although a few might have been granted on insufficient grounds." On this the Age justly remarks—"As no one doubts his Grace's accuracy of information, or his intimate knowledge of the subject, may we request him to state under which head should the pension granted to Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot be classed? Was that pension *well deserved?* or was it granted on *insufficient* grounds? We pause for a reply." The sum, as far as we can recollect, was £800 a year! £800 a year for the services of *Mrs.* Arbuthnot! What services, where, to whom? The pension was given when his Grace was master-general of the Ordnance, and he must be acquainted with the particulars, as a *minister;* we say no more.

Then comes another specimen of the art of pensioning. In a late debate the Duke of Wellington, in order to illustrate his position, that unless a Frst Lord of the Treasury possessed a large private fortune, he must be ruined, in consequence of the heavy expences entailed on him by his situation, stated, amongst other instances, "that the late Mr. Canning had been ruined by being in office, and that he (the duke) had proposed a provision for the family of Mr. Canning in consequence." We might, in the first place, dispute the principle. A Secretary of State receives six thousand pounds a year, he has a house rent-free, coals, candles, and a crowd of other matters which make the chief expence of London life. He receives his salary to the hour, and thus has a very great advantage, in point of the power of living within his means, over men even of double his income. But is it not a confession of imbecility to suppose that all the rational, and even shewy expences, to which a man of sense could be compelled in London, might not be defrayed by five hundred pounds a month? The minister officially gives about four handsome dinners in the year, he may of course give fifty if he likes, and run in debt for them all, or he may choose to flourish and vapour about town in three equipages a day, or keep three establishments, private or notorious, or indulge his favorites with annuities or Opera boxes at the rate of £300 a year each—or he may play the fool in any way that vanity or vice tempts him. But what right has he to call upon the public to make up his losses? However, whether Canning did those things or not, a pension was granted to his widow, whom, of course, we concluded, as thus subsisting on the bounty of the state, to be the "retiring victim of virtuous poverty," as the House of Commons orators say, and to be only anxious to convey her widowhood into some quiet retreat, and there cultivate her virtues. On the contrary, she starts upon us in the following style—

"Viscountess Canning (who since the death of her distinguished husband has been residing with a branch of her family) has purchased an elegant mansion in Chester-terrace, Regent's park, and took possession of it last week."

To the lady's purchasing an "elegant mansion," or doing any thing else with her money, we cannot have the least objection; but we have a very strong objection to *our* paying for it. And the public have a right to demand from the minister who gave that pension, whether he had ascertained how near the fortune of his predecessor was to ruin when it was given. We cannot comprehend the ruin which allows of the purchase of an "elegant mansion" in one of the most expensive parts of London, where such a mansion may cost from twenty to forty thousand

pounds. This is not like ruin. And with all our sorrow for the elegant intriguer, whose accession to six thousand pounds a year above his income was "his ruin," we must ask, why are we compelled to furnish the purchase of the mansion, however elegant, in Chester-terrace?

We told our readers, from the beginning of the transaction, that O'Connell would slip his neck out of the noose of Irish law. As the trial approached, we told them there would be some wretched mismanagement which would leave the matter just as it found it, and that we should have the "Agitator" laughing, as he undoubtedly has a right to laugh, over the trifling and timidity of the whole rabble of authority.

When the first account of his being suffered to withdraw his plea and go at large came over, the opinion of every man of common sense in the country was the same; and when the Marquis of Chandos demanded of the Irish secretary Stanley whether any *compromise* had been entered into, we were certainly astonished to see Mr. Stanley stand up, and gravely say in his place, that none whatever had been even thought of, and that O'Connell and his fellow culprits would be brought up for judgment like any other culprits, and treated accordingly. The Marquis of Chandos bowed to all this, and expressed himself satisfied. But not having such exalted ideas of human politicians as the Marquis, we felt only more *sceptical*, and pronounced that we could not comprehend why at that hour the whole band in the indictment were not together in the jail? why judgment was not pronounced at once, and the direct and natural means taken of suppressing a faction whose object Mr. Stanley himself distinctly declared to be separation, or, in other words, Civil War in the empire? Before a danger like this, and this danger the proclamations avowed, all mere diplomatic politeness ought to have given way. The hand of justice should have been instantly fastened on the criminals, and before a day was over they should have received the practical proof, that the peace of the country was not to be the toy of a desperate faction. But then Mr. Stanley came, armed with the Attorney General's letter, which being altogether a piece of technical stuff, wrapped up the reason in legal nonsense, and let nothing escape but the fact, that the faction were to be at large. And at large they were with a vengeance. For at the moment when the Irish Secretary was with triumph boasting of his having O'Connell fast in his trap, the Agitator, who has ten times the brains, and a hundred times the influence of the whole Irish government, was marching in a true triumph of his own, from post to pillar, declaring that the government would not touch a hair of his head, that the Union *must* be repealed, and that he must be the repealer.

Well then, the day comes at last, when the Irish government were to perform their miracle, and the faction are to appear in court for judgment; thence, of course, to go to their respective jails. What follows.—

"*Dublin, April* 21.—In the King's Bench; O'Connell, Lawless, Steele, and the other parties included in the indictment, were this day called upon their recognizances. Steele was in attendance, but in consequence of the application of the traversers' counsel, it was ultimately ruled, that they should be called up for judgment on the 3rd of May; when, it is said, they are to have the right of arguing in arrest of judgment."

So they are at large still. And after having had a couple of months' holiday, during which O'Connell has been suffered to come over here and harrangue for the Greys, they are to have a fortnight more, and

then they are to argue in arrest of judgment; and then, we take it for granted, that we shall not have the pain of seeing so valuable a patriot as the Agitator compelled to feel any embarrassment on the occasion. And what was the reason alleged for this delay—"Mr. O'Connell could not appear in court." Why? he was out of town, and engaged too, on parliamentary business. But had he not been summoned to attend?—Yes, but the summons had not been sent in time to reach him. The Attorney General on those grounds declared that he should consider it *indelicate* to press the matter, and therefore proposed the delay. But why, might a plain man ask, was not the summons sent *in time?* The whole business is to us as cloudy as ever, except in one point, which we look on as perfectly clear.

The history of the rise of some of our *grand monde* should be written for the salutary purpose which the slave answered, who stood behind the Roman general in the triumph—"remember thou art but a man!" Of what infinite service would it be to Lord Ringlet, to have a historiographer reminding him once a week that his income was compiled from six-and-eightpences? Another noble lord, who, however, we believe, is by no means such a conspicuous model of ringletism, might derive the same moral from this anecdote:—

"The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied provided it was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution to avoid being opposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God." Is this a good shilling?

Lord Clonmel was an Irish judge. He began the world as nothing but an obscure Irishman—Jack Scott; by degrees was distiguished by his effrontery, a good quality in the worst of times, and felt fortune rising on him, in the name of *Bully* Scott. He was then made a baron, and finally rested in the earldom of Earlsfort. His love for a good shilling was of service to him, for he died worth thirty thousand a year.

We complain of the luxuries of the great, to whom those things are no luxuries after all, but merely the common conveniences of their rank and habits of living. But what shall we say to the luxuries of the little, recollecting too, that the great pay for their luxuries out of their own pockets, while the little extract them from the pockets of their neighbours? The churchwardens' dinners are proverbial, and the phrase of "eating a child," or devouring at one of those feasts of the tradesmen and shopkeepers of the vestry, to the value of £20, the computed sum for a child's subsistence, has become a part of vestry language. We give a recent instance of this fashionable taste: we might give a thousand.

"*Rose-water for ever!*—At a recent parish-feed, when the dinner things were cleared off the cloth, several persons began to turn the said cloth up, to be taken away. One of the waiters, pertinently for the occasion, but impertinently for the company, exclaimed to a bricklayer, who was most active in turning up the cloth, '*Stop a minute, the rose-water is coming for you to sweeten yourselves!*' And the rose-water did come; and bricklayers, and masons, and potters, and carpenters, dipped their hard and bony hands in it, and were wonderfully refreshed therewith."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Anatomy of Society, by James Augustus St. John, 2 vols. 12mo.—It is but fair to warn the reader against looking for what he may naturally expect, but which he will not find—some consecutive discussion on the structure of society. The title and the book have little to do with each other. There is nothing approaching a dissection of the subject,—the interior is not at all thrown open, and only a few kindly cuts made upon portions of the surface. Nevertheless, consisting, as the volumes do, of nothing but loose and unconnected remarks, in the old fashioned shape of essays—many of them already published in periodicals—sometimes upon matters of life, but oftener upon books, or the writers of books—it is an agreeable performance enough—soothing and dreamy—full of comfort and complacency. The sober reader may be sure of never being startled by any extravagance; and if he thinks at all, during the perusal, which is not very likely to be the case—the opium is too predominating—it will be to wonder where the writer can have lived to find every thing so soft and soporific. The secret must be, he has encountered no realities to roughen him—his conversation must have been almost wholly with quieting books; and he in fact will be found to be more frequently describing the realms of some Utopia, than the *society* of England. Nor are his sentiments, as might be expected, gathered as they are from books, at all coherent; and indeed bear few other marks of proceeding from the same pen, than the subdued tone that pervades them all, and the uniformity of misconceptions. But he is always in drawing-room costume—well dressed and well behaved—his words flowing like streams of milk and honey, and his figures as rich and palling as a bride-cake—he is not only cultivated, but superfine.

The very best portions of Mr. St. John are his estimates of More, Franklin, Brutus, and Tacitus; but they are full of defects and illusions, when closely examined—Tacitus, particularly. Mr. St. John ascribes all his tours de malice, and that is a very gentle term, to sagacity, and a penetration that exposed the character of the man he described like a sunbeam. Let any body look coolly at the account of Tiberius, a man of whom he personally knew nothing—he was dead before Tacitus was born—yet of whom he pronounced, as to every action, as if he had been his daily companion. He has but one scale for him—the prince *never* meant what he said—which we take to be beyond the powers of mortal man. More is lauded to the skies; yet if any regard be paid to his Utopia, he must have spent his life in the profession of sentiments in opposition to his convictions—while Franklin sinks in Mr. St. John's estimate, because he loved money and was not a poet. After playing the patriot for half a life, he complained that America had been ungrateful. "Did Phocian ask for a reward?" asks Mr. St. John. We do not know—we know much of Franklin and mighty little of Phocian. His biographer was as likely to be gulled as any man who ever wielded a pen—Mr. St. John not excepted.

We have little space for particulars; but we take the first essay—a fair specimen of the whole. It is entitled Modes of studying the World; but to any body, not observing the title, the writer would seem to be employed in showing that books are better vehicles than conversation for the conveyance of opinions. Though many other matters appear to have been passing through his brain, this seems the leading idea—the one most frequently recurring; but as to modes of studying the world, in any intelligible sense, the reader will learn absolutely nothing. The author is rich, apparently, in illustration, but which proves, on examination, to be the result of *adventurousness*—to make up for the absence of real information. "The periods," says he, "of the thunder-tongued Demosthenes are said to have convulsed Greece through all her states"—which every body knows is not true—on the contrary, on Demosthenes' own testimony, they were comparatively ineffective, and only roused his fellow-townsmen to occasional and for the most part impotent exertions. It is such men as Plutarch and Mr. St. John in whose ears they have sounded thunder-tongued. Rhetoricians and writers have universally applauded, and justly, but the speeches did not convulse Greece through all her states—Philip has convinced us of the contrary. Of these same "periods," with which he appears so familiar, Mr. St. John adds, that Demosthenes in them "poured forth his fire and soul into every metaphor;" while, in fact, the orator was remarkable for the simplicity, or at least the plainness, of his manner. There is pith, energy, and vigour, but none of the ornaments of poetry.

Cicero's "themes," again, are described as "chiefly, if not entirely, of a political nature, and written not so much to exercise his powers as to call off his mind from disagreeable reflections." Did ever any body, acquainted with the mass of his works, characterise them thus?

Mr. St. John has heard or read something of Dr. Parr's wig. But nobody but himself ever dreamed of calling it *careless*, or applied the terms *clerical ringlets* to his frizzled episcopal bush.

"We find the Greeks," says Mr. St. John, "in their most homely dialogues, making perpetual reference to the pictures of Parrhasius, Protogenes, or Apelles, or to the statues of Phidias, Myron, or Lycippus;" but what homely dialogues are these, and where are they to be found, out of the pale of Mr. St. John's fertile imagination? The same *risking* spirit, in fact, pervades the whole volumes—still they are, we repeat, very agreeable reading—calculated to beguile uneasy sensations, and capable of charming, if any thing can do it, a fit of the gout, or a tooth-ache.

The King's Secret, by the Author of the Lost Heir, 2 vols. 12mo.—A good tantalising title this, and the publisher, as became him, has made the most of it. The mighty secret, however, proves to be none of George the Fourth's, or any of his race, but of one who has gone to the shades some centuries ago. It is one of Edward the Third's, and which, at last, the author leaves as he found or framed it. The very tale winds up, not without its own dénouement, but without resolving the mystery. The historical event, which constitutes the framework of the piece, supplies but a small portion of the details—they are employed mainly in developing the complications of family interests. It is Artevelde's—the well-known beer-brewster of Ghent, one of Grattan's heroes—intrigue with Edward to transfer the coronet of Flanders from Count Lewis to the young Prince of Wales. The scheme fails, and the projector, Artevelde, a fine manly fellow, perishes in the prosecution of it by private vengeance, in a tumultuous assembly of the citizens. In his negotiations he employs his daughter, and despatches her, on one occasion, in a private yacht to the Thames, to confer with the king. In her passage she is observed and recognised by the follower of a Flemish noble;—a Flemish noble who, unluckily, is attached to the native prince, and has also a direct interest in defeating Artevelde's scheme for the marriage and settlement of this daughter, who has all her father's confidence. Before she reaches the king, she is seized by this nobleman and his agents, but is finally rescued, more dead than alive, by the activity and bravery of a young citizen, which lays the foundation for the love story. This young citizen appears as the nephew of a rich old goldsmith—the goldsmiths were the money-jobbers of those days—but he has a soul "above buttons" and bullion, and with good reason, as the finale shows. He has already distinguished himself for all sorts of martial exercises, and at some city pageant even beaten the bravest of the nobles, and was panting and burning for glory in fields of serious warfare. But he was nothing but a miserable citizen, and emancipation seemed hopeless, when, by the greatest good fortune that ever befel mortal man, he rescued the distressed damsel—and such a damsel too—one who was entitled to figure in courts, &c. Torn from her attendants, and especially a confidential friend of her father's, she entrusts the youth with her commission, and despatches him to the king, in whose presence he acquits himself with good tact and discretion. The king is engaged to attend a "passage of arms" in the city, and takes young Borgia in his suite, where again he excites admiration by his prowess, and obtains an immediate appointment in the king's service. The king's interview with the lady determines him to start instantly for Flanders. Borgia accompanies him, and they fall into the hands of the agents of the same nobleman who had attempted to carry off the lady; but by a counter piece of good luck, they are rescued, and landing at the Flemish coast, lose not a moment in prosecuting the brewer's scheme. That, however, as we have said, fails. After Artevelde's death, his daughter becomes the king's ward, and nothing remains for the author but to develop the private interests, which, from their complexity, proceeds but slowly, and not very consecutively. They are exceedingly complicated—the brewer's daughter is not the brewer's daughter, but the heiress of title as well as fortune; and master Borgia's parentage is "The King's Secret"—he may be a brother, the offspring of Queen Isabella's intrigue with her favourite Mortimer. But though Mr. Power has hampered himself a little with details towards the conclusion, many of his scenes and sketches are good. His strokes are few and broad, but usually decisive, and tell effectively. Artevelde's character is well exhibited; but the king's is any thing but an historical portrait—it resembles more that of Edward the Fourth. But Artevelde's daughter is the crowning figure—she is a clever girl—prompt and intelligent—frank and straight-forward—ready in expedient, and resolute in action. It is by far the best portrait in the piece, and well sustained.

Mr. Power has fagged at his archeology, and especially studied the local antiquities of London; but, being a little too eager to shew off all his acquisitions in this way, he has overlaid his pages with details of dress, arms, and chivalry. This is a common blunder. Writers of historical romance have been worried by

the critics into *some* acquaintance with the times they venture to describe. They are driven to consult books, and get up a few particulars, and are resolved it shall not be labour in vain. It is all poured mercilessly upon the reader, who thus suffers for the importunity of the critic.

Thoughts on Man, by Wm. Godwin.—Mr. Godwin is not a man to give utterance to any thing very foolish, nor to put forth any doctrine without a reason—he is always able to give at least some account of the faith that is in him. The sentiments he enforces may not always be of the importance he thinks them, and certainly, in the publication before us, are rarely new, for they were, most of them, *his* forty years ago; but they are what he feels—the transcripts of a native suggestion; and his essays may thus be taken not as mere pieces of book-making, but as the best and ripest conclusions of his experience and sagacity. He is a man at once contemplative, acute, and honest—that cannot be denied; but, at the same time, we must confess more might reasonably have been expected than the volume presents. The truth is, Mr. G. relies too much upon himself—if he does not precisely despise his cotemporaries, he knows but little about them. He keeps too much aloof. He reads, but then it is the books of other times, which themselves require the modifications which the lapse of an age, remarkable, part of it at least, for intellectual activity, must naturally bring with it. The very periodicals, to which he plumes himself upon never having contributed, if he had deigned to glance at them, would have shewn him, that without great care, he would be falling into the rear, and if he continued to write he must bestir himself and not be perpetually falling back upon his old thoughts. There is scarcely any one paper in the present volume but might well have been written many years ago—they bear no marks of freshness; they are not only stale, but the very arguments are such as have been superseded either by sounder ones, or by more generalizing principles.

Mr. G. entitles one Essay—On the Distribution of Talents—in which his object is to shew that talents are very equally distributed—not equally for the same purpose, but equally, that is, *competently* for the station every one is destined to fill. Every man has a place in society for which he is fit and fittest, and therefore there can be no real occasion for forcibly fitting him to any other. To Mr. G. this is a most encouraging view of human nature, and indeed it is, were it reducible to practice; but the difficulty—apparently an insuperable one—is for each one to identify the particular niche, for which Nature has expressly framed him, without accompanying it with some special indications—unless he abandon all concern about the matter, and take that into which he accidentally drops as the one his destiny provides. Mr. G. no longer believes, as we think he once did, with Helvetius, that all are born alike—on the contrary all are now born with peculiar qualities—and the especial business of every man is to apply them appropriately. Were this true to the letter, we take it, superior faculties would have been furnished to aid us in the application. As it is, every man's destiny is for the most part settled by his birth, or before he comes to what are called years of discretion. We are most of us jostled into the places we hold, in this world of ours, with little or no system or foresight. Looking to the broad facts that stare every man in the face on the realities of life, the case seems to be that there is in every man a rough sort of equality which fits him for the common discharge of any of the common offices of society—liberal or mechanical—but *which* he shall practice, depends wholly upon *circumstances*. The consequence is, that a man is flung, not into what is most fitted for him, but into what is most convenient or desirable; and the consequence of this again is, that we see places, in every class of life, occupied by those who are manifestly not fitted for them, and in which they never can win distinction. Occasionally a man falls, like a cat upon her legs, into the position for which he shews a peculiar aptitude, and his efforts then are usually attended with success—but this is of rare occurrence—as rare, precisely, as the phænomena of genius.

Some of Mr. G's. essays are of a more practical cast, and one of them relative to the question of the day—the Ballot. But here, as in many cases, he misses the point in question. He disapproves of the Ballot, on the ground of its sneakingness. But the matter must be looked at, in company with existing institutions; and with them, a free exercise of suffrage cannot be practised. The very object of the Ballot is to gain the power of doing without it. If we are to sneak for a time, it is that we may be frank for ever. It is necessary to enable us to exercise our right of independent suffrage, expressly to crush domineering influence—and thus eventually to face the light of day. We say this on the supposition that the Ballot is likely to be efficient for the object in view. We are not advocates of the Ballot, because we do not believe it would produce the anticipated effect, for we have no notion that English people can keep their own secrets—they would betray themselves

at the first pot-house they stepped into.

The Essay on Phrenology is exceedingly feeble. We have no doubt but every periodical that has opposed Phrenology, and that is nearly all, would furnish articles immeasurably superior—with better information, and more thoroughly reasoned. One upon astronomy, of some length, is much better. Mr. G. calls in question the evidence as to the distances of the fixed stars particularly, and of course the deductions that have been made of endless systems, corresponding with our own, in the endless regions of space. There can be little room for doubt, but the men of glasses and figures are peremptory upon evidence, which would not, in other matters, prompt them to wag a finger.

Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th Century, &c.—a sequal to the Literary Anecdotes, by John Nicholls, vol. VI.—Another volume, or rather, like Colman's fat hero, two single volumes rolled into one, for it only wants two leaves of 900 pages, consisting still of but a small portion of the immense streams of memoirs poured from all quarters into the reservoirs of the elder Nicholls. By him the bulk of the materials were accumulated, but he dropt his mantle on his son and his grandson—the present respectable printers of the same name—and they are evidently as indefatigable, in the same way, as their industrious ancestor. Gifford, Lord Camelford (the first lord of that name), the Earl of Buchan, Mr. Samuel Dennis, Baptist Noel Turner, are the chief names that shine most brilliantly *inter minores*. Lord Camelford's letters are written with a good deal of vivacity—chiefly on public affairs, and quite readable; but we cannot affirm so much of the multitudinous epistles of Mr. Sam. Dennis—confined as they are, for the most part, to professional gossip—who gets this preferment, and who is to have that. But numbers figure here that can never flourish elsewhere; but then there are numbers also, who are gratified by reading such notices, either from personal recollections, or from occasional reports, and glad to catch some authentic account of their obscure career. The intrinsic value of the communication is but small; but that is not what the publication aims at—if the parties had been more capable of serving posterity, as well as their own generation, they would not have been reserved for commemoration in a limbo of this kind.

Among these illustrious obscure, we met with the name of Hellins, and were ourselves glad to see a memoir of a man we remember well. He was a most indefatigable operative in mathematics, and in the town of Stony Stratford—near his own residence—had the further reputation of being a most profound astrologer, and was occasionally consulted, we believe, by the natives on the matter of their horoscopes. Of the humblest origin, he had worked himself into knowledge—had got into orders, and into a small vicarage, where he laboured at his desk to his last breath—honest and honourable in all the duties of life, but as ignorant of nature and of society as a monk. Believing his merits unkindly overlooked, he indulged a sarcastic humour, which found a gratification in snarling at mankind; but that quite in the abstract. Those who knew him, knew him to be kind and faithful, and one that would have gone to the extent of his limited means to serve his friends. He had star-gazed for Maskelyne at Greenwich, and was deeply mortified at not being appointed his successor. Sir Joseph Bankes did not think him a sufficiently fine gentleman, and nominated Pond, who has realized Hellins's prognostic. The present first Lord of the Admiralty was, if we recollect rightly, his last pupil for a few months.

Lucius Carey; or the Mysterious Female of Mora's Dell, an Historical Tale, by the Author of the Weird Woman, 4 vols.—Now and then we have met with a story coming forth under Mr. Newman's auspices, not at all inferior to some of loftier pretensions, ushered in, in the most imposing form, by the most fashionable publishers. But Lucius Carey can never figure among them. We persevered, in spite of numerous indications of ignorance both as to historical facts and characters, in the hope of some favourable turn, but it proved labour lost. The writer has neither common tact nor executive power for a tale of any complication. Lucius Carey, himself, is the nephew of Lord Falkland—joins the royal army—fights with Cromwell, and even wounds him, at least scratches his nose, and with difficulty escapes hanging from the magnanimous resentment of the said Cromwell. The story is mixed up with the fortunes of a young lady—the mysterious female of Mora's Dell—deprived of her estates by a wicked lord, her uncle; but finally by the aid of witches and warlocks and conjurors, and Cromwell himself, the great conjuror of his day, we believe at last she gets her own again, and of course Lucius Carey gets also her lovely self and her broad lands. But the confusion of the whole story is past all disentanglement, and may be safely pronounced—unreadable.

The Book of the Seasons, by W. Howitt.—Mr. Howitt has made a very agreea-

ble little book, descriptive of the seasons —presenting successively, in their poetic and picturesque features, the objects and appearances of nature most remarkable in the garden, the fields, and the waters. The characteristics of what are usually called Seasons were obviously susceptible of greater sub-divisions, and Mr. H. has found ample materials for discriminating *every month*. These materials are represented as the results of personal observation, and they bear the impress of truth and nature, in that peculiarity and novelty of detail, which never fails to accompany original researches. The reader, besides, will find a table of the migrations of birds—lists of garden-plants as they flower in each month—a botanical calendar of the most beautiful and interesting plants—catalogues of insects—notices of rural occupations, and of angling — in all which respects it is highly useful as a book of reference.

In August, fairy rings in the grass are most conspicuous, of which Mr. Howitt gives by far the most plausible account we have any where seen—more than plausible, indeed, for it is built upon incontestible facts, and such as seem adequate to explain the effects. Fungi and insects always abound in them; but the insects are a consequence of the fungi, and not a cause of the circle, for where there are fungi there will be insects to devour them. The commencement of these circles, too, favour the fungi theory. That commencement is, indisputably, nothing but a small mushroom bed, made by the dung of cattle lying undisturbed, where first deposited, till it becomes incorporated with the soil. Where this occurs a tuft of rank grass springs, and in the centre a crop of fungi appears and perishes. This is the nucleus of the fairy ring. The next year the tuft is found to have left a green spot, of perhaps a foot and a half diameter, which has already parted in the centre. This expansion goes on from year to year—the area of the circle is occupied by common grass, and successive crops of fungi give a vivid greenness to the ring which bounds it. That only a few tufts are converted into fairy rings may be owing to their not being sufficiently enriched to become mushroom beds; but that all fairy rings have this origin, will be found to admit of little doubt. This, though true, is nevertheless an humiliating exposé of the charmed fairy-rings; but

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

As a naturalist, and given to prowling, Mr. H. exclaims, and not without reason, against the shutting up of footpaths upon estates in the country. The exclusive spirit of country gentlemen would gladly keep the world to the high roads. They look with jealousy upon any one who crosses a field. Trespass formerly meant mischief, an actual injury, by breaking, destruction; but now to be seen in an enclosure is enough to constitute a crime—a violation of the statutes. The country squires have had influence to get such an appearance denounced as a crime, and as a body are armed with authority to carry their own paltry wishes into execution. The unlucky botanist cannot now venture, in the county, out of the lanes with any safety.

Achievements of the Knights of Malta, by Alexander Sutherland, Esq., Author of Tales of a Pilgrim, 2 vols; forming the 62d and 63d of Constable's Miscellany.—Vertot and Boisgelin have both written histories of the Knights of Malta. Vertot brought the story down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Boisgelin is confined to the period in which the order occupied Malta, beginning, that is, with 1530, and terminating with their expulsion by the French in 1797, so that neither work has the whole story. Mr. Sutherland has traced the whole, from their origin as Knights Hospitallers of St. John in the eleventh century, glancing at each of their seventy grand masters through their successive migrations, from Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta, to their present insignificance at Paris.

On their extrusion from Malta by the French, they were taken under the protection of Paul of Russia, who assumed the style and title of Grand Master. Alexander chose to call himself the Protector of the order, and under his auspices the Pope, in 1805, named Tommasi, an Italian knight, to the important dignity, and he, we believe, still survives, and is in full possession of his honours. The formalities of the order are still maintained with some splendour at Paris. Its members are still also numerous, and many are of distinction, especially among the French knights; but their revenues are gone, and with them of course all their power and influence. It just serves to gratify personal vanity. Three or four years ago an attempt was made to get up a loan at the Stock Exchange, to enable the knights to recover Rhodes, but the speculation failed, like that of his Highness, the Cacique of Poyah. Mr. S.'s history will require no supplement; and may be safely recommended as a competent account of the career of the once potent White-Cross Knights.

A corresponding sketch of the Red-Cross Knights, or Templars, will be a desirable accompaniment. Mr. Suther-

land has himself told their story in part, but only so far as they *conflicted* with their rivals of the White-Cross, under whose superiority they finally sunk. The destruction of the Templars is one of the basest acts of scandal, oppression, and cruelty, that stain the pages of history—scandalous and base as they often are. Though suppressed, and their revenues confiscated—the very purpose for which the order was oppressed—they contrived to hang together, and to perpetuate a succession. The Grand Mastership is still held by a French nobleman. A sketch also of the Teutonic Knights, who were forced, with the rest, to quit Palestine in 1293, is still required.

Modern Fanaticism Unveiled.—Under this general title the author's efforts are directed to the exposure of some heretical extravagancies on the part of Irving and Erskine, and the miraculous pretensions of Miss Mary Campbell, of Gareloch. Mr. Irving has, it seems, entrenched upon the limits of orthodoxy, in some of his discussions on the Human Nature of Christ. Stripped of technicalities, and extricated from perplexing phraseology, the sum of his doctrine seems to be, that Christ, as a man, with the passions of man, had a disposition, and even desires, to commit sin, but resisted—was liable to offend, and prompted to do so, but never actually complied—was susceptible, but abstained—was tempted, but triumphed. The whole discussion seems to us merely idle, and certainly not worth the indignation expended by the author, who undertakes to lift the veil of fanaticism, though, doubtless, Mr. Irving, in the indiscretion with which he commonly enforces his sentiments, has indulged in some startling and offensive language. He has printed, it appears, that Christ took flesh of *man* and woman—an expression which the Unveiler calls blasphemy; but which, compared with the general tenor of Irving's book, seems to us to have been simply a slip.

Mr. Erskine has puzzled himself about the Gift of Tongues, and suffered, apparently, his own to run a little before his wit; while Miss Mary Campbell makes no ceremony about the matter, but lays claim at once to the actual possession of the apostolical gift. The good lady, at Fernicary, babbles away she knows not what,—but no matter, Mr. McDonald, of Port Glasgow, has the convenient and corresponding gift of interpretation, and together they accomplish—*we* know not what. The author, upon close examination, can find no analogy between these same gifts, as enjoyed and exerted by Miss Campbell, and her coadjutor, and those of the apostles, and broadly discredits them; nor will the lady's "*Miracles* of Healing," in the author's opinion, bear the test any better—and likely enough. The volume is written, however, with spirit and earnestness, and is obviously the produce of a vigorous understanding; but its contents are not at all calculated to weigh with his opponents, and all others, we suspect, will trouble themselves little about the matter. The interest is merely local.

Standard Novels. Vols. I. and II.—Modern novels are published at so high a rate, that they can come within the command of few, except through the circulating libraries. This is the first attempt to bring any of the last forty or fifty years—except the Waverley ones—within the reach of numbers, to whom the possession might often be desirable. The Waverley series, of course, suggested the publication; but it is considerably cheaper, but little inferior as to paper, and not at all so as to the ornamental part. The three-volumed novel is comprised within a single volume, and if the Pilot be thought to present too full a page, Caleb Williams is not liable even to that objection. The selection may be safely trusted to the publisher, whose large experience fully enables him to ascertain what has generally proved most attractive. Prefixed to Caleb Williams is a short Memoir of Godwin, by his daughter, Mrs. Bysshe Shelley. Mr. Godwin's father was a dissenting preacher at Norwich, and he himself preached somewhere in the neighbourhood of London for about five years. Since that period, during a lapse of fifty years, he has been before the world as a literary man, and, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, in his epitaph, *nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit.* He is now 75.

The Dramatic Annual, by Frederick Reynolds.—The Dramatic Annual is fairly indictable for trespass in any literary court in the kingdom. The Annuals are now definitively recognised as the receptacles of variety—the contributions of numerous scribblers, in prose and verse, and at least of materials that have not been printed before,—while Reynolds's Dramatic Annual, as he calls it, is simply a consecutive story, the characters and incidents of which are conceived in the most tawdry taste of the most tawdry milliner's novel. It is full of stale puns, vapid jests, and coarse caricature, for the most part a rechauffée of his own stupid memoirs. The hero is a stage-struck youth—a scribbler, not a performer—who, by the advice of the manager, sets out on a tour "in search of character," and proves about as successful as the man who visited the continent, for the purpose of importing useful inventions, and brought home a knife-grinder's wheel,

which, if he had had any eyes, he might have seen in every street at home. The wood-sketches are by Brooke, both design and cutting, and are admirable in their way. If the writer had called his book Reynolds's Annual, the thing would have been intelligible, and—just in his way—approaching a pun.

Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XVII. Hydrostatics and Pneumatics.—This is a *popular* book on the subjects of hydrostatics and pneumatics, which, with the aid of a few diagrams, to the exclusion of mathematical forms, gives a competent notion of the principles upon which the general conclusions are built, relative to water and air. Dr. Lardner has made a good use of his acquaintance with the familiar facts which illustrate the principles of science; but there is an absence of life and vigour, and a clumsy kind of arrangement of materials, which combine to throw an air of heaviness and prosiness over the work, and which must be attributed to an inability to convey his extensive knowledge in the most *direct* form. We do not charge him with a want of logic, technically, but with a slip-sloppiness of connection, and a round-about sort of phraseology, which retard precisely where the reader requires to be lifted lightly along, unencumbered with a drag-chain. The student, however, must not expect the writer in these matters to do every thing for him—he must bring his whole attention with him, and not hope to read as he runs; if he does he will surely be disappointed; but we believe, for his comfort, the first chapter—that on Pressure of Fluids—is the most repulsive, and one that best justifies our complaint.

Hints addressed to the Small Holders and Peasantry of Ireland on Road-making, Ventilation, &c., by Martin Doyle.—Martin Doyle thoroughly understands his countrymen—all their wants and their prejudices—their shrewdness and their humour; and while he aims at correcting the one, frankly indulges the other. His books are full of useful information and excellent advice—skilfully adapted—brought home not only to their understanding, but their feelings, and enlivened by little anecdotes, told broadly, but all to the purpose. They are published at Dublin, are cheap, and we believe largely circulated by benevolent people. Road-making is the introductory object, and much information relative to the craft is given; but the main purpose is to enforce an honest and active performance of duty. Example will, however, doubtless work more effectively than precept, and they must see their superiors mend their manners, before they will attempt it themselves. Roads in Ireland are almost universally jobs—they are granted to landlords to enable them to get their rents, to whom they are actually paid from the county rates;—but Martin Doyle's business lies wholly with the workmen. In the rest of the publication, cleanliness, pure air, and temperance, form the burden of Martin's song; but whether he will get his countrymen to sing it—read it we mean—is another question; that is, we take it, at least as unlikely, as to get the advice reduced to practice. But here and there, where there is already a predisposition, proselytes will be made; and at all events, if nothing is attempted, nothing can be done, nor any thing expected. Martin has the merit of doing all that books can do. He is a very clever fellow.

Mattaire on Greek Dialects, by the Rev. J. Seager.—This volume completes Mr. Seager's epitomising labours. With Viger, Hoogeveen, Bas, and Herman, the Greek student has a set of scarcely dispensible subsidia, at all events, in a *more* accessible form than before. Of the former works we have been inclined to wish the compression still farther compressed, especially Hoogeveen and Herman; but Mattaire is scarcely susceptible of more, for its usefulness consists in the details. Mr. S. has laboured zealously, and must be allowed to have discerned well of Greek literature. Mattaire's arrangements were not to be interfered with, or a separation of the Æolic from the Doric dialect might have been desirable.

Epitome of English Literature. Vol. I. Paley's Moral Philosophy.—Books multiply so rapidly that the most painstaking reader can throw but a glance at half of them, and old books, in their full dimensions, stand no chance of perusal at all. To obviate this crying evil, the projector of this publication—himself the first of book-schemers—proposes to cut down the best of them to a portable compass, expressly to enable them to jostle for a reading with the novels and trifles of the day. We have ourselves little tolerance for a scheme which is to make skeletons and syllabuses of works, the merit of which often largely consists in dilatation and detail; but, what is worse, individual peculiarities must vanish or merge in the one uniform taste of the despoiler of genius, and, like the reports of parliamentary speeches, henceforth speak all the same language. It is, in fact, a conspiracy for murdering individual reputation, and among those who are to be thus sacrificed, we see the names of Burnett, Clarendon, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Bacon, Locke, Addison, Johnson, Milton, and Swift. Thus stript and skinned, in what will Hume, for instance, differ from the scores of epitomes of English history? But what

could induce the projectors to lay violent hands upon Paley, is quite inconceivable. So far from his being forgotten, his work is a text-book at the Universities, and so admirable, and still so modern, in manner, that no change could be made but for the worse. To have cut down the Moral Philosophy into one handy little volume, the operator seems to consider a grand feat. We do not doubt Paley's facts and even arguments are numerically and honestly retained, but the book is no longer Paley's, and we have too much respect for intellectual *dis*tinctions, to contribute by any approbation of ours, to its *ex*tinction.

A New Version of Homer's Iliad. By W. Sotheby, Esq. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—Waving for the present our doubts as to the practicability, and the utility, if they were practicable, of adequate translations from the ancient poets, whether in prose or verse, we shall take a hasty glance at the first book of Mr. Sotheby's version—professing first our wonderment that any man capable of doing what Mr. Sotheby has done, should have thought it worth his while to consume such immense labour—all, we must believe, *en pure perte*. Pope's version may not be correct, but it is spirited, and tells the tale; while Cowper's is thoroughly correct, but dry as a chip, and perhaps never was read by any body. The utmost Mr. Sotheby could expect to accomplish, was to couple the accuracy of the one with the fire of the other—all but a hopeless task. We are not sure that even in point of faithfulness he has done better than Pope. Pope we have not at hand, and cannot compare passages; but we have Homer's self, and can notice, at all events, the liberties Mr. Sotheby has taken. In a metrical, and especially a rhymed version, amplification must be allowed—modern habits of expression, moreover, demand it. But this amplification cannot warrantably extend to the introduction of new ideas—to turns of thought that are wholly modern—*not only to what was unknown*, or to sentiments, that were not only unknown to the poet, but wholly alien. It is here that Mr. Sotheby offends.

Of Calchas — strictly, according to Homer—Mr. Sotheby has—

"He all the present, past, and future knew;"

and with this we should have been content; but not so Mr. Sotheby, who chooses to add—to complete the couplet and round the sentence—

"All at his pleasure rose before his view."

which is just the kind of licence for which Pope's version has been so liberally abused.

Agamemnon's rage at the declaration of Calchas is thus introduced by the translator:—

"*With lip that quivered in its ire,*
Heart darkly boiling o'er with vengeful fire,
And eye that rolled in flame, proud Atreus' son,"
&c.

Homer has not the slightest hint of the first line. The quivering of the lip we do not recollect to have been noticed by any ancient poet; and Mr. Sotheby is obviously wholly indebted to his recollections of Byron. Just so, when Achilles is said to have

"Hurled on the monarch words of living fire."

For which Homer furnishes nothing but αταρτηροις επεσσιν, which, whatever they may mean, have nothing to do with *living fire*.

"Be persuaded," says Nestor; "you (Achilles and Agamemnon) are both younger than I;" which Mr. Sotheby turns in a style as foreign from Homer's as Pope's can possibly be—

"When Nestor speaks, calm, younger-born, your rage—
Time ripens wisdom on the lip of age."

This Mr. Sotheby might think was sententious and decisive, but nothing like it ever dropped from the mouth of the *garrulous* Nestor.

When the heralds reached Achilles' tent to remove Briseis—

"They trembling stood, nor spake, nor question made—

which is strictly Homer; but—

"Fear on the tongue its cold obstruction laid"—

is a sad piece of frippery for αιδομενοι βασιλεα.

"If ever again there be need of me to repel a disgraceful pest *from others*," says Achilles, according to Homer—but in the words of Mr. Sotheby—

"If Greece again her waste deplore,
And, *bowed in hopeless* misery, require
My arm of strength—"

Not only is here a new idea introduced, but the whole is a misconception, proceeding, apparently, from an oversight of the words *from others*. In the intemperance of his rage, Achilles was protesting he would never again help *any body*—not the army merely.

When Achilles tells his mother he had recommended Agamemnon to appease the offended deity, he adds—"Rage seized Atrides, and, starting up, he gave utterance to a threat, which he carried into execution."—Mr. S. has

"But instant ire
Poured in Atrides' heart consuming fire.
Rage on his lip, the opprobrious menace flung,
And his deeds match the malice of his tongue."

Which is more intolerable, for the licence, and the pitiful attempt at point, than any offence Pope ever committed.

But these are comparative trifles, though characteristic of the version. We have more serious grounds of com-

plaint.—When Ulysses presents Chryseis to her father, Mr. Sotheby says:—

"Forth came Chryseis, whom to Chryses's arms
The chief restored *in all her virgin charms.*"

Mr. Sotheby's purpose is obvious; but there is nothing in Homer to warrant the assertion; and, besides, Agamemnon's own words to her father imply the contrary.

Minerva, in checking Achilles's disposition to violence, gives him permission to upbraid Agamemnon as much as he likes. But what has Mr. Sotheby made of it?—

"Sheathe thy brave blade; but *sharper than thy sword,*
Fix in his heart the *weapon of thy word.*"

A piece of perversion quite unpardonable—a dandyism of taste and sentiment, from which Homer is wholly and always free.

Once more. In the description of the sacrifice, the thighs of the Oxen are burnt, and the viscera tasted, *before* the animals are wholly cut up, and the parts to be eaten are roasted. This tasting of the viscera was obviously a part of the ceremonial, and not of the feast—by which they shewed, says the scholiast, by a visible act, εκ ψυχας τελειν την θυσιαν. Mr. Sotheby, wholly mistaking the matter, and consulting nothing but his imagination, says—

"And when the thighs were burnt, *and keen desire*
Had try'd the entrails fuming from the fire."

As if they were so hungry they could not wait another moment. But we have no more space. Mr. Sotheby's version will not supersede Pope, nor does it deserve to do so—though the versification seems to be more *equally* sustained.

The Siamese Twins; a Tale of the Times, by the Author of Pelham.—Shrewd, and clever, and cultivated--familiar, too, with the spirit of the day, and the pretensions of all pretenders, the author of Pelham could scarcely, when indulging his bent to the satirical, fail to produce a performance—sometimes amusing, in whatever direction he pointed his shafts. The tale of the Siamese is merely whimsical, and scarcely worth noticing—it represents the two Siamese, of whom all the world has heard, to be endowed with dispositions and feelings in perfect contrast with each other. Of course the cross-purposes and awkward results thus producible may readily be imagined; but by thrusting them upon adventures in London life, the author gains an opportunity of pointing his satire against persons and follies of fashionable notoriety. This enables him to throw off much of his spleen, and he does it with a good will and strength of purpose, that shew him more in earnest than he would willingly have it believed he feels. The periodicals have occasionally handled him roughly; but generally his talents have been so promptly and largely acknowledged, that it was scarcely worth his while to notice, and least of all to ascribe, the severity to personal or interested motives. He gives importance to what, in itself, has none, and would not be remembered, but for the annoyance he betrays, and the pains he takes to keep it all alive. There is poetry in the volume, of a cast to deserve the name, enough to set up half a dozen scribblers, but it is fairly buried under masses of matter of inferior quality, and of transient interest.

How holy woman's youth—while yet
Its rose with life's first dews is wet—
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the Virgin in the breast!
O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart—unto
The soul so nobly palaced there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But *darkly* slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness hived within.
The rich lip in its bright repose
Refused above its wealth to close,
And mid the coral and the dew,
The pearls all freshly glistened thro',
And round that lip, in dimpled cell,
The smiles that wreathe enchantment dwell—
Waked by a word—and yet revealing
A witness less of Mirth than Feeling—
Rounded her glorious shape;—tho' mute
Died Echo round her fairy foot,
Tho' small as childhood's was the band
That lightly clasp'd her graceful vest,
And tho' so slight her tempting hand,
You hid it while you prest,
Yet formed the hills her robe control'd
In Love's most ripe luxuriant mould.
Not in more swelling whiteness sails
Cayster's swan to western gales,
When the melodious murmur sings
'Mid her slow-heav'd voluptuous wings.
And never on a breast more formed
For lofty dreams—yet low devotion—
More tender, or more truly warmed
With all which lights—yet guides—emotion;
More fitted in the evil day
To be man's solace and his stay;
Never on breast more rich in aught
That comforts grief—but heightens thought—
Did lover rest, and feel the earth,
Had faded round him into dearth—
That Fate was baffled; and that Change
Had lost the wish—the power to range;

And all the world—its hopes—its charms—
Its Future—shrunk within his arms!
O Woman! day-star of our doom—
Thy dawn our birth—thy close our tomb,
Or if the Mother or the Bride,
Our fondest friend and surest guide ;—
And yet our folly and our fever,
The Dream—the Meteor—the Deceiver—
Still, spite of sorrow—wisdom—years—
And those—Fate's sternest warners—tears—
Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
Still knows no wish like those which woo thee,
Still in some living form essays
To clasp the bright cloud it portrays ;—
And still as one who waits beside,
But may not ford, the faithless tide—
It wears its own brief life away—
It marks the shining waters stray—
Courts every change that glads the river—
And finds *that* change it pines for—never!

Sketches of Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru. By Samuel Haigh, Esq.—Mr. Haigh's 'Sketches of Buenos Ayres, and Chili,' were among the most agreeable and intelligent of the many scores of volumes published within these few years upon South America, by miners, supercargoes, and soldiers. The new volume is of the same character precisely—containing, however, a more consecutive account of his first journey across the now familiar Pampas, and his passage over the Cordilleras in the very depth of winter—together with the results of a more extended and intimate acquaintance with the country. Within the last fourteen years Mr. H. has thrice visited South America in commercial speculations, and his last trip enables him to add some sketches of Peru to those of Buenos Ayres and Chili. His opportunities of domestic intercourse—of prying into the interior arrangements of family economy, must have been considerable, and he communicates his discoveries in an easy and effective manner. Mendoza he found one of the loveliest spots in the world, and his successive visits detracted nothing from the charm. Santiago he reached at a most critical period, and actually witnessed the battle of Maypo, won by San Martin—a battle that must be regarded as prompting those vigorous efforts which ultimately ed to the decisive conflict of Ayacucho, and the independence of the Spanish provinces. Mr. H. refers, for many of his historical details, to General Miller's Memoirs, as containing the fullest and most authentic account of the triumph of Chili.

According to Mr. Haigh, the habits and domestic manners of the Spaniards, are rapidly changing. English and Americans from the United States every where abound, and every where communicate something a little nearer to refinement—certainly more cleanliness and decorum. At Valparaiso, society is not yet so exclusive as at Santiago.—At a ball given by the governor, a young lady, after the dance, asked her partner, an officer of an English frigate, if he had engaged a washerwoman, hoping, if he had not, he would give her the preference.

English merchants at home are very apt to suspect their agents abroad—without, Mr. H. affirms, much reason. He himself was greatly annoyed at the mode of doing business in America. "The difficulties are much greater, he says, than people in England usually imagine—for instance, if a bill falls due, should the party not be able to meet it, he has no hesitation in telling you that he cannot pay it; and should you proceed to the Cabeldo, or Board of Trade, to compel him to do so, the members of that body are so lenient, that they generally allow the payer his own time. Some of the board are precisely in the same predicament with the party complained of, being themselves shopkeepers, and owing monies, for purchases. Should you proceed to lay an embargo upon a debtor's warehouse, all persons who can prove any of the goods to have belonged to them, can take them from the premises; consequently, in the event of your own having been disposed of, you get nothing for your pains, unless you find ready money. This system of trade is indispensible, though so full of risks; for should you think to effect all your sales for cash only, a long life could not afford time for the disposal of a large cargo. The lax system of the laws relative to credit, and their usual leaning towards the debtor, places a seller, as it were, at the honour or mercy of the buyer."

Here is a little question for the zoological folks of Regent's Park:—

The Biscachas abound all over the plains: these little innocent animals generally make their appearance about an hour before the sun sets, and gambol about in his departing rays. During the day they are seldom seen but at the mouth of their caves. It is strange that two owls may be almost always observed standing as if on guard. I have never learnt whether *any affinity* exists between the biscachas and these birds. The owls have an aspect of great solemnity, and as they stand apart at each side of the cavern, they remind one of those two mute and melancholy oking gentlemen, so frequently seen stationed at the doors of houses in England, as the prologue to the performance of a funeral.

Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. Hall: Second Series.—Mrs. Hall threatens—no, she is much too gentle to do anything so harsh, as to threaten in her own person, but she announces an intention, with this second series of sketches, of bidding the subject of Irish Character, adieu—an intention, which she will not, and must not, carry into execution. Her object is not yet wholly

accomplished, nor are her materials exhausted; the subject too, has become her own—she has no rival, and is fairly committed as long as Ireland has virtues to disclose, or wrongs to redress. Crofton Croker does not interfere with her purpose; that purpose has been professedly to exhibit Irish Character among the humbler classes, where, of course, it is likely to be *purest* in its most agreeable and advantageous features; and her young women, accordingly, have all the charms and warmth of simplicity, and her young men, the bravery and frankness of chivalry. Mrs. H. speaks from personal knowledge, and we throw no discredit on anything so attractive; we would rather that realities presented no exceptions. She seems to think, where the noble qualities of Irish youth degenerate, it proceeds wholly from bad management, but that is not peculiar to Ireland. It is the education of circumstances, that works most of the mischief, all the world over, and perhaps of the good too. 'Anne Leslie' and 'Mick Conner's wooing and wedding,' are among the most agreeable of the sketches. 'The Rapparee,' with more energy and passion, approaches too near the tone of the melo-drame. 'We'll see about it,' and 'Larry Moore,' are in the very best style of Miss Edgeworth's efforts; the details of Irish indolence and carelessness, are happy and humorous. Much of the misery and degradation of the Irish peasantry, now springs from absentees, notwithstanding the economists, who, by the way, in their eagerness to promote production, never care a straw what becomes of the producer—and Mrs. H. more than once introduces the rapacity of middlemen, and the rascalities of uncontrolled agents—the inevitable consequences of absenteeism. There is still ample room for exposure, in this department of Irish economy; and Mrs. H. is obviously too kindly disposed towards her native land, to withhold her aid, as long as she can contribute assistance, and wants no telling that exposition must go before redress.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus, by Washington Irving. —Family Library, Vol. XVIII.—The splendid discoveries of Columbus, and, still more, his magnificent anticipations, set the whole Spanish nation agog; and every one, young or old, who had his own way to make in the world, naturally looked to the west as the scene where riches and renown were to be won. The old crews of Columbus, almost every man of them, were heroes in their own imaginations, and many of them aspired to distinctions that should equal them with their commander. Ferdinand, too, who, in the first glow of his gratitude, had conferred upon Columbus honours and powers of which he quickly repented, gladly encouraged competitors by way of counterpoise. Commissions and authorities were accordingly granted to any that would ask for them, provided they could fit out vessels at their own expense; and granted, too, not only in contempt of Columbus's rights and those of his family, but specifically to clip and cripple them. The consequence was a series of expeditions; and the result of them discoveries, which, without them, would probably not have been made for ages. The leaders of these expeditions, impelled by temerity and cupidity, rushed upon perils and difficulties which drew out all their powers, and prompted others to deeds of the most romantic, and often of the most chivalrous character. The interval between Columbus and the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro, presents a list of bold spirits, whose adventures are but little known; and these Mr. Irving has detailed with a sort of congenial feeling that throws a little of the smoothness and softness of romance upon what in reality had nothing but ruggedness and brutality. Riches were the object of pursuit, and the agents generally desperadoes—ready to cut their way to them through every obstacle, moral or physical; and in this resolute spirit, which shews what the man who dares can do, consists all that can possibly in them command admiration. They were maddened by enthusiasm, and the sacred thirst of gold hallowed every act.

The story which occupies the largest portion of the volume, is the singular one of Nunez de Bilboa. He was at St. Domingo, in debt, and in imminent peril from his creditors, when the Bachelor Enciso, who had scraped together a few thousand ducats, bitten by the common madness, very unlawyerlike, hazarded the whole in one of Ojeda's projects. Bilboa got on board the Bachelor's ship in a cask, and eluded his pursuers; and, by his activity and readiness, made from an enemy a friend of the Bachelor. Amidst the subsequent splitting of interests at Darien, Bilboa supplanted the Bachelor, and rose upon the ruins of the chiefs Ojeda and Nicuessa, by the confidence in his resources with which he contrived to impress his associates. Not, however, feeling very secure in his new elevation, he looked anxiously about for some dazzling achievement; and the discovery of the Pacific was the reward of labours—so enormous, they well deserved to be so repaid. Upon this discovery he relied for establishing an influence with the government at home; but, unluckily, before his agents, loaded with splendid presents, reached the

king, the Bachelor had made his representations of Bilboa's usurpations; and Davila was, in consequence, appointed governor of the whole Darien coast. Bilboa wisely submitted, till a new commission reached him, but one still which placed him subordinate to Davila. Jealousies and quarrels speedily followed, and Bilboa finally sunk under the superior skill or fortune of Davila. Davila seized him, and hung him without ceremony.

The volume is a very interesting appendage to the Life of Columbus.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

The History and Topography of the United States of North America.—Of this work, one or two of the early numbers of which we have already noticed, twelve parts have appeared. The plan and character of it are thus sufficiently developed to enable us to form a full judgment upon its merits. It is in every respect one of the ablest and most useful publications that have appeared for years; and promises to form, beyond all comparison, the most complete and perfect history of America that has ever been published. It comprises every thing that the most exact lover of details could wish to know, and yet contains not a syllable more than the general reader may peruse unfatigued. Every page of it is a history as far as interest is concerned. The style is free from all affectation and ambiguity; and the comments and opinions are manly, candid, and liberal. The embellishments, of which each number contains three, are well executed, and afford an idea which we have not hitherto had of the national architecture and scenery of this extraordinary country. The maps also, which are said to be carefully revised to the present day, are a valuable accompaniment to the work. Mr. Hilton deserves the thanks of all who take an interest in the history of America, or are willing to do justice to her people and her institutions.

The subjects of four numbers of the *Outlines of British Paintings and Sculptures*, form a catalogue which can hardly fail to attract. We can mention only the finest or most celebrated of them:—Distraining for Rent, Wilkie; Statue of Washington, Chantrey; Lord Cosmo Russell, Landseer; The Wounded Brigand, Eastlake; Vision of the White Horse, Loutherburg; Lafayette at Olmatz, Northcote; Temple of Jupiter, Turner; Marriage à la Mode, Hogarth; Charles the Second and the Duchess of Orleans, Stothard; Epaminondas, West; Lord Mansfield's Monument, Flaxman, &c. Some of the subjects are more calculated for effect in these small outlines than others; but they are all cleverly executed.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JOHN ABERNETHY, ESQ., F.R.S.

Mr. Abernethy, one of the most eminent surgeons of the day, and generally regarded as the ablest lecturer in London, on anatomy, surgery, and pathology, was born in the year 1765. His professional studies were commenced at St. Bartholomew's Hospital as far back as the year 1780; and, on the resignation of Mr. Pott, he became assistant surgeon to that institution. He also succeeded that gentleman as lecturer on anatomy and surgery. In his mode of teaching, Mr. Abernethy was not very minute on anatomy, a thorough knowledge of which, he conceived, could be acquired only in the dissecting room; but the energy of his manner, and the apposite and forcible illustrations which he was accustomed to introduce, never failed to fix the attention of his pupils, and to impart a lively interest to all that he delivered. One of his great objects was to impress on their minds, that the education of a surgeon is never complete, and that his whole life should be a course of study. He was opposed to the division of surgery into distinct departments; such as that of oculist, aurist, &c.; considering the whole as essentially connected, and that no man, properly educated, could be ignorant of the diseases which those respective divisions embrace.

At an early period of life, Mr. Abernethy came before the public as an author. He published "Surgical Observations," in two volumes; and "Lectures," in one volume, explanatory of Mr. Hunter's opinions of the vital processes; with a Hunterian Oration, giving a farther account of Mr. Hunter's laborious and professional character. New editions of these works appeared in 1806 and 1810, and possibly since. For Dr. Rees's Cyclopœdia, Mr. Abernethy wrote the anatomical articles included under the letters A. and B. At one period, we believe, he was violently opposed to the phrenological doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim; but, afterwards, he became partially, if not wholly a convert—and he had the manly candour to acknowledge it. He did not, however, assent to all the minute divisions of the brain insisted on by phrenologists.

When Dr. Marshall relinquished his popular lectures at Thavies' Inn, Mr. Abernethy's class increased, as did also his practice. He was some time professor of Anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons. In one of his essays, he published an account of cases in which he had tied the external iliac artery—a bold and meritorious operation. This improvement in surgery established his fame, and increased the credit of the English school throughout Europe. Under Mr. Abernethy's auspices, St. Bartholomew's Hospital attained a celebrity which it had never before enjoyed.

On the death of Sir Charles Blicke, he was elected surgeon in his room. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society; an Honorary member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and of the Medical Societies of Paris and Philadelphia, one of the Court of Assistants of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and one of the Curators of their Museum.

Mr. Abernethy's mode of treatment in cases of dyspepsia, &c., was extremely simple, yet unprecedentedly successful. He was a man of eccentric habits; and in manners, frequently coarse, vulgar, and—as they have been described—almost brutal, even to women. Nothing could excuse this: it could not have been natural, therefore must have been affected; and all affectation of eccentricity—frequently its reality—is more or less disgusting.

After a protracted indisposition, Mr. Abernethy expired at Enfield on the 18th of April.

SIR EDWARD BERRY, BART, &c.

Sir Edward Berry, Baronet, of Catton, in the county of Norfolk, K.C.B., Rear-Admiral of the Red, was the fourth son of Sir Edward Berry, Esq., a merchant in London, by Elizabeth, daugh-

ter of the Rev. Thos. Forster, of Barbados, F.R.S. He was born in 1768; and, having evinced an early predilection for the sea service, he was introduced into the royal navy, under the auspices of Captain Lord Mulgrave, (elder brother of the Earl lately deceased,) who attempted the discovery of a north-east passage. He was entered as midshipman on the 5th of February, 1779, some months before he had completed his eleventh year. His first voyage was to the East Indies, in the Burford, of 70 guns; and, from that period, he was long engaged in a continued series of active service. On the first war of the French revolution, he received a Lieutenant's commission for spiritedly boarding a ship of war. His merit in the action of the 1st of June acquired for him the friendship of Nelson and of Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. He served under Nelson, as first Lieutenant, in the Captain, in the action off St. Vincent's, on the 14th of February, 1797; and by his extraordinary activity in boarding the San Nicolas and San Josef, he acquired the honest eulogium of every officer in the fleet. Lieutenant Berry was the first man who jumped into the mizen chains of the San Nicolas.

In the course of this year, he was made Post Captain; and, in 1798, he was appointed to the Vanguard, the flag-ship of Nelson, in the squadron detached by Earl St. Vincent into the Mediterranean. In the battle of the Nile, on the 1st of August, in the same year, he again most brilliantly distinguished himself. In the heat of the action, when Admiral Nelson was wounded in the head, Captain Berry caught him in his arms, and caused him to be immediately conveyed to the cockpit. He took possession of the Spartiate; and, in the explosion of L'Orient, he exerted himself in the most humane manner in saving the crew of that unfortunate ship. To the skill and bravery of his companion in arms, Admiral Nelson, in his official letter to Earl St. Vincent, relating the particulars of this victory, thus bore testimony:—

"The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-Chief being burnt in the L'Orient."

Captain Berry was sent home in the Leander, Captain Thompson, with the dispatches, but was unfortunately captured by a French 80 gun ship, after a hard action, during which he was wounded in the arm, by a fragment of a man's skull. Having been exchanged, he returned to England, was knighted (December 12, 1798) and presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In the following year, Sir Edward Berry sailed to the Mediterranean, as Captain of the Foudroyant, Lord Nelson's flag-ship. On the night of the 30th of March, while stationed off Malta, he captured the Guillaume Tell, of 86 guns, and 1000 men, after a severe engagement, in which he was again wounded. While on this station, he also captured the Genereux, of 74 guns.

Sir Edward at length returned to England, and for some time enjoyed a relaxation from the toils of service.

He had married December 12, 1797, Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Forster, D.D., then head master of the Norwich Free Grammar School. In the month of October, 1800, he presented to the Corporation of Norwich the ensign of the French ship Genereux, which was suspended in St. Andrew's Hall, in that city, with an appropriate inscription.

In 1805, Sir Edward Berry again sailed under the command of the hero of the Nile, as Captain of the Agamemnon, of 64 guns; was engaged in the van division of the fleet, in the memorable engagement off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st of October; and, as usual, sustained his high and well-earned reputation.

After this engagement, Sir Edward proceeded to the West Indies in the same ship, the Agamemnon, and participated in the victory gained by Sir Thomas Duckworth, on the 6th of February, 1806, off St. Domingo. On his return to England, he was presented with two medals from his Majesty: one for his services in Sir Thomas Duckworth's action, and the other for that of Trafalgar; and, having previously obtained one for the victory of the Nile, he was the only Captain in his Majesty's service who had been honoured with three medals. On the 12th of December, in the same year (1806), he was elevated to the rank of Baronet.

In 1811, Sir Edward Berry was appointed to the Sceptre; in 1813, he commanded the Royal Sovereign Yacht; in 1814, he was honoured with the command of the new yacht, the Royal George; and, in 1815, he was nominated Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. He was afterwards promoted to the rank, first of the Rear Admiral of the White, and then of Rear Admiral of the Red squadron of his Majesty's fleet.

At the restoration of peace, in 1814, Sir Edward Berry returned to Norfolk, and fixed his residence at Catton, near Norwich. After some years, he proceeded to Bath, for the benefit of his health; and, with the same view, he subsequently made a continental tour, and he and Lady Berry lived for some time at Pisa, in Italy. Unfortunately, the hopes of re-establishing his health were not realized; and he returned to Bath, where he died on the 13th of February last. Lady Berry survives her husband, but without any family.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

Benjamin Constant, who has been a distinguished *littérateur* in France for thirty years or upwards, was born at Geneva, in 1767. His parents were Protestant; his father, a General in the Dutch service, had returned to his native country at the close of his military career.

At the commencement of the revolution, young Constant went to Paris. In 1796, he appeared at the bar of the Council of Five Hundred, demanding admission to the rights of a French citizen, as the descendant of French ancestors exiled by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. About the same time, he published a little work, which attracted much notice, "On the Strength of the Existing Government (the Directory) of France, and the Necessity of supporting it." In the following year—1797—two productions of his pen appeared: one, "On Political Reaction;" the other, "An Examination of the Effects of Terror;" in the latter of which he contended, that, in the course of the Revolution, terror had caused much mischief, without producing any advantage.

In 1797 or 1798, M. Constant became a member of the Club de Salm, or Constitutional Circle; in which he delivered —and afterwards published—a long discourse against terror, arbitrary power, and royalty, and enforced the necessity of having republican elections. Another of his publications at this period was "On the Consequences of the Counter-Revolution in England, in 1660."

On the formation of the Tribunate, he became a member of that body, vehemently attacking the communication between different powers in the state.—"The object," he observed, "was to dictate laws with such haste that no time was allowed for examining them." He supported the Conscription law, and the law for abrogating the rights of primogeniture.

In 1801, M. Constant opposed the establishment of a sinking-fund, and also the civil code then under consideration. Regarded as one of the chiefs of the opposition, he was comprehended in Buonaparte's first purification of the Assembly; consequently, in 1802, he ceased to be a member of the Tribunate.

It was at the close of the year 1797, that Madame de Staël first saw Buonaparte, who was then at Paris preparing for his expedition to Egypt. The admiration with which she had regarded him as the conqueror of Italy, was now succeeded by a sentiment bordering upon aversion; and the dislike appears to have been mutual. However, she continued in Paris after the return of Buonaparte from Egypt, on his assumption of supreme authority; and in her coteries, and by her writings, she exerted herself to the utmost in opposing his views. M. Constant had been long politically connected with Madame de Staël. The consequence was, that, at the same time with Madame, he was ordered to quit Paris. The two exiles went together, and travelled in company over different countries.

When M. Constant separated from Madame de Staël, he, with the permission of Buonaparte, returned to Paris. There, however, his stay was short. He went to Gottingen, where, for a length of time, he employed himself in his "History of the Different Modes of Worship." It was, we believe, during this retreat from public life, that he also produced his "Walstein, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, in Verse; preceded by Reflections on the German Theatre."

In 1814, M. Constant again returned to Paris, in the train of the Prince Royal of Sweden. At that time, he appeared to be in the interest of the Bourbons. Several times he wrote in their favour, particularly on the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba. He also attacked the whole of the conduct of Buonaparte, and exposed the folly of trusting to promises of liberty from a man who for so many years had made France groan under the most cruel slavery. On these principles he continued to write, even when Buonaparte was within a few leagues of Paris. On the 19th of March, he inserted an article in the *Journal des Débats*, with his signature, in which he declared that he would never purchase a dishonourable existence by bending before such a man. Yet he did bend before him. In fact, notwithstanding all his occasionally apparent boldness, firmness, and independence of spirit, M. Constant was neither more nor less than a trimmer in politics. On the 20th of April, he received from Buonaparte the title of Councillor of State; he assisted in drawing up the constitution presented at the Champ de Mai, which he defended and enforced in several of his publications and speeches; and, immediately before the second and final overthrow of

Buonaparte, his exclamation was—"Foreigners look towards us, knowing that the first general in the world marches at our head: if they see us rallied around him, they will think themselves already defeated; but, if we are divided, we perish."

But the usurper was crushed, and a change of scene became once more necessary for the safety of M. Constant. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., he went to live at Brussels; thence he came over to England; and, in November, 1816, he returned to Paris. Subsequently he engaged in several periodical works of the day; particularly in *Le Mercure*, in which he wrote, though not with great violence, in opposition to the government. By advocating the cause of the Liberals, he procured his election in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1818.

M. Constant was one of the editors of *La Minerva*, and, on all sides, allowed to be one of the ablest political writers of the age; he was a fine German scholar, and tended much to introduce and promote a love of the literature and philosophy of Germany into France. Besides the works which have been incidentally noticed in this sketch, he was the author of the following, with many others of minor note:—On the Spirit of Conquest and Usurpation, as they influence European Civilization;—Reflections on Constitutions, the Distribution of Powers, and Guarantees in a Constitutional Monarchy;—On the Interest of Government respecting the Liberty of Pamphlets and Journals;—Observations on the Speech of the Minister of the Interior on the Liberty of the Press;—On the Responsibility of Ministers;—Political Principles applicable to Representative Governments, and particularly to the Existing Constitution of France;—Principles of Public Law;—On the Elections of 1807 and 1808;—Letters on the Trial of Wilfred Regnault;—Letter on the Massacre of the Protestants at Nismes;—Letters on the Hundred Days;—several pamphlets on the projected change in the Law of Elections;—articles in the Universal Biography;—Adolphus, an Anecdote found amongst the Papers of a Person Unknown. The last-mentioned work is a romance, founded on the system of fatality.

M. Constant caught a severe cold during the memorable three days of 1830, and continued in a declining state till the period of his death, which occurred at Paris on the 8th of December. His remains were interred on the 12th, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The funeral was attended by the Chamber of Deputies, and an immense portion of the population of Paris, and is said to have produced a sensation equal to that occasioned by Mirabeau. His ashes, report states, are shortly to be removed to the Pantheon. If so, it will be an exception to the general rule, that ten years must elapse after the death of an individual, to enable posterity to judge of the validity of his claim to this high national honour.

COMTE SAINTE SUZANNE.

Le Comte Sainte Suzanne, a peer of France, and Lieutenant-General in the Army, was born at Chalons-sur-Marne, in 1760. At an early age, he was one of the pages to Madame, sister-in-law to Louis XVI. Having subsequently entered into the regiment of Anjou, he held the rank of captain at the commencement of the revolution; and he distinguished himself in the wars of that period. In 1796, he was a general of brigade in the armies of the Moselle and Rhine, and took an active part in the campaign, opposed to the Archduke Charles. In some affairs with General Kray, upon the Rhine, he obtained considerable advantages over that general; and occupying all the approaches to Ulm, he ultimately compelled the enemy to retreat. Soon afterwards he covered the left wing, and secured the communications with Moreau.

On the return of peace, General Suzanne went to Paris; where he was elected, successively, a member of the council of state, and a member of the senate. In 1809, he was appointed, to the inspectorship of the army for the protection of the coast of Boulogne.

On the 1st of April, 1814, this officer voted against the continuance of Buonaparte on the throne of France; and, on the 4th of June following, Louis the XVIIIth created him a peer, and named him Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis. Unlike many others, he did not exercise his legislative functions after the return of Buonaparte; and, consequently, he was not deprived of his pension on the final restoration of the Bourbons.

Comte Sainte Suzanne died at Paris, on the 27th of August, the same day that Comte Louis de Segur died.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In our reports, the WEATHER is invariably the prime and most interesting topic. The commencement of the present month, on the whole, was highly favourable to the operations of husbandry, with the drawback, however, that the suddenness of the drought rendered the heavy wet lands stubborn and cloddy, thence difficult to reduce to a state of friability and fineness adapted to the reception of the seed. The few showers which succeeded, countervailed, in a considerable degree, this defect, and culture has since proceeded with all possible dispatch. In our last, under the influence of a long-cherished opinion in favour of early sowing, we regretted that so much must, of necessity, remain to be done in the present month; but, from later accounts, and indeed personal observation, we apprehend that in the most backward districts, the first week in May will scarcely exhibit the conclusion of the present seed season. Throughout the whole winter and spring, the weather has been most capricious and embarrassing to the farmer of heavy lands. On prime soils, and in the most fertile districts, beans and peas are in a growing state and look well; oats above ground, and the barley all in, which is to say, the whole present business is completed. On such lands, the next object is preparation of the fallows for potatoes and turnips, for which, something like an early season will for them be obtained; on others of inferior description, chiefly in the west and south-west, the whole will be a late and protracted seed season. In Herts, and on the whole line of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, business is in a comparatively forward state, and the appearance of the crops generally promising: the labourers also, in those fertile districts, are, at present, fully employed at an advance of wages. Clover and other seeds have been greatly reduced in price from the quantities imported, sainfoin excepted, which we do not import. Little business is doing in hops, but their husbandry has commenced, the trills are removed, and the roots appear strong and healthy. The stock of English wheat is greatly reduced, even in the richest counties; elsewhere, and westward, there is so little in the farmers' hands, that they apprehend it will not last 'till harvest; in fact, those counties seem as much in need of foreign supply as the metropolis, and the chief business of the canals and roads seems to be the transit of foreign bread-corn. Barley is nearly exhausted, and the stock of malt in the hands of the maltsters and brewers, is reported to be much reduced, perhaps more so than at any late period. Oats, beans, and peas, compose almost the only farmers' stock. Good old dry beans and spring tares sell readily, and though the wheat market generally has, of late, suffered some reduction from the great quantities imported, it has remained at nearly the former standard in those districts where it is so much wanted. The heavy poor land wheats, particularly where sown after clover and grasses, have been so devoured and thinned by the slugs, that they are not only unseasonably late, but their appearance is so reduced and sickly, that at present they exhibit very little promise of a crop.

In SCOTLAND, and in the best parts of our northern border, the spring business is in seasonable forwardness. In the Lothians, the best wheat districts of Scotland, that crop has experienced considerable failures. Sown after beans, the slug has been so busy, that great breadths of wheat have been ploughed up, and the land resown with oats. Upon fallow land the wheat is thickly planted, but has a weak and unhealthy appearance, those soils manured with rape-cake affording the best prospect. The young sown grasses have generally failed, which has occasioned a rise of from twenty to thirty per cent. on the pasture grass, the quantity of stock to be fed being very large. Turnips, and all winter provision, having been exhausted some weeks since, most, or all, of the fat stock was driven to the markets, when the present high prices afforded a satisfactory return. We hear of little or no complaint of the rot in Scotland, where their ewes are said to have stood the winter well, and to promise a successful lambing season. In WALES the general report is favourable, both as to the dispatch of seed culture, and the appearance of the crops; but their lambing season has been most unfortunate from the prevalence of the rot, which still continues its ravages in the west. It is calculated that above one-third of the flocks in the infected districts, has been annihilated by this pest, to which must be added the malign influence remaining with the survivors. The natural sequence has been, a great rise in the price of mutton and of store sheep, the young ewes fetching as much at market as the wedders, on the speculation of a recruit from increasing the number of breeding flocks. In the letters from Kent, there is a noticeable silence on the extent of the rot, periodical in that county, but we are informed it has prevailed to an alarming degree both there and in Sussex. The price of wool, if not reduced, has been rendered stationary by large importations from the continent; however, the sheep farmers having none on hand, are not, at present, materially interested in the state of the market, which is expected to revive after the approaching sheep-shearing. Good clean-washed long wool is yet in demand at the late prices in the western

counties, but the defect in quantity renders the price profitless. All the great spring fairs have been superabundantly supplied with both fat and store stock, sheep excepted, and with little occasional variation; the late high prices, more especially for store stock, have not only been maintained, but considerably enhanced. Immense droves of pigs have arrived from Ireland, and profited by an increase of price. Saddle and coach horses, fresh, and of good figure, have been eagerly bought up. The shew of draught and farm horses has been large, and if not so quick in sale as the former species, the flower of them has found a good market. In the fruit districts they represent the trees as healthy and abundant in blossom buds; but should the easterly winds continue, with their invariable variations from chilling cold to spring warmth, the effect on buds and blossoms will damp the pleasing hopes of the orchardist. Cheese is ready of sale, and good prices supported.

The state of IRELAND is most dangerous and critical. The late examples of savage ferocity in the lower people of that country are truly appalling. No living man has hitherto witnessed this country in a state of inquietude and agitation equal to the present, which must be exacerbated in a tenfold degree, by the dissolution of parliament. The complaints of farmers on the present state of tenancy, and on the tithing system, are, in fact, universal. The sufferers from the destruction of farming machinery, cry out loudly against the absurd and quibbling anomaly, which shuts out the farmer from all recompense for his losses of precisely similar nature and estimation with those of the manufacturer, whilst it admits the latter to his full share. In Norfolk, a very fair and liberal plan has been adopted by the farmers, of advancing the wages of labour at the joint expense of the employer, the landlord, and the tithe-owner. Mr. Horton's plan of emigration is, by degrees, rising in the estimation of the country; and the parish of Westbury, in Wilts, has provided, and is about to embark 240 paupers as settlers in Canada. Allowance of land to the distressed labourers to be cultivated by the spade husbandry is on trial in Notts, and several of the northern counties, whilst the grant of a rood of land, as garden ground, to the men with families is, with equal regard to humanity and public benefit, becoming general.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Lamb, 6s. to 7s. 8d.—Rough fat, 2s. 9d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 65s. to 80s.—Barley, 30s. to 48s.—Oats, 26s. to 35s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 65s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, 17s. 6d. to 30s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, April 22d.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—The supplies of Muscavadoes (West India) were on the most confined scale, and chiefly of old descriptions; boards of good new sugars were immediately taken at full market prices; for refined goods the demand is steady and considerable both for shipping and home trade; the prices were a little varied except for the double refined bounty; the latter were 1s. higher; considerable quantities of crushed were sold 31s. to 33s. for the middling, and 35s. and 36s. 6d. for the fine. Molasses dull and lower: there is nothing new in the refined market; the purchases for low lumps for Hambro' are very extensive. Foreign sugars: considerable sales of Havannah sugar has taken place; white, 33s. to 34s. brown Bahia, 15s. to 19s. 6d. inferior white, 21s. to 26s. brown and yellow Rios, 15s. to 22s. East India Mauritius went off heavily, at a reduction of 6d. to 1s. per cwt.; average price of sugar £1. 15½s. per cwt.

COFFEE.—Foreign coffee by private contract continued in extensive demand; Brazil sold, 41s. to 43s.; pale St. Domingo, 40s. good new, 42s.; Sumatra, 30s. 6d. and 31s. 6d.; Batavia, 36s. to 38s. There have been extensive inquiries for British Plantation; Jamaica has been rated low and neglected; the business for home consumption improves; the finer descriptions of Berbice are 2s. to 4s. higher.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The purchasers of Rum had been confined to but inconsiderable parcels, but there has been since inquiries for export, and it is stated there are large orders in town for shipping. There is no alteration in Brandy or Geneva.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow market fell last week to 45s. for parcels on the spot, and 39s. for arrivals; there has been since more firmness. In Hemp and Flax there is little alteration.

	1830	1831
Stock of Tallow in London	21,808	41,658
Delivery Weekly	1,367	1,079
Price (Monday's)	34s. 3d.	45s. 3d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 11. 19.—Hamburgh, 13. 11.——Paris, 25. 25.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 151. 0.—Peters-

burg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 0.—Madrid, 37. 0.—Cadiz, 37. 0.—Bilboa, 37. 0¼.—Barcelona, 37. 0¼.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0¼.—Leghorn, 47. 0⅜.—Genoa, 25. 60.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 39. 0.—Palermo, 118. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0⅜.—Oporto, 46. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 19. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0¼.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, (⅛ sh.) 251¼*l.*—Coventry, 795*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 72*l.*—Grand Junction, 246*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 400*l.*—Oxford, 510*l.*—Regent's, 16½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 630*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 250*l.*—London Docks (Stock) 62*l.*—West India (Stock), 125*l.*—East London Water Works, 114½*l.*—Grand Junction, 48¼*l.*—West Middlesex, 70*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 7⅝*l.*—Globe, 135*l.*—Guardian, 24¾*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 96*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 52½*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 3 dis.—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from March 23d to 23d April 1831, *in the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. Mitchell, jun., Brighton, broker.
T. Heel, Gateshead Low Fell, Durham, draper.
J. Kidd, Hammersmith, baker.
J. and J. Farrar, Halifax and Bradford, common-carriers.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 108.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Adam, J., Rood-lane, ironmonger. (Fisher, Walbrook,
Armstrong, J., Raskelf, miller. (Butterfield, Gray's-inn.
Allwright, J., Strand and Wokingham, cheesemonger. (Binns, Essex-street.
Beach, B., Hounslow, gardener. (Loveland, Symond's-inn.
Burrington, G., Stock Exchange, stock-broker. (Walton and Co., Girdler's-hall.
Bensusan, T., Poland-street, merchant. (Abbott Nicholas-lane.
Bywater, D., Clerkenwell, lime-merchant. (Brooks, Strand.
Bond, Sons, and Pattisal, Change-alley, bankers. (Hall and Co., Salter's-hall.
Bath, H. and H., Bishopsgate-street, cabinet-makers. (Robinson and Co., Pancras-lane.
Barnett, J., Old Kent-road, navy-agent. (Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street.
Birch, M., Oxford-street, pastry-cook. (Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone.
Cooper, J. D., and C. C. Kelley, Woodeaves, cotton-spinners. (Allan, Frederick's-place.
Cotton, G., Farnham, shoe-maker. (Bailey, Ely-place.
Crookall, T., Manchester, inn-keeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester.
Chappell, A. S., Walbrook, plumber. (Maltby, Broad-street.
Cronin, J., Old Bailey, stone-merchant. (Martin, Red Lion-square.
Coutts, J., jun., Notting-hill, baker. (Johnson, Chancery-lane.
Chalk, T. H., Barking, corn dealer. (Thomson, George-street.
Clayton, M. and H., East Retford, drapers. (Jaques and Co., Coleman-street.
Critchley, J., Ryeford, coal-merchant. (White, Lincoln's-inn.
Danson, H. W., Bristol, merchant. (Meredith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Osborne and Co., Bristol.
Davy, J., Davenport, brewer. (Fairbank, Staples'-inn; Drake, Exeter.
Denman, E., City-road, jeweller. (Pullen and Son, Foregate-street.
Drabble, W., Leman-street, pewterer. (Langham, Bartlett's-buildings.
Davis, J., Covent Garden, orange-merchant. (Marland, Fleet-street.
Dandy, R., Great Driffield, grocer. (Hawkins and Co., New Boswell-court.
Emanuel, M., Birmingham, jeweller. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Wills, Birmingham.
Fletcher, C. and A., Woodhead, Salford, brewers (Capes, Gray's-inn; Kay and Co., Manchester.
Francis, E. H., Chelsea, schoolmaster. (Wrentmore, Charles.
Finchley, N. S., brick-maker. (Wootton, Lothbury.
Graveson, G., Bradford, ironmonger. (Lawrence, Old Fish-street; Morris, Bradford.
Ginever, T., Arundel-street, tailor. (Stafford, Buckingham-street.
Gunnell, R. G., and W. Shearman, Salisbury-square, printers. (Bull, Ely-place.
Gerrish, W., Bristol, dealer. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn.
Goulden, W., sen., Leeds, tobacco-manufacturer. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane.
Hierons, W., Streatham, coach-master. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street.
Hargan, H. F., John's-street, victualler. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Halson, A., Bridgewater-square, merchant. (Peachy, Salisbury-square.
Haines, B., Chelsea, grocer. (Passmore and Co., Sambrook-court.
Higgins, P., Scarborough, 'miller. (Timperley, Manchester.
Hawkins, J., Bristol, grocer. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol.
Hall, J., and H. Gerrish, Bristol, grocers. (Stevens and Co, Gray's-inn; Perkins, Bristol.
Hubert, T., jun., Commercial-wharf, coal-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place.
Hanson, G., Swansea, baker. (Rowland, Princes-street; Jones, Swansea.
Harris, T. B., Liecester, hosier. (Taylor, John-street; Lawton and Son, Leicester.
Howson, G., Winterton, malster. (Algar, Bedford-row; Maxted, Winterton.
Hewitt, J., jun., Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Yallop, Basinghall-street; Parsons and Co., Nottingham.
Jones, J. H., Gutter-lane, warehouseman. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Kerbey, H., Tottenham-court-road, poulterer. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street.

Kirk, T. B., Litchfield, chemist. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.
Lapage, J. and F., Liverpool, merchants. (Chester, Staple's-inn; Davenport, Liverpool.
Lea, J., jun., Worcester, butcher. (Becke, Devonshire-street.
Lynch, J., Hison-green, tailor. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn.
Lambert, J., Brough, carpenter. (Thompson, Staple-inn.
Lloyd, E., Redditch, needle-manufacturer. (Porter, King's-arms-yard.
Muir, G., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Dunn, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle.
Myers, M., Birmingham, auctioneer. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Stubbs, Birmingham.
Murrell, T., Evesham, grocer. (Merry, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Birch, Evesham.
Moffet, W., Coleman-street, baker. (Gole, Lothbury.
Moore, T., Allbrighton, butcher. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Mills, J., Clerkenwell-green, wine-merchant. (Price and Co., St. John's-square.
Monk, C. and T., Frome, Selwood, linen-drapers. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn.
Marsden, T., Salford, machine-maker. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square.
Nall, J., Manchester, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester.
Novell, W., Clapham-road, carpenter. (Bousfield, Chatham place.
Newton, W., Philpot-street, builder. (Dickinson and Co., Gracechurch-street.
Osborne, G., Colchester, corn-dealer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Wittey, Colchester.
Oldham, T., Manchester, calico-printer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester.
Platt, T., Brentford, coal-merchant. (Pocock, Bartholomew-lane.
Pearson, E., York-street, furniture-broker. (Smith, Coleman-street.
Palmer, T. R., Cecil-street, wine-merchant. (Binns, Essex-street.
Pearse, J., Chumleigh, linen-draper. (Darke, Red Lion-square; Terrell and Son, Exeter.
Penner, T. E., Bristol, currier. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Winterbotham and Co., Tewkesbury.
Philips, T., Swansea, grocer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Davies, Swansea.
Powell, R., Llangammarch, cattle-dealer. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Vaughan and Co., Brecon.
Pochin, H., Crosby, malster. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.
Radley, J. L., Oldham, dealer. (Brundrett and Co., Temple.
Rideout, H., Woolwich, innkeeper. (Colquhoun, Woolwich.
Routledge, J. J., New Bond-street, haberdasher. (Wight, Percy-street.
Read, J. C., Leicester, tailor. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Leicester.
Smith, R., Blackman-street, victualler. (Harlestone, Horsleydown-lane.
Smith, G., and R. Foulerton, Gutter-lane, warehousemen. (Gregory, King's-arms-yard.
Saxby, T., Loughborough, lace-manufacturer. (Norris and Co., John-street.
Sutton, H., Newark, mercer. (Stephens and Co., Little Thomas Apostle; Sweetenham and Co., Wirksworth.
Strutton, G., Mitre-court, tavern-keeper. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Sewell, W., Brewer-street, stable-keeper. (Howell, Hatton-garden.
Southern, J., Manchester, wine-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Thorley, Manchester.
Strickland, E. B., Coventry, chymist. (Allan, Old Jewry.
Shaw, T., Bishopsgate-street, grocer. (Allingham, Hatton-garden.
Sweetapple, J. D., Godalming, mealman. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Potter, Guildford.
Shackles, J. G., Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. (Alderson, Chancery-lane: Johnson, Hull.
Smith, D., Okeover, and Smith, J., Liverpool. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Johnson and Co., Ashborne.
Tuberville, T., Worcester, grocer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Livetts, Bristol.
Tasker, C., Liverpool, builder. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Murrow, Liverpool.
Togwell, J., Cheltenham, baker. (Jackson, New-inn; Walker, Upton-upon-Severn.
Tucker, C., Bartlett's-buildings, bronzist. (Sylvester and Co., Furnival's-inn.
Webb, T., Whitechapel, typesmith. (Baddeley, Leman-street.
Wilson, J., Canon-street, grocer. (Lofty, King-street.
Warner, H., George-street, dealer. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.
Wood, J., Grit's-green, Stafford, victualler. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Collis, Stourbridge.
Wood, S., York, clothier. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Sykes, Huddersfield.
Walker, H., Lancaster, upholsterer. (Cuvelje, Great James's-street; Amitstead, Lancaster.
Weller, T. E., Cheltenham, bookseller. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham.
Willoughby, S. and B., Birmingham, brass-ring-manufacturers.
Welldon, E., Cambridge, butcher. (Flower, Austin-friars.
Woolston, J., Kingston-upon-Hull, toy-seller. (Milne and Co., Temple.
Wrangham, W., Louth, silversmith. (Box and Co., Bedford-row.
Williams, J. and J., Houndsditch, coppersmiths. (Owen and Co., Mincing-lane.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. Loveday, to the Rectory of East Irley, Berks.—Rev. W. Marshall, to the Rectory of Chickerell, Dorset.—Rev. C. Wheeler, to the Perpetual Curacy of Stratton Audley, Oxon.—Rev. J. D. Coleridge, to the Vicarage of Lewannick, Cornwall. — Rev. W. C. Leach, to the Vicarage of Dilham, with Honing, Norfolk.—Rev. P. Blackiston, to the Perpetual Curacy of Lymington. Rev. F. Cobbold, to the Rectory of Helmly, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Tomes, to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwick.—Rev. H. P. Jeston, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cholesbury, Bucks.—Rev. A. M'Donald, to the Vicarage of Cotterstock, with Glapthorn, Northampton.—Rev. R. Williams, to the Vicarage of Kidwelly.—Rev. W. P. Williams, to the Vicarage of Nantmellan.—Rev. J. Brett, to the Rectory of Woolferton, Norfolk. —Rev. J. Bartholomew, to the Rectory of Morchard Bishops, Devon.—Rev. W. Uvedale, to the Vicarage of Stixwold, near Horncastle. — Rev. J. Flockton, to the Vicarage of Sherbourne, Norfolk. —Rev. H. P. Willoughby, to be Chaplain to Lord Holland. — Rev. T. O. Foley, to the Vicarage of Llansadwin, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Fisher, jun., to

the Rectory of Stoney Stanton, Leicester.—Rev. W. Pullen, to the Rectory of Gilding, Parva, Huntingdon.—Rev. C. J. C. Bulteel, to the Rectory of Holbeton, Devon.—Rev. R. J. C. Alderson, to the Rectory of St. Mathew's, Ipswich.—Rev. H. Matthie, to the Rectory of Worthenbury, Flint.—Rev. H. Burton, to the Vicarage of Atcham, Salop.—Rev. H. D. C. S. Horlock, to the Vicarage of Bot.—Rev. Dr. Stedman, to be Minister of Margaret's Chapel, Bath.—Rev. G. L. W. Fauquier, to the Rectory of Bradfield, Suffolk.—Rev. A. Roberts, to the Rectory of Woodrising, Norfolk.—Rev. T. B. Murray, to be Chaplain to Earl Rothes.—Rev. F. J. Courtenay, to the Rectory of North Bovey, Devon.—Rev. N. T. Ellison, to the Rectory of Nettlecombe, Oxford.—Rev. W. B. L. Hawkins, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. J. Randall, to the Rectory of Binfield, Berks.—Rev. J. H. Harrison, to the Perpetual Curacy of Walter Orton, Warwick.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

March 29.—Exeter Hall in the Strand, opened for the accommodation of religious, benevolent, and scientific societies, and institutions.

April 4.—Sir H. Parnell appointed to be Secretary at War.

5.—By the abstract of the net produce of the revenue of Great Britain, it appears that there was a decrease of £1,629,372 from the year preceding, (1830), and of £740,309 from the corresponding quarter of the same year.

—. The Lord Mayor entertained a considerable number of the ministers, and other distinguished guests, at the Mansion House.

7.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

14.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 18 prisoners were sentenced to death, and 71 for transportation.

15.—House of Commons voted £100,000 to be secured to the Queen, if she should survive his Majesty, together with Marlborough House, and the house and lands of Bushy Park.

22.—His Majesty prorogued the parliament, delivering the following speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution. I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the only way in which it can be most conveniently and authentically expressed, for the express purpose of making such changes in the representation, as circumstances may appear to require, and which, founded upon the acknowledged principles of the constitution, may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, and give security to the liberties of the people.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*—I thank you for the provision you have made for the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the crown, and I offer my special acknowledgments for the arrangement you have made for the state and comfort of my royal consort. I have also to thank you for the supplies you have furnished for the public service. I have observed with satisfaction, your endeavours to introduce a strict economy into every branch of that service, and I trust that the early attention of a new parliament, which I shall forthwith direct to be called, will be applied to the prosecution of that important subject.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—I am happy to inform you, that the friendly intercourse which exists between myself and foreign powers, affords the best hopes of a continuation of peace, to the preservation of which my most anxious endeavours shall be continually directed.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—In resolving to recur to the sense of my people in the present circumstances of the country, I have been influenced only by a desire, and personal anxiety, for the contentment and happiness of my subjects, to promote which, I rely with confidence on your continued and zealous assistance." His Majesty then turned round to the Lord Chancellor, and said—"My pleasure is, that this parliament shall be prorogued, and forthwith, to Tuesday the 10th of May next."

23.—Proclamation issued for dissolving the present parliament, and declaring the calling of another; the writs to be returnable on Tuesday, June 14th next.

HOME MARRIAGES.

Fox Maule, Esq., to Montague, eldest daughter of Lord Abercromby.—Earl of Harrington to Miss Foote.—Rev. T. H. Causton to Hon F. H. Powys, fifth daughter of Lord Lilford.—W. Milhouse, Esq., to Sophia, second daughter of the late Sir Richard Capel de Brooke, Bart.—Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian Minister, to Elizabeth Catherine Bur-

rowes, grand-daughter to late Archbishop of Tuam.—W. M. Præd, Esq. to Miss Hays.—Rev. C. D. Hill to Cicely, youngest daughter of the late Sir C. Willoughby, Bart.—G. Drummond, Esq., to Marianne, sister to E. B. Portman, Esq., M. P.—E. E. H. Repton, Esq., to Mary Henrietta, third daughter of J. Brent, Esq.—Rev. W. N. Gresley, to Miss Georgin Ann Reid.—Captain Jelf, son of Sir J. Jelf, to Miss Sharp, grand-daughter of the late Sir Lionell Darell, Bart.—Sir R. A. O'Donel, Bart., to Mary, third daughter of G. Clendining, Esq.—J. Gordon, Esq., to Mrs. R. Gillson.

HOME DEATHS.

At Coventry House, the Earl of Coventry.—Drowned, on board the steam-packet Frolic, Lieut. Col. W. Gordon, second dragoon guards.—Mrs. M. K. Abercromby, daughter of the late General Abercromby.—Patience Anne, wife of Hon. and Rev. P. A. Irby, and daughter of Sir W. de Crespigny, Bart.—Sir Manasseh Masseh Lopes, Bart. 76.—At Mulgrave Castle, Earl of Mulgrave, 77.—John Quick, Esq. the celebrated comedian, 83.—Rev. Basil Wood, 71.—Sir T. Mostyn, Bart. M. P. late for Flink.—Hon. Frances Caulfield, widow of St. G. Culfield.—Sir H. Hawley, Bart.—Lady Charlotte Ludlow, sister to Earl Ludlow.—Mrs. Strahan.—Jane, Countess Dowager of Carhampton.—Dorothy, relict of the late Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff.—Matilda, Countess de Clairville.—Mrs. Duppa, 87.—M. Wyatt, Esq., magistrate at the Lambeth Street Office.—Walter Burrell, Esq., M.P. Sussex.—Mrs. Gen. Mitchell, daughter of Hon. Mrs. Fane.—General Sir W. P. Galwey, Bart.—E. Dance, Esq. Deputy Commissary General, and late head of the department at Gibraltar.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Cape of Good Hope, T. Nightingale, Esq., second son of Sir Charles Nightingale, Bart. to Miss H. Elizabeth Parry.—At Agra, J. H. Low, Esq., grandson to Viscount Boyne, to Emily, fourth daughter of H. Revell, Esq.—In France, E. Turnour, Esq., son of Hon and Rev. E. J. Turnour, to Miss E. M. Crease.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In Italy, suddenly, a son of Louis Bonaparte.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. — At the conclusion of their labours, the Grand Jury, at Gloucester assizes, delivered a presentment to Mr. Justice Patteson, stating their opinion, that a great many of the offences which had come before them, had arisen from the number of beer-shops which had been opened in the country, under the late act of parliament, and which they had no doubt tended very much to the increase of crime, from the facilities they afforded to idle and ill-disposed persons to meet together; and they trusted his lordship would make such a representation in the proper quarter as would lead to some regulation being adopted with respect to them. The learned judge said, he had come to the same conclusion, from what he had seen on the special commission, and he would take care that their presentment should be laid before his majesty's government. Forty prisoners were recorded for death; about 20 were transported, and 56 were ordered to be imprisoned for various periods in the county jail!

YORKSHIRE.—At these assizes, 47 prisoners were recorded for death; 6 were transported, and 13 imprisoned.

SOMERSETSHIRE. — The grand jury at the assizes for this county, made a presentment, in which they stated, in their judgment, that a great part of the immense mass of crime which swells the present calendar, is to be attributed to the increase of intoxication produced among the lower orders, by frequenting the beer houses which have been opened under the last act of parliament. A letter was received upon the same subject, in the course of that day, from Lord Melbourne, stating that representations to the same effect, had reached him from every part of the country, and requesting the sheriff to collect the sense of the magistrates upon the subject.—*Taunton Courier.*

Fifty-five prisoners were recorded for death; 26 were transported, and 47 were imprisoned for various periods.

LANCASHIRE.—By the churchwardens' accounts for the parish of Liverpool, no less a sum than £46,247. 11s. 11d., was expended in that parish, from March 25th, 1830, to March 25th, 1831.

The Manchester and Salford Savings Bank, last report, states, that the sum of £276,435. 11s. 7½d., had been received since its establishment—7402 being the total number of accounts.

WARWICKSHRE.—Judgment of death was recorded against 48 prisoners at Warwick assizes, but sentence of death was not passed against any.

THE

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THE STATE OF EUROPE.

THE great powers are not yet plunged into a general war; the kingdoms of the continent are not yet turned into republics, and the British Empire is not yet revolutionized; but the time for all will come. At this moment Europe presents the most singular anomaly; all safe on the surface, and all notoriously hollow below it; the standing armies of the continent augmented and augmenting; horse, foot, and dragoons, the universal produce, yet every cabinet protesting its most profound reliance on peace; discontent in every nation, and dread on every throne, yet all professing the utmost complacency; and the spirit of overthrow sharpening and strengthening by circles of longitude and latitude, yet no explosion, or none which has not been speedily extinguished by a few gensdarmes, or the march of a troop of Austrian hussars.

The changes of France, Belgium, and Poland are of a higher character, and already belong to history.

The Poles have certainly made a most extraordinary and most honourable campaign. To have even dared to think of rising against Russia was a conception of heroism. Europe was already either trembling at the colossal power of Russia, or preparing to summon its whole strength to resist it. The remotest corner of the continent, a year ago, would have dreaded to hear that a Russian army was on its march, let its direction be where it would; while Poland, a broken state, depressed in its resources, with all its public employments in Russian hands, with Russian armies equal to the invasion of Europe on its borders, with Russian troops and governors in its bosom, had the gallantry to rise, defy the danger, in which every eye must have contemplated utter ruin, and face the incalculable military force of the oppressor on his own frontier. It did more; with every bond of its administration cast loose, it formed a government, reconciled parties, and wisely and vigorously conducting its energies in a period when we might have expected nothing but treachery, timidity, inexperience, and confusion, presented to Russia a popular force equal to contest with its most distinguished generals and its most victorious and disciplined troops in the field. It is impossible to confound those noble efforts with the frenzy and riot of revolution. Poland has exhibited none of the features which have characterized the triumphs of democracy from the beginning of the world. It has confiscated no property of the helpless and unoffending, it has driven none of its people

into exile; it has filled no dungeons, it has erected no scaffolds. It has summoned the strength of the country to rise in a generous attempt; and if ever oppression and treachery justified such a rising, it was then, against a power which had no right of possession but the sword, and no hold on allegiance but the chain.

Poland has succeeded miraculously; for, three months ago, when it was announced that the Russian armies were marching upon Warsaw, the cause was universally declared to be lost; military men declared on all hands, that the first conflict must shatter the Polish levies to pieces; and politicians looked for no hope of saving the people from massacre, but in the immediate submission and final servitude of the country. Yet the ruin which was to have swept Poland from the list of nations in December, has not yet fallen in June.

The struggle is still sustained, and if some of her detached armies have been driven off the field by the force of an empire which boasts of half a million of men under arms, the main body still continues entire, the government is unshaken, the capital is unattacked, and the spirit of the country is as resolute as ever.

But the Poles have wisely not been insensible to the aspect which their contest must assume in the eyes of foreign states. They have sent deputies to the principal powers, and have seconded their representations by natural and manly addresses. In an appeal to Europe by the Secretary of State at Warsaw; after declaring that the capital and the whole right bank of the Vistula had been cleared from the enemy, he claims the recognition of the rights of Poland, in language full of the eloquence of reason. "If," he says, "Belgium, which never ranked among states,—if Greece, whose political existence has been annihilated for ages,—have obtained, among all the uncertainty of war, the recognition of their independence, I ask if Poland have not stronger grounds for her pretensions,—that Poland, whose national existence, extinguished for a moment, revives with so much vigour, sustains itself with so much energy, and at the price of so many sacrifices,—that Poland, which, alone and without aid, has dared to combat with the Giant of the North, and has already overthrown the illusion of his power." The argument has received a noble confirmation from the swords of the people. One of the comments upon this is equal to the original. "If," says the *Polish Statesman*, "it may be urged in the forceful language of the secretary, in opposition to this, that Russia, that power so redoubtable to all Europe, can, even after a desperate contest, reduce us to submission, and pacify, by exterminating us; the peace of slavery—the peace of the tomb—a peace of such a nature as to excite a terrible war on the first favourable opportunity—can such a peace meet the noble and dignified intentions of the European Powers?"

It can never be the policy of England, nor of any wise and honest nation, to interfere in every petty quarrel of foreigners. But if ever there was a ground for intervention, it is here. We see a nation of brave men, rising against a sullen slavery, and defying it with a vigour in the field, utterly disproportioned to its resources, and matched by nothing but its determination to be free from the unrighteous yoke of a barbarian oppressor. On this sight it is impossible for any being who has a heart in his bosom to look without the strongest sympathy. Hitherto this sympathy has been inert; it has limited itself to words, and neither the remonstrances of England nor the menaces of France will check Russia

in its devastation. But the cause of patriotism should do all things but despair. The history of all the great trials of national patriotism has teemed with extraordinary changes, and in the moment when the strength of man seems air, and the hope of valour and fidelity seems undone, the arm of a mightier than man interposes, and vindicates the justice of heaven.

Belgium still exhibits the disasters of an unsettled administration; and nothing could be easier than to point out the blunders, and detail the miseries which the Belgian insurrection has brought upon the people of Brussels. But let the truth be told: the Belgians have accomplished their chief object, and we must learn our principles of justice in some new school, before we question its justice. They hated the government of a Dutchman. They were given over to it by the allies in the moment of irresistible victory. We have never been told that the will of the nation was consulted in the transfer. If it were, the secret has escaped Europe. The Belgians, whether injured in their actual interests, or offended in their feelings, or simply uneasy under a foreign government which they had not chosen for themselves, threw off the yoke. What man will decide that a Dutchman could be the only legitimate sovereign of Flemings? We must, at least, hear his reasons, before we can acknowledge their validity.

In the mean time Belgium is consolidating. Trade is returning to the towns: agriculture is prospering in the country. The luxuriance of a soil, which has endured more of the havoc of war, than all Europe besides; and yet has always overpowered its traces almost at the moment, by the extraordinary fertility of the land, and the matchless industry of the people, is already working its effects; and unless a most unhappy concurrence of misfortunes shall make Belgium a prize to be contested for by France, Prussia, and Holland, another year will see it, as it has been for many an age, the most flourishing portion of Europe. In Italy and its insurrections all has been failure. There was no plan, no summons to the dead spirit of the peninsula. A figure of Italian freedom was dressed up, but it was not in the means of those who displayed it, to breathe life into its nostrils. Insurrection was paraded from city to city with a ragged band of poissardes and profligates dancing round its car. It was punchinello in arms; the first Austrian drum put the whole political shew to flight, their shewmen were put into irons, and their insurrection hung in effigy. No Italian Revolution will ever be decisive, without the aid of a foreign force. Italy is priest-ridden, and therefore immoral, indolent, and nerveless. The limbs steeped in idleness will never bear the weight of armour. The mind clouded by superstition can never discover those principles of liberty which, like the sun, are always in existence, and always ready to pour life and brightness on nations, when the cloud is taken away. The only hope for the Italian is in some great shock which shall break open the walls of the dungeon built by his own hands, some sweeping invasion which shall first overwhelm his oppressors, and then, by the example and necessity of the time, rouse him to moral courage. It is in no contempt of a people who once led the way in all that was great in arts and arms, and to whom Europe has been twice indebted for its civilization, that we say, the cause of Italy is hopeless, but in some general and mighty change of Europe; some new and vast subversion of the old habits and policy of the continent, some moral deluge which, after utterly sweeping away and punish-

ing the guilt and superstition of the past, may retire, leaving the soil impregnated for a new race of opinions, habits, and knowledge, a revived creation.

In Portugal an act of manly policy has distinguished the British government. Disclaiming all desire to see England interfering in the private quarrels of foreigners, and esteeming the rights of Don Miguel and Don Pedro as equally beneath the public concern, it is a matter of high policy that the name of Englishman should be held as a protection wherever it is heard, against the caprice, extortion, or violence of foreign kings. The seizure of English merchants, and still more, the insults to the persons of English subjects, demanded the direct interference of our government. Cromwell raised his name highest among sovereigns by this wise and unhesitating protection of the Englishman in all parts of the globe. Against the justice due to his people, under whatever capacity, he suffered no consideration, however grave, to interfere. In London, Don Pantaleon de Saa, the Portuguese ambassador's brother, had, in some personal irritation, drawn his sword and slew a man in the street. This would have been nothing in Portugal. So, the murderer turned on his heel, and walked to the ambassador's house, where he would have been safe in any other country of Europe. Cromwell instantly demanded him. The ambassador pleaded his privilege, threatened Cromwell with the vengeance of his government, and refused to give him up. A troop of soldiers were sent, who dragged the criminal from the ambassador's house. He was found guilty, and in scorn of all remonstrances from the foreigner, was hanged in front of the Exchange, amid the acclamations of the people. From this time forth there were no more stabbings by Dons in London.

This was the great sovereign who declared that "he knew no ambassador like a man of war;" and who would have sent the whole navy of England, at an hour's notice, to batter the King of Portugal's palace about his ears for an injury to one of his nation. Whatever may be our general opinions of the Whig government, we give them full credit for following the maxim of the Protector. With the faithlessness of foreigners, who can get absolution for every lie, diplomacy is but the art of delay and deception. The only point worth ascertaining is the extent of material injury, and the only diplomatist who wastes no time, and can be neither tricked nor sent back with his errand, is a seventy-four. The man of war is the true ambassador of England.

Don Miguel, by the mission of no formal embassy, sent to write interminable despatches, and demand interviews, and exhibit its laced uniforms at levees and balls, but of a simple consul, seconded by the simple presence of a squadron of the line, has been compelled to do what justice would have done at once—to make a full apology for the insolence, to release the property seized by him, to dismiss the tools which he employed in those insolences, and to make atonement to the English individuals in whose instance he had dared to offend the majesty of the empire.

Spain is still lethargic, or giving signs of life only in the occasional struggles of some partizan, too rude to be reckoned among political instruments, and too feeble to work any public change. The priesthood, the most sullen, stern, and imperious of all that bear the impress of popery, are still masters of the land; the nobility are cyphers, the army is a nonentity, the scholars are monks, and the banditti seem to be the only representatives of the national vigour.

France is what she was in the last days of Louis the Fifteenth; gay, poor and restless; dancing at fêtes du Roi, and dreaming at once of universal monarchy, and of universal revolution; of realizing the vision of matchless power which the wizard Napoleon summoned from the grave of the Republic, and of enjoying the full feast of democracy, without its drunkenness, riot and blood.

The popularity of Louis-Philippe, and the new moderation of his ministry, have hitherto kept down this passion for change, but the character of a people is not within the hands of kings or ministers. France loves the prizes of war, and disregards their terrible purchase. A few years of peace will cover over the ruins left by the Revolution, and then will revive the old national desire of aggrandizement. With the finest soil, the most numerous population, and the most fortunate and central position in Europe, France will covet some barren fragment of Germany, some desert rock in the Mediterranean, or some nest of pestilence in the West Indies; and for this glory she will waste more treasure than would have covered her territory with canals, and more lives than would have turned every barren league from the Rhine to the Pyrenees into a garden.

The partizans of the exiled government occasionally murmur. A few old priests in the provinces, cankered with prejudice, or embittered by finding that sectarian violence and kingly persecution are no longer the law of France, exhibit a ridiculous opposition to the government, and vaunt the virtues of the Bourbons. But the day of the Bourbon dynasty is over. They exhibited none of the qualities essential to government. They might have been suffered in the dark ages, when the monk was the monarch, and the monarch the monk; when the people were beasts of burthen, and the man who wore the diadem was occasionally the demon, and occasionally the god. But the race was burned out. The mild virtues of Louis the Sixteenth were caricatured by the sensual impotence of his successor, as the haughty tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth was burlesqued by the shallow and capricious violence of Charles the Tenth. But their history has closed. The famous "ordonnances" were an insult which no nation could endure, and hope to be accounted among the brave, the rational, or the free. The audacity of the threefold declaration, that the liberty of the press was abolished, that the parliament was at an end, and that the rights and privileges of the electors were to be revised by the will of the minister, was even less an injury than a challenge—less a violation of the charter than a summons to every man in France to protest against arbitrary power, and by his resistance vindicate the general character of human nature. The claim of the Bourbons is buried in a grave from which there is no resurrection.

We come now to a topic of the highest interest to ourselves, and by implication, to the world—the state of England. The great party which had so long controlled the councils of England is utterly overthrown. For the first time during a hundred years, Whiggism is completely triumphant, and Toryism is utterly defeated. The offices of government have been stormed, and all public power is in the hands of Whiggism. But it has achieved the more formidable victory over the nation—all popular power is in its hands, and for the first time since the Hanover succession, the leader of the mob and the leader of the ministry are the same. The deliberations of the Crown and Anchor are now but the

echoes of the deliberations in Downing-street, and the ancient extravagance of Palace-yard finds itself embodied in the Reform Bill of the Cabinet.

We are still sceptical (and it is from honour to the Minister's understanding and habits) as to his sincerity in offering that Bill to the nation. It has hitherto been held up only as the promise, the extorted promise, of party. The parliamentary demand of modification in one of its most essential principles was acceded to with even more than diplomatic courtesy, and yet the facility of Lord John Russell was not put on but by permission. We may look for other modifications to render it palatable, not merely to the Commons, but to the *Peers;* the Minister's *order* may make not the least of his considerations, and it may be his policy to place the Bill, like Æsop's husband of two wives, between the ancient peerage, who will pluck out all the obnoxious black hairs, and the young radicalism which will pluck out all the white, until it finally comes before the world stripped of all source of contention, and in all the baldness of a measure disclaimed and abandoned alike by all. But in this object, even his knowledge of the absurdity of parties may, for once, be deceived; his new House of Commons may be restive; it may refuse to be whipped at one time and curbed at another, even by so skilful a charioteer. If it resist, he is undone.

But in all this nothing can be more amusing (we may have another name in store for it) than the change of opinion in public men (and for this too we may have another name). First, we have the Field-marshal deploring his own measure, actually ratting from himself, and declaiming with penitential tears, the true penitence of a prostrate Minister, on his regret for the "Atrocious measure of 1829." "He finds that it has not produced the consequences which he had expected from it," and the hint is, of course, to be taken, that if he were carried on the shoulders of reviving Toryism into office again, he would work miracles, pacify Ireland, muzzle O'Connell, and purify England into the love of his cabinet; but his Grace only wastes his eloquence. In the worst extremity, Toryism *will* not try him again. Like his own sentence on Peel, a sentence pregnant with the supreme gall of overweening pride, "That gentleman has put an end to his political existence." The field-marshal has branded exclusion upon his own brow, and to power he must bid farewell for ever.

But is it not incomparable to hear the subordinate himself performing magnanimity, and, within the month, getting by heart the following sentiment.—"To use the words of Mr. Fox, I should consider myself as 'a traitor to my king, a traitor to my country, a traitor to my own conscience,' if I did not prefer the *maintenance of the constitution to a weak subserviency to popular opinion,* and if I did not protect the real interests and privileges of the people against attempts to call that popular excitement into exercise, the very vehemence of which is one of my arguments against the present measure."

And this from Sir R. Peel, Catholic-question-Peel. Shade of Democritus, where do you sleep!

But, to come to another penitent. Every man who has looked over the history of the prosecutions of opinion during the late Ministry, must be familiar with the memory of Sir James Scarlett. Yet within the month, on Mr. Calcraft's saying of statements contained in the *Times,* "If they were libels so scandalous that it was impossible to pass them

over in silence, the Attorney-General was the proper person to take the matter in hand and prosecute them (cries of 'no, no,' from the opposition benches)." Who cried No, no? Was it Sir James Scarlett? Could it be the independent member for "fortunate Maldon," who now declares "he has nothing to gain, and nothing to suffer, by the opinions he delivers, and neither expects to lose or to retain his seat by the vote he should give?" But what is so graceful as a repentant sinner?

Mr. Calcraft himself, who had the honour of deciding the second reading by his vote, and who has thenceforth obtained the happy cognomen of *number one;* exhibited the same striking and instant illumination of the darkness of many a long and not unsalaried year. So late as the 4th of March, his dislike, nay his horror, of the Bill was of the most irreconcilable nature. Like Sir R. Peel on the Catholic Bill, for fifteen sturdy years, "his abhorrence of the measure, was founded on *principle!* not on the fluctuations of party, not on the accident of time or person, not on any thing that ever had changed, or ever could, but on the essence of the thing." In short, he was Blifil all over, without his perpetual smile.

But let this man of stubborn virtue speak for himself,—"The gentlemen," said he, on the 4th of March, "on the opposite side (the ministry) if indulged to the extent of their wishes (as manifested in this bill), satisfied I am that they would not long have a king or house of lords, to participate in the government of the country. If I were asked how the institutions of the county would work under the new constitution—for such it was—I should reply, '*A great deal worse than before.*'—If this bill passed, the mischief would be irremediable: it would overturn the constitution, and throw a preponderating power into this estate, fatal to the two others.—I am not willing to admit, that such was the overwhelming influence of public opinion, that the house must be the slave of it. If we passed this measure, we could not stop here: in a short time, further alterations would be required and conceded.—The moment we admitted 500,000 new voters, the greater proportion voting as householders, the argument for the ballot would become unanswerable.—I solemnly declared my opinion, that this measure must, in the end, convert this monarchy into a republic; and the trifling difference that exists between my noble friend opposite and myself, is this:—that I am for *reform,* and the noble lord for *revolution.*"

Yet on the second reading, this magnanimous and far-seeing senator, votes for—"the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." We leave him to his reflections on the spirit of the transaction. But the same faculty of sudden discovery develops itself through all the organs of party. The journal which has the merit of being foremost in the battle of Whiggism, scarcely more months ago, than the minutes which purified Mr. Calcraft's brains, thus sketched the pretensions of the party to governing the empire,—"As to the Whigs, we plainly, and in the face of the people of England, deny that the country looks to them as its saviours in any great emergency—the experience of nearly fifty years has proved the real character of this party—at once haughty and pusillanimous—rash and short-sighted—noisy democrats when out of place, insolent aristocrats when in—ignorant of the noble qualities of their own countrymen, and timid depreciators of their glory, while they are ever vehement, and ready to applaud and magnify the successes of foreigners.

Such are the men whom, we are told, England is to regard with veneration and affection!"

But Sir R. Peel, our supreme favourite, as the purest model of the "March of Mind," in these slippery times, has at length, not merely reduced his creed to practice, but disclosed his principles, the much severer effort. The speech was made within the month, and in a position, chosen with all the habitual dexterity of that grave personage; no hustings, where he might have found some contemptuous contradiction, no public meeting, where he might have been asked some questions that defied even his powers of face. But on his own ground, at Tamworth; among his own tenantry and electors, where every hostile visage was weeded out by the dinner-cards of his own butler; where every conscience was convinced, by the contents of his own cellar, and every faculty of discussion tied up by the sense of gratitude for a table, covered with the indigenous produce of his own farm. There, in the midst of irrefragable claret, and irresistible venison, the baronet delivered the faith by which he is to be guided for all time to come; and which, we hope, for the sake of persevering principle, may reach the ears of the powers that be. He avowed—but what words can tell it like his own?—"He had never been the *decided supporter* of any band of political partisans; but had always thought it much better to look steadily at the *political circumstances* of the times in which they lived, and if necessities were so pressing as to demand it, there was no dishonour or discredit in *relinquishing opinions or measures,* and adopting others *more suited to the altered circumstances* of the country. For this course of proceeding he had been censured by opposite parties—by those who, upon all occasions, thought no changes were required, as well as by those who, in his opinion, were the advocates of too violent and sudden innovations. That *middle course,* however, he would continue to pursue. (Cheers.) He held it to be impossible for any statesman to adopt *one fixed line of policy under all circumstances;* and the only question with him, when he departed from that line, should be—'Am I actuated by any interested or sinister motive, or do I consider the measures I contemplate called for by the circumstances and necessities of the country?'"

This is logic of the most exquisite kind; and applicable to the vindication of every thing under the stars. We shall not stop to canvass the motives of the man who pronounced this extraordinary declaration. Let them rest in his own bosom: we shall never stoop to search for them there. But what has been the language of all the men to whose memory either Whig or Tory looks up with any degree of reverence? What was the language of Pitt?—"Fixed principles in all things." What of Fox? the same. What is the language of the present minister?—"I began my public life as a Whig, and in that belief I shall remain." What would be the answer of Brougham or Plunkett to the man who told them—"Times are changed, principles must be suited to the altered circumstances of the country." What would have been the answer of Sir R. Peel himself, before the memorable and fatal year 1829, to any tempter who had told him that "*principles* must be suited to *circumstances.*" But we abandon the man and the topic. We leave the speaker to reflect upon what he was, and what he is; we consign the topic to the darkness from which it should have never been drawn.

But Reform is now the cry, and we shall have it in abundance. If Reform meant the correction of abuses, we should be the first to join in

the cry. If we found, in the language of the men who have domineered at the late hustings, a single phrase from which we could extract reverence for the sound institutions of the state, respect for the laws, or homage to religion, we should join in the cry. We should there erect our standard, and like the rest proceed to the work of renovation. But what has been the language which has received the cheers of the multitude: contempt for every thing stamped as wise, manly or necessary by time; a demand of privileges beyond the constitution, to the overthrow of privileges made sacred by the constitution; the plunder of rights, found guilty without a crime; the disfranchisement of boroughs, against which no shadow of imputation lies, for the purpose of transferring their franchise to men who set up no claim of merit but their multitude. The speeches at the hustings have all been revolutionary; the cheers with which they have been heard, have all been the exultation of anticipated overthrow, and the measures which those representatives will be compelled to bring forward, will first shake the minister, and then shake the country.

We have not been without our experience. Revolution has not started up before us full armed from the feverish brains of party, for the first time. Once we saw it among ourselves; and the days of the unhappy Charles remain a blot upon our history. But, not more than forty years ago, we had the same measures projected, which are startling us at this moment. The catastrophe was then averted by the sufferings of France. The form before which party would have commanded England to fall down and worship as a beneficent deity, was seen in France to be a spirit of darkness. The wisdom of the nation was roused; the reform was pronounced hostile to the feelings, rights, and interests of England; and its projectors were driven into utter unpopularity.

Gibbon, a man whose knowledge and sagacity in human character were unquestionable, and who had the highest opportunities of society at home and abroad, a man withdrawn too from the passions of public life, and with nothing to gain or lose, thus writes to his friend Lord Sheffield from his retirement at Lausanne in 1790,—

"I shuddered at Grey's motion, disliked the half support of Fox, admired the firmness of Pitt's declaration, and excused the usual intemperance of Burke. Does the French democracy gain no ground? Will the bulk of your party stand firm to their interest, and that of their country? If you do allow them to perplex Government, if you trifle with this solemn business, if you do not resist the spirit of innovation in the first attempt, if you admit *the smallest and most specious change in our Parliamentary system, you are lost.* You will be driven from one step to another—from principles, just in theory, to consequences most pernicious in practice, and your first concessions will be productive of every subsequent mischief, for which you will be answerable to your country and to posterity. Do not suffer yourselves to be lulled into a false security. Remember the proud fabric of the French Monarchy—not four years ago it stood, founded, as it might seem, on the rock of time, force, and opinion—supported by the triple aristocracy of the church, the nobility, and the Parliaments. They are crumbled into dust—they have vanished from the earth. If this tremendous warning has no effect on the men of property in England—if it does not open every eye and raise every arm, *you will deserve your fate.*"

And, again—he writes on the same subject, tracing the consequences of such a triumph as the Reformers now struggle to achieve:—

November 25, 1792.

"Next winter may be the crisis of our fate; and if you begin to *improve*, the Constitution, you may be driven, step by step, from the disfranchisement of Old Sarum to the *King in Newgate*, the *Lords voted useless*, the *Bishops abolished*, and a *House of Commons sans Culottes*."

The argument of force is even already adopted. The Tories are told, "Give up, or you must be overwhelmed; the people will break out into insurrection, and your party will perish in the ruin." The Lords are told in the same language, "The reformed House of Commons will not suffer the insult of your longer repugnance. You see we have numbers on our side, and numbers must carry the day. You may argue, but we will act; you may appeal to common sense, public right, or the law, we have the populace. You may fly to the altar of the constitution; but you are but one to a thousand; we will walk over the barriers, which you think sacred, and shew you the weakness of human obligations against human passions."

At such a time what should be the course of high-minded and patriotic men? to be just and fear not; to do their duty to the uttermost without regard to the consequences; to adopt in public life the intrepidity, the delicacy of honour, and the pure principle, which make the virtue of private life: especially, to shrink from all contact with *the stained*, to refuse all temptation to degrade their generous and hallowed cause by the aid, the treacherous and despicable aid, of the men whom they have already found false. There, no tears must wash away the guilt of tergiversation; the leper must be kept without the camp. Let the high-minded do their duty high-mindedly, and they need never despair of their cause. The future is safe in the hands of Heaven; and they will yet see the reward of their sacred perseverance, in the rescue of their country.

THE SILENT SISTER.

SUCH is the epithet by which the University of Dublin is commonly distinguished from her elder sisters of the Cam and Isis. The silence of a learned body is of course a metaphorical expression, figurative of its literary obscurity. It is the scope of the following observations, to explain the circumstances which have brought so serious a reproach on the Institution in question. In the pursuit of this subject, it will be necessary to advert to certain abuses and defects in the collegiate system. We shall treat them with a freedom proportioned to the importance of the subject; offering no apology for the severity of our remarks, so long as they are just.

The first aspect in which a university presents itself to notice, is that of a great national school for the education of that portion of the flower of the country, which is soon to be precipitated into the cares and employments of the world. Considered in this light, the defects of the Irish University are not peculiar to herself; she shares them with the ancient collegiate establishments of this island. They have long been the object of censure to the most enlarged and enlightened minds our country has produced; they were discovered by the all-pervading eye of the immortal author of the "Advancement of Learning;" they were pointed out by Locke; they did not escape the eagle glance of Milton. To make this class of defects the matter of a special charge against Dublin

College would be unjust, nor is their consideration relevant to our present purpose. It is to another view of the subject—to defects of another kind, that we must direct our attention in this article.

It is not enough that a richly endowed university should be an academy for the discipline of youth, no matter how admirably adapted to that purpose: its constitution will be deficient in a very material point, if it fails to provide the nation with a perpetual supply of individuals, of genius and capacity to extend the boundaries of knowledge, and placed in such circumstances, as both to be induced and enabled to devote the greater part of their time, and the whole vigour of their faculties, to that high object. In this respect the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have answered with tolerable fidelity the end of their institution. The College of Elizabeth wants this redeeming quality altogether; and in this consists the true account of her low repute in the commonwealth of letters. If we investigate the situation of the different members of which the academic body is composed—senior fellows, junior fellows, and scholars—we shall discover in the circumstances of each order amply sufficient reasons to account for the "noiseless tenor of their way" in all the walks of literature and science. Proceed we briefly to this examination.

Of the scholars, albeit three-score and ten in number, little notice need be taken. We say not this through any feeling of disrespect; but because they are generally of that immature age, when learning exacts homage, but does not expect advancement from her votaries; moreover, their connection with the college ceases at the expiration of five years, during which period they are continually distracted between preparation for their several professions on the one hand, and the harassing attendance on the other, of chapels without devotion, and lectures without information. Nor is this all; they want the qualification, as well as the leisure to blazon the name of their alma mater—chosen, as they are, to their office, for no higher endowment than a superficial acquaintance with but a meagre course of the Greek and Latin classics—a better recommendation to the post of usher to a grammar-school than claim to the title of a man of letters. To the former eminence accordingly the aspirations of the scholar are not unfrequently directed. Fitted for an usher he becomes an usher, and he prizes his academic character only as it is the means of raising him to that distinction.

Pass we now to the junior fellows—eighteen in number. We waive the qualifications required from the candidates for that office—we waive the system of examination, the best that ingenuity could devise for admitting the dunce, and excluding the genius—we waive the bounty it gives to smatterers, and the little or no encouragement to that concentration of the faculties on a single object, which is so natural to talents, and so essential to the formation of a high intellectual character—all these considerations we omit—we pass by the candidate and proceed to contemplate the situation of the fellow. In the College of Dublin every junior fellow is a tutor. The students are parcelled out amongst them in greater or smaller shares, according to their characters and connections; or, as it too frequently happens, according to the success with which a hundred little arts are practised upon parents, schoolmasters, and the public. Some fill their chambers by the attractions of their own tables; some by their pleasantries at the tables of others; some by their unction in fashionable pulpits, or at bible meetings; one reverend gentle-

man by his sanctity at the "Asylum;" another by his vociferations at the club. But the manner is not the question: every junior fellow has as many pupils, as his own influence, with that of his friends, can procure him; and the average at present to each tutor is about sixty-six. In the tuition of this number, the junior fellow is occupied in term-time, from five to six hours every day; and he has besides a multiplicity of chapels, lectures, and other academic business to attend to. His collegiate life, therefore, is a species of tread-mill. Year after year, until thirty or forty winters have shed their snows upon his head, he travels through Murray's Logic, Locke's Essay, and Euclid's Elements, through Homer, Horace, and Virgil, putting the same questions, making the same remarks, listening to the same blunders. A single perusal of Murray would be willingly exchanged, by a man of any pretensions to intellect, for fine and imprisonment. The unhappy junior fellow must undergo this punishment every return of Michaelmas and Hilary. He detests Homer and Horace as cordially as the diner at commons hates a leg of mutton. The former are good poets, and the latter is a good joint; but the circumstance of the perusal of Homer and Horace recurring as regularly as the solstice and equinox, creates the same disgust in the mind of the fellow, as the "quotidian leg of mutton roasted" produces on the palate of the scholar.

"Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros."

From these premises the reputation of the fellow in the literary world may be deduced as easily as a conclusion in Barbara. Miracle it were, if six or seven hours employment in the monotonous routine of a tutor's office—even were we to admit the college course to be such as enlightened men in the present age would wish to render it—miracle, we repeat, it were, if six hours so devoted left the mind in a fit state for any kind of application, much less for scientific discovery, or original composition. When the pedagogue assumes the author, we have reason to expect the crudest and heaviest performances. He will indeed but rarely trouble us with such toilsome relaxations; the jaded lecturer will seek some easier way to repair his spirits, and unbend his mind; nor are we to marvel, if he occasionally forfeit the respect of his pupils, and disparages the dignity of the college, in his impetuous quest after diversion. Consider the dispiriting and degrading duties of a college lecturer under the existing narrow system of education, and you will cease to be astonished that the tame amusements of a vacant theatre, the dull dissipation of the ball-room, the ferocious pastime of the ring, the uproar of a political club, or even a ride upon "Dycer's Break", have greater charms for one or two reverend and learned clerks, who shall be nameless, than those intellectual labours, by which, under an amended system, they would do credit to themselves, shed a lustre on their body, and perform their duty to the nation.

There remains to be mentioned another particular in the case of the Junior Fellow, which is most inauspicious for his literary renown. We allude to the life-tenure of his office. A holding of ten years would manifestly be much more advantageous; for, at the expiration of that term, he would have nothing to depend on but his previously acquired stock of learning and reputation, and the consciousness of this would operate as a continual stimulus to his activity; whereas the possession of his fellowship for life co-operates with the causes already explained to

diffuse a languor over his character, and reduce to a "*minimum*" his utility to the public. But the individual is not to blame; it is the system we visit with our censure. Shew us the man who covets the dust and sweat of battle, when he has already secured the spoils and honours of the victory.

We are now arrived at the "Corinthian capital" of the academic column—the Seven Senior Fellows, or Heads of the College, as they are sometimes humorously denominated. In the case of each of these dignitaries, we find no fewer than from eighteen hundred to two thousand dissuasives from intellectual labour, each of the value of one pound sterling, good and lawful money of the realm, the regular proceeds of the college property in land and money*.

Riches, says Verulam, are "*impedimenta virtutis;*" may it not be said with equal truth, that they are "*impedimenta mentis?*" You endow an individual with near two thousand pounds a-year, and you expect him to advance knowledge in return! It is the height of unreasonableness. The age of chivalry is over in literature, as well as in love. Perhaps, with diligence, you might discover a *single* Quixote; but if you want *seven champions* of the same mettle, your only chance is in Plato's commonwealth, or Utopian land. Certes, the boldest scepticism as to the learning and capacity of the board prevails in the quarter which enjoys the largest opportunities for forming a correct opinion on the subject. Amongst the students, the hardihood of free-thinking goes the length of asseverating, that in number only do the Senior Fellows admit of being compared with that first philosophical society on record—the seven wise men of ancient Greece. If luminaries they must be called, say these daring doubters, it is certainly of that order, whose light, astronomers inform us, has not yet completed its journey to the earth. Their brilliancy, they continue, is matter of faith; you may believe in it if you please; for our part, we walk by sight, and we shall support the opaque hypothesis until our eyes convince us of its falsehood. Various anecdotes are related in confirmation of these sentiments. In a conversation on the tithe-system, one learned but not reverend Doctor, defending the establishment with his usual eloquence and acumen, declared that far from receiving the "*tenth,*" he had reason to believe the parsons seldom obtained so much as the "*fifth.*" But no anecdote is so frequently repeated as the following. When Mr. Canning visited Dublin, five or six years ago, he was conducted through the college by the Rev. Dr. P——; and the story runs, that the former, having fixed his eye upon an oriental manuscript in the Museum, asked his learned *Cicerone* for some information concerning it. "*It belonged,*" said the Doctor, "*to a person of the name of Hyder Ali, but who Hyder Ali was I do not take upon me to say.*" It is fair to add that the gentleman who made this celebrated reply is not the "Professor of Modern History."

It is very much to the credit of the University of Dublin, that in spite of the shackles in which her defective constitution binds her members,

* The revenues of this establishment are generally allowed to be very great. If public utility was to be measured by opulence of endowment, the benefits conferred on the nation by the University of Dublin would be pronounced to be of the highest order. The exact amount of the collegiate property has, however, always eluded investigation. The pockets of the board are as inscrutable as fate. A kind of Rosicrucian mystery envelopes this golden subject. It is common to see livings of fifteen and eighteen hundred a-year rejected by nine or ten Fellows in succession.

many efforts have been made to attract the admiration of the public. Now one, now another individual of spirit, seeing himself looked on as a lazy monk, and branded as a "*fainéant*," conceived the noble resolve of breaking the chain of silence, and astonishing mankind—but mark the issue! The enemy they had to contend with was the system. It met them at every step, infested their line of march, and foiled them in every field. Whether they essayed eloquence, divinity, science, or polite literature, their gowns entangled them; and every enterprise proved abortive. They tried the press, the pulpit, the political arena—speeches, sermons, magazines, treatises, commentaries, with sundry other experiments on the public purse and patience, were hazarded in sad succession. Two egregious gentlemen assumed in partnership the province of oratory, determined by all the rules of Tully and Quintilian to vindicate the college. A sphere was not long wanting for the efforts of Messrs. S——, and B——. The "*sons of thunder*" went down together into Ulster in the royal mail; but the system! the system! alas, the system! it followed them wherever they went as tenaciously as their shadows—not (like the cowardly shadow of the lion in the treatise on the Bathos) deterred from following them, because

They roared so loud, and looked so wonderous grim—

No! it clung to them as obstinately as the "old man of the sea," to the back of Sindbad, until every tavern in Armagh, Tyrone, and Derry, resounded with evidence of their failure. Practice was vain. Mr. S—— wrote, studied, recited, laboured, but no progress! He was no nearer Demosthenes when he addressed the merchants last summer in Dublin, than when he began his career three years ago at the political dinner at Armagh. If the truth of this criticism be questioned, compare the best passages in both speeches. Mr. S—— in Dublin at the late election—"*Do we not glory in the recorder?*" Mr. S—— in Armagh—his maiden oration—"*I adore the archbishop of Dublin.*" Indeed there is rather a falling off in the later effort. We leave it to Longinus—or perhaps the assistant professor of oratory, with the help of Blair and a bottle, will resolve the question. But the divine might succeed, though the demagogue failed. The triumphs of the pulpit might efface the disasters of the dinner-table. Dr. K. was the man. He was nominated preacher for the year. He composed, he mounted, he preached. The sermons on the "Creation of the World" will scarcely be forgotten by the men of Trinity before the end of it. The resources of the language were unexplored till then. No one could believe our dictionaries contained from cover to cover so many seven-leagued words as were now assembled in one discourse. An Arab orator is said to have harangued the live-long day without once availing himself of the first letter of the alphabet. Dr. K. held forth for three months without drawing a dozen times on the monosyllables or dissyllables of the language. The son of the desert was out-done by the Fellow of Trinity. The book of Genesis was "*the Cosmogonic portion of the Pentateuchal Chronicles.*" The seven days of the first week were the "*Demiurgic Hebdomad.*" The school divinity of the dark ages, from the dust and silence of the uppermost shelves of the college library, lent all her mongrel and dissonant phraseology. Geology, pressed into the foreign service of theology, contributed a host of jaw-breakers. The college groaned through all her corners. Better indeed had she been mute for ever than vocal through

such an organ. At first it was a pleasant entertainment; but when the extravagance lost the zest of novelty, the surpliced auditory grew thinner and thinner every returning Sabbath. The careless tired of coughing; the serious thought it better to read the book of Genesis in their chambers, than risk the alternative of slumbering in the house of God, or waking to cosmogony and Dr. K——y.

The next lance that was broken in the quarrel of Alma Mater, was in the Lists of Periodical Literature. We spare them the mention of the connoisseur. The Dublin Philosophical Journal issued "*ex ædibus academicis.*" An article "*On the Emotion of Pity*" appeared from the pen of Dr. L——. The fate of the publication was sealed. It lingered, however, three agonizing months; the dissertation on *pity* proceeding from number to number, with the awful words "*to be continued*" ever bringing up the rear. The fourth or fifth number—we do not exactly remember which—concluded the Doctor's subject, and by an odd coincidence, was the last of the Magazine. No inquest, we believe, was held upon the defunct publication; but had such a procedure been instituted, the verdict would unquestionably have been as follows:—"Died of an article on the Emotion of Pity, from the hand of the Rev. Dr. L——.

But we can commend as well as censure. Distinguished instances there are, where individuals, from indisposition to take the usual methods of gaining pupils, or from other causes, have much of their time on their hands, and have employed it in a manner that has never attracted the notice it deserves. Mr. H—te, the translator and annotator of the "*Mécanique Céleste,*" and "*Système du Monde*" (the former the greatest scientific work that has appeared since the "*Principia,*") is no less eminent for his mathematical knowledge, than estimable for his amiable and independent character. He would hold a higher place in public estimation but for the system we have endeavoured to expose. It has been the sad effect of that system to reduce to so low a point the character of Dublin College, that no work of talent is ever expected from its members. They might attain the altitude of Newton or La Place before any scientific body in Europe would vouchsafe a glance at their productions. With similar pleasure we notice Mr. O'B——n, a gentleman who has recently evinced an eloquence and ability in the pulpit, which promise to wipe off the disgrace which the discourses on Cosmogony left upon the college chapel. But this is only one of the claims which Mr. O'B——n has on our commendation. His acquirements are extensive both in elegant literature and solid information. The time, which some of his contemporaries spend in intriguing for pupils, he dedicates to less lucrative but more useful and honourable pursuits; and he has never been charged with occupying even the intervals of academic business with foppery or faction. He is is said to have no relish for either; and the proof of his distaste is the carefulness with which he shuns the company of their votaries. His chambers are the resort of a respectable, enlightened, and therefore very limited acquaintance. Whatever literature has not yet taken wing from Ireland courts his society and enjoys his friendship; but if you look for the rider on the "*break*" the declaimer of the club, or the dangler of the box-lobby, you will not find them in his circle. This accomplished individual has to struggle through the obscurity that hangs over his college; but he will find it a more arduous task to emerge from the shadow which his excessive modesty flings over his talents. If ever he shall "suffer himself to be admired" by more than half-a-dozen

acquaintance, he will shed a lustre on the university of Dublin brighter than has encompassed her name since the days of Molyneux and Berkely. Dr. McD——ll is a man whose character and acquirements would do honour to any university; but he labours to no purpose in the professorship of oratory. Oratory cannot be taught by lectures, however philosophical and eloquent. That divine art was once taught in the college of Dublin; but the board in its wisdom annihilated the school. That school was the Historical Society. If it be asked why they took that step, the answer is, not that they disapproved of eloquence, but that they disliked the lessons which are sure to be imbibed wherever eloquence is cultivated—high sentiments in patriotism, and sound principles in politics. This aversion, however, originated with the castle, the feeling was only adopted by the college. The "*idem velle*" and "*idem nolle*" are all as essential to loyalty as to friendship.*

The conclusion, from the observations we have made, and which have been written in no spirit of hostility, but with a view to produce some good result, were it only to originate discussion upon a question so vitally interesting to Ireland, the conclusion we come to is, that such an alteration of the collegiate system, as would exalt the fellows, or some portion of the fellows, from the rank of mere tutors, to that of eminent literary men; deliver them from the stupifying round of official duties, the torture of which we have attempted to describe, and invest them with the capacity of doing something more reputable than pupil-hunting, and more useful than developing the depths of Murray, or scanning the Horatian metres; such an alteration, we conclude, would be a most serviceable reform, and amply repay the pains and costs of carrying it into execution. The funds of the College of Dublin would amply suffice to render a number of the junior fellows independent of tuition; and any thing that might be subtracted from the fortunes of the seniors, would be returned with usury in the added learning and respectability of the body. Until some plan shall have been adopted with this object, vain it is to look for the elevation of the character of the Irish University. Her fellows will continue to be classified into drones, without motives to exertion, and drudges, without credit for their labour—the majority affluent, easy and obscure—the minority, less fortunate in pocket, and little more fortunate in attracting the attention of the world. In consequence of such a state of things, the college will continue to be nothing but an indifferent academy for grown boys, and a rich retreat for some old men. Her name will be heard as little in the commonwealth of letters as it is to-day, and will be mentioned only with the ridicule which attaches to the name of the Silent Sister.

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* In suppressing the Historical Society the Board was guilty of no inconsistency. They acted on the same policy which led them to repudiate from the undergraduate course that manual of freedom, Locke's Treatise on Government, a work which the liberal spirit of a former age had adopted. Alas! the college of Dublin has retrograded not advanced.

SPANISH HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.—No. II.*

My intended journey into Estremadura, from Madrid, was postponed in consequence of the yellow fever appearing in some of the districts through which I had to travel. That my time, therefore, might not be unprofitably spent, I determined to retrace my steps to Bristol, to report to those who were interested in my journey what I had already done, and to consult with them upon the ulterior objects of our speculation. It was then agreed—from circumstances unnecessary to mention here—that I should decline the offer of the Spanish government, and not accept the grant of land offered me in Estremadura, but avail myself of their permission to inspect the Rio Tinto copper mines, then idle from want of capital—of whose extent and value extravagant rumours had been circulated. I arrived early in the spring at Bayonne, on my return to Madrid, and received from Captain Harvey, the British consul, my little Andalusian horse, which he had kindly taken charge of during my absence in England. My servant I despatched to Irun, the Spanish frontier town, by a singular conveyance, termed, "à la cacole," which is a large saddle, placed on a horse, to which are affixed two seats or chairs, back to back, of course intended to carry two passengers. Each horse is attended by a woman, who in the event of having a single passenger, mounts the vacant seat, and preserves the equilibrium. Horses thus equipped and attended are frequently hired for long journeys, though it appeared to me to be rather an unsocial conveyance for a distance. I now fitted up my little horse much in the same manner as I had done on my journey from Madrid, for I proposed making a circuit of nearly three thousand miles, and the traveller through the by-roads of Spain can hardly expect to meet with many comforts on his journey. Under my saddle I placed a small blanket, and a sheet, sewn together, leaving an opening through which it might be stuffed with short straw, and serve as a bed. Before and behind the saddle my baggage was packed, covered with black sheep-skins; and my alforjas, or pockets, were slung across, containing a small kettle, sugar, tea, soap, and other things which might be difficult to procure. Thus mounted, with good pistols in my holsters, my gun slung at my back, and a brace of capital spaniels by my side, I bid adieu to my good friend the consul, who did not scruple to tell me that he thought there was every chance of my closing the account of my journey very speedily.

The brigands of the Pyrenees, that they might ensure to themselves the safe conduct of travellers, had burnt all the regular coaches, thus obliging them to seek individual modes of conveyance, that their lawless contributions might be levied with less difficulty. These circumstances had been explained to me, with a few additional particulars; but as my determination to explore was stronger than my fears, I was not diverted from my original design. There is something exciting in this mode of travelling. Few persons choose to resign their personal comfort, and court the risk which must ever attend on such expeditions, without some more urgent stimulus than a love of novelty. But to be thrown on my own resources in a strange country and amongst strange people, was not disagreeable to me. I preferred visiting by-places, where few travellers had been before, to following the steps of others, and merely

* Extracted from the Note-Book of Sir Paul Baghot.

gleaning where the harvest had been already reaped. I therefore set out in the manner above stated to rejoin my servant on the Spanish frontiers. On the road to St. Jean de Luz, I had an opportunity of proving my dogs, who found plenty of teal and wild fowl in the rushes and sides of the lake, which is seen by the road side. These dogs I brought from England, and were rare and valuable in Spain. I overtook my servant at Irun, and sent him forward to Vittoria with my dogs, while I made an excursion of an hundred miles through Vergara and Durango to see my friends at Bilboa.

Bilboa is the capital of Biscay, and, though small, is considered one of the neatest and pleasantest towns in Spain. It is situated on the river Ansa, which flows into the Bay of Biscay, and carries on a considerable trade with Newfoundland; salted cod-fish being the principal and favourite food with the peasantry. Large quantities of wool, some years sixteen thousand bags, are exported from Bilboa to England and France. The streets are paved with small pebbles, worked into squares and fanciful devices, which have a novel and pretty effect; through many of the streets carts and heavy vehicles are not allowed to pass. General Mazarado, the governor of the city, with whom I was intimate, paid me every attention during my stay, and gave an entertainment to which he invited all the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, by which I had the pleasure of meeting the *beau monde* of Bilboa. The inhabitants I found a social and enlightened people, commerce having diffused its influence throughout, eradicating errors and prejudices but too common in the interior of Spain. On my road to Vittoria my travels were nearly brought to a close, as my friend the consul at Bayonne had prognosticated, though by a different mode. I was slowly ascending one of those long hills so common in that part of Biscay, when I encountered a line of mules laden with merchandize. These animals have a particular aversion to horses, and no sooner did I arrive within reach of their heels, than they lashed out on me with such violence and fury, that I was literally kicked over some pieces of timber, lying in the road, and thrown to such a distance, that had I not providentially grasped a small tree, I should have been plunged into the river below. My horse was so much hurt, that I was obliged to halt at a posada for three hours, before he could proceed; however, by exertion, I contrived to make Vittoria before night, a distance of forty-eight English miles. From Vittoria I pursued my old route to Escaray, where I engaged another servant. He was a native of London, but from a long residence in Spain had become almost naturalized. I purchased another horse for him, equipped like my own, and started for the capital. We left the high road and made for the small town of Barbadillios, across a range of stupendous mountains, having engaged a guide to conduct us. The road was highly picturesque, though anything but convenient for travellers. We followed a horse-track for a considerable distance, of just sufficient space for us to pass singly. It was in one place covered with deep snow, which rendered it both difficult and dangerous to proceed. My horse fell three times in our attempt to pass. We halted about midway, and spreading our provisions on a sunny bank we indemnified ourselves for our past labour. For nearly thirty miles across these mountains, we did not meet with a human being, nor the semblance of a habitation; those wild and inhospitable mountains seeming by common consent to be abandoned to the wolves, the wild boars, and the deer, their native possessors.

We reached the small village of Barbadillios in the evening, and took

up our quarters at the house of a shepherd. The good wife had but scanty fare wherewith to regale us, and I set out to forage for our supper. There was a small river adjacent which seemed to promise fair, and seeing some boys, I inquired whether they were in the habit of fishing. I soon learnt they were not unacquainted with the sport; and nets being procured, I fixed them across the river, the boys beating the banks and deep places with poles, when we speedily caught as much trout and cray-fish as would have served us for two days. This little village is romantically situated in a fertile valley surrounded by gigantic mountains. The male inhabitants usually employ themselves in agriculture; but at certain seasons they make an inroad into the adjacent mountains, where they form a hunting encampment, usually consisting of between thirty and forty individuals. The less experienced are then sent with their dogs, to certain passes, where, by the discharge of fire-arms, and the barking of their dogs, they drive the game towards the marksmen, who lie in wait for them, in the directions they are expected to pass. The hunters are very expert, and usually secure a good booty. The wolves they shoot are taken to the alcalde, who pays the sum of eight pesettas for each animal destroyed. The wild boars and deer are sold in the neighbouring villages, and the produce divided amongst the hunters. On leaving the shepherd's house, we followed the course of the river for about two miles, and then entered a lonesome defile, formed by a chasm in the mountain, through which the river forced its way, leaving a small space scarcely sufficient for a horse to travel by its side. I now proceeded to the village of Salas des Infantes, and discharged my guide, though rather unadvisedly; for after proceeding through a fine country for about eight miles, I was obliged to retrace my steps, owing to my route being intercepted by a river too considerable to ford. There was good sport, however, on the road in shooting partridges, which I found in great numbers.

It was late in the evening before I reached the house of Don Ramon, to whom I had a letter. He received me very cordially, and invited the dignitaries of the village to meet me at supper. These consisted of the alcalde, the priest, and the parish doctor. The next day, my host furnished me with a guide to Aranda, a distance of nine leagues, through a very intricate country; who, estimating his service probably at a higher rate than I did, arranged the difference, by stealing a handsome silk sash, which I bought in London, intending it for a very different service. During my ride I observed several birds quite strange to me: I endeavoured to shoot some of a dark colour, with red bills, but they evaded my pursuit. I likewise saw a largato, or large lizard, but he retreated to his burrow before I was ready. The next evening, I reached the ancient town of Sepulveda. It stands on a hill, encircled by a deep ravine, through which flows a clear and rapid river. The town is enclosed by walls, flanked by numerous towers and fortifications, and is approached by a steep paved causeway. The rocks on the opposite side of the river are lofty and perpendicular, and are the abode of eagles and vultures. I essayed a shot at one of the former, but my charge was not heavy enough to bring him down. Sepulveda lies considerably from the royal road, and must doubtless have been a place of consequence in the time of the Moors. Many interesting relics of antiquity are to be seen scattered about, which is so far fortunate, for it requires the imagination to be occupied, that the mind may be diverted from dwelling with disgust

on the total absence of anything like cleanliness or comfort, to be found in the houses of entertainment, whimsically so called. From this place I pursued the direct road to Madrid, passing through Segovia, Villa Castine, and several smaller towns, where the remains of Moorish taste and ingenuity are sufficiently abundant. A circumstance occurred within a league of the capital, which was nearly attended with serious results. It was early in the evening, and I was pursuing my way leisurely, enjoying by anticipation the comfort of my old posada of San Fernanda, when an ill-looking savage started from the road side, and snatched at my bridle. Resenting such an unceremonious assault, and being of opinion that a similar attack on my purse was in contemplation, I drew one of my pistols from the holster, and presenting it at the fellow's head, pulled the trigger. I had not contemplated any occasion for pistols so near Madrid, and had neglected looking to my powder. The pistol therefore missed fire; and at the same moment half a score ruffians rushed, as it seemed, from all sides, and surrounding me, commanded me with violent imprecations and menaces to alight. For this I had no choice, when in a trice they stripped my horse and that of my servant, of the manifold articles of furniture they bore, examining everything with the utmost minuteness, and then in a surly tone told us we might proceed. At this I was the more surprised, as they did not prefer a claim to watch and purse, which I had prepared as a matter of course. While the animals were reloading, I therefore hazarded a few inquiries, when the chief of the gang informed me, that, as he found we were strangers, he should take no notice of what had passed; but that it was fortunate for me the pistol had not taken effect, or they would certainly have cut me to pieces on the spot. I was still at a loss; when I learnt further, that these gentlemen whom I had unwarily taken for a gang of brigands, were officers of the king, on the look out for smugglers; and judging from our appearance that we belonged to that respectable fraternity, thought they had secured a prize. I arrived shortly afterwards at Madrid, and took up my quarters at my old posada of San Fernanda. On the following day, I obtained leave from the minister, to inspect the royal mines in Andalusia and Estremadura; previous to which, however, he expressed a wish that I should visit the royal woollen manufactory at Guadalaxara, and report its state to the government. This was nearly a day's ride, forty miles: therefore, the next morning I hired a calache, and, accompanied by my friend Mr. Thomas (of whom I spoke in my former journey), commenced our excursion. We left Madrid by the gate of Alcala, and passing through a pretty village, of which the chief objects are the palace of the Duchess of Ossuna, and the house of Palafox the hero of Saragossa, we arrived at the town of Alcala de Henares. On the road we passed an extensive piece of waste land, on which were grazing a herd of nearly a thousand bulls. These animals were all black; they were collected to amuse the good people of Madrid at their bull-fights, and served as a stock to draw from as occasion might require. Alcala was originally one of the principal universities in Spain; it is likewise the residence of the primate, the archbishop of Toledo. The income of this dignitary of the church is estimated at £120,000 per annum, which, if we consider the value of money in Spain, may be considered the richest prelacy in Christendom. The road from Madrid to Guadalaxara is extremely well cultivated; no finer wheat is grown in Spain than in this district. Few improvements are visible here in their system of agri-

culture; their mode of husbandry is much the same as that received from their forefathers. The culture of turnips is unknown, neither are the sheep folded, except in rare instances, when they are enclosed in nets suspended from poles. The merinos usually pasture in Estremadura, and those sheep retained by the farmer are secured at night in outhouses, both to secure them from the wolves, and to prevent their licking the dew from the herbage before the sun has exhaled the malignant qualities, which they confidently believe it has imbibed during the night. The land is fallowed every third year, after a crop of wheat and another of barley, the latter being the food of horses and mules; oats are seldom grown. Their mode of thrashing is perfectly primitive. Several pieces of ground in the neighbourhood of the town, are allotted for this purpose, to which all the produce of the adjacent country is brought. A thick board, six feet in length, and four in width, is perforated with holes, in which are placed sharp flint stones, projecting about half an inch. On the front of this board a man takes his place, on a seat provided for that purpose, and a number of oxen or mules are fastened to it with cords. The corn in the straw is then strewn on the ground, in a circle formed with stones, and this extraordinary implement of husbandry is then dragged over it, a man standing in the centre of the circle assisting the driver to flog the beasts to their utmost speed. A drove of loose cattle are likewise driven over it, so that the sharp flint, and the hoofs of mules and oxen, do the work of thrashing very completely. The straw is, by these means, torn into small particles, which is packed in nets and sent to Madrid as provender for horses and mules. Their method of winnowing is by throwing the undressed corn against the wind, which separates it from the chaff. I was told of an American, who, taking compassion on the unenlightened natives, and seeing the prospect of a good profit, introduced one of our thrashing machines, and undertook to thrash the farmer's corn at a trifling expense per bushel. On the first day he succeeded admirably, but on the next, when the speculator went to resume his labours, to his utter consternation he found the engine which was to work him wealth, broken into atoms, and dispersed in every possible direction. On inquiry, he found the country people had consulted on its efficiency, and came to a resolution, in which they were assisted by the parish priest, that the devil was inside the engine, and they were determined, as good christians, to have nothing to do with *him*, but in the fair way of trade! The wheat thus thrashed is taken to the water before it is ground, and washed well from the impurities it has contracted. It is then exposed on sheets of linen to the sun and air to dry and harden. Wheat is never stacked, but thrashed immediately it is reaped; but I have remarked they allow the corn to remain standing a month or more after it is ripe, by which means it becomes sufficiently hard to supersede the necessity of stacking. The plough is drawn by oxen or mules, and is as rude an instrument as their *thrashing machine*. It appears to me more like the fluke of an anchor than anything else, and though it certainly moves the earth, I think it would puzzle one of our Gloucestershire farmers to turn a furrow with it.

Guadalaxara is perceived in the distance immediately after leaving Alcala. The road continues good all the way, the river Henares flowing on the right hand the whole distance. Beyond the river is a ragged chain of mountains, rent into deep chasms and ravines, through which torrents of water are continually pouring into the river during the winter

months. On the left the country is open and interspersed with pretty villages. A new posada was pointed out to us, which, from the circumstances related of it, I was curious to visit. It was built by a man who had acquired his property during the French war. His system was, to hover in the rear of the French armies, murder all the stragglers who unfortunately came within his reach, and having rifled them, to throw the bodies into the wells of the neighbourhood to escape detection. The countenance of mine host attested him as one eminently qualified for such an enterprise; for never in the course of my peregrinations did I have the misfortune to encounter so ill-featured a ruffian; many a league would I travel rather than pass a night at the *Posada de St. Nicola*! Guadalaxara is the capital of Alcaria, and was taken from the Moors by the army of Alfonso, the first king of Castile. The Duke de Infantado resides in this city, to whom I was introduced by his confessor, Father Egan. His Grace was at one time ambassador to England, and spoke a little English. The Palace du Infantado is an ancient building, partly Moorish in its design, and emblazoned with the arms of that noble family elaborately carved in stone. In the church of the convent of the Cordilliers is the duke's cemetry. During the period when the French were allowed to ravage this part of the country, this sanctuary was violated, and some of the beautiful marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of the illustrious ancestors of the house of Infantado, were overturned, in search of treasure, and many of them destroyed. This mausoleum rivals in beauty the royal sepulchre at the Escurial. It is approached by a descent of 54 steps, the walls and roof inlaid with marbles of rare colour and beauty. At the foot of the stairs two doors open into different chambers, where the remains of the duke's ancestors repose in their stately resting-places. A chapel is attached to the cemetry, which is richly ornamented with gilding and rare stones. The altar is one solid piece of exquisite marble, on which rests a beautifully wrought crucifix. Having surveyed the churches and curiosities of the town, we then proceeded to the royal manufactory of cloths, and delivered our letters of introduction.

The palace and the factory to which it is attached have been built about 130 years, and have all appearance of a royal establishment. The gates are kept by porters in royal liveries, and a guard is constantly on duty. A handsome marble fountain adorns the quadrangle which forms the entrance, and on the right is a noble staircase, leading to the king's apartments. We were received with caution by the director, who, having examined our order, conducted us over the various departments of that portion of the factory called *San Fernando*. The warehouses and working-rooms are spacious, and appeared to be kept with a due regard to order and cleanliness. One shop was arched and fire-proof, containing ninety-four broad looms. Another held a duplicate of every article required for the use of the factory, even to the most insignificant materials. The dye-houses are large, and adjoining them are the mills for grinding the dyeing-stuffs. The next morning we visited the factory of San Carlos, which is likewise a quadrangular building, and stands on the site of an ancient Moorish palace. It is appropriated to the manufacture of sarge, which is worn by the ecclesiastics and friars, and is an article of great demand in Spain. The number of workmen is now reduced to eleven hundred and ten, and there were still one hundred and thirty-two clerks in the establishment; formerly it gave employ to upwards of thirty

thousand hands. There are two large gardens affording the choicest fruit, and the Serenillio or island is seven miles in circumference, planted with timber trees for the use of the manufactory. The works are exactly in the same state as our own were about fifty years since; at that period this establishment was unequalled; but rapid improvements have taken place in England within the last half century, whereas in Spain alterations are deemed innovations, and old errors are persevered in with a consistency worthy a better object. Having gained all the information I required, on my return to Madrid I made my report to the minister, in which I did not disguise the evident decline of the manufactory, and the gross peculation of the director and his associates. Shortly afterwards I was invited to an interview with his excellency, who informed me that he had found my report to be correct, and expressed a wish that I should proceed, without delay, to examine the royal mines, and other establishments throughout Spain, intimating that I *should have a grant of any I might choose to undertake.* On the following day having obtained my credentials for the inspection of all the royal mines and establishments of every nature in Estremadura and Andalusia, I left Madrid, and arrived at Aranjuez late the same evening. Owing to the lateness of the hour I had some difficulty in finding a decent posada, when I had the satisfaction of paying double for every accommodation, the landlord assuring me that the innkeepers of that town had an acknowledged right to extortion, being one of the privileges attached to a royal residence. I have no space to describe the beauty of this town, nor its palace, nor its gardens, and the same excuse must hold good throughout the greater part of my journey. I must therefore hurry along the sterile plains of La Mancha, celebrated by the valorous knight of the immortal Cervantes —hardly allowing time to halt at La Mota del Cuervo to visit the hill on which stood the fourteen enchanted windmills, and make directly for the grand pass of the Sierra Morena, which divides the desert plain of La Mancha, from the rich and luxuriant province of Andalusia. At Manzanares I was obliged, though with much regret, to part with my favourite Andalusian horse, and take in his place a little shabby animal, whose only recommendation was his youth. The road across the mountains called the Sierra Morena, was constructed by the order of Bonaparte, and is only inferior to the great road over the Simplon into Italy. There are some features in this work which excite the admiration of every traveller, particularly the grand pass, which is carried on arches over a tremendous abyss nearly a mile in length, and secured on the outside by a parapet wall. I alighted from my horse in one particular spot to ascertain the depth of the precipice on the brink of which I was standing, and could not consider it less than 600 feet. At the bottom a river was roaring along amongst the immense masses of rock, which were scattered about in wild disorder, though the scene was considerably softened by the luxuriant foliage of the tulip tree, the arbutus, and the evergreen oak, which sprouted from every fissure. The road to La Carolina is most romantic, and winds through the mountains, which open to the mineralogist and botanist an extensive field for study. Mines of gold and silver, copper, christals and quicksilver, are in its immediate vicinity. Marbles of the most exquisite beauty, and a variety of rare fossils everywhere abound. There are likewise aromatic and medicinal plants. Forests of blooming myrtles, the tulip, and gum scystus, and other indigenous plants, perfume the air with their fragrance. On one occasion I

dismounted my horse to count these different, and, to me, rare productions of nature, in a square yard, and found it contained seven distinct classes, each of them of sufficient interest to enrich the green-house.

It is here the bustard finds safe retreat when driven from the extensive plains of La Mancha by the Cacador; and red-legged partridges are in such abundance that no season is limited for their safety, of which I found ample proof in the month of May. Orteijas, or a species of grouse, of which there are two or three classes, are common: they are very beautiful in their plumage, and resemble the grouse in form, particularly the head, and are not to be found in any other part of the continent. Doves, quails, woodcocks and snipes, are always here in their season. Reptiles, such as lizards and snakes, are numerous. I discovered a snake of considerable size, climbing up a rock in the Sierra, which I desired my servant to shoot, and I only regret I did not take its dimensions.

It is rather singular that I did not meet a single traveller on the road, except a black man walking over the grand pass: I addressed him in Spanish, and asked him what countryman he was, when, to my surprise, he replied, "I am an Englishman, and can't speak Spanish, and I am travelling from Gibraltar to England, by way of Madrid and Paris." Of course I lent him some assistance to continue his route. The little town of Carolina is in itself sufficiently tempting to the traveller, who has passed the desert of La Mancha. It is one of the German colonies, established by Charles III., and was once famous for the production of silk, though now its produce is insignificant. I inspected some of the rooms, and found that great care was required, even in that climate, in the management of the worms. They were fed on the leaves of the white mulberry tree, which reproduces its leaves four times within the year. The inhabitants subsist principally by the chase, for which the adjacent mountains furnish an inexhaustible supply. They abound in deer, wild boars, *cabra de monte*, or wild goat, besides the wolf, wild cat, the lynx, hare, rabbit, and other animals peculiar to this range of mountains, which continue for nearly two hundred miles in one direction. I was amused by the appearance of a man in the street, carrying the head of a stag, and that of a boar, crying out as he went along, *Las Animas*, which I found was an invitation to all good christians to purchase—the profits arising from the heads of these animals being a perquisite of the priest, for which he contracted to relieve so many souls from purgatory! We passed through Andujar and several small towns, through a delightful country, where the pomegranate, fig, and aloe were abundant, when we reached the ancient and celebrated city of Cordova, once the capital of a Moorish kingdom. The mosque is too magnificent a structure to be passed in silence. It is indeed a noble monument of antiquity. The north point is richly adorned with sculpture, and before the entrance are six columns of jasper, celebrated for their rare beauty. The length of the building is five hundred and thirty feet, and its breadth four hundred and twenty; the walls being from six to eight feet in thickness. A friar pointed out to me an inscription on the wall in Arabic, which is translated—"He who enters this mosque must neither laugh, spit, nor look backwards." The roof is supported by 900 marble columns, many of which appear to have been carved before the Christian era, from the date inscribed thereon. This mosque has been for many ages devoted to the Christian religion, and is rich in sacred vessels for its service. My conductor shewed me a magnificent *custodia* of wrought

silver, which he informed me was secreted, and saved from falling into the hands of the French.

Near the mosque, raised on an artificial rock, from which flows a stream of water, stands a lofty pillar, on which is erected a statue of the archangel Raphael, beautifully carved in wood,. Underneath is an inscription in the Castillian language—"I swear to you by Jesus Christ crucified, that I am Raphael the angel whom God has placed as a guard over this city."—I continued my route to Seville, passing through several German towns, once flourishing and populous, and a charming country, which it is impossible even for a despotic government and a bigotted priesthood to destroy. This is considered about the warmest part of Spain. The cotton-plant is cultivated with success, and the aloe rears its beautiful blossoms with a vigour and luxuriance hardly surpassed in the tropical regions of America.

Our approach to the capital was marked by groups of peasantry eagerly making their way as though to the scene of some promised enjoyment. It was a lively and picturesque sight to see the swarthy Andalusian clothed in the various colours of his holyday attire, and the women with their laughing black eyes and their dark braided hair, some on mules and others on foot, pressing forward with a joyousness and hilarity as though care and toil were utterly unknown to them. It was Sunday morning, and I found the day, a festival here, was to be honoured with one of those grand national spectacles, the bull-fights. I had heard much of these exhibitions, and therefore was glad to have an opportunity of witnessing one, particularly as the bulls of Andalusia were esteemed the fiercest, and their adversaries the most expert in Spain. I entered Seville about eleven o'clock, and proceeded to hear grand mass at the cathedral. After the service I was conducted through this sumptuous edifice, where, amongst other rich and valuable relics, was shewn me the silver tables presented by Alphonso the Wise. Beneath a large tablet of stone in this cathedral lie the remains of the son of Christopher Columbus—who bequeathed to the church a library of 20,000 volumes, which has since been increased by various donations. About three o'clock, crowds began to assemble at the Plaza de los Toros, or the amphitheatre, the exhibition being announced to the public by bills describing the breed of the bulls and the persons engaged in the performance. Shortly after a company of soldiers marched through the streets, accompanied by a full band playing some national airs, as, "Tragula, Tragula," which was then the favourite anthem—and entering the Plaza de los Toros, the band were placed near the box occupied by the magistracy. A party of dragoons kept the ground. In the meantime, the amphitheatre was filling rapidly. The boxes were occupied by families of distinction, and by four o'clock every avenue was completely crowded. A herald who stood opposite the centre box then sounded a blast, and immediately the military, who were in the arena, formed in line and marched from one side to the other, forcing all those persons to their seats who were not already placed. Directly the arena was cleared another trumpet announced the approach of the performers in the forthcoming spectacle. The cortège was preceded by a herald dressed in black, wearing a short cloak and ruff, with Spanish hat and ostrich feathers. He was followed by the four picadors mounted and seated in curious Moorish saddles. They were dressed in jackets superbly embroidered with gold and silver, wearing a round straw hat profusely

decorated with bows of ribbons and flowers. Their long hair was confined in a net; they wore stout buff-leather breeches and boots to defend them from the horns of the bulls, and carried a long lance in their hands. These lances, from their peculiar construction, can only penetrate skin-deep, therefore they rather tend to irritate the animal than injure him. The bandarillos came next on foot. It is their duty to assist the picador when dismounted, by diverting the attention of the bull towards themselves. They were elegantly attired in embroidered jackets, and wore long cloaks over their shoulders of different coloured silks. The matador next followed alone, and is the principal person of the entertainment. He was dressed in a splendid jacket, and wore white silk stockings and pumps; he carried in his right hand a naked sword, and in his left a small red flag. He has to oppose and kill the bull single handed; and as his post is the most dangerous, so it is the most honourable. After these, came two sets of mules, richly caparisoned, and adorned with ribbons and flags, whose duty it is to remove the dead bulls and horses from the arena. This splendid array entered the arena amidst the acclamations of the people, and advancing to the city authorities demanded their consent to the forthcoming exhibition. This was of course instantly granted; and the keys being thrown into the arena, were picked up by an attendant, gorgeously attired, when the whole party, after saluting the magistracy, retired to their respective stations.

The four picadors placed themselves at equal distances in the arena, and the ten bandarillos dispersed themselves, when on the sound of a trumpet a door opened opposite the centre or royal box, and out rushed a tremendously large spotted Andalusian bull. He halted for an instant, and rolled his eyes around; then lashing his sides with his tail, he darted at the nearest picador, who dexterously receiving him on the point of his lance, repulsed him in his headlong career. This feat elicited rapturous applause from the spectators; the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the gentlemen clapping their hands. As though to indemnify himself for this defeat, the animal rushed at the second horseman with additional fury, and plunging his horns into the body of the horse, overthrew him and his rider. The third shared the same fate; and such was the ferocity of the charge that the bull, with the greatest difficulty, disengaged his horns from the slaughtered animal, tearing and mangling the body with the most savage fury. The rider was so injured by the fall that it required the utmost address of the bandarillos to rescue him from his perilous situation, by lifting him over the fence from the arena. The bull then attacked the fourth, by which time the other dismounted picador re-appeared with a fresh horse—the company still expressing approbation and shouting *bueno toro, bueno toro*—"brave bull, brave bull!" A trumpet then sounded, and the picadors retired; when the bandarillos advanced to exhibit their address. They were each provided with six darts, which they endeavoured to fix about the head and neck of the bull, and the courage and dexterity in accomplishing this without injury to themselves, drew forth the most vivid marks of satisfaction. The animal feeling the sting of the darts, became outrageous, and amongst so many enemies knew not on whom to vent his rage. They then threw their party-coloured cloaks in his face, and trailing them on the ground, he rushed after them, tearing and trampling on the silken vestments in impotent anger. When excited to a state bordering on madness, foaming at the mouth, and bleeding from every pore, the bandarillos suddenly retired, and the matador advanced alone. This was a

period of the most intense interest. The infuriated animal, thus suddenly delivered from a crowd of goading tormentors, and seeing but one enemy opposed to him, seemed to collect his energies for this final encounter, as though aware of its deadly issue. He rolled his eyeballs beneath their shaggy brows, with an expression of malignant fierceness not to be described. Then tearing up the ground of the arena with his feet, and uttering a yell that caused the blood to recede to the hearts of the spectators, he rushed towards his adversary. The matador, intent on his every movement, waited to receive him; when waving his sword above his head, as the infuriated beast swooped his gory horns to rend his intended victim, he plunged it into his body, between the shoulder and the ribs, and piercing his heart, with a stifled roar of agony, the poor animal fell dead on the arena—when the matador bowed, and retired amidst the reiterated shouts of 12,000 spectators. The mules then galloped in, and in the space of five minutes the dead bull with the mangled carcases of the horses were removed, the band during the time playing several national airs.

The arena being again cleared, a second bull made his appearance, which shewed good sport, and was followed by six others, which were all killed to the *satisfaction* of the company, excepting the last, which refused to fight. A loud cry of *fuego, fuego*, "fire, fire," was raised, when the bandarillos advanced towards the animal with squibs, crackers, and other combustibles fixed to their darts, which on their explosion so enraged the bull, that when the matador appeared he made as violent a charge as those that had preceded him. The thrust of the matador was not mortal, and he narrowly escaped destruction. The wounded animal plunged madly about the arena, with the sword in his body, which afterwards fell on the ground, and was again presented to the matador, who again challenged the bull. An intense silence prevailed throughout this vast assembly as the matador sought to redeem his character—the spectators anxiously awaiting the result of the next attack.—An old man who occupied a place beside me in the box, and who I afterwards learnt had been engaged in many encounters of this nature, now broke out into violent reproaches against the matador. He condemned his inelegant attitudes, and declared, from his conduct altogether, that he was but a pretender. His observations were checked, however, by the bull advancing to the combat, when the matador vindicated his reputation by laying him dead at his feet. The old gentleman was not satisfied with this *amende honorable*, but proceeded to prove with great energy that such a man ought not to be allowed to appear in the arena again. He amused me during the rest of the performance by relating various anecdotes of bull-fighting, many of which were entertaining, though a little marvellous. The exhibition closed with fire-works. Four ships attacked a castle suspended across the arena, which, after sustaining a cannonading, blew up into rockets and different devices, and had a novel and pretty effect. I went afterwards to the depôt, and saw the horses which had been killed in the different encounters all lying in one place, and the bulls in another. The flesh of the latter was sold to the poor at the rate of a penny a pound.

Amongst the objects worthy attention in Seville is the Alcazar. This building was originally a Moorish palace, but was then the residence of Sir John Downie, who very deservedly experienced the royal favour by his gallantry in attacking the French on the bridge across the Guadalquiver, where he received a severe wound, and was made prisoner; pre-

viously to which, however, he threw the sword he held, which was once wielded by the conqueror of Peru, across the river, to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. The weapon was afterwards restored to the gallant soldier by the English, and, as I had the honour of the general's acquaintance, I had an opportunity of seeing this interesting relic of the great Pizarro. The manufacture of snuff and tobacco is a royal monopoly in Spain; and, considering the immense consumption of cigars, must yield a very large revenue. I was conducted over the manufactory, and was much gratified with the order which seemed to prevail throughout. A pungent red snuff, known in England by the name of *Spanish*, is made here; I saw many thousand bags, containing from one to two hundred pounds weight each, ready for exportation. But the cigar is the great source of profit. Every individual in Spain, from the nobleman to the peasant, appreciates its value. The very beggar will buy a cigar in preference to bread, and the child, ere he can well speak, will luxuriate on its fumes. It will not, therefore, be deemed surprising that there are fifteen hundred people employed in cigar-making in this manufactory. I always found the good effects of keeping my case well stocked during my cross-country excursions, for a cigar will secure the good offices of the lower orders where a more valuable offering might fail. Seville is an agreeable winter residence, though the summer months are rather too warm. The society is good; the women lively and agreeable. They have slender and graceful figures; their complexion of a clear olive, with dark and piercing eyes, and remarkable pretty feet. A Spanish proverb says,—"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla—no ha visto maravilla"—he who has not seen Seville—hath a wonder to see.

I was now prepared to start for the Rio Tinto mines in Estremadura; but as my route laid through an unfrequented country, I engaged a Portuguese as guide. Our horses were in excellent condition after a week's rest, and loading them as usual with necessaries for the journey, I left Seville by the south-west bridge across the Guadalquiver. About six miles from Seville are seen the ruins of the ancient city of Italica, the birth-place of Trajan. The country around is diversified, and well cultivated, promising heavy crops of corn, and continues so the whole way to the village of San Lucar; where I discovered, by sundry suspicious appearances on the road, that my Portuguese guide was no other than a robber and an assassin; it was with some difficulty that I got rid of him, but was obliged, though sorely against my will, to pay him the whole of his hire. I lodged that night at the miserable village of Ascacolus, where the posada contained no second room, so that I preferred passing the night in an out-house, covered with my horse-clothing, to sharing with mine host and his family their scanty accommodation. Early next morning I pursued my way to the Rio Tinto, and very fortunately at a short distance from the village, overtook two lads, who said they were proceeding to the mines in search of work, having been formerly employed there; they were well acquainted with the intricate road, and I therefore engaged them as guides for the remaining distance. We now entered into an almost trackless wood, and our road continued over mountains and wastes; our path being so beset with impediments, as to render our progress slow and toilsome. For many miles we forced our way through a thick jungle of underwood, where nothing could be discovered in prospect, but a succession of sterile mountains rising one above the other, a most dreary perspective, only affording cover to the wild animals which

find in their recesses a secure retreat. We reached Zalmea in time to escape the effects of a thunder storm, and at the extremity of the village discovered the Rio Tinto, near to which laid the mines—the object of my journey. This river takes its rise from a mountain about a mile distant, and taking a course of about twenty leagues joins the sea. Guthrie says, the waters of the Rio Tinto are so saturated with copperas, that it is destructive to man or beast to drink of them. This remark I found correct, for the country people informed me the water was never used; and if a goat accidentally partook of it, vomiting instantly ensued, and the animal would never drink of it a second time. The water is deeply tinged with a yellowish colour, and so is the bed over which it flows. We crossed the river, which being so near the source, is, in that place, very shallow, and soon reached the village of Las Minas, inhabited solely by the workmen of the Rio Tinto mines. In this place, being so completely out of the route of all travellers, it may be easily supposed the accommodation to be procured was not of the first order. We found an apology for a posada, where at least there was a vacant room to deposit our horse furniture, and serve as a sleeping place; and though the house afforded nothing but common wine, the landlord, Don Patrico Salamanca, was a civil, intelligent fellow. I lost no time in calling on the director, to whom I presented the letter from the minister at Madrid; the reception he gave me was anything but cordial; he examined my passport minutely to ascertain my identity, and seemed reluctant to afford me the slightest information. Evidently hostile to my mission, he had recourse to frivolous excuses to stay my inspection, saying the mines were closed, and the keys were not to be found; but seeing that I was determined in my object, he at length desired a man to conduct me. Tapers were then procured, and we proceeded to the mountain, accompanied by a dozen or more workmen, with whom I had already had some conversation; the entrance to the mine is about midway up the hill, which having reached, we lighted our torches, and passed under a lofty archway of brick, about 300 yards in length, which led into one of the galleries of the mine; here the brick archway terminated, and we continued along the excavation, until we reached a spacious chamber, around which were various passages leading to the different workings. The cieling of this chamber was a most beautiful specimen of natural embellishment; the dripping water had formed christals of the most beautiful colours, particularly green and yellow, which, reflecting the light of our torches, produced an effect more magnificent than any thing I have ever beheld. A room inlaid with gems of the finest brilliancy and colours, could only give an idea of the splendour of this chamber. The walls and the ground on which we stood, as well as the galleries, were all encrusted with copperas. Hence we proceeded along one of the passages, and arrived at another chamber, in the centre of which was a pit; a shaft was sunk from the surface, for the convenience of drawing up the ore, and afforded light and air; I wished to descend the pit, but found it was choked with water, and the machines of the mine were too imperfect to draw it off. They had but an old pump of a very antique construction, which required more labour to work, even when in repair, than they possessed. A steam engine would have cleared the way in a few hours, but want of money seemed to be the chief reason for neglecting such valuable works. From this spot we proceeded along another gallery, but the frame-work by

which it had been originally supported, had in many places given way, so that our further search became too hazardous to persevere in. I then employed myself in collecting specimens from the solid mine, pieces of copperas from the walls, and some of the coloured christals, of which I have spoken. This mountain seems to be one mass of copper ore, which yields, as they inform me, between 70 and 80 per cent. of pure metal. Having satisfied myself of the nature and value of this mine, we proceeded to visit the water mine, which is a subterranean cavern, through which the springs of the mountain are conducted. Long troughs or cisterns are placed across this running stream, in which iron bars are transversely fixed; on these bars the copper with which the water is completely impregnated adheres, and at the end of every fifteen days the workmen strike off the incrustation, until the bars are consumed and replaced by others. I collected some specimens of this singular working, and transmitted them, with the others, to my correspondent at Bristol. These inexhaustible mountains of ore have been partially worked from time immemorial. They were not unknown to the Romans, the remains of whose labours are visible about a mile distant from the present mine. Their method of working was simple; they sunk a shaft, from which they continued to drain as much ore, as by manual labour they could draw to the surface, until checked by water, or other natural impediments, when they abandoned the old workings and proceeded to a new one. I was told that there are upwards of two thousand of these small shafts, and that many Roman coins have been discovered near the spot. The copper produced by these mines is cast into plates, and sent to Seville and Segovia; that to the former place, prepared for the purpose, to be cast into cannon—to the latter, of pure metal, for coinage. The object of my journey being now accomplished, I willingly turned my horse's head towards Madrid, to render an account of my mission.

PALL-MALL POETRY.

TO ———.

THE world has long pronounced you sensible,
Young, gay, and fair. Your intimates confess,
With envy not less certain than ostensible,
Your mastery in all things but your dress.
Extremes, they say, are ever reprehensible,
That elegance exists not in excess.
They may condemn—*I* shall not in the line,
My heart thus humbly dedicates to thine.

I own with shame it has been promised long;
I must confess your patience has been great;
And also that your double note was strong
In terms, concerning it, you should not state
So forcibly. However, right or wrong,
I owe you this, and will at once narrate;
So, in the dearth of something stern and stately,
I'll sing a circumstance which happened lately.

'Tis of a lady, who was, by-the-by,
Above the middle size, well made and pretty,
With sparkling eyes, an eyebrow arched and high,
Lively as one could wish, and sometimes witty;
Which latter quality—and perhaps a sly
Expression lurking, which I'm prone to pity—
Made many a ball-room dangler reckon twice,
When nearing her, before he broke the ice.

Her name—she had a name—was classic STELLA,
Called STEL., for shortness, by her nearer friends,
Who thought her vain, but did not dare to tell her,
As such proceeding frequently offends.
In every thing she was a perfect belle—her
Beaux at least said so—which discussion ends
Upon that point; and, for this simple fact,
They spoke with more sincerity than tact.

Of perfect form, she danced well, sung, and played,
Spoke French and Spanish fluently, and drew,
Not inferences—for she was afraid
Of them—but flowers of every kind and hue;
Sketched landscapes, and, in doing so, arrayed
The scene in loveliness so bright and true,
That, gazing there, you hardly could restrict your
Wishes, that Nature was herself a picture.

Feeling she had, but no susceptibility—
Her style of education had destroyed it—
And *this*, well managed, gave her a facility
To touch the heart, and—more than *that*—decoyed it.
Nerves she nicknamed sensation's imbecility;
And never fainted—if she could avoid it;
An interesting languor and dejection
Being more adapted to a clear complexion.

A mother's gentle voice, to guide or cheer,
She never knew. A stranger's hand conducted
Her youthful steps, and trained from year to year
Her opening mind. Of this I'm well instructed,
And probably, although it is not clear,
If what her governess by lure or luck did,
A mother's kindling eye had overlooked,
She might a little hastiness have brooked.

But she (we mustn't grow pathetic) smiled
Upon the babe, and died. Her father felt,
And wept, no doubt, o'er the unconscious child.
He should—the circumstance would make me melt,
Albeit my eyes but seldom are beguiled.
However, as he should do, so he dealt—
Procured a nurse, and then a governess,
Who taught her how to choose a phrase—or dress.

But all at once she changed to grief and gloom,
Shunned all society, and gradually
Lost her lips' tinge and cheeks' engaging bloom.
Her friends—and she had many—grieved to see
So sad a change. Some bolder would presume
And gently hint the cause; others made free
And questioned her. To all those she accorded
Kind words, but nothing of the grief she hoarded.

So it continued nearly through the season
Of——(But we will not mention dates—they look
So like a clog; besides, there's little reason
In speaking, as it were, by bell and book)—
'Till near its close—I think there is no treason;
When, sitting calmly in some shady nook,
To wish it earlier over, there arrived
An *invite*, shewing that it still survived.

So common an affair, so lightly reckoned,
And only read to be refused, the change
That overcame her as she gave a second
Glance at the name, her father fancied strange:
For he was with her, and with quickness beckoned
Her maid for salts, to help her to arrange
The sudden tremor, and restore the shattered
Tranquillity the card had somewhat battered.

This soon went off, and in its place a quick
And agitated heaving of the breast—
A hurried word or so—a tone less thick,
Yet still almost inaudible, expressed
A slow but sure recovery. She was sick,
And therefore might be easily distressed.
An invalid, even when her pride preserves
Some form, has easily excited nerves.

Whatever was the cause that made her feel
So awkwardly, so strangely sentimental,
Just at the juncture she had broke the seal,
It was a sharp one—not an accidental
Affair, which any moment may reveal—
But deep and sad. Yet with an oriental
Calmness of style, and hasty exclamation
About the heat, she read the invitation.

She read, and she accepted it, without
The slightest hesitation or remark.
Her father guessed not why, but had his doubt—
Of course because she left him in the dark.
She felt—I'm told it was a bitter bout—
But called, while wending homeward from the Park,
On Madame Frille, *marchande de monde de Paris*,
To fix the sort of flounce her frock should carry.

It grieves me I can hardly recollect
The fashion she bespoke. There was a—stay,
In such affairs I wish to be correct—
A *robe de satin*—she was young and gay—
Garnie de blond et—small things to connect—
De marabous; une coiffeur ornée
Depis de diamans, of which I care not
To vaunt to those who fancy not and wear not.

A *robe de tulle, couleur de rose, garnie*
D'un bouffant de feuillages de satin, failed
To please her fancy as it should—for she
(At times such sort of foolishness prevailed
To some extent) was whimsical in the
Arrangements of her dress. She somewhat railed
When this was pointed out, and seemed to mock
The lady as she eulogized the frock.

Now this, for such a temper, and a heart
So sweetly kind, that Methodists might swear
(Except when crossed) its best and brightest part
Was mild contentment gently lingering there,
Appeared most odd. La Marchande gave a start,
Yet bowed her out with her accustomed air;
But when the door was closed, though it might trench
Upon her manners, swore aloud—in *French*.

But dressed she was, and whether well or ill,
'Tis of no consequence. The carriage rolled
Along the streets; lame, fracture, bruise, or kill,
No matter, so it flew. I have been told
In confidence—and 'tis a secret still—
One woman only—she was deaf and old—
Was overturned, which, though a trifling matter,
Was kept quite close, because the papers chatter.

'Twould be a work of supererogation
To tell you how at last the carriage gained
The gaping door, amidst the concentration
Of wheels and whips. You would, too, have complained
Of my discretion, had I made narration
Of such known facts. Thus far, then, they attained,
With several hats of most correct expansion,
The entrance-hall of Lady Racket's mansion.

Their names were called, and—as they should—the ladies
Drew back their shoulders as they entered in:
Each gentleman—there but a trifling shade is
Between the two in their attempts to win—
Brushed up his flattened ringlets, and arrayed his
Visage in smiles, the better to begin;
Whilst several aged dames and dowagers
Sailed, with indifference, up the groaning stairs.

The party was a very brilliant one; the guests
Were numerous and select. But two were there
(The canker-worm the finest fruit infests)
From Tavistock, and one from Bedford Square;
A few dull Commoners, whose wealth attests
Their worth; some Honourables, with none to spare,
Increased the crowd; and here and there a wit—
The last were scarce, and watched to make a hit.

A pair of Blues—my lady was a Blue—
Were also there, who scribbled for the town,
Made love chime in with dove, true rhyme with you,
With much discernment and some small renown.
These, with a critic, and a youth or two
Whose next edition could not fail to crown
Them as the spirits of the age, decided
On most things as they should, and some derided.

To paint the crowd, however, one by one,
My space forbids; and so I shan't describe
Dozens, on whose time-honoured heads the sun
Of Fashion always shone. A gayer tribe
Had seldom met, and many who had run
(A taste for which we easily imbibe)
In debt to shew it, or by chance away
With a friend's wife, asserted what I say.

Now few of these but bowed as STELLA passed;
The critic smiled, and made some flattering speech,
Full well repaid him by the glance she cast
Of proud acknowledgment. The authors each
Commenced—a something pretty, from their last
Production; yet, ere well the words could reach
Her ear, and charm it with the happy thought,
The Lady Racket cut the matter short.

This lady had a son—a peevish boy
I've heard, in childhood always spoilt and crying,
But still his mother's pride and greatest joy;
Her eyes above (the nurse on this relying,
Smuggled the chin in) did most folks decoy,
To praise a likeness to their guess replying;
Though some, who spoke at hazard, differing rather,
Declared he was the image of his father.

At school he passed for an extremely quick
And clever lad. At college he became
Its pride and boast. He shone at single-stick,
And with the best at billiards had a name;
And if at Euclid he might chance to kick,
His tact in horse-flesh might a jockey shame;
Added to which, he learned to pun at random,
Make up a book, set-to, and tool a tandem.

In youth a man; as man, at twenty-three,
He formed opinions far beyond his years,
Discoursed most wisely, took a good degree,
And quizzed his reverend tutors for their fears:
His boots were Hoby, and his coat Nugee;
His voice the kind which, heard, at once endears.
With these slight gifts, and divers sorts of knowledge
They pick up best there, he retired from college.

How STEL. became acquainted with the youth
Cannot much signify; they were acquainted:
Let that suffice—it is the simple truth,
And looks, as such, less sorrowful than sainted.
Her maid (to suit my rhyme) was christened RUTH—
As nice a girl as ever poet painted,
So I've been told; and she—it was auricular—
Confessed to my informant this particular.

Indeed, 'twas strongly hinted, his attentions
Went far beyond a lazy bow or bend;
But these are frequently the world's inventions,
And we should doubt—unless a female friend,
Or dowager with single daughters, mentions
That so it is, I wait to see the end.
The former *may* be right—the last, from long
Observance of such matters, *can't* be wrong.

I cannot say—perhaps from little caring—
Nor guess—being inexperienced in affairs
Of this description—the peculiar bearing
Of lovers for each other. He who cares
May try the question. I am not for daring
A father's frown, or fair one's teasing airs;
Or brother, in the absence of papa,
Begging to know what your intentions are.

The lady laughed and flirted with the men—
No proof, you'll say, such love was hers to hide—
Flattered the author's, praised the critic's pen,
And drew by turns, each lounger to her side.
In fact, I'm told it really happened then,
So far from deeming love her heart had tried,
She made a sudden set, betwixt the sets,
And carried off—a pair of epaulettes.

In short, to such a pitch was this flirtation
Carried, that all who saw the couple said
It was a match. By this, and by relation,
The circumstance with fresh additions spread.
The day was fixed—it caused a slight sensation;
The dresses made, and marriage contracts read;
When, all at once, the tale that was afloat,
To every one's surprisal changed its note.

Great alterations (these we daily read of),
By trifling things, are made in our concerns;
A goose—a watchful and a sacred breed of—
Saved Rome; the story every school-boy learns.
Our heroine's lot was changed—now this take heed of—
By (I would hint, when love no longer burns,
They make a healing mixture from the poppy)
A note, of which the following is a copy:—

"'Tis not to blame you, STELLA, I address—
"Alas! that so it is—this parting line;
"The weakness few could strive with and suppress
"Deserved a punishment—the fault was mine—
"Which ends the sweetest dream of happiness,
"And bids me every cherished hope resign.
"I shall not murmur at my lot, nor swell
"With one word of reproach this last farewell!

"They say you wed another. Be it so.
"Your friends approve, and why should I regret?
"If you are happy—this at least you know—
"My wish is answered. I've but to forget,
"If it may be, and bend me to a blow
"Not all deserved. The trial must be met,
"And pride—the thought is madness!—put in train
"To look the lie to feelings that enchain.

"I sought you, loved you, lived for you alone,
"To you my every earthly thought was given;
"My heart—could not its agonies atone?—
"By love, and only love, was swayed and driven.
"The slight might move, but not teach to disown,
"The pledge you gave should not for this be given;
"My true affection wrought my jealousy,
"And winged the shaft which now recoils on me!

"STELLA, farewell! the joy I cannot share
"I must not witness. Far away, and free,
"To other lands the wanderer must bear
"The fate he finds. Blessed may you ever be!
"My first—my fondest wish—my latest prayer
"Shall spring for this in life's last agony.
"Reproach me, blame me—yet thus far believe,
"When most it loved, my heart did most deceive."

Now how this sweet effusion was received,
I cannot say: I heard, in confidence,
Her bright eyes moistened, and her bosom heaved
With sweet sensations not yet banished thence;
Till with a sigh or two at length relieved,
She kissed the scrawl, and, more in penitence
Than grief or wrath, put it securely by,
In a small russia note-case lying nigh.

But be that as it may, the effect this letter
Had on her conduct was soon seen. The papers,
Some three months after this receipt, or better,
(My Muse is often troubled with the vapours,
And little cares for dates when they beset her,)
Announced, with some unusual cuts and capers—
Which, had I power, I'd banish in a trice hence—
Her marriage to the youth by special licence!

The *Post*'s was a superior piece of diction,
And made upon me then a deep impression:
The words were sweet, and flowed without restriction
In most mature and elegant succession.
But time glides on—this is at least no fiction—
And deadens all things in a due progression,
Or nearly all: a scolding wife, perhaps,
Is rarely altered by its loss or lapse.

'Twas in this style—"The bride was richly dressed,
"*Une robe brodée, de point de l'Angleterre,*
"*Avec des manches très longues*"—the *le* had best
Have been left out; but printers little care
For nice constructions, so the thing's expressed—
"*Une jupe de satin blanc*"—for show and wear—
"*Avec souliers du même;*" the latter rankle
Somewhat when coupled with a clumsy ankle.

"Her head was circled by a wreath of flowers,
White as the fresh-fallen snow. From these depended
Longues barbes de blond, no phrase, we know, of ours—
Unless the language had been much amended—
Can well describe. They spoke the highest power
Of art, and raised th' effect that was intended.
The whole was Madame Frill's, and well supported
The fame for which her services are courted." G. H.

MY NEW LODGINGS.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
BEATTIE.

It is superfluous to expatiate on the advantages of a quiet, unmolested study to a reading or writing man. Splendid works of genius have been conceived and born in the silence of the dungeon; monuments of learning have been reared in the still seclusion of the cloister; Cervantes, Raleigh, with a host of monks and fathers, are famed for the literary wonders which they wrought in gloom and solitude; but what age, or what country, can produce an instance of talent developing itself in a mill, or intellect attaining its full stature in a seminary for young ladies? While Tasso lay in the bedlam of Ferrara, he never added a stanza or threw a single new beauty over his "Gerusalemme." Demosthenes studied his godlike art in a cell under ground; he never forged so much as a single thunderbolt in his father's smithy; and the Oracle would never have pronounced Socrates "wisest of men," had he not had "the olive-grove of Academe" for a retreat from the din of Xantippe's tongue. There are undoubtedly sounds, and even noises, which seem to harmonize with the pursuits of learning. Is the collegian disturbed by his college-bell? Quite the reverse. So long have the reading and ringing, the thinking and tolling, gone on together, that, were the steeple suddenly struck dumb, the most melancholy confusion might be the consequence: a right line might be mistaken for a curve—a logical proposition for its direct converse—or (which were infinitely worse) his moral speculations might be so disordered that wrong might appear right, and a bottle in his chambers be preferred to a lecture in the hall. Then there are babbling brooks, dashing surges, whispering winds, and whistling blackbirds—a respectable family of noises. But what shall we say of squalling children, braying donkeys, scolding wives, creaking doors, snoring nurses, and rattling windows? In no department of learning are these of the slightest service. Students protest against them with one accord; and doctors—who never agreed on any other point—agree in denouncing the squeaking of a pig under a gate—

"Poor swine! as if its pretty heart would break!"

as glorious John Dryden expresses it. In short, it has become a principle in the republic of letters, that nothing great was ever said or sung with a continual dinning in the immediate precincts of the author's sanctum-sanctorum. It has been my misfortune to have had this truth illustrated so remarkably in my own individual case, that, painful as the recollections are, I am tempted to lay the circumstances before the public in the present article. If they answer no other purpose, they will serve as valuable hints to literary men in the selection of their places of abode.

About six weeks or two months back, I took up my residence, as lodger, in the house of a respectable tailor. The street is immaterial; but it was in that debateable region, east of Portland-place, and north of Oxford-street. This tailor, not having the fear of Malthus before his

eyes, had, with the co-operation of a buxom wife, augmented the population of the country by seven male and female "innocents," who, I verily believe, had escaped small-pox, measles, chin-cough, and all the other maladies of infancy, for the sole purpose of murdering my repose, and defrauding society of the fruits of my studies and lucubrations. Seven devils incarnate could not have plagued me more efficiently. Their fond parents called them "their little angels;" and such certainly they were, according to the literal acceptation of that passage in the Liturgy —"cherubim and seraphim *continually do cry;*" for a perpetual concert it truly was of mewling, piping, sobbing, bawling, and all the melodies of the nursery, with more variations than Beethoven and Rossini between them ever composed. They managed never to be all asleep at the same time; two or three were always on duty; and most effectively did the pretty little ones perform it. In the course of a short month, the literary world sustained damage, in consequence of the life I led at the tailor's, to the amount of ten sonnets, fifteen epigrams, seven serious, six comic, and five serio-comic prose essays, with three political articles, some of which I never trusted out of my desk; while those which were "cast upon the waters" returned invariably to their author, after having obtained for themselves and him such flattering notices as the following:

"'Fortunatus' is not fortunate enough to please us."—"The writer who subscribes himself * * *, is not sufficiently starry for our pages."—"The author of the paper against Taxes upon Knowledge is unreasonable; it will be some time before the collector calls upon *him.*"

That I was indebted for these editorial urbanities to the tailor's progeny, I am prepared to verify by affidavit; nay, I could actually apportion to each of the "little dears" the share he or she had in occasioning my disasters. All the time I was composing the verses signed "Fortunatus," one of the young gentlemen was blowing a penny trumpet, and his charming sister trying a new skipping-rope, in the room immediately over mine. I only wonder the verses were not attributed to Mr. R. M——y. Another pair was struggling and screaming under the operation of the comb and towel, just at the precise moment the unfortunate article with the three stars was on the anvil: it was an ill-starred production as a matter of course. The failure of my political speculations is to be divided equally amongst the remaining trio, whose never-ceasing contests about the property of an unlucky kitten led to the cat-astrophe of my "Taxes upon Knowledge." In fact, the only composition of any merit that came from my pen during this unhappy period, was an Essay on Infanticide, in which I think I have rested the defence of that practice upon grounds that it will not be easy to impugn. But the time is not yet come for promulgating so bold a doctrine to the world.

There is nothing I hate so much as the trouble of changing my domicile; but the dread of having my swan again mistaken for a goose, prevailed over my inhabitive propensity; so, having given the man of the shears due notice, I struck my camp in the midst of a full chorus, which the infant Stentors seemed to have set up on purpose for the occasion—I suppose to send me on my way rejoicing; and a few hours saw me regularly installed in *My New Lodgings,* where I had previously assured myself, by the most rigorous investigation, that there was not a child, either in *esse,* or in *posse,* upon the premises—my landlady being a maidenly dame of threescore and ten years, and no other lodger in the

house, except "a respectable, quiet gentleman," who occupied, in the golden estate of a bachelor, the apartment immediately joining mine upon the same floor. "No children?" was the sole interrogatory I put. I put it with the air of a plenipotentiary propounding his ultimatum. The answer was in the negative, and the bargain was concluded.

When the door was shut, and my chair drawn close to a comfortable fire, the sensations I experienced were of the most enviable nature. After one retrospective glance at my late miserable situation, my present felicitous circumstances passed in review before me; I fancied myself in Paradise, and formed a hundred literary projects to retrieve my reputation and recruit my purse. I would run no risk in future of having my verses ascribed to the poet of Oxford, or any other bardling of the day; I would be a constant and brilliant contributor to the "Monthly Magazine;" my random rays and scintillations I would throw to other periodicals; perhaps I would even produce a novel, the appearance of which would be an epoch in English literature, like the publication of Waverley.—It is a question, I continued, whether I should give my name at once to the world, or become another "Great Unknown." Another difficulty suggested itself. My portrait will be solicited for some gallery of living literary characters; perhaps I had better sit to Rothwell at once—or, quere, would it not be more *éclatant* to refuse—refuse them my countenance! They will press me, of course—I will be peremptory, fierce, inflexible. But suppose a hundred pounds offered to overcome my scruples—how should I act? Would it look mercenary to take the money? A hundred pence would be a great matter at present—my malison on the tailor's lady! I'll agree—they shall have it for the hundred.—Oh! but I forget my novel—I shall not want a paltry hundred pounds. If I consent to be engraved, it will therefore be out of pure magnanimity—to encourage literature and the arts.—But this is wandering; let me think of an article for next month. Thank Heaven! here is no wilderness of squalling brats to distract me. This is just the place—just the place for an author. Gibbon! I do not envy you your bower by Lake Leman. Simeon the Stylite! I do not grudge you the summit of your famous pillar in the solitudes of Syria! Here I have all the solitude, quiet repose, silence——What noise was that?

The sound which broke my soliloquy, and occasioned this abrupt interrogatory, was a note of a flute from the "respectable, quiet gentleman" in the adjoining apartment. "A flute-player!" I ejaculated in a tone very different from that of my former musings—"my next-room neighbour is a flute-player!" It was not until that moment that I particularly noticed a door which actually communicated between our quarters. The door, to be sure, was locked; but Bramah himself cannot lock out sounds. My first impressions, therefore, on hearing the note of the flute, were like those of one who, couching on roses, discovers an adder preparing to sting him. The thought, however, soon occurred that it would be only a tune or two—three at the utmost; and it was fortunate to have a "respectable, quiet gentleman" for a neighbour on no harder terms than three airs on the flute, even were the performance to be daily repeated. With this reflection I laid down my pen, threw myself serenely back on my chair, and resolved to wait *en philosophe* until my melodious neighbour had taken his innocent recreation. "The day," said I, parodying a speech of Uncle Toby, "is long enough both for him and me." I listened. It is possible, as my friends know, to be

more of a musician than I am, without endangering the supremacy of Handel or Mozart. I pretend not to the mysteries of the flat ninth, or diminished seventh—but I know a crotchet from a quaver; and a few seconds informed me that the unseen instrumentalist had yet to reach that measure of proficiency. Now the vicinity of a flute-player was bad enough in all conscience; but a flute-learner—— If it were polite to swear in a magazine, I would let you know my sentiments of a flute-learner! Still I determined to "bide my time." A quarter of an hour's practice, methought, will content *him;* and the deuce is in it if the residue of the twenty-four hours is not enough for *me.* A quarter of an hour is often but a brief space. To me—condemned to hear harmony murdered in the next room, with nothing but a pannel half an inch thick between me and the murderer; and my situation aggravated by the remembrance that my pen was idle the while, and all the bright thoughts which I had just collected into a focus to dazzle the world, in imminent danger of dispersion—to me it appeared a quarter of a century. You have heard, perhaps, a beginner on the flute, or some other instrument? Time and tune set at defiance; flats, sharps, and naturals in as beautiful confusion as chairs in a fashionable drawing-room; the performer as ignorant of the gamut as a peer of political economy; tones and semi-tones, quavers and semi-quavers all alike; no standing upon such trifles. Altogether, I believe, it is comparable to nothing but to Discord herself executing a solo at a musical festival in Pandemonium. When the fifteen minutes were elapsed, I dipped my pen in the ink-stand. The ink dried, and the practising still went on. Vexation muttered, "unconscionable!" Patience whispered, "give him another quarter of an hour!" I agreed, in hopes of getting *quarter* myself in return. But no! I was at the mercy of a ruthless enemy. The second half-hour commenced its course; but no intermission, except while the leaves of the music-book were turning. Once there was a little delay in performing this operation: two leaves, I suppose, were turned instead of one. My pen was once more in the ink-stand; but before it could reach the paper, the mistake was corrected, and the indefatigable practiser was on his way again, in full career after luckless music, whom he worried like a true sportsman, thinking as little (to borrow a pun from Geoffrey Crayon) of clearing five or six *bars* at a leap, as a fox-hunter in the heat of the chase. I was now wrought to a pitch of frenzy, and resolved to leave the house instantly; but, alas! how often

> "the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought!"

I had taken the apartment by the month; and, in my horror of children, I had never dreamed of making a proviso against musicians. Of course, there was no alternative but to submit to be practised to death, or pay a month's rent for a day's lodging—a course, which the editorial civilities above mentioned dissuaded me from taking by that powerful mode of reasoning, called an *argumentum ad crumenam.*

At length it ceased!—but the spirit of composition had evaporated; my neighbour's flute had produced the effect of Gideon's pitchers and trumpets on my cogitations; and on reviewing the ideal host, with whose aid I had meditated the gathering of so many laurels, so many of my thoughts were on the missing-list—not to speak of those which had actually perished in the din—that it was impossible to proceed a step

until I had raised new recruits, or given the stragglers time to return to their ranks. This was not the work of a few minutes. It required much walking up and down the room, much scratching of the head, much thumping of the table, and much mending of the pen. At length they began to rally: one leading idea came so near within my reach, that I laid hold of and secured it. "Aha!" I exclaimed, "I have got you at last; and to make sure of you, down you go on paper this very instant; down you go; the world shall have you—all the flutes in the kingdom to the contrary notwithstanding." A single sentence from the next room defeated my purpose and defrauded the world.—"It is just Signor Ritornelli's time; I think I am almost perfect in that sonata." Signor Ritornelli's time! blissful announcement! What heinous sin had I perpetrated to incur such a visitation? I went through the decalogue.

My next step was to settle my account, low as my finances were, and sally forth in quest of a new lodging. "Well!" said I to myself, "*experientia docet.* Musicians are as much to be dreaded by a literary man as children. I shall insert clauses against both in my next agreement." It cost me a good deal of perambulation to combine the two conditions. In the first house I entered, a young lady in the parlour was practising the "Battle of Prague;" she had just arrived at "the cries of the wounded!" That, you know, would never answer; so I crossed the street to another house with "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen" upon the windows. A dame opened the door, surrounded with as numerous a litter as Virgil's "sow of imperial augury," or the wife of a country curate. The apartments, of course, were not *exactly* to my mind. The drawing-room window of the third was open; and a voice as sonorous as that of the Hermit of Copmanhurst, thundering his *De profundis,* was roaring, "Oh! no, we never mention her," to a guitar which semed to be cracking its strings to maintain its rightful place in the performance. Several more attempts were equally unsuccessful. But—to be brief—by dint of perseverance, I ultimately lighted upon "exactly the thing I wanted." There was no child, male or female; neither flute, fiddle, nor so much as a jew's-harp from kitchen to attic; and, to crown all, my landlord was not only a bachelor, but a man of the pen like myself, and of course personally concerned to have a studious silence preserved upon his premises. I had it from his own lips—"Dabble a little in ink now and then—the '*cacoethes loquendi,*' you know—take for granted, Sir, if I may take the liberty, you are a literary man as well as myself?" I nodded assent, though I should rather have been fraternized by a better classical scholar. But was this a time to be hypercritical? Here was every thing I wanted—a residence fit for Silence herself; the street was a *cul-de-sac;* and so deep was the repose of my new apartments, that "the tiniest mouse that creeps on floor" could not journey across them unperceived.

My first day in *My New Lodgings* I neither read nor wrote a syllable—not that my library took a long time to arrange, or my wardrobe either: the former is anything but a *dubia cœna;* and the latter might vie with that of Curran, when he wrote to his mother for a supply of eleven shirts, assuring her that in college every gentleman had a dozen. But it was business enough for one day to contemplate the various *agrèmens* of the quiet little creek where I had at length cast anchor, and refit my shattered bark for a more prosperous voyage. It was not,

therefore, until after breakfast on the second day (I never could compose before breakfast), that, ordering myself to be denied *to all the world* (a pulpit would hold the entire circle of my acquaintance in London!), I sat me down, in all the dignity of authorship, to my literary labours. The influence of an able writer over his species pressed itself irresistibly on my mind. I mused upon the famous aphorism, "knowledge is power;" and was quoting the lines of Byron—

> "But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

when a tap at the door caught my ear. I instinctively said, "Come in!" —and my landlord entered, smirking and scraping, with an immense bundle of papers under his left arm.

All my visions of glory vanished into thin air! Against flutes and families I had taken every precaution; but the peril of a politico-literary landlord had never once entered my head!

His face, in which self-complacency made a comical effort to look like diffidence, was sufficient to inform me that there subsisted between him and the said papers some very near and dear relationship. But he left no doubt upon the subject. "An humble attempt, Sir!" said he, laying on the table, as he spoke, a manuscript of at least a hundred pages of closely-written letter-paper; "an humble attempt, Sir, to which I humbly beg to solicit your favourable attention. We literary men, Sir —if I may presume to make so bold—must assist each other. It is entitled, you will observe, 'A Political Panorama of the British Empire'—most important at the present crisis. Perhaps, if I may make so bold, you will do me honour to give it one or two careful perusals—any time in the course of the day; your candid opinion will oblige me. I flatter myself it will meet your approbation, as it has, I assure you, met that of Mr. ——, a member of the Imperial Parliament, my most particular friend. Perhaps you know Mr. ——?"

Peruse a hundred pages of solid pamphlet! It was well for my landlord my organs of combativeness, and his of self-esteem, were not equally developed. But great provocations have frequently a tranquillizing effect: ladies who storm when a single cup falls, are serene when a whole service is dashed to pieces. So it was with me. I replied composedly that I was at present occupied with indispensable business; but, if he would leave his MS., I would look over it when I was at leisure. It would not do; I was obliged to listen to the "Table of Contents." That was not enough—there were two chapters to which he wished to call my attention—he would just run over them for me, if I had no objection. I had every objection in the world; but I was happy to compound for a preface of a dozen pages. The text was bad enough, but the oral comment was still worse; and even this was not so trying to my patience as the apologies that accompanied it. He begged my pardon for digressing; hoped he had not interrupted the thread of the argument; and kindly offered to go back again, if it were necessary! I now rose from my chair. He appeared to take the hint, and moved a step or two towards the door. I occupied the ground thus abandoned, and kept it. It was impossible, however, to prevent him from laying hold of one of my coat-buttons. Men of business ought either to wear no buttons, or take care to have their edges sharp and serrated, as a

security against bores of all descriptions, but particularly politicians. While in this "durance vile," I was solicited to give "my candid opinion on the affairs of Poland." As you may conjecture, the request was only *pro forma*, and intended not to extract my sentiments, but to introduce his own. "If I may presume to offer the opinion of so humble an individual as myself," he proceeded, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, and looking oracular, "the Poles would never have taken up arms against Russia, if they had not had *some hopes of success!*" In his triumph at being delivered of so sagacious a remark, he forgot himself so far as to let go my unfortunate button. The advantage was not to be lost; I gained two steps more upon my political persecutor, and this brought him within a few inches of the door; I then opened it myself, and growling a good morning, left him no alternative but to evacuate the apartment. My ferocity, however, seemed only to excite his good-nature. As he withdrew—a movement he performed as reluctantly as a hunted wolf retires from his prey—he expressed his determination to avail himself often of the pleasure of my conversation; dropped something about *kindred* spirits; and intimated he had several *other* literary works on which he would take leave to solicit my opinion—not, however (he was considerate enough to add), until I had read and *digested* the "Political Panorama!"

I had endured the tailor's family, and even the flute-player, without ever once thinking of delivering myself from my troubles by suicide. Now, however, that dreadful idea rushed into my mind; and I tremble to confess how long it occupied it. A literary landlord is certainly the climax of human miseries. The next thought was a country curacy, and this was succeeded by a determination to take my passage for America in the course of the evening. In the silent and pathless forests of the new world, I would be in no danger from *bores*—at least of the *human* species. How many more wild projects chased each other through my agonized brain, I cannot recollect—for I was in a state of desperation, pacing the room with the gait of a maniac, cursing the day I was born, and the folly of my friends, who had induced me to come to London, assuring me it was the only place for an author.—Yet who could have supposed that there is no such thing as a quiet lodging in all this vast metropolis?

FATHER MURPHY'S SERMON ON THE ELECTIONS AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

THAT we are in the confidence of the Irish priesthood, our readers will long since have taken for granted. The revelations we have made from time to time touching their habits, character, and individual merits, will have abundantly shewn the trust they repose in us. But since we have thrown sturdy Old Mag. into the scale against Malthus, the Irish priests are actually in ecstacies with us. They are to a man anti-Malthusians. For many years they have opposed themselves in modest obscurity to the "preventive check," and laboured all they could, within the sphere of their local influence, to arrest the progress of that unsocial theory. Indeed, the population in the Catholic districts of Ireland affords prolific proofs of the active effects of the priestly office. We think we may boldly assert, without fear of contradiction,

that owing to the energetic agency of the clergy, the doctrines of Mr. Malthus, however they may make proselytes elsewhere, will never prevail to any considerable extent in Ireland. The priests are wise in their day. They make hay while the sun shines—whether superfecundity exist now, or is to exist hereafter, are not questions in their dogmatical statistical metaphysics. On the contrary; they hold superfecundity to be impossible, and are, very naturally, delighted with us, because we entertain the same opinion, and publish it to the world, which they cannot do so conveniently.

Being thus, as it were, one of themselves, OLD MAG. comes in occasionally for a snatch of the good things that are going. Whenever there is a glorious to-do on saints' days, or festivals, OLD MAG., bound superbly, and lettered in gold, as THE PRIEST'S MAGAZINE, is placed at the head of the table under a cover, which is no sooner removed than the ghostly company, standing, chaunt a preliminary stave, full of compliments to us, which alone prevent us from shewing in what excellent verse the priesthood delighteth. In these bustling times, a greater degree of excitement than usual prevails at both sides of the water; and much as we are indebted to the zeal, activity, intrepidity, and intelligence of our English correspondents in all quarters of the island, we must confess that they yield in these qualities, and many others not to be named here, to our ecclesiastical friends in Ireland. To them we owe, amongst many rare documents that may hereafter be laid before our readers, the following admirable sermon recently delivered by Father Murphy, in the somewhat dilapidated, but pleasant little cow-house of a chapel that stands on the height, well known as the Devil's Rock, in St. Peter's parish—one of the most remote of the western districts.

Father Murphy is "a strong man." He stands, in his stocking feet, six feet three inches. He can hurl, play spoil the fire, wrestle either with mortal man or the devil himself, drink whiskey-punch to an indescribable extent, and preach, *extempore*, for an hour and better on any text you please, at a moment's notice. In the present delicate crisis of public affairs, he yields his own scruples to the demands his country has upon his genius. He would be wholly apostolical if he could, but he is forced now and then to guide his willing flocks into the proper paths of politics as well as purgatory; but he wields the weapon of controversy gracefully, and never lendeth himself to the passions of the day. Here is his recent discourse on the Elections, and the prospects of Ireland. It will be seen with what genuine philanthropy he opens and in what a spirit of Christian meekness he concludes. Happy Ireland! that is blessed with pastors like unto Murphy; and still more fortunate Reform that hath such advocates.

We should premise that the chapel, in which this discourse was delivered, stands on a naked rock that bettles over the sea. Like most Irish chapels that are begun without money in hand, and never finished with money in hand, this chapel is, in fact, no chapel at all. It has walls and half a roof—some piles of stones for an altar—huge tin sconces for chandeliers and candlesticks—and is covered within with mixed ornaments of plaster of Paris, patches of coloured paper, palm-branches, bits of glass, fragments of delf and pottery, and sundry dazzling relics—such as brass buttons, bulls' eyes, centre bits of check-aprons, horses' teeth, fancy crosses, crucifixions, resurrections, and

innumerable pictorial modifications in red, blue, green, and yellow, of the life of the Saviour—all stuck indiscriminately on and into the walls. But beyond these manifestations of the true faith, our chapel presents few evidences of the holy uses to which it is dedicated. In lack of a proper, well-proportioned, and decent cross, wherewith its front should have been surmounted, it is rather rudely crowned over the place where there ought to be a door with a withered furze bush, that might have once resembled the form of a cross, but has now neither "shape nor feature." The interior is so small, that the people assembled to hear Father Murphy, for on this occasion there was a grand convocation, are spread out on every side; some hang on the tops of the walls, others clamber up to the holes intended for windows, and multitudes crowd up the passages designed for ingress and egress. Such was the scene in which the following exposition of the immediate affairs of Ireland was delivered:—

FATHER MURPHY'S ELECTION SERMON.

You are all called here together to day, boys, in regard of the word of truth, and the rights of ould Ireland. Mind what I say to you. The sorrow's the use of my spaking what's all as one as gospel, unless you attind to me, and go away with something in your heads that a comb couldn't take out.

Did you ever hear of one Sir Joseph Yorke? To be sure you didn't; I'll answer for you. Now, I want to shew you how quare things come about, and how them that speaks agin the blessed sod, more or less, are sure of coming in for their ha'purth of shame one day or another. Sir Joseph Yorke was a mimber of Parliament, and a rolicking fellow he was, that thought no more of saying what kem uppermost in his mouth, than you would think of making a bowl of broth out of a bull turkey and a whisp of cabbage. Well, this Sir Joseph Yorke once took it into his ould noggin to tell them in the House of Commons, that there was only one way to settle Ireland—and what way do you think that was? I suppose poor sowls, you think he told them to send us over plenty to eat and to drink, and enough of money to swear by, and something over. It's there you're out, every mother's son of you. No such thought was upon him; but I'll tell you what he told them. "Take Ireland," says he (just as if it was a sod of turf, or a lump of a stone, or a dead dog), "and souse it under the water of the sea for four-and-twenty hours, and I'll be bound," says he, slapping the table with his dirty hand, "that when you take it up again, it will be as quiet as a mouse." Och! then, boys, did you ever hear the like o' that since the creation of the world? Sure enough, you'd be as quiet as mice if you were buried under water for half the time; but you see he forgot in regard of the church, that it wasn't in him to drown the Holy church, which couldn't be drowned, or burnt, or turned upside down, or molested in any manner whatever, by him or any of his sort; and if he had daared to sink ould Ireland, the cross of the world would rise up through the water if it was twice as deep, and the clargy would come up along with it, and they'd walk over the sea ever until they'd come to England, and there they'd make such a tearing ruction about their ears, that they'd soon be glad to fish up the place agin, and put it just where they found it, without as much as a rint of an ould skreed of grass upon it. Well, but what happens this same Yorke the other day, boys? Now, I give you leave to guess

antil you won't have as much of a guess left in you, as'd shew the way from this to Terry Phelan's blind mill beyont the bridge. Why, what do you think should happen him, but that instead of drowning ould Ireland, which he couldn't drown, an' let him try his best, he was drownded himself th'other day as easy and complete as you please, while he was out pleasuring himself in the middle of as fine a morning as ever was seen in the habitable globe. Not a word of lie I'm telling you, but the plain truth. And isn't it thrue for me, after this terrible lesson, that them that speaks ill of the country will come to the bad at last. Down he went like a brick-bat from an ould house that was tumbling, and there was no more heard of him, of course, by reason of his being drownded entirely. Isn't that to teach you how you lend yourselves to speeches and hard words upon the mother of you all, and to prove that it isn't for the likes of you to turn thraitors, when even them that are not belonging to you at all arn't safe in their beds, or in the road, or on the land, or the water, by day or by night, when they throw the dirty slander upon the blessed sod. Sure, when the poor wanderer that suffered for many a long day in foreign places kem home in the long run, and his people wouldn't know him, or help him, or do a kind turn for him, because they got proud, and turned their backs upon ould times, the murrain kum immediately upon the cattle of them, and the children died away like rotten stalks, and the ould fell sick, and there wasn't as much as a tester left to bury them, nor a sowl to keen over the dead. And here's the song of the poor crethur that kum home, and was refused a bit of bread at the door—it's all from Scripture, boys, and as thrue as you're there—

> " Ireland's eye !—the world's wunther !—
> Roorke's daughter that was married to Thunther !"

Roorke, you see, was the man that shut the door in the poor crethur's face.

> " Ireland's eye !"—[I'm reading it agin.]—" the world's wunther !
> Roorke's daughter that was married to Thunther !
> I called down to see you, neighbours, nigh the sea brink,
> But not one among you had the goodness for to offer me a drink."

That's a parable, Mrs. Doyle, and I'm glad to see the tears standin' in your eyes upon the hearing of it. Never a curse of the kind will kum upon you if you only do what's right, and shame the divil.

The next thing I have to say to you—and I hope you'll pay attention to me—[I don't care if I do help you out with that same side of bacon that's breaking its heart in the chimney these three months, Shamus Langan—mind to send me a piece soon, by way of a sample.]—What was I going to say ? Ay, so I was. Well, you know, boys, there's a general election all over the country, and the king's writs are coming down to us as fast as beast can carry them, and every man that has a vote in the place is to come forward and vote for the king.

Now isn't it the wonder of the world to hear me, Father Murphy, that's teaching you these five-and-twenty years, be the same more or less, that it was lawful and proper in you all to do what you pleased to any king, except the Pope and Dan O'Connell, that you happened to catch after nightfal—isn't it wonderful, I say, to hear me telling you to give three cheers for the king ; and what's more than that, nine cheers for the queen ; and as many as you choose for the constitution ? Isn't

it as much as to say that Prince Hohenlo has wrought some blessed miracle upon the country; and, like Aaron's rod, that made five gallons of raal poteen run down like water from the top of a big rock, when a whole heap of poor Catholics were famishing below, that I'm after pointing the tip of my little finger at the king, and the queen, and the cabinet council, and making them overflow with plenty and lashins* of the best of every thing? Sure you wouldn't believe it, only you see it. Then I'll tell you what it is. The Millenium's come. May be you don't know what the Millenium is? Hard for you, my dear children, when beef is fourpence-halfpenny a pound, and you can't get better vegetables than the tops of the potatoes. How could you tell the Millenium from any other common Sunday in the year? But never mind going too deep into it. It's not for the likes of you to be bothering yourselves with such abtruse mathematics as that.

Well, now that the General Election's come, and that the Millenium is upon us, Lord save us, before we know where we are, just like Mrs. Hagarty's christenings, every nine months—[oh! I see you, Bryan, you needn't be trying to duck your head behind Tim Fanahy—are my boots done yet? To be sure they're not. Where do you expect to go when you die? To purgatory of course. Troth, if you don't send me home the same boots before breakfast to-morrow morning, I'll write off about you to night, and make them keep the door barred and bolted for your sake.] I say now is the time for you all, boys honey, to shew yourselves men. Stand up for your rights, and remember that there isn't one of you that may not, one day or another, have a monument of real marble with your name upon it in letters of gold. Think of that, Myles Rielly, with your one eye, and hould up your head like a pathriot.

I've just got a letter from the Pope, in which his Holiness expressly desires me in Latin to hould a jubilee *when the election's over*, and to give an indulgence for a year and a day to every one of you that votes for Reform. And never fear but I'll do it, and welcome; and if the bit of paper happens to be worn out in the red waistcoats of you before the year is fairly over, sure if you behave yourselves I might give you another bit of paper that'd carry you on through the winter after next, so that the world 'd be wondering at the good luck you'd have. But in regard to the Reform, I'll tell you what that is before I go any further.

Come over, Luke Mulloney, 'till I have a bit of goster with you. What do you call that dirty looking thing like a shoeing horn, you've got between your finger and thumb, as if you were afraid it'ud burn you? Spake up that the congregation may hear you.

Luke. This, your reverence?

Father Murphy. You're mighty 'cute at a guess, Luke:—that's exactly what I mean.

Luke. Musha! Sure it's my ould caubeen,† your reverence.

Father Murphy. And what's become of the crown of it, Luke?

Luke. Is it the kiver you're meaning? Troth then, your reverence, that's more than myself could till you. It's many a long day since the kiver and I parted company, and never a saw I saw it since.

Father Murphy. And what's the use of it upon the head of ye, Luke, when it won't keep out the wet?

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* The hyperbole of abundance. † Hat.

Luke. Och! salvation to me, your reverence, if ever I put it on my head at all.

Father Murphy. And what do you do with it, Luke?

Luke. Why, then, don't I carry it in my fist on a Sunday to the chapel, your reverence, for the dacency of it?

Father Murphy. And you carry the brogues in th'other hand, Luke?

Luke. Not a word of lie in it, Sir; the brogues wouldn't be worth picking out of the dirt, if I was to carry them on my feet. They'd be like a bit of brown paper in no time, your honour, if I was to walk upon them.

Father Murphy. But, Luke, you could get another pair when these would be done with, and you could buy yourself a nice new hat, with wool a foot long, every fair-day?

Luke. It's divarting yourself with me, saving your holy presence, your reverence is this blessed morning. Where would I get the means of buying another pair of brogues, since I hav'n't as much money as I could cross myself with, an' what's more, never had. Faix, the king's face is a stranger to me, unless I see it in a turnip, or an apple *piatée.*

Father Murphy. You're a smart fellow, Luke, and you'll be a great man yet. Now, boys, did you hear what Luke said, that he hasn't the means to buy a new pair of brogues? Well that's the very reason why you're to vote for Reform. It's two pair of brogues each, and plenty of blue cloth coats, with yellow buttons, and yellow waistcoats, and buck-skin breeches, and blue stockings, and speckled handkerchiefs, and the mischief and all of things you'll have upon ye when we get reform. [*An universal buzz of wonder throughout the chapel, which communicates to the groups outside, and when it has made the circuit of the multitude grows into one loud, long shout for his reverence.*] Asy, asy, boys—hush! now that'll do—I haven't done with reform yet. There's Mr. Cahill that keeps the academy over against the slate quarry.—(I see you, Mr. Cahill, don't be ashamed of your good works, and leave off drawing the nails out of your fingers with your teeth.) Now, Mr. Cahill isn't able to put a roof to his college, where you get the best of learning for little or nothing. But when the reform is settled, there isn't a slate in the whole quarry that won't be mounted on the top of the place; and Mr. Cahill himself, and he's deserving of it, will have a garron* for the woman that owns him, and be able to keep a cow, and may be have a little corner in the haggard for a still of his own. That's what reform will do for you—but don't shout yet.

You remember the time that every one of you that could stick a spade in the ground was a freeholder. Well, the time is coming when you'll all have votes again, and more than that, when the child that's coming home shall have a vote, if you can only swear that you're sure it'll be a boy—(mind that Mrs. Rorke, and I wish you an asy time of it).

Now, don't you think it's worth while to get enough to eat and drink, without putting yourselves to the trouble of going to sea in the harvest-time to look for work? To be sure you do, I'll answer for you. Well, when you get reform, the corn will be growing up under your feet, and before you can turn round it'll be baked into loaves for you; there'll be more potatoes in the country than you can eat, and you'll be obliged to

* Horse.

give them to the pigs, for fear they'd take root over again, and run away with the land from you: and as to the poultry, and the sheep, and the drop of drink, troth I'm thinking its proud and lazy you'll be getting with the plenty that'll be staring you out of countenance. Never a 'ruction will you have, but amongst yourselves. As to the tithe-proctors, they'll bury themselves with their own tools, and you'll never be put out of your way again by one of the dirty blackguards. All the schools that come down from Kildare St. will fall away like dust; and you'll never hear of a bishop except Bishop Doyle and myself, for with a blessing and my health to wear it, I'll be a bishop then. In regard to the police, they'll all go back to England, for you-know they're not natural to us, even the best of them. As to the matter of rents, the landlords will all come begging and beseeching of you to keep your little tenements, and to take as much land as you can ride over in a day's walk, and they'll leave the price entirely to your own honour, so that you can have your holding as cheap as dirt. Then you'll have no clergy to pay but your own; and you may send your children where you like; and you'll consume all your own eggs, and butter, and beef, and pork, instead of sending them out of the country to get money for your rack-rents, and leaving yourselves, like the robin redbreasts, in the winter, without a morsel of food to keep the sign of life in ye.

But you're wondering all this time why I don't say something about the *rapale*. If you weren't a set of gossoons,* you'd know very well that the *rapale* is throtting after reform, just like my dog Pincher, that's eternally treading on the heels of my ould horse. Go where I will, Pincher's after me—and so is the *rapale* of the Union after the reform. Troth it's as fast upon reform as if it was its shadow. Do you think Dan O'Connell doesn't know what he's about? Let him alone, and you'll see how shy he'll make them look, just as if they'd lost their tails. But, mind what I'm saying to you. You're not to let out one word about the *rapale*, until after the elections; for Dan is so deep that he'll first catch the Orangemen in a trap, and when he has them there, I'll give you leave to go three weeks without mass, and to miss the Easter dues, if he doesn't pin them to the *rapale*. And won't you do what Dan bids you? As certain as the flowers in May, you'll all be gentlemen and ladies when the *rapale* comes. You'll have your own horses, and your own cattle, and you'll have your own parliament that won't betray ye, but that'll just do whatever you please, and clap all the loose hands into the Excise, and the fat of the land will be flowing upon you like new milk. Oh! what a murthering country will Ireland be, when we've got the *rapale*. I'll be bound there isn't one of you now that won't be going up to Dublin when the parliament's sitting, and, when you're away, the soil will be running mad with all the crops that 'll be breaking their necks growing up so fast for you, against you come back. And may be you won't come home with new gowns for the wives, and stockings for the children, and the world knows what all, of ribbands, and rings, and brooches. (Don't be tittering, Mary Ryan; it's all in store for you, and the sooner the better. Indeed, you'll be picking your steps, yet, like a kitten in a shower of rain.)

You see, boys, the sense of the thing is this. We must first get reform: we must put out all the Orangemen at the elections. Well,

* An Irish equivalent for *garçon*, conveying, in addition, as occasion may require, the reproach of foolishness.

when we've done that, the king is to ask Dan what he'll have next, and Dan is to say, that he leaves it entirely to himself; but that's only making pretence, for immediately after that Dan is to make a great speech,—you'll see it at full length in the *Register*, if you've grace—and then the next news will be that Dan is to have it all his own way, and to get the royal command, as it were, to have a parliament in Dublin, and then all the true gentry 'll come forward, and never was such a sight seen in the memory of man as there'll be that day in Ireland. That's the reason that Dan is keeping himself so quiet, for fear he'd spoil what's coming. (*"Three cheers for Dan"—a simultaneous cry from the multitude.*)

And do you think, when you've a parliament of your own, that there'll be such doings at the elections as there was in the ould times? No such thing. Never a man will shew his face that isn't a friend to the people. There'll be no soldiers to keep you from voting for your own friend, and there'll be no landlords to drive you out if you vote against them. Besides, you're to vote all as one as if every body's eyes were shut, and nobody could see who you voted for: so that there'll be nothing but fair play, and fair play's a jewil. Then, instead of voting as you do now, every four or five years, you'll have a vote every year, or oftener, may be; for our parliament will be like a bed of onions, it 'll last 'till the year's out, and then you'll sow the seed again. (When's the wedding to be, Paddy Farrel? It isn't clear to me, but you're teasing the soul out of the little girl for nothing at all. I'll be after coming down to you to-morrow night, so mind and have the kettle schreeching on the hob at eight o'clock, you divil!)

Now, boys, after what I've told you, what'll you vote for? For the lives of ye, don't say, when you're asked the question, that you'll vote for the *rapale*, yet a while—but say that you vote for reform. That's the word. May be there's some of ye never heard of reform before? Then the more's your merit for making much of it now. Sure it's a token you've the true faith in you. St. Peter voted for reform, and this is St. Peter's parish, and the chapel you're standing in, for there's no seats for ye to sit upon—all in good time for the seats any way; this chapel is built on a rock, and so is your church; and that's another reason why you should vote for reform. Only it'ud be demeaning him, St. Peter would come down among ye, and vote for Dan just like one of yourselves, without the least pride, for he's no upstart; only you see its mighty busy he is, but he's watching you for all that; and there's never a one of ye that gives a wrong vote that he won't remember it, when you're coming to him to beg of him to shew you the short cut to purgatory, to save you going round. And now, boys, disperse yourselves quietly, and keep the tongue in the mouths of ye, in regard to what I told you this day. The mother of all the saints be with you this night. It's myself that mortifies myself day and night for your sakes, but my kingdom's before me, and the trouble's a pleasure when we get our reward for it. Vote for reform, boys. It 'll be as good as board and lodging for nothing for you. It'll put the clothes on your back, and the bread in your mouths, and it 'll make ould Ireland as free as if she was nothing but a butterfly flying for the bare life for ever and ever through the air. Three cheers for reform, boys, and then go your ways as I bid you. (*Three cheers accordingly.*) Come back, you spalpeens, is that the way you're slinking off with yourselves? It's lately come to ye to forget Dan! (*A roar, and a multitudinous number of cheers for Dan*). Hullabaloo! and

you're off again like shot out of a shovel. Come back again, I tell you, and look at me. Oh! I suppose there's nobody else that's deserving of a cheer. Now, I'm burned, but I b'lieve you think you're all reformers complete, and that the world wide couldn't match you for the larning. But who enlightened you upon it? who told you that the millenium was come, and ——(*The idea is caught up by the grateful auditory, and before the priest can finish the sentence, an indescribable tumult of voices transmits the name of Father Murphy to the astonished welkin*).

A straw thrown up will shew the course of the wind!

LOVE AND NOVELISM.

To the Editor.

Sir:—This, as every body knows, or ought to know, is the age of novels. They are no doubt admirable things, and contain every charm on earth but one—novelty. In looking over them, I find myself in the condition of the celebrated Madame du Deffand's husband; to whom that lady always gave the same book, which her innocent lord always read through, observing "that it was very amusing, but that it now and then struck him as having *some* resemblance to something that he had seen somewhere else before." I feel in a similar predicament, and, like him, though highly delighted, yet cannot help thinking, on the perusal of every new novel, that I am re-introducing myself to an old acquaintance. However, as, when we cannot have new facts or feelings, we must be content with variety of style, I send you, from the pen of an accomplished friend, who never writes novels, a specimen of the variety that may be produced by change of *locale* in the picture of the tender passion.

Love-making.—Cheapside.

I met *her* at the Easter Ball; the "fair, the inexpressive she." Our eyes met—it was the electric fire, the penetrating spirit of passion, the language of soul to soul. She was dressed à la Ackermann's last magazine, and reminded me of the picture of Venus rising from the sea. Our flame was mutual, we sighed together, drank lemonade together, and waltzed together. We parted with a confession of unalterable faith on both sides. Next day I sent her the following verses:—

TO ISABINDE.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
And look upon the river;
For Cupid's sure to meet us there,
And bring his bow and quiver:
And there we'll gaze upon the main,
And revel in the storm;
And Passion's rosy cup we'll drain,
Delicious, wild, and warm.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
And hear the billows roar;
And we will rove in Fancy's bower,
And think of earth no more:
With breezes breathing round our heads,
And at our feet the waves,
We'll tread where true love only treads,
And laugh at Custom's slaves.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
With but the heavens above—
With but the crystal stream below,
To witness to our love:
We'll think the hours too swiftly fly,
Or dream those hours away;
Then shun the world's too-envious eye
From dawn to setting day.

Come, sit with me on London Bridge,
Romantic, silent, still;
Or, if my love prefer a walk,
We'll walk on Fish-street-hill;
Or, if sweet Cheapside please thee best,
I'll build thee there a cell—
A hermitage—a turtle's nest.—
My Isabinde, farewell!

Love-making.—Charing Cross.

The day was as sultry as the inner ring of a fight at Moulsey. I was in full travelling order; tights, double toggery; weather-board twice the size of my Lord Worcester's; cigar fresh lighted; in short, quite an irresistible.

At half-past twelve, infallible as the pope, drove up Tom Turnout, with his four greys, tooling the Blue Devil Cheltenham stage, a first-rate set-out in all points, over old women, police, beggars, and aldermen, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I mounted the box beside my friend Tom, and off we flew. The first quarter of an hour was of course a regular ploughing-match through the Macadamized streets; which, if they would apply them to rearing potatoes and cabbages, might answer the purpose; but as for driving, a gallop along the low water-mark of the Thames at ebb-tide would be much preferable. However, when we at last got out of the streets, I glanced round to examine the live cargo on the roof. Among the twenty packed there and struggling for life among the luggage, nineteen were farmers, tinkers, merchants, parsons, and similar *canaille;* but the twentieth was, by Jupiter, an angel. She would have stopped me in the best hit I ever made in club-room, billiard-room, race-ground, shooting-gallery, or Jackson's. I fell instantly into a fit of poetry and the tender passion. But her eyes, her eyes—gas-light, St. Giles's clock, the Lord Mayor's Show, or Lord Harborough's four-in-hand baggage-waggon, were not to be looked at after them. I bewitched her with the following extempore

SONG.

Oh! what upon earth is like woman's bright eye,
If that eye is but turned upon me?
What's a lamp in the streets, or a star in the sky,
To that glance which with rapture I see?
Though the coach-wheels may rattle, the horses make battle,
The reins fly like feathers on air;
Yet when woman's but by, with that light in her eye,
Life's as smooth as a one-horse chair.

Though the rabble around us may wish to confound us,
While I gaze on your twinklers, my dear,
All Epsom might go to the regions below,
To meet with all Doncaster there;

Lord Humpback might wive his whole family hive,
The Meltons at ditches look shy;
The world run agog, and the king play leap-frog,
And the Thames and the Bank both run dry.

Now the birds are all bliss, and Sol gives his last kiss,
As much as to tell us, my dove,
That evening's a moment which no one should miss,
Who thinks to make music or love:
So come to my side—two such bosoms as ours
Were made to be linked in one chain:
I've a cloak for the sun, an umbrella for showers,
And a cab for old London again.

Love-making.—Brighton.

Five in the Afternoon.—Unspeakably weary of life and London. After having sat out a quarter of an hour of the duchess's best conversation, felt nature could endure no longer. Flew to my toilette, saw myself growing visibly pale; held a council with M. Coquin, my newly-imported valet, who has in his time curled and rouged half the crowned heads of Europe, questioned him whether I should send for Halford, a new case of Stephanie's rouge vegetable, or a pint of laudanum. The rascal set his face against the first and the last, I presume on the ground that I have not yet disbursed his year's salary. So I must submit to the carmine.

Ten at Night.—Just risen from table. The first course so horridly oppressive with my lord's seven marriageable daughters, emblems of the seven deadly sins, that, for all the life that's left me, I thought I should faint. Rose suddenly from table in the midst of a discussion on the merits of the sex as wives and mothers, and fled for the safety of my person. The night cool. An airing may revive me; ordered post-horses, and shall in three hours be in Brighton.

Ten A. M.—Fine morning. But this a peculiar nuisance in this citizenized spot. It brings out the whole horrid population in clusters; all the imports, with the London mark fresh upon them, like so many bales or barrels rolled out of their own warehouses; and, like them, all to be disposed of to the best bidder, with a prodigious discount, too, of face, figure, and fashion, for ready money. Throw commerce to the dogs, I'll none of it. They have poisoned the air already. Goths and Vandals, they have barbarized the Steyne, made the cliffs doubly perilous, have turned Kemp Town into a cluster of wigwams, and have absolutely left no resource to a man of delicacy and clean clothes but the sky or the sea. Let me escape along the sands. But ha! ye gods, what a shape returning from her morning's dip. Wit in her eye, bloom in her cheek, elegance in her form, and her bathing slippers in her hand. She paces the shingle, which her steps turn into a Turkey carpet. She penetrates the mob of quakers, valets, billiard-markers, fish-women, retired linendrapers, and dandies of the Fleet Ditch Hussars, relaxing from the toils of war. She passes through them like a vision, tracking her course with light, and carrying off all their half-baked hearts and milk-and-water souls along with her. Lovely vision! Cinderella of my fancy! Be thou sempstress, laundress, nursery-maid, or fairy queen, thou hast given my duchess-proof bosom a twinge. "Tell me, my soul, if this be love!"

Twelve at Night—I have the fatal symptoms strong upon me. I have

rode for three hours through Brighton, ate ices in every Gunter's in the town, and bought a dozen yards of bobbinet in every *marchand de modes,* in hopes to suffer one deadly and exquisite glance of those irresistible eyes. I feel hungry, and ring for supper.—"Visions of glory spare my aching sight"—The matchless unknown is the bar-maid of the hotel. My blindness, my *insouciance,* my habit of never using my own eyes, while I pay a rascal valet to look for me, prevented my seeing this rosebud growing under my hand. "To marry, or not to marry —that is the question." I must marry at some time or other, unless I choose to be plagued out of my life by all the dowagers, or make over my twenty thousand a year to my younger brother. I *will* marry; and marry the lovely ornament of the bar of the York. My passion is flowing into verse—the *verse* of the moment must have its way:—

SONG.

I was a dandy once,
A dandy I'm no more;
Your wise man's but a dunce
Who says that love's a bore:
The breast that never beats,
The lip that never sighs,
Knows nothing of life's sweets—
'Tis love alone that's wise.

I waltzed, I played, I dined,
And called this liberty;
With kings and princes *wined,*
With duchesses drank tea;
Stood Jersey's wittiest fire,
Stood Devon's Thursday ball;
Was member for the shire—
And lived to tell it all.

But now the hidden soul
Asserts her rights again;
Disdains the rude control
Of whist, or seven's the main;
Disdains again to shrink
At wine or woman's tongue,
But flies to pen and ink,
And tells the truth in song.

Then, bar-maid of my heart,
Keep thou my bosom's key;
Be still the thing thou wert
When rising from the sea;
No pale, consumptive ghost—
No rouged, romantic fright,
But England's honest boast—
Her own true red and white.

Farewell for life, Almack's!
With all thy gallopades,
With all thy naked backs
Of matrons and of maids;
French husbands to them all
(With mistresses a score).
Here finishes *my* ball—
The Dandy's day is o'er!

THE GHOST OF KILSHEELAN.

Now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard.
MILTON.

IT is not more than three years since, when I was present at one of those assizes for Tipperary, so little distinguished in the annals of that country, and so infamous in the records of Ireland for the horrible but accustomed detail of atrocity, assassination, and recklessness of human life. I had been listening for some days, with horror and disgust, to the crimes of the murderers who were brought to the bar of justice, and to the shameless and bare-faced perjuries of those who sought to shelter them from the consequences of their guilt;—I had listened until my senses recoiled with affright at the villanies that were detailed to me; and I had marked, with equal abhorrence and contempt, the stolid countenances of the *alibi* witnesses for the prisoners, while their native perjuries were translating into the English language, with which *they* pretended to be unacquainted. From the midst of this scene of misery, vice, and sin, I gladly received an order to return immediately to Dublin.

Upon inquiring at the coach-office, I was informed that all the inside places to the metropolis were engaged for a "particular company;" but the clerk could not tell me who or what they were, nor even satisfy my inquiries so far as to inform me to which sex the "particular company" belonged. My curiosity was, I confess, excited by the circumstance; and it was with little of the listlessness of a stage-coach passenger that I took my place beside the driver the next morning. Before I mounted the box, I took care to look into the coach: it was empty. There were not upon the roof any one of those innumerable and nameless depositories of stowage, that indicate the profusion or attention to personal comfort of a female traveller. The coach had no outside passenger but myself; and the blank countenance of the hostler, as he pocketed his solitary shilling, sufficiently manifested that there was for his advantage but one departure that morning from Clonmel.

We had travelled for about two miles when we came to a place where the road turns in directly upon the river's bank. Here about ten or twelve persons could be observed collected together. The low whistle of a mounted policeman, whom we had once or twice encountered on the road, was responded to by them. I could distinguish the military step and bearing of some amongst the group; and the protrusions in the dark frieze coats with which they were enveloped, shewed that they carried the short muskets with which every one of the Irish police are armed. The coachman was directed to pull up—in a few seconds afterwards a movement took place in the distant body, and five persons walked towards us. Two of them were dressed like the peasants of Tipperary, in their best apparel, or as they themselves term it, "their Sunday clothes." There were two immediately behind, and as if watching with a practised glance every attitude of the countrymen—these I at once recognised as two of the Dublin peace-officers, while, in front of the four walked a gentleman, who, either for the purpose of concealment or more probably to protect himself from the cold, had his face covered up nearly to the eyes with a silk handkerchief, while his person was enveloped with a rug coat, over which was thrown a large camlet

cloak. He appeared to be conversing with one of the countrymen, whose pale, but still handsome features, his dark and heavy eye-brows, his steady manner, his crouching demeanour, and the quick glances of his lively black eyes at once betrayed him to me as the notorious and intelligent approver Fitzgerald—the man who had first conspired to murder the unfortunate Mora, who afterwards betrayed his associates in guilt, and brought to justice a majority of them. While Fitzgerald was speaking to the gentleman, his associate in guilt and fellow-approver, Ned Ryan, was walking carelessly along, kicking at the stones on the road, and watching apparently with the most intense interest the distance he would be able to drive them. It could not be known that he was taking any part in the conversation that was going on, except that whenever the gentleman turned towards him, he raised his hand to his hat, and seemed to give a brief reply to the question put to him. The only words that I could hear were these—they proceeded from Fitzgerald—"Know Kerby, is't? I'd know him, your honour, in a patthern—I only saw him while we were settlin' Mora's business, and by ——, he has a curl o' the eye, that I'd never forget, borrin' I lost the recollection I have of my own mother, rest her sowl! Know him? by ——, he has a twist wid the forefinger o' the right hand, that may-be yourself 'd never forget, supposin' you saw it once, counsellor."

I could see a large full gray eye turn upon Fitzgerald as he made use of this dubious expression. In a few seconds the entire party was at the coach-door, and the gentleman, who was still muffled up, exclaimed, "Peace-officers, you will look carefully to these two men—not a word is to be spoken by either of them *on business*—detachments of the police and military will protect you to Kilkenny, from thence to Dublin there can be no apprehension of violence." Fitzgerald, Ryan, and the two peace-officers entered the coach, and it proceeded at a rapid rate on its journey. On my looking round, I observed that the mysterious gentleman had joined the police, and that they were turning through a bye-road to Clonmel.

"Musha, sweet, bad luck go with you, *long Jack*," said the coachman; "but it's a pair of informin', murderin' villains you 're after puttin' into the dacent coach this morrin'."

"Who do you call long Jack?" said I.

"Who do I call long Jack? who but the counsellor?"

"What counsellor?"

"The counsellor? Oh! the counsellor *for the crown*—the villain o' the world, that 's hangin' all the boys in Tipperary—long Jack D——, that has a tongue that 'd twist a rope round a man's neck in a pair of minutes—that's the long Jack I mane—him, that's after puttin' two blackguards, and two *dealers*, that's greater blackguards again, into my coach—borrin' that my own neck 'd be broke by it, I wished it was knocked to smithereens this minute."

"I am certain you must be mistaken," I observed; "the tones of that gentleman's voice are much hoarser than Mr. D——'s."

"Hoarser! Why then if they are, it's with roguery they're hoarser—it's the fellow's voice that frets me, for he's as pleasant at hangin' as another man is at a christenin' or a berrin', and he cracks a joke at the very minute he's crackin' a man's neck. Old Taler was bad enough; but long Jack is ten times worse entirely. So it's poor Ned Kerby they're now lookin' after? Oh! then one way or another somebody will hear

who they want most before I'm a day oulder—an' for me to be drivin' in a coach them that brought him into a scrape, and now wants to swear his life away. Oh! but wasn't it hard fortune that I should ever know a cow from a garron, when it's four o' them that I'm drivin' this blessed day to please the murderin' rapscallions, Fitzgerald an' Ryan."

"Assuredly," said I, "you are not vexed with those two wretched men, if they now are instruments in bringing to justice the murderers of an innocent, an unoffending, and an industrious man. It is true, that they were wicked enough to combine with other miscreants to deprive a human being of life; but that is a crime of which they have repented, and they are now endeavouring to make every reparation for it, by the prosecution and conviction of the assassins of Mora."

"It's 'asy seein', that it's little you know o'them, or the counthry. I'll tell you what, Sir, that you have in the coach two boys, that if they were out, an' free, would be afther doin' the same thing only for the askin'. Sure, all they did was only for *a wornin*, that neither kith nor kin of any informer should dare shew his nose in the bounds o' the county. And as to ripintin'—what would they ripint of? Is it that there was put out o' the way a man that was doin' as all the tyrants in the land are doin'—takin' the places over their heads—raisin' the rints on them, and lavin' them as they are this day, with two of the bloody *lubers* beside them. Ripint! the devil a ripint they ripint. I be bail you, they never tould long Jack—convarsible, an' full of discourse as they are for him—where they hid their arms last. No—and now mind my words, that, except the poor lads they're afther gibbettin', the never a man more will ever be got by them. The rest o' the sufferers are safe any way.*

"Then you have not, I perceive," said I, "any great respect for an informer."

"Respect!" cried the coachman, "no, the devil a respect—but as this is a long stage I will tell you a story about what *we* call an *informer*, and which I know to be a real truth in a manner.

"It's something more nor forty, or five-and-forty years ago, that there lived in Kilsheelan, in this very county of Tipperary, a real old gentleman—he was one Major Blennerhasset—one of the real old Protestants. None o' your upstarts that come in with Cromwell or Ludlow, or any o' the blackguard biblemen o' them days—for the only difference between a bibleman now, Sir, and the biblemen o' former times, was just this—that Cromwell's biblemen used to burn us out of house an' home, while the bibleman now only tells us that we are goin' to *blazes*—so, your honour, you see they were determined to *fire* us one way or another. Well, as I was telling you, Major Blennerhassett was a real old Protestant, and though he'd curse, an' swear, an' d—n the Papists when he'd be in

* The coachman was correct both in his opinion and his prophecy. It appeared at a subsequent assizes, on the cross-examination of Ryan, that he had informed the government of every matter connected with himself but one—the place where he had his gun concealed. This was a secret which he said he never would disclose to them, and he also declared, *on his oath*, that he hoped to live to be able again to use it! None of the murderers of Mora, except those first apprehended, have yet been taken. One of them, Edward Kirby, defied for several months all the plans and stratagems of the police to arrest him. He was, at length, shot accidentally by one of his own pistols, as he was leaping across a hedge, and at a time when the police were not in pursuit of him.

a passion, the devil a one of him would be ever after turnin' us out of our little holdings, supposin' we were two, or three, or may be five gales in arrear.

Now you may be sure that all the boys were distracted one morning, to hear that the Major was found with his throat cut from ear to ear, in a most unhandsome manner. There wasn't a Papist in the parish but knew that he hadn't a hand in it—for the Major was as dead as a door nail, or Queen Elizabeth. There wasn't a neighbour's child in the entire barony that wasn't up at the Major's big house in no time, to hear "how the poor master's throat was cut," and when they saw him it was plain to be seen that the Major didn't do it himself—for there was the poor right hand cut in two nearly, and such a gash as he had in his throat, they all said, couldn't be given by himself, because the Major, it was well known, wasn't *kithogued* (left handed). Besides that, there was the old gold watch gone, an' his bonds, an' what money he had in the house, along with a £500 note.

"To be sure the magistrates had an inquest, an' pretty work they made about it—an' may be the newspapers didn't make fine talk about it—they never stopped for three months sayin' 'all the Protestants in Tipperary were murdered by the Papists,' and so on, till this peaceable county was under the Insurrection Act, an' then to be sure they never stopped transportin' us—an' all this was by raison of a decent gentleman's throat bein' cut by some blackguard or another. At all events there was no makin' head nor tail o' the Major's murder till comin' on the assizes, when two young innocents—one Jack Carey, and one Bill Dorney were taken up for it. My father knew the two chaps well, and except that they didn't care what they did to come round a girl, he often tould me, that milder, nor innocenter, nor modester, nor partier behaved boys he never seen. The people, in fact, were sure they would be acquitted till they heard that Lord Norbury was comin' the circuit, an' then they gave it up as a bad job.

At last the day o' the trial came, an' to the surprise an' wonderment of every body, who should get up on the table, an' take the book in his hand, to swear away the lives of poor Jack Carey and Bill Dorney, but one Kit Cooney! Now, Kit, you must know, was the only creature that lived with the Major—for the Major was an ould batchelor—and Cooney fled the country after the Major was murdered, an', in troth, every one thought that it was he who did the Major's *business*—for he wasn't the best o' charater at any time, an' every one was wonderin' why the Major let him live with him, at all, at all. Up Kit got on the table, as bould as a lion, an' he swore hard an' fast, as a trooper, that Dorney and Carey murdered the Major in his bed, and that he himself, Kit Cooney, the vagabond, agreed to join them in doin' so; but that he ripinted of it, and wouldn't lay a hand on the ould man, but ran away to Dublin, when it was all over, and tould the *Polis* there all about it. He was, you see, Sir, a king's evidence, an informer, and, in short, he hung the two men. The truth was, Cooney had the Dublin *Polis* magistrates to back him out, an' the two poor boys wouldn't prove an *alibi* at all—but this indeed I often heard their friends say, that if the two gassoons liked it they could have proved *alibis* for them in twenty different places, all at the same time, and each o' them forty miles away from the murder; besides that the two boys themselves could shew, as clear as day-light, where they really were the night the Major

was murdered. The fact was, it was said, that Carey and Dorney were doing something that night they didn't want the priest to know anything about. At all events they might have let such evidence alone, for they'd have been hung on Kit Cooney's *affidavy* at any rate. They, to be sure, said they were innocent, and the people believed them—the judge said they were guilty, and the jury believed him, and the two young men were hung accordingly. This, Sir, I was tellin' you, happened five an' forty year ago, and just like the present times, Cooney knew the country too well to stop in it—at best he was but an *informer*, an' Tipperary is a spot that was always 'counted too hot for them kind of rapscallions. It wasn't for many years afther that he was heard of, an' the way that mention was made of him was just thus.

"It was, you see, about six and twenty years next Holy-Eve night, that my aunt Biddy—an' it's from her own son I have the story, which is next to knowin' it myself—it was on that very night—(an' it's a night that's mighty remarkable entirely for quare stories of the *good people*)—that she was standin' at the door of poor ould Major Blennerhassett's house that was, and lookin' out to see what in the world was keepin' Paddy (that was her husband's name) so long at the market of Golden—(for it was market-day in Golden) when she seen a well-dressed, farmer-like man with clothes on him that looked as if they were made in Dublin—you see, they hadn't the Tipperary *cut* upon them, at all.—And there was this decentish ould man standin' right opposite her on the road, an' lookin' terrible narrow at the house. Well, she thought nothin' at all o' that; for it's few people could pass the road without stoppin' to look at the Major's house, it was such an out o' the way big one to be so near the high road. 'God save you, ma'am,' says he. 'God save you kindly, sir,' says she. 'It's a could night,' says he. ''Tis,' says she, 'will you come in, an' take an air of the fire?' 'I will,' says he. So she brought him down to the kitchen, an' the first thing she remarked was, that she forgot to tell him of an ugly step, that lay in his way, an' that every body tripped over, if they weren't tould of it, or didn't know it well before. And yet, without a trip or a jostle, but smooth, and smack clean like herself, the stranger walked down stairs before her. 'By my sowkins,' said she to herself, 'you were here before, my good mon, whoever you are, and I must keep my eye upon you'—an' then she talks out to him 'are you dry or hungry?' says she. 'No, but I'd like a drink o' buttermilk,' says he. 'Why then, I'll get that same for you,' says she; 'what *countrymon* are you?' 'Then to tell you the truth,' says he, 'I'm a Connoughtman.' 'Why then you haven't a bit o' the brogue,' says she, 'but talk English almost entirely, as well as myself.' 'Oh!' says he, 'I was in Dublin polishing off the brogue.' 'That accounts,' says she, 'for the fine accent you have—were you ever in these parts before?' 'Never,' says he. 'That's a lie,' says she to herself; 'but I'll go an' fetch you a noggin o' the buttermilk.' 'Thank 'ee,' says he. You see, she left him sitting in the kitchen, and while she went for the buttermilk, which was to a pantry like, off the kitchen, an' while she was there, she saw the stranger put his hand to the second brick, in the hob, take out some little parcel, and run it into his breeches pocket. While he was doin' this, she saw his little black ferret-eyes, that were not longer in appearance nor a hawk's, but were bright and glisenin' and dazzlin' like them, wheelin' all round the kitchen, to see if any one was

watching him. In a minute, she knew the gallows-look of him—it was Kit Cooney that had hung her own flesh an' blood, till they were high an' dry as a side o' bacon. To be sure, the poor woman was frightened enough, but she was very stout, an' didn't *let on*, an' accordingly, she came out with the noggin, an' when he drank it off, she sat down opposite him, an' asked him would he stop the night, as her husband would be home in a few minutes, an' would be glad to see ony one that could tell him about the castle, an' the parliament house, an' the bridges, an' the lord-mayor, an' all the fine sights of Dublin. 'No, thank 'ee,' says he, 'I must be in Golden to night—I 've got all I wanted from you.' 'Faith you have,' says she to herself again, 'but whatever it is, it's more nor a drink o' buttermilk.'

"Well, Sir, the man left her, an' she sat down waitin' for her husband, quite melancholly like, an' wondrin' what in the world it was that Cooney had taken from behind the hob; she sarched it mighty cutely, but if she was looking from that day to this, not a ha'p'orth she could find, but an empty hole, an' nothing in it.

"Ten o'clock struck—eleven o'clock struck, an' no Paddy was yet come home—so to comfort herself, she sat down to make a cup of *tay*, an' to make it strong she determined to put a *stick* (a glass of whiskey) in it. She had the bread an' the butter, an' the whiskey bottle, an' the tay-pot laid comfortably on the settle-bed, an' there she was sittin' on a *creepeen* (little stool) beside it, when the clock struck twelve—the very instant it did, she heard the drawing-room door open—an'—tramp—tramp—tramp, she heard two feet comin' down stairs—an'—whack—whack—whack went a stick against the bannisters, as if somebody, who was lame, was hobbling down to her, as well as his two legs on' a stick would carry him. To be sure the poor woman was frightened enough—she knew it could not be Paddy; for if he had a stick in his fist, he would be more likely to knock it against a man's head than an ould wooden bannister. 'The Lord save us!' says she to herself, 'is this Kit Cooney's comin' back to massacree me.' 'Halloa!' She then called out, 'You vagabone, whoever you are, don't be afraid to shew your face to an honester woman than ever your mother was.' Devil an answer she got. 'Oh,' says she, 'may be it's nobody at all—I'll take another cup o' tay 't any rate.' She had just filled it out, an' put the second stick in it, an' was maixin' it with a spoon, when she turned up her eyes, an' who in the world should she see leaning over the settle-bed, an' lookin' quite *cantankerous*, an' doleful at the same time at her, but—*the Major himself!!!* There he was in the very same dress that she had seen on him the very last day he was out with the Tipperary militia.

"He had on him a cocked hat that was, at least, three feet broad, an' two gold bands on it, that were glistenin' as grandly as if they had only that minute come out o' the shop, an' had never got a drop a rain on them—then he had a large black leather stock on his neck, an' a grand red officer's coat, that between the green that it was turned up with, an' the gold that was shinin' all over it, you could hardly tell what colour it was—his shirt was as fine as silk, an' fringed with beautiful tuckers—an' then, the leather-breeches on his thin ould legs were as white as the driven snow, an' his boots that came up to his knee were as black an' polished as a craw's neck. The major, in fact, was dressed out in the very *shute* that he went up to Dublin to get made for himself, an' that

he never wore, *barrin'* it was on the king's birth-day, or the like. To be sure poor Biddy, who knew that the major was buried many a long day ago, an' knowin' too right well that she got drunk—with grief—at his wake, was *spifflicated*, an' in fact, Sir, completely *nonplushed* with admiration, when she saw him standin' before her in his best clothes. She hadn't time to say 'God save you kindly' to him, when he said to her,

"'So, Biddy, a man can't walk down his own stairs, that was, without your abusin' like a pickpocket, an' callin' him names. I little thought I'd ever hear your mother's daughter call poor ould Major Blennerhassett, that was a friend to you an' yours, a vagabone. It's 'asy knowin' it's in my grave I am, an' not here, or you'd cut the tongue out o' your ugly head, before you'd dare to say such a word to me, you drunken blackguard.'

"'Oh! then, major,' says Biddy, 'sure enough, if I knew that it was you, that was in it, I'd be the biggest o' vagabones to call you names; but how in the world was I to think, that you'd be walkin' like a *white-boy* at this unseasonable hour o' the night?'

"'Oh! then, Biddy, if you knew how glad I am to get a walk, you wouldn't wonder at my walkin' whenever I'd be let—may be you'd be glad to stretch your limbs yourself, if they were afther being cramped twenty-five years in a cold grave. But how is Paddy?'

"'He is mighty well, thank 'ee major.'

"'How many childer have you, betwixt you?'

"'Only ten, major.'

"'What's become of them?'

"'Why then, its mighty good o' you to ask after them, major. Then to tell you the truth, my four girls are married, and have three childer each—two o' my boys were hanged in the *risin'* in '98—three more were transported because their brothers were hung for that same, an' my youngest son is in hospital from an accident he met with at the last fair o' Golden, when one o' the Kinnealies broke his leg, with a blow or a stone, because he was fightin' as well as his shillelagh would let him, for the Hogans, who you know yourself are our cousin-germans or his own. But, major, I'm sorry to see you look so *delicate*. Is there any thing the matter with you?'

"'Any thing the matter with me! why then, Biddy, you're enough to drive a man mad. It's no wonder Paddy often gives you a *molloo-roguing* (beating); any thing the matter with me? Blur-an-ounty-fish, am n't I dead and buried? What worse could be the matter with a man nor that? Besides I'm cruel dry—my mouth is filled with the saw-dust that was put in my coffin, an' I did not taste a drop o' wine, malt, or spirits this mony a long day.'

"'Why then, major,' says she, 'may be, you'd take a cup o' tay with me—I've some *green* in the house.'

"'Oh! hould your tongue, Biddy, or you'll drive me ragin' mad entirely, an' then I might disremember what brought me here. You couldn't take much tay yourself, ma'am, if you met with such an accident as that in your gullet. Look at me,' says the major, taking off his leather stock, 'am n't I just like an ould turkey cock on a Friday, that you were goin' to dress for my dinner on a Sunday. Wouldn't this be a purty throat to go to a tay-party with?' And as he said this, the major loosed his stock, an' then sure enough, upon the sight of that,

Biddy didn't wonder, that he held his head steady with one of his hands, for fear it might fall off his shoulders entirely.

"'Oh! major,' says she, 'it's plain to be seen that they were takin' the head off you. Bad luck to their hands that did that same for you!'

"'Amen!' says the major, 'an' high hangin' on a windy day to them too—but the dirty rascal, you see, Biddy, that did that is still walkin' the face o' the earth—he hung your innocent nephews for it too—but I won't have my walk for nothin', Biddy, if you remember what I'm goin' to say to you. Do you know who was here to-night? It was Tim Cooney. Now, mind my words. You seen him take somethin' out o' the hob to-night—that was a purse o' mine as full o' guineas as the Cat'lic church is full o' saints; an' it was Cooney put it there, afther killing me, an' my blood is on the purse still—an' you recollect, he swore on my trial that he got none o' my money. Now, the lying scoundrel, at this very minute he has my gold watch in his fob, with my own name on it, and that five hunder' pound note, that my cousin was more sorry for the loss of than he was o' myself—that is this very minute in the inside o' my gold watch, an' my name's on it—the villain was afraid by reason o' that to change the note ever since. Let you an' Paddy follow him now to Golden—you will find him in a *shebren* house there—charge him with this murder, an' tell him what I say to him, an' let him take my word for it, that I'll never stop walkin' till I see him walk to the gallows—an', Biddy, now that you mayn't be thinkin' this is a drame you have, here's a guinea that I saved out of the fire, an' I'll make you a present of it.'

"'Thank'ee major,' says she, 'you were always good to me.' So she held out her hand to him for the golden guinea he was goin' to give her—her heart leaped up to her mouth when she saw it, for it was as shinin' and as yellow as a buttercup in a green field on a May morning.

"'There it's for you,' says he, 'hold it fast, an' don't forget I was with you.' With that, she shut her hand on the guinea, an' the minute she closed her fingers on it, she thought the hand was burnt off her.

"'Oh! major, major,' says she, 'you 've murdered me entirely.'

"'Ah! what major are you talkin' of?' called out Paddy, who was that moment come home, and found Biddy jumpin' an' skippin' round the kitchen like a mad dog, or a young kitten.

"'What major?' answered Biddy, 'why the ould major, that was here this minute.' 'It's drunk you are, or dramin',' said Paddy. 'Why then, if I am,' said Biddy, 'look in the tay-cup, an' you'll find the major's guinea, that I threw there to cool it—by the powers it has burnt the finger an' thumb off me.'

"With that, Paddy went to the cup, an' instead of a guinea, he found nothin' but a smokin' cinder. If Biddy took her oath of it, nothin' would persuade Paddy but that she was dramin', till she tould him o' Tim Cooney bein' there, an' all the major said to her.

"Well, the upshot of it was, that Paddy an' Biddy went to the priest an' tould him all that happened, an' the priest went to a magistrate—Mr. Fitzgibbon, that he knew had a spite to the father o' the magistrate, that took Tim Cooney's swearin' against Carey an' Dorney.

"But as I'm near the end o' my stage, I must be short with my story: Cooney was arrested by Mr. Fitzgibbon, an' the purse, an' the watch,

an' the £500 note were found exactly as the ghost tould Biddy; and Mr. Fitzgibbon an' the priest never let Cooney alone till he owned to the murder, and that the two poor boys, who by this time should be the father of fourteen, or fifteen children apiece, were completely innocent. Cooney was accordingly hung at the next assizes, an' there wasn't a Carey, nor a Dorney, in Tipperary, that wasn't at the hangin' in Clonmel. As to that, we have revenged ourselves well on them Cooneys; for at the last fair o' Thurles, the Careys gave three Cooneys such a thrashin', that it will be mighty quare thing entirely, if one o' the three live to see next Christmas day. Take my word for it, that the worst kind o' cattle in Ireland are the informers; but this, your honour, is the town of Callen: I don't go any farther—I hope you won't forget myself, that's both guard an' driver." B. H.

ON THE BEAUTY OF SHAKSPEARE'S EPITHETS.

A MODERN writer on poetry, in one of his astounding dogmas, asserts, that "*all* epithets are poetry."

It is not the intention of this essay to assert as much, or even to agree to as much: all that it purposes to shew is, that some epithets are, in their very essence, poetry—what these are, and what poets have been most successful in the use of them.

Poetry does not consist only in a certain number of words or syllables measured out in lines, but in thought, exalted above the level of every-day thinking, expressed in words intended, and which must be so received and understood, in their highest and most intellectual sense. Nor is this all which is necessary to that first and finest species of writing: to elevated thoughts must be added justness and beauty of expression,—that justness and that beauty, which, while they confer dignity and grace on what is even homely, add grandeur to what is great. The finest aid to expression is certainly the Epithet—used, not to eke out the line, but to fill it full, almost to overflowing, with what it should contain—poetry. There is more beauty in this beautiful part of poetic painting than is discerned by the million. Perhaps it requires the fine tact of a true poet, in the first place, to appreciate, and, in the second, discreetly to use, this ornament. It is, indeed, a felicity of touch which none but superior poets should attempt, for none but these can hope to succeed: a mere coupler of rhymes, who aims at this excellence, will most assuredly fail: it is "a grace beyond the reach" of his art. The great masters of song have succeeded in it; the "great small" have wisely abstained, from a modest consciousness of its difficulty. The miraculous effects in colouring which "savage Rosa dashed" into his pictures, in his hands became spots of beauty—a painter of an inferior genius, daring the same effects, would mar even what he had done well.

In dipping into obsolete poets—obsolete only because old—we sometimes derive a higher pleasure from an expressive epithet, in what fastidious readers of the Muse would set down as a crude piece, than from the most polished pieces of writers, whose utmost merit consisted in their taste in appreciating and re-using the old jewels and golden ornaments of minds undeniably rich in mental possessions, but, nevertheless, wanting in that judgment which is tutor to genius—the knowing how to use

their genius to the best advantage. Who, indeed, that has a particle of poetry in his soul, does not infinitely prefer the rocks and rugged places of the early muse, with here and there a cataract, whose sounding waters render the silence of her more stilly nooks delicious as the calm after the summer storm, rather than wandering by the "lazy Loires," and along the smooth promenades, shaven grass-plots, and boxen alleys, where the Wallers and Roscommons scattered the polite fumes of their poetry to simpering beaux in bag-wigs, and mincing mistresses in hoops and masks? It is not to be denied that more of the wonders, the flowers, the music, and the magic, of poetry, lies among the obscure Chapmans Harringtons, Brownes, and Herricks, than among the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." The first are poets, with all their faults—their polished rivals are not, with all their perfections. The present age feels that there is none of the *mens divinior* to save them from oblivion—none of the salt of genius to savour and keep them fresh for the hunger of intellects to come. It is the native ore of poetry running in deep veins through the ground over which the elder poets walked with divining rods in their hands, which makes the saving difference between them and their more refined followers.

But we are wandering from our immediate subject—the poetry of epithet. Instances innumerable of almost an over-abundance of epithets occur in Milton—a profusion which is not, perhaps, like the display of gems in the crown of an emperor of Ind, necessary to our abstract notions of his splendour, but which yet serve to impress us with his magnificence, and convey a powerful sense of his abundant riches. This wealth of mind is more especially observable in that greatest of all minor poems, "Comus." Shakspeare is still more profuse in golden epithets—arrays his lines in still more glorious clothing, and enriches them with gems brought earlier from the same Golconda.

It is not, perhaps, quite out of the path of these remarks, to refer to that beautiful little masque, in the third act of the *Tempest*, as the origin of the style of Milton's. It may be conjectured, that lines like the following lingered like a delicious melody in the ear of Milton, and set him to tune his solemn organ to the same harmony.—Listen to Shakspeare's *Iris*, entering to music not sweeter than the verse she utters!—

> "Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas,
> Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
> And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
> Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
> Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
> To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
> Whose shadow the *dismissed** bachelor loves,
> Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
> And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
> Where thou thyself dost air,—the queen of the sky,
> Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
> Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
> Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
> To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain;
> Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain."

This, as we have remarked, seems at once to have been the origin of

* This fine epithet tells as perfect a tale of unsuccessful wooing, as if volumes had been wasted in narrating it.

the tone and manner* of "*Comus*," and of the beauty and expressiveness of its peculiar epithets. Milton, when he produced his masque, was young, and, if we may judge from his verses on Shakspeare, no very cold or grudging admirer of the great dramatist. Indeed, it is apparent that he had studied this masque attentively—he has even transplanted the expressive epithet "bosky" into his own. There is, too, a passage spoken by Prospero, beginning—

> "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
> And ye that on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back—"

which is still more (if we may use such an anachronism) full of Miltonisms—it has, indeed, the true blank-verse flow and music of "Comus," as well as that fitness of expression which he had caught from Shakspeare, and which is only more generally characteristic of the style of Milton, because he had more frequent literary opportunities for indulging in that excellence. Hear *Iris* once more:—

> "You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
> With your sedged crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
> Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
> Answer your summons—Juno does command.
> Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
> A contract of true love: be not too late.
> You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
> Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
> Make holyday—your rye-straw hats put on,
> And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
> In country footing."

What epithets can be more beautifully designed—more chaste—more classical? Milton, a thorough tactician in his art, has finely varied the expression "country footing" into "chaste footing," and "fresh footing"—expressive quaintnesses, evidently borrowed or imitated from him who can afford to lend, but whom it is dangerous to imitate—Shakspeare. In him these happy illustrations have all the appearance of being unconscious and unimitated; for it would be a difficult task to trace his beauties to any other source than his own inexhaustible mind, and still more difficult to detect any thing like apparent art in the working up and disposition of his precious materials. But in Milton these adornments of his severe style were, on the contrary, as certainly derived from sources not his own. His imitations are sometimes, indeed, too palpable; but such of our readers as are curious in these matters may be gratified by going through Todd's over-noted edition of "Comus," where he will find the sources of many of Milton's finest epithets, and be convinced of the value which he set on this ornament and grace of poetry.

As an instance of the value of a well-chosen epithet, that fine piece of painting in "Il Penseroso"—

* The writer is aware that some important resemblances in the *matter* of this admirable poem are said to exist in the "Comus" of Puteanus, and the "Old Wives' Tale" of George Peele; and that the *manner* is said to be imitated from the "Faithful Shepherdess," and Browne's "Inner Temple Masque;" but who was the English model of these last-mentioned writers?—Shakspeare;—the style of Jonson's Masques being modelled upon his.

> " Storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim, *religious* light,"

would be worth nothing if the word " religious" were taken from it. Any coupleteer might have painted the rest of the picture; but that one beautiful touch bespeaks the true poet. To any eye, light streaming through painted windows would appear dim, and serious; any indifferent observer would discern the soft and serene effect of such light upon the objects within a sacred building; but the true poet sees even what is common " with a difference." It must have been in one of these moments that Milton, by a touch of his master-hand, struck in this fine effect—and thus, by a happy expression, painted the peculiar medium of the light, its softened and serious effect, and the sacredness of the place it visited, as if it were poured into it from the fountain of all light in Heaven, dedicated to its especial use, and made holy and, as it were, superior to the common light of day. This is one of the many excellences of Milton, that if he puts even a common-place object in his picture, he throws about it such a richness of colouring, as to render that truly beautiful which, in other hands, would be trite, tedious, and nothing worth.

It is apparent, indeed, how highly the great poets have esteemed that particular beauty in the painting of poetry which consists in epithets, compound and single. Homer has his " cloud-compelling" and " earth-shaking" Jove, with a thousand others, equally sonorous and significant. It is only inferior poets who are deficient in these riches of expression; in fact, if it were wished to try the height and depth of mind of any professed poet, we should search his works for specimens of this poetic painting; and if we found few or none of these abundancies, these prodigalities of a mind full to overflowing with poetry, we might come to this bold, but not unsafe conclusion, that there was little or no innate poetry in the mind of that man. There is, indeed, more of the concentration and essence of poetry in many epithets in Shakspeare, in the rough lines of old Chapman, the full lines of Milton, and later than him, in Herrick, and even in the quaint and despised Quarles, than can be discovered in the entire works of many of the persons of quality who wrote " after the manner of Mr. Pope," that admirable master of more dunces than he has named in his *Dunciad*.

It requires, perhaps, " the poet's eye" to discern the nicety of such an epithet as the " lily-wristed morn;" yet, whoever has noticed the wrist-like bend of that beautiful flower, must recognise the resemblance, if they cannot feel all its beauty and delicacy. There is, perhaps, more of the painting of poetry in that fine Homeric compound in one of Chapman's hymns—" brute-footed Pan," and something which more vividly places before us the express image of the Arcadian god, than we should catch from a page of minute description. Drummond of Hawthornden, who deals largely in beauties of this kind, has a similar piece of portrait painting, if I may so call it, where he speaks of the " goat-feet sylvans" coming among the

> " Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on the mountains
> Are wont to dance, shewing their beauties' treasure"

to these fine monster-men of the old world of imagination.

But he " who exhausted worlds, and then imagined new"—Shakspeare, is the greatest painter in these brief pictures. The " well-

apparelled April treading on the limping heels of Winter," is as perfect a piece of painting as any thing on canvass. How beautifully descriptive, too, is the epithet "well-apparelled," and how much more palpably does it describe that delicious month of flowers and foliage than any more elaborate description could have done, though as particular in its details and over-minute as some of those of the author of "The Seasons." *

Yet although we admire the beauty, and advocate the use of epithets in poetry, we are free to confess that this ornament has been used to an excess, at once ridiculous and destructive of the effect intended; and instead of being a beauty, became a disfiguring of beauty. Shakspeare, who so well knew the nobler use of the epithet, knew also where it might be misused; this he has amusingly caricatured in bully Bottom's "raging rocks with *shivering* shocks;" and in the player-king in Hamlet.

Epithets may, indeed, mean too much or too little; there may be too many as well as too few. A school of these prodigal epithet-mongers sprung up after Darwin—whose style of description, at the best, trenched very close upon the borders of burlesque, and if at all exaggerated by an indiscreet admirer of his "foreign ornaments," necessarily and inevitably passed the border-line. These ill-starred imitators of the Doctor were known in their day as the English Della Cruscans,—a pestilential set of butterfly-gilders and gossamer-weavers, whom Mr. Gifford, in his mighty wrath, swept away with an unmerciful broom, when a "particular hair" of it was potent enough to destroy the entire race, and break down all their cobweb-looms. These wretched doggrelists were, indeed, the worst disgrace that ever befel the English muse. They succeeded in bringing poetry for a time into contempt, especially the poetry of epithet; from which the one has recovered, but the other has never since held up its beautiful head. It may be hoped, however, that this, which is one of the grander graces of poetry, will again revive in all the glory of the days of Spenser, Shakspeare, Chapman, and Milton, to the adornment of poesy, and the delight of better tastes in all that is "beautiful and true."

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* The following instances, among thousands, of the force and fertility of Shakspeare's power in this delightful art of painting, are selected at random from two or three of his plays:—

The all-ending day of doom.——A beauty-waning Widow.——The pew-fellow of Remorse.——The silver livery of advised Age.——A key-cold Corpse.——Grim-visaged War.——Tardy-gaited Night.——A lion-gaited Demon.——High-sighted Tyranny.——Honour-owing wounds.——The beneficial Sun.——Misery crammed with distressful bread.——All-scorned Poverty.——Short-armed Ignorance.——The glass-faced Flatterer.——Black-cornered Night.——Tiger-footed Rage.——The beached verge of the salt flood.——The napless vesture of Humility.——The honey-heavy dew of slumber.——The chair-days of most reverend Age.

The last is as perfect a picture as artist could paint. It would be easy to extend the number of these examples from Shakspeare, and from others; but they are enough for the purpose.

APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[*Continued from last Month.*]

LXVII.

The error of Mandeville, as well as of those opposed to him, is in concluding that man is a simple and not a compound being. The schoolmen and divines endeavour to prove that the gross and material part of his nature is a foreign admixture, distinct from and unworthy of the man himself. The misanthropes and sceptics, on the other hand, maintain the *falsity of all human virtues*, and that all that is not sensual and selfish is a mere theatrical deception. But in order that man should be a wholly and incorrigibly selfish being, he should be shut up like an oyster in its shell, without any possible conception of what passes beyond the wall of his senses; and the *feelers* of his mind should not extend their ramifications under any circumstances or in any manner, to the thoughts and sentiments of others. Shakspeare has expressed the matter better than the pedants on either side, who wish unreasonably to exalt or degrade human nature.—"The web of our lives is as of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not, and our vices would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues."

LXVIII.

People cry out against the preposterous absurdity of such representations as the German inventions of the *Devil's Elixir* and the *Bottle Imp*. Is it then a fiction that we see? Or is it not rather a palpable reality that takes place every day and hour? Who is there that is not haunted by some heated phantom of his brain, some wizard spell, that clings to him in spite of his will, and hurries him on to absurdity or ruin? There is no machinery or phantasmagoria of a melo-drame more extravagant than the workings of the passions. Mr. Farley may do his worst with scaly forms, with flames, and dragon's wings: but after all, the true demon is within us. How many, whose senses are shocked at the outward spectacle, and who turn away startled or disgusted might say, pointing to their bosoms, "*The moral is here!*"

LXIX.

Mr. L—— asked Sir Thomas ——— who had been intimate with the Prince, if it was true that he was so fine a gentleman as he was generally represented? Sir Thomas ——— made answer, that it was certainly true that the Prince was a very fine gentleman indeed: "but," added he, "if I am to speak my mind, the finest gentleman I ever saw, was Sadi Baba, the ambassador to Constantinople, from the Usbek Tartars."

LXX.

"Man is in no haste to be venerable." At present, it seems as if there were no occasion to become so. People die as usual; but it is not the fashion to grow old. Formerly, men subsided and settled down into a respectable old age at forty, as they did into a bob-wig, and a brown coat and waistcoat of a certain cut. The father of a family no longer pretended to pass for a gay young fellow, after he had children grown up; and women dwindled, by regular and willing gradations, into mothers and grandmothers, transferring their charms and pretensions to a blooming posterity; but these things are never thought of now-a-days. A matron of sixty flaunts it in "La Belle Assemblée's dresses for May:" and certainly M. Stultz never inquires into the grand climacteric of his customers. Dress levels all ages as well as all ranks.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

How utterly impossible is it to change national temperaments. The French are again hawking their frippery of ribbons and medals round Europe. A French paper, by the characteristic title of *Le Voleur*, announces to delighted mankind, that the decoration of the Legion of Honour is to be bestowed upon "several distinguished foreigners, and, among others, upon Sir Walter Scott, Goëthe, Cooper, Sismondi, Berzelius, B. Cormenbach, Sir Astley Cooper and Thorwaldsen." We are to presume in this matter two things: that France is constituted the grand European tribunal of merit, and that the persons in question will look upon themselves as prodigiously honoured by the pitifulness of a bit of red ribbon tied to their buttonholes; an honour, by-the-bye, as common in France as esquire to a name in England. The vanity of the thing should be confined to military men, who have a taste for those matters, and the "Decoration," as it is called, worn by the rabble of the Napoleon soldiery, should not be suffered to insult the dignity of science and literature.

But we are sinking into this foolery even here, and the public are still molested with proposals for a "bit of red ribbon" for the members of the Royal Society and half a dozen other societies. This, of course, will be scouted by the remaining good sense of their members. But what are we to think of the new corps of warriors summoned to the levees of St. James's. We give, from a tailor's advertisement, the *mise en campagne* of this eminent battalion—"Deputy Lord Lieutenant's coat £9. 9s.; pantaloons, £2. 12s. 6d.; epaulettes, £5. 5s.; sword, £3. 3s; sword-knot, £1. 11s. 6d.; sash, £5. 5s.; sword-belt, 18s., and cocked-hat, £4. 14s. 6d." We congratulate the levees on this addition to their brilliancy, and the country on the acquisition of a legion who will, doubtless, render signal service in case of an invasion from the moon; the bill itself too is a curious specimen of the art of making up a military reputation: we see the sword costing little more than half the price of the sash or the epaulettes, and the laced coat costing three times the sum. What foolery is all this, for the dress of men whose whole office is civil, where it is not a sinecure. But this is the court dress; as if the levees were not overdone with red coats already, and looked much more like a parade in front of the horseguards, or the crowd in the commander-in-chief's waiting room, than the assemblage of British gentlemen round a British king. Even this crowd must be increased by covering the simple country squires, who perform Deputy Lieutenant, with scarlet and buckram and bullion, and hanging sabres by their sides, and making them look as like field-marshals, heaven help the mark! as tailorism and tinsel can make them.

Shakspeare was wrong in his maxim, that "if a man wishes to be remembered six months after he is dead he must build churches." Napoleon was not eminent for his services in this style, and yet he is talked of still, or rather, he has started into a sudden revival; himself, his snuff-taking, his battles, his empresses, his embroidered coats and his chargers, bay, white and black, have sprung up at once before the world's eye after ten years of slumber, and all the theatres of France, where he was anathematized, and of England, where he was a politic enemy, now teem with Napoleonism. Covent Garden has for a fortnight filled its enormous

theatre with sharpshooters, flying artillery, and generals of division, in conformity to the spirit of the time. Drury Lane, after an attempt to resist this incursion of the great invader, by looking for allies to the hero of Tartary, sustained by cavalry from the opposite side of Westminster-bridge; and summoning the queen of Georgia to hazard the fairest of necks down the deepest of pasteboard precipices, has at last given way to the "pressure of existing circumstances," that grand foundation of all the politics of men and theatres, and is about to represent Napoleon in "Interlude," leaving the *Tragique* to its great rival, and the *comique* to the whole circle of the suburbs. That after ages may not suspect us of having dealt unfairly with them, we recal some of the announcements of this "universal passion."

"*Covent Garden.*—A spectacle presenting on the boards of one of our great national theatres, with all their capacity for scenic illusion, some of Bonaparte's most extraordinary acts, was, doubtless, calculated to excite no small curiosity, and accordingly a crowded audience assembled to witness the first representation of Mr. Lacy's grand historical military play. The drama has been got up at an immense expense, and every thing which appertains to it is gorgeous (yet, at the same time, appropriate) in the extreme. Instead of the usual drop-scene at the conclusion of each part, a splendid crimson curtain, elegantly embroidered and flowered with gold, presents itself; and after the death of the hero, a black curtain, rather a sombre novelty, descends. The spectacle was divided into seven parts, and it was announced that, in consequence of the length to which these extended, no other piece would be performed on that evening."

The rest is a detail of the plot, but closing with the acknowledgment that the tribute of bright eyes had been given to it, on the earliest opportunity.

"Miss Fanny Kemble, accompanied by her mother, her accomplished sister, and her aunt, Miss De Camp, occupied a centre box in the dress circle, on the first night of *Napoleon Bonaparte.* Miss Fanny Kemble was so deeply affected by many of the incidents, in the rapid, but eventful life of the hero, as to shed tears."

The rival ambition of the neighbour theatre was thus declared at the same time.

"*Drury Lane.*—After the play of *Alfred the Great, Timour the Tartar* was acted. The splendid processions, the combats, and Cooke's beautiful horses added to the interest of the drama, made the performance go off with *éclat.* The principal characters were most ably represented by H. Wallack, Cooper, Misses Huddart, S. Phillips, and Poole. Miss Huddart, who has greatly improved, particularly distinguished herself. The bipeds were deservedly admired, but the horses were 'applauded to the echo, which did applaud again.' The spirit of competition is now thoroughly awake between the managers—

"'When *horse* meets *horse,* then comes the tug of war.'"

It was not to be supposed that Astley's, which dares all the flights of history, and has both the hero and the horses at first cost, would have abandoned so illustrious a prize;—impossible.

"*Astley's.*—A new drama, called the *Life and Death of Napoleon Bonaparte,* has been produced here, with the most perfect success. The splendid scenery, the fine effect produced by the introduction of Ducrow's noble stud on the stage, and the striking resemblance which Mr. Gomersal bears to the portraits of Napoleon, give a degree of spirit and reality to the action, which well entitles it to the unequivocal approbation it received."

The other theatres are drilling with the greatest rapidity, and the sounds of trumpet, drum and gun, are hourly startling the echoes from London Bridge to that unaccountable structure, which spans the river at Hammersmith.

Every man of fame must pay for it, and one of the penalties of a notorious wag is, to bear the scandal of all the jokes, wicked and witty, that are born while he is in the meridian. Every body knows the reverend wag of the Whigs. Some one remarked to him, that Colonel P—— was a man of great '*mental* qualifications.' 'Which do you mean?' was the Divine's reply, 'sent*imental* or reg*imental*?'

On the Chancellor's talking over with him the late scene in the Lords, and asking whether he did not think the rebuke was deserved? "Perfectly," said the wag, "only that the dish might not have been the worse for your mixing a little less pepper with your *mace*."

On its being rumoured, that an individual, who has at length been brought into the peerage, was so discontented at the delay of the step, that he had intended to renounce his name. "That would be contrary to Pope and prudence together," said the wag, "for he is every thing by *Fitz*—."

The Bishop of Exeter's elevation had astonished all men but the Duke of Wellington, whom nothing astonishes, but his own tumble. "That he should be Fill-*pot*, might be expected," said the wag, "from his birth, education and manners; the wonder is, that he should be Fill-mitre."

Why should the Duke of Beaufort be so angry with the Sunday paper for talking of his settlements? "Did you ever," said the wag, "hear of a Duke who liked to have Spectators of his family secrets."

When the second reading of the Reform Bill was carried by the majority of *one*; somebody observed, that the premier should be much obliged to number one. "It was mere gratitude," said the wag; "for there is not a man in England who has always taken better care of number *one*."

"What will become of the whippers-in now," said a sage of Brookes's the other evening, "when the people will take the lash into their own hands, and drive us from our newspapers and coffee-rooms to the house?" "Never fear," said the wag, "the office will be always useful; party always hunts in packs; the only difference in the Whigs now and fifty years ago is, that then they were *fox*-hounds, and now they are *grey*-hounds."

Paganini and Colonel Fitzclarence are at present the *Lions*, and the world has not been so perplexed with paragraphs since the arrival of Miss Jelk at the Adelphi. The Colonel's elevation to the peerage has been celebrated in the loftiest strains in various quarters; and as he is really a good humoured fellow, and has conducted himself without any of the absurdities into which young men often run, when they think that they have a strong purse behind them; we can feel no objection to his obtaining a rank, to which nine-tenths of its holders have not a much fairer claim. But there is a little feature of the general panegyric which points it peculiarly, and which we have no doubt the Colonel would prefer to all the newspaper magnifications. After mentioning that the titles by which this lucky individual has been raised to the peer-

age of Great Britain, are Baron Tewkesbury, Viscount Fitzclarence and Earl of Munster, it proceeds: "This just distinction in the person of our beloved Monarch's son, is a source of two-fold gratification, inasmuch, as a mark of honour has been conferred on a meritorious officer, without adding to the expenditure of the nation, as the Earl of Egremont, the father of the Countess of Munster, has in the most munificent manner settled £8000. per annum on her ladyship." The settlement would be an agreeable thing enough; but, unhappily, it wants confirmation.

The John Bull adopts the subject *con amore*, and upon saying, in its peculiar style, "On this creation there can be but one opinion," takes the "Leading Journal" fiercely to task for the crime of thinking one thing in May 1831, and another in December 1830. How innocent in the history of newspapers must John Bull be! The December ideas were—

"The irregular scions of a certain illustrious House are becoming troublesome. We do not wish to be particular: we trust that the young men and women to whom we allude are not so blinded by *infatuated conceit* as not to take a hint. Is *this* a time to make claims without SERVICE? Is the mere accident of left-handed birth to be a ground for *honours* or *wealth?* One thing we can confidently predict. If, as it is said, the *clamorous progeny* have put forth pretensions which ought not to be listened to, the parent who has *magnanimously* and *patriotically* REFUSED *the appeal*, will have acquired a fresh title to public admiration and affection. It is a maxim of the law that the King can *do no wrong*. What a noble moral, as well as *political comment*, on this maxim would it be, 'that the King will do no wrong.'"

The ideas in May were—

"A peerage, with the rank of an earl, is to be conferred on Colonel Fitzclarence. The *relationship* of this gentleman to the fountain of honour, united to his *high attainments, moral worth*, and *professional reputation, entitle him* to *such a mark of paternal regard;* and the public cannot but rejoice that it will be conferred."

John forgets the difference of the seasons; the sour side of politics presented under the gloomy skies of an English winter, and the propensity to look on every thing *couleur de rose*, in the rosy month of May. He may rely on our solution of the problem; the political cholera so far differs from the personal one, that its chief propagation is in the winter.

We regret to say that the two great champions of political rights and unfettered religion in Ireland, are spreading very unfavourable opinions of each other. Criticisms on general conduct, in the shape of scoundrel, vagabond, and similarly expressive phrases, are passing under the canopy of day, and in the presence of the "finest pisantry under the sun," to the great amusement and edification of all. An election assuredly brings out the bitterness lurking in patriot minds, as French polish the veins in mahogany; or a game of whist the propensities of a *partie quarrée* of ancient spinsters. Let their bosom friends vouch for the likeness; we take it for granted on the respective authorities. But where shall we find the tears that are due to broken friendship? Or how shall Protestants remember, without agony, that those individuals were, for many years of their lives, compatriots, colleagues, bosom friends, sworn brothers in the cause of "Old Ireland," and yet never suspected each other's good quali-

ties till "the demon of discord," in the shape of a contested election, stirred up blood between them. The thought must throw the whole community into convulsions.

Europe has lost another crowned head. And the newspapers mention the epochs of this illustrious personage's life, as—

"*Strange Coincidences.*—All the particular events of the late King of Sardinia's life occurred in the month of April. He was born on the 6th of April, married on the 6th of April, ascended the throne on the 19th of April, and died on the 27th of April."

So much for the grand events of a king's life; he was born, married and died! The same might be said of any cobbler in his majesty's dominions. But why, among so many memorable days of his favourite month, did the historian omit the day that threw its influence over his whole reign, the *first* of April?

The *Literary Gazette* says, that Decimus Burton is appointed permanent architect to the Zoological Society, with a salary of £150 a year. The *Age* asks, "What in the world has a society for the propagation and support of foreign and domestic birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, to do with a permanent architect— and what can that permanent architect have to do to merit £150 per annum!" We answer, that an architect is evidently wanting for the purpose. Lions and tigers, boa constrictors, and blue-rumped baboons, though long-lived, are not immortal, and who but a regular architect could make any resemblance of them sufficient to satisfy the eyes of the nursery-maids through the bars of a cage; while in those matters a practised hand can do wonders. When Sheridan carried Johnson, the monster-manufacturer of Drury Lane, to Exeter Change, to treat for the hire of the elephant there for Bluebeard; the monster-man's memorable answer, full of the offended dignity of his art, was, "Mr. Sheridan, you may cut me down to half salary, if I don't make you a better elephant than this brute." We have no doubt that the new architect will accomplish the point, and as the show is every thing, he will more than repay his salary by the saving in forage; a wooden tiger, or a lion of cradle-work and straw, will answer the purpose of the cockney naturalists, full as well as if he had come roaring from the deserts of the Great Zahara, while the expenditure of beef and bones may be diverted to more valuable purposes. Besides, it must be obvious to every person of taste, that the making of the cages themselves, the twisting of so many bundles of wires, the peeling of so many faggots of osier, and the juxtaposition of so many planks of deal, or as the great Lexicographer says, "the reticulation and decussation of the ligneous fabric with interstices between the intersections," must all require an architect of the first dimensions, and one whose services would be wretchedly underpaid by £150 a year; no more than the salary of three curates.

A Character.—"He is a very surprising person—take his military services —his consistent policy—his official activity—his universal knowledge—his general readiness—the quickness of his conception, and the clearness of his understanding—take them altogether, I say—and—and—you may put them all into his duchess's thimble!"

Who on earth can this distinguished person be? He must be known among the memorables of a country rich in statesmen, both heroes and

dukes. Which of the dukes is he? Not the duke of Buckingham, for he is only a colonel of militia. Not the Duke of Bedford, for his public services have hitherto extended no further than firing a shot at the Duke of Buckingham's belly, which, incredible as it may appear, he actually missed. Not the Duke of Beaufort, for he disclaims, under his hand, all public service. The "readiness, quickness of conception, and clearness of understanding" render it so applicable to all dukes whatever, that we feel ourselves puzzled more and more. It cannot be the Duke of Richmond.

This is the month of diversity of opinion, which we impute entirely to the unsettled state of the weather. The man who, after throwing off his cloak under a temperature of 212, finds himself suddenly immersed in a north-east wind, blowing fresh from the pole, and reducing every fibre in his frame to 50 below zero; or who on relinquishing his winter costume for the gaieties of a spring suit, and discarding his umbrella, discovers that he has been only preparing to be drowned in a November deluge in the merry month of May; cannot possibly settle his mind to any reasonable equanimity in general matters. He fluctuates with the hour. Thus we see that the most determined Tories have quivered over into absolute Whiggery at the sight of the hustings. Thus we see the popularity even of the illustrious, ripe to the highest degree of luxuriance on Saturday in the city, and on Monday flat as the wit of an alderman, and maltreated by the eloquence of the common council. The same uncertainty has penetrated even the tranquil regions of the arts. Rothwell, the painter, is declared by one file of connoisseurs to be the greatest genius since Reynolds, and by another plunged to Erebus. Even our national luminaries, Mathews and Yates, share in the general taste for discrepancy. One of our first authorities in theatrical matters thus decides:

"We have very frequently expressed our surprise at the continued variety of material exhibited year after year by Mathews in his entertainments; but we must confess, that this season he appears not only to have regenerated his fun and humour, but to have revivified himself—the *Comic Annual*, now performing, is decidedly the best of any of the things he has yet done.

Others declare this "comic annual" to be the very dullest compilation of dulness ever exhibited on any mortal stage.

The critic again.

"In Yates's part of the performance the rapidity with which he changes his dress and alters his appearance, from man to woman, from beau to barmaid, and from barmaid to bandit, is absolutely marvellous.

Others equally protest that Yates's part is, if possible, duller than Mathews's; that his change of dress is the only merit, and that this is merely the merit of a clothes-horse, or a wig-block; that his dialogue is the last desperation of the dregs of punning, and his characters something between Punch and Mr. Merryman, a pack of mongrels that would hurt the feelings of Bartlemy fair. "Who shall decide when doctors," &c. However, this is to be remembered, that Yates and Mathews are but the reciters, that the "drame" belongs to somebody or bodies else, and thus they are not answerable for the crimes of their principals in the exhumation of puns long dead, or the inhuman and open murder of good stories recently in existence. They are both clever fellows, and whether dancing or singing, we wish them all the success they deserve.

The consequences of fire are so terrible, that we cannot be surprised at finding models of fire-escapes perpetually offered to the public. A few nights ago, one of those machines, on a new construction, was exhibited in the London Mechanics' Institution. In point of time it surpasses all others, as it seems possible to convey it up the front of a house to a third story, and for a person to descend by it within two minutes, and for four other persons to descend in the third minute. Were such machines placed in the hands of the police, and at short distances, it would be doubtful whether a life would ever be lost.

And all this is very well, where there is time to erect the machine, where the people about it are expert enough, and where the machine itself is in order, which nothing of the kind ever has been within our memory. At the moment of use, cords, wheels, and hinges, are jumbled into a state of confusion, and the wisest thing to be done is to take the machine away.

The truth is, that there is no machine equal to a good long ladder, of which a couple should be kept under the care of the policeman in every street, with a rope or two to lower furniture, &c. In fires, the great thing that is wanted is *time;* and while the fine invention is bringing to the spot, and there piecing and putting together, the house and its dwellers are a cinder. In private houses fires are extremely rare, and as they seldom contain any peculiarly combustible matter, the first object of the family should be to make their way down to the hall door. But in shops, where almost everything is furiously combustible, from milliners' boxes to gunpowder barrels; where varnish, tar, hemp, brandy, and a hundred other of the fiercest materials of fire are in the way; the first step should be to the roof, where a few minutes would place a whole household in safety, while the attempt to make their way down stairs is almost always fatal. But let Mr. Wivell, or any one else, exert his ingenuity on this subject. It cannot be better employed. His alarm bells, however, appear to us to be mere trifling. They are thus described in the *Scientific Magazine:*—Mr. Wivell proposes fire alarm bells, that are well adapted to give notice in case of fire, and which may be put up at a small expense. One bell is placed on a spring, in the lower part of the house, and another at the upper part, with a communication by means of threads over pullies. It is supposed that it would not be possible for the stairs to take fire before those threads are burnt, in which case the bells would ring and give every person opportunity to escape."

This is all folly. How long would this string-upon-string affair be kept in order? Not a month, in any house dwelt in by anything more living than an old woman and her cat. The complacent progress of the fire ringing its well-bred way upstairs, would be admirable in a lord of the bedchamber, but Vulcan was always an unpolished fellow, and he feels no hesitation in breaking into boudoirs and bedchambers without being announced in any form whatever.

This is the age of early genius. We are now beginning to discover the use of "big boys," a race which we have hitherto thought the most troublesome incumbrances of a house; neither boy nor man, with the frowardness of the one, and the self-will and stubbornness of the other. But the "Honourable House" rectifies our notion, and shews that it can endure them, if no other house can.

We have now at least a dozen of those boys, in their first cravats, spouting from the back benches, and playing the orator with a desperate ambition of Pitt, and his Chancellorship of the Exchequer at twenty-four. Among the rest we shall, we presume, have on the first opportunity, the Honourable Mr. Wentworth, a son of Lord Milton, who inherits the combined genius of his father and grandfather, and speaks as well at seventeen as either of them ever spoke in their lives. At the Northampton poll, Sir Charles Knightley had praised the conduct of the county. He said "that county presented an exception to the conduct pursued in most others. Their answer to the appeal of ministers was a response of indignation at their iniquitous measure. If it were true that in the event of their finding a majority of the House of Lords against them, it was the intention of ministers to create new peers in order to force this bill, then he would say the ministers were traitors to their country. He was loyal, and was trying to preserve the crown in spite of itself and of its evil advisers."

In rebuke of this English sentiment, the Honourable Mr. Wentworth, just turned of seventeen, by the register, and the avowal of his eminent father, made the following brilliant similitude :—

"The Honourable Mr. Wentworth observed, that if ever they had seen, as he had done, a salmon when first hooked, and when it was possessed of all its strength, they would know that it would lie perfectly quiet; but when its strength was becoming nearly exhausted, it would suddenly jump up in the air some ten yards, and then fall back quite dead. Such was nearly the case with their opponents; they had jumped up the other day, and now they lie lifeless. They had been told that there were a great many votes yet undecided before the assessor, and he was glad there were; for from all he could see or hear, he believed a majority of them would be decided in favour of his father."

After this, who will say that the days of eloquence are gone by; or invoke the shades of Pitt and Burke, to account for the nonsense that drivels from the souls of modern legislators. "Paulo majora canamus," as Canning said, when Burdett shot Paul. We are bound to worship the new star of York and Fitzwilliam.

There seems to be some extraordinary fate in the history of ladies' jewels. All the large collections are stolen at one time or other; and the thief *always* escapes detection. We do not include among those phenomena the vanishing of a favourite actress's jewels, because, the actress having generally found their acquisition a matter of remarkable ease, the loss does not affect her spirits, and she generally discovers among her acquaintance some opulent jewel-fancier, who rapidly reinstates her emeralds and rubies. It may also happen, occasionally, among those ingenious and irresistible daughters of the muse, that the robbery was actually a gentler separation, a simple adjournment from the boudoir to the money-lender, who held them in trust for a thousand or two: or that the simple tidings of their calamitous loss might furnish an opportunity of generous interposition to some heir of the peerage, or son of a fat citizen, who had not fortitude enough to see beauty weep, and weep in vain.

But in all the bonâ-fide disappearances of jewels, where the lady was not a public beauty, had not the art of irresistible tears, nor the advantage of an universal acquaintance, we never heard of their being recovered.

There is something curious in this. Lady Sophia Gresley lost all her ornaments lately: not a pin of them has ever emerged. Lady Nelson's jewels are at this moment keeping all the policemen on the alert, but not a syllable of intelligence has transpired. The conjecture is that a woman was at the bottom of the mischief; which, in all cases of mischief, Socrates said above two thousand years ago, is the most natural of all conclusions. The story is thus told:—

"Lady Nelson had been expecting some relatives from the country, and was sitting in the drawing-room, when a knock and ring were given at the street-door. The servant answered it, and, to appearance, a shabbily dressed woman inquired if that was Lord Nelson's? On being answered in the affirmative, she asked if his lordship was at home, and if not, if her ladyship was, and giving her name to the servant, he left the woman in the hall to inform his mistress. On the servant's return the woman was gone, but not, as he had supposed, out of the house, the street-door having been heard to shut in his absence, but must have secreted herself in some closet, or corner of the interior. Shortly afterwards Lady Nelson departed in her carriage to chapel, and it was during her absence that the robbery was effected. Her ladyship did not discover her loss till about twelve at night, when she was about to retire, and observing that the trunk which contained her jewels appeared to project over the escrutoire, on which it was standing, rather more than usual, she pushed it back, and she then found that the leather-case and strap were all that remained."

The police were called in, without any result, of course. The servants were all examined, equally without result, of course. The odd conjectures of the fate of the Princess of Orange's jewels, and their purloiner, flash upon us now and then. But what is there in this world's round on which malice will not fasten. The wags are already amusing themselves with the affair, and congratulating the Countess on her having still preserved to her, by the bounty of fate, the reverend old Earl. One of the papers says: "The robbery at Earl Nelson's during the absence of his Lordship, is the subject of much conversation. It is said a miniature was stolen from her Ladyship's chamber, which she valued exceedingly. This was, probably, a likeness of her venerable husband, and her chief consolation in his absence."

The present lady is his Lordship's second wife, and has been married but a few years. She is now the only Lady Nelson. The wife of the great Nelson, the Duchess of Bronte, died a few weeks ago.

Cobbett was always a vigorous hater, when he knew on which side he intended to hate; but he has settled down into a hatred of the Whigs, and among them one of his chief present abhorrences is, old Coke of Norfolk, whom he gallantly threatens with being compelled to refund, in the contingency of Reform. This statement is fierce, eccentric and amusing.

"I wondered what could make Coke so bitter an enemy of a man who had never spoken ill of him, who had always been exhorting him not to lend himself to the schemes of loan-jobbers, pensioners, sinecure placemen, and *grantees;* little did I imagine that he was a grantee himself, and had been all his life-time: little did I imagine that this great landowner, this munificent patron of agriculture, this independent representative of the land; little did I imagine that he was the grantee of Dungeness light-house, through the means of which he had drawn from the nation *two or three hundred thousand pounds!* He has recently said, that after being half a century a Member of Parliament,

he has at last lived to see the wishes of his life accomplished; that one of his wishes always was a repeal of the Test Acts, another the emancipation of the Catholics, the last and greatest of all, a Reform of the Parliament; and that now, having seen this, he, almost in the words of Simeon, calls upon the Lord to suffer him to depart in peace; for he has now seen every thing accomplished. No, Mr. Coke, stay a little longer, I pray you: there is one thing more which you will see accomplished if you stay a little longer; namely, the resumption by the nation of the Dungeness light-house; for if a reformed Parliament sit out one session without a resumption of that grant, be well assured that the people, who will certainly make this reform, will call loudly for another."

We should like to know whether an action would not lie, for charging a man with quoting Latin above his fifteenth year. We think that the action would be a good one, on the ground of its imputing folly to the individual. A contemporary avers that soon after Mr. Granby Calcraft's marriage with Miss Love, the young gentleman called upon his father, who noticing his son's altered looks, thus addressed him, in the language of Terence:—

"Adeone homines immutari,
Ex amore, ut non cognoscas eundem esse?"

which may be literally translated—"That a man should be so changed by *Love* as not to be known again for the same person!" We doubt the whole transaction. In the first place, we doubt that the memory of a senator so accomplished should be burthened with the recollection of ever having read Terence; and, in the next, we doubt that any alteration in the happy husband's face, by marriage, was visible. The subject is too mysterious for any thing but Dr. Lushington and the proctors.

The Irish militia behaved gallantly in the field, in the rebellion of 1798, but all their colonels were not Alexanders and Napoleons.—A certain Colonel, at the battle of Vinegar-hill, found out, just before the action commenced, that his *horse wanted a shoe.* An aid-de-camp of the general met him retiring, and observing his body well covered under the near side of his horse's neck, drew his sabre, and applied it heartily to the seat of the withdrawing soldier, accompanying it with the exclamation—"Heads up, my boy! what the devil are you afraid of?" The Colonel, smarting with the pain of the blow, could not resist rising in the saddle, when the wild Pat burst into a loud fit of laughter, singing out, "Ah ha! ah ha! Is it you? I hope I did not hurt you? But, by my soul, it was a smart slap I gave you," and away he galloped roaring to tell the adventure to his general. The story was too good not to be retold, and it got into general circulation. Soon after the Union, the Colonel came to England, as the wider field of action. At Carlton House, at which he was soon introduced, he was invited to a large dinner-party, one of whom had seen the affair. The Prince called upon him to relate the anecdote of Vinegar-hill; he attempted to avoid it, but, pushed hard, he gave the whole relation with his national humour. "Ah, ah, is that true?" asked the Prince: the Colonel, with great ease, replied, "Please your Royal Highness, it is very true. My mare threw a shoe, and I rode away to find a farrier; and, by Jupiter, before she was shod the action was over!"

Windsor, and Bushy, and Brighton, and St. James's are all on the alert. The summer is to be the gayest that ever was known, and her Majesty's relatives are honouring England by their visits. The Germans are very good people, but they certainly have very numerous families.

"*The Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar.*—This illustrious lady, who has arrived from Rotterdam, is the younger sister of the Queen, and was united to Duke Bernard Charles, of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, in 1816, at the age of 24. The reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen is the only brother of Her Majesty and the Duchess Ida, and succeeded to the family territory in 1803, at which period he was only three years of age. His mother, the duchess dowager, administered the government till December, 1821, when the duke completed his 21st year. The extent of the territory of Saxe Meiningen is about equal to 680 square English miles, and the population is estimated at 140,000. The principal town, Meiningen, contains nearly 5,000 inhabitants."

We must thank the course of a kind fate for every thing, and we may thus rejoice in the possession of a great many interesting foreigners; some of whom we pension very handsomely. By degrees we shall get rid of our English names, and Victorines will be the fashion; the price of Meershaums has risen already, and we understand that more yellow mustachios will be worn during the winter months of June, July, and August, than were ever visible since the Saxon Heptarchy. We only hope that the ladies will not adopt them.

The Irish proverb that—"single misfortunes never come alone," has been contradicted in the case of Lord Lowther, who, though he has lost his election, has won his race, and brought up his expences at the hustings, and five pounds over, by his triumph at the stand. His Lordship is too old a statesman not to have the desire of serving his country in a good place. But his late experience may teach him that of all posts, the best is the winning-post. We must do him the justice to say, that when in office, he was an indefatigable man of business, and that though we do not yet comprehend the good fortune by which, in the memorable and fatal year 1829, he was suffered to vote against the Catholic Bill, and yet keep his office; we should wish to see him marshalling his stone-masons, bricklayers, and carpenters again, and standing, ferule in hand, over the pullers down and builders up of half a dozen more miles of the Strand.

We recommend the following caution to heiresses and others, from ten thousand pounds upwards, during the present eloping season at Bath, Cheltenham, Clifton, Brighton, Broadstairs, Astley's, and Almack's.

"*Law of Settlement.*—It is not, we believe, generally known that an English woman marrying a native of Scotland or Ireland, loses all claim to parochial relief in England, and may be passed, like an Irish or Scotch vagrant, to the birth-place of the husband. Such is the present Law of Settlement!"

On the continent none but women take the veil, but an imported foreigner, like imported champagne, always improves by the London market. We give an instance: on the day of the Derby much mirth was occasioned by the occasional appearance on the Epsom road of certain nondescript animals, with green veils over their heads. Those, at first,

were taken to be females dressed in men's clothes, for the purpose of adding to the gaiety of the scene; but one object, upon inspection, proving to be a real *bonâ fide* man, he was destined to proceed amidst the shouts and derision of the populace: others of the same genus followed, and were received in a similar manner, it being ascertained that these *gentle*men were so inconvenienced by the dust getting into "their pretty eyes and whiskers," that they were obliged to wear veils to counteract its destructive effects, and also to guard their delicate complexions from the rays of the sun. The he-nuns were discovered to be half a dozen Marquises and Barons of the highest blood of the North of Europe, preserving their complexions for the quadrille at the Duchess of Connizaro's, on the same evening. We hear that they fortunately escaped without a freckle.

Kean lingers still on this side of the Atlantic, and in the modern Athens finished his career and benefit by a speech, which seemed to have enraptured his classic audience.

"Having been loudly called for at the end of the play (Othello), he made the following characteristic address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot express to you my feelings of gratitude. I am overpowered by exertion; but in whatever situation I may be placed, I will, through life, entertain the most lively recollection of your kindness. After the eloquent language I have been speaking to-night, any thing I could say must be weak indeed. But I highly prize approbation from such an audience; of whom I conceive the ladies to be the most beautiful, and the gentlemen most enlightened—(Cheering). It is probable, that although I may not often again appear on the London boards, I hope frequently to make my best bow to my kind friends here."

We must now degenerate into the miscellaneous; and first, of the incomparable bandit of Drury Lane.

"It is said that Wallack has received a pressing invitation from the various theatres in the United States to pay them another professional visit, and that high terms have been offered."

Elliston has recovered the use of both his hands, and now employs them in both John Bull's pockets, from which he extracts full houses, laughing audiences, and a promise of increasing popularity for the next fifty years.

All our actors are flying off to Paris. Liston does not intend to act at any of the provincial theatres during the summer. Accompanied by his son and Mr. Kenney, he purposes to visit Paris. Liston is going. Charles Kemble is gone upon a theatrical speculation. He will be followed by Mr. Lacey, translator of the grand spectacle of *Napoleon Buonaparte*. Mr. Kemble's stay in the French capital will be very short.

The Radicals are prodigiously angry with the Marquis of Chandos for having beaten their *man*; and are now trying to account for Lord George Nugent's want of weight and political importance wherever his lordship is known; and for this purpose are libelling the marquess and his father with having taken the trouble to combine against the said author of the poem on Portugal, and Bold Dragoon of the Tracadero. Thus, say they:—

The differences between Lord Nugent and the Marquis of Chandos have been very conspicuously brought forward. The latter, with the duke, their

father, is described to have acted most disingenuously—to have first opposed Lord Nugent, then to have disavowed doing so, save by his own personal vote, and immediately afterwards to have sent his pocket-voters to give plumpers against him for Lord Kirkwall.

To the whole of this we say, what Burchell says in the Vicar of Wakefield to Miss Amelia Wilhelmina Skeggs, "Fudge!" The Marquess of Chandos is worth a ship-load of Lord Nugents. He is a manly, high-minded, honest fellow, with his brains in the right place, and as sure of yet taking a high rank, perhaps the highest, in the confidence and councils of the country, as Lord Nugent, whom, by-the-bye, the Whigs seem to have left very unceremoniously to the natural operation of his genius, is sure to remain in the same position for life.

The world has for the last month forgotten Poland, and talked of Paganini, and nothing but Paganini. The signor's début has not been lucky. The fact is, this king of the fiddlers has been too much in haste to carry off all the circulating medium of England; and by thus assailing John Bull on his sensitive point, that most patient of animals, or, as a favourite fashionable authority would say, that always-to-be-plucked-by-foreigners goose, and never-to-be-plucked-enough, was for once out of temper; and if the signor had fiddled on the night proposed, he would have fiddled to the walls, as bare of an audience as his own demands were of moderation.

The demand which Paganini had thought it modest and reasonable to make on those who desired to witness his performance, as it appeared in his advertisement, was as follows:—"Price of Boxes: Pit tier, eight guineas; ground tier, ten guineas; one pair, nine guineas; two pair, six guineas; three pair, four guineas. Stalls, two guineas; orchestra, one guinea and a half. Admission to the pit, one guinea; ditto to the gallery, half a guinea." The effect of the advertisement was so startling, that it is stated, not more than eight or ten boxes were taken, and this *indisposition* on the part of the public produced, we suppose, that *indisposition* on the part of Paganini which caused the concert to be postponed.

The public surprise being equalled by the public disgust at this unparalleled piece of modesty, in which Laporte, the Frenchman who leases the King's theatre, seemed to be an accomplice; the "Times" lashed both parties without preface or apology.

"Laporte's presumption in doubling the prices of admission to the King's Theatre, on the first night of Paganini's performance, is one of those extravagances which could only have entered the head of a foreigner, who had beforehand arrived at the happy conviction, moreover, of the infinite gullibility of the English nation. To understand this the more clearly, it is necessary to bear in mind that the whole theatre is on this occasion set apart, not for a dramatic performance, but *for a concert merely*, and that it will hold, if filled at the ordinary prices, at least £1,500 in money. The expense to be sustained is considerably less than on an ordinary night. There is no chorus, no *corps dramatique*, nor *corps de ballet*, to be engaged. Nothing is wanted but an orchestra, the whole attraction centering, in fact, in the single talent of Paganini. But is he justified, or Laporte for him, in levying this enormous tax? We have had instances enough before in this country of extravagant pretension on the part of opera singers, dancers, and others; yet none of them, in the full zenith of their popularity, and with far stronger reasons on their side, ever ventured on such an outrageous proceeding as this. What Paginini's audiences have submitted to in Frankfort, Berlin, Hamburgh, Paris,

and other places, has nothing to do with this question. The public there are little in the habit of exercising their right over the mode of admission to public places, and the prices at the King's Theatre are already higher than any others in Europe. They secure, as they are, the most brilliant recompense that can possibly await individual talent. We may allow, perhaps, to very rare eminence in a public performer, that he shall occasionally count his hundreds for a single night; but this scheme, should the public swallow the bait, may possibly secure his thousands to Paginini—he may appropriate as much in that one night as former managers have assigned to our Billingtons and Catalanis for a whole season.

As to doubling the prices in Berlin and other Continental cities, the "Times" might have added, that the prices are extremely low, compared with those of England, and especially with those of the King's theatre; and that the theatres are generally small. The King's theatre being, with the exception of La Scala at Milan, probably the largest in Europe.

M. Laporte, being perfectly astonished at being taken to task, wrote an attempt at an apology, in the following letter, to the editors of the different newsp pers:—

"Sir,—It is with deep regret that I have seen in a Morning Paper a paragraph which tends to throw upon me the intended advance of prices of Signor Paganini's concert. A feeling of delicacy, and the lateness of the hour when, on my return to town, the said paragraph came to my knowledge, do not allow me to enter, for the present, into a minute explanation, but I hope that a further investigation of the case will be granted me, when I have no doubt my character will be cleared of an undeserved charge, and restored to that public estimation which it has ever been the aim of my exertions to obtain.—I have the honour to remain your obedient humble servant, "J. LAPORTE."

"King's Theatre, May 19."

This note explained nothing, further than that the lateness of the hour when Monsieur returned from his country excursion prevented him from explaining any thing. But it does not deny that he was fully acquainted with those exorbitant demands before; or that it was his duty as a manager, protected by the public and the subscribers, to take care that no such impudence should be practised on them. We would ask also, whether this M. Laporte was not to have had a share of the signor's profits originally? and whether the idea of doubling the rates of admission met with any resistance whatever from the Frenchman? Those rates had been partially announced too a week or ten days before; why did not M. Laporte then announce his dissent from them? This is the only shape in which explanation can be received, and this we shall see whether the manager is able to give.

The first result, however, was tolerably intelligible. It is said, that no more than eight or ten boxes were taken. The speculation on national foolery, of course, fell to the ground. On the night previous to that fixed for the concert, bills were posted in various parts of the house, announcing that "Signor Paganini's concert" had been postponed, and giving a copy of a note in Italian, addressed by him to Laporte, of which the following is a translation:—

"Sir,—Finding myself rather indisposed, I beg you will do me the favour to inform the respectable public that I shall not be able to perform to-morrow evening.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, "PAGANINI."

Laporte's friends say, for he seems to have been able to say nothing for himself, that he had told the signor, "that the *haut ton* of London,

whilst in London, however much they might when abroad, and even occasionally whilst in the metropolis, extend their purses for the purpose of paying "foreign talent," would often refuse to act upon the same principle. Laporte then told him, that as he could not sanction the proposed increase of prices of admission, without running the risk of giving everlasting offence to his own subscribers, he could not take any share in the business, but would make the customary chargé to him (Paganini) for the use of the house, and of such members of the establishment as he might think proper to select. Upon this Paganini observed, that he would take the matter upon himself, and the scheme of charges was drawn out. To this determination we are given to understand he the more determinately came, because he said that on his arrival at Dover a deputation of the inhabitants waited on him and stated, that if he would but play for one night at their theatre, they would raise the prices of admission to the boxes, which are now 4s. each, and the pit, which are 2s. each, to *one guinea*; and in order that it might be brought to some sort of certainty, as to what profit he should derive from that performance, they would at once guarantee that 200 tickets, at £1. 1s. each, should be taken. Paganini, therefore, argued, that if this act was to be looked on as a criterion of the extent of the anxiety which the English felt to hear him, he could not help thinking that the metropolitan *cognoscenti* would willingly pay double the customary charge. Laporte, finding that his mind was so firmly impressed with this opinion, left the matter to itself, to undeceive him as to its fallacy." This is certainly not the story which first came to the general ear; that being simply, that the Frenchman wished to pay the fiddler merely a certain sum for his performances; but that the fiddler demanded the produce of two-thirds of the house; the charges being already raised in the ridiculous manner alluded to; and that on Laporte's demurring, the signor took the whole upon himself.

There the matter rests, explanation and all. On whose head the extortion may lie, we cannot say; but we are glad that it has been exposed and punished, let its author be fiddler or farceur. At the same time, we wish that no popular displeasure may be too heavily visited upon Paganini. All foreigners suffer themselves to think, that the wealth of England implies absurdity and extravagance; and the enormous and almost criminal prodigality with which foreign singers and dancers have been frequently paid may seem to justify the conception. We can have little to say for our good sense when a singer, even though that singer were Catalani, could make ten thousand a year among us; but there is a limit, and that limit the signor has overpassed. We yet have no wish to visit this blunder too heavily on his ignorance of our habits. He is a first-rate violinist; and as he has a right to make the due profit from his talent, so the public are willing to reward, and generously reward, its display.

As to his illness, we do not believe a word; theatrical indispositions form a class of diseases perfectly understood among us, and of those none are ever mortal. Paganini is probably vexed at having lost his object, and at the same time lost his popularity; but better advice will rapidly restore the king of fiddlers to his happiest state of convalescence, and we shall have him again enchanting the universe on his single string, at the Hanover Square, the Argyle, the King's Concert, and all other rooms and kinds of rooms. The "Sunday Times" thus announces the signor's arrival—

"*Paganini and the other Ninnies.*—The 'first fiddler in Europe' has arrived at Dover, with his fiddle under his arm. Intent on attacking John Bull in his strong-hold, and determined to rush at once, *in medias res*, he has very modestly refused £100 for one night's fiddling at Dover! It is really all very well to encourage talent, but it becomes absurd to carry patronage to such an extent as to bestow it solely on expensive foreigners, whilst home merit is lost sight of. We shall have thousands expended on hearing the man apply the 'hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat,' by the very persons who, 'in their places in Parliament,' are vehemently declaiming against foreign imports, national poverty, and home produce. What a world do we live in!"

The political turbulence of the time is actually beginning to impede matters the most remote from politics. It has been remarked, that fewer books, for instance, have been published since it began, than within any six months of the last twenty years. Yet some occasionally make their way: and one of the most striking of the season, is a work, "On the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy." An admirable volume, in every sense of the word, clearing the subject from the greater part of the difficulties which have hitherto made it one of the most deformed features of ancient knowledge, completely excluding the indelicate details which have so generally stained the history of heathen idolatry, and bringing upon the topic a weight of classical reference, acute inquiry and general illustration, which places the work immeasurably above all its predecessors. The author, Mr. Keightly, himself an accomplished scholar, and perhaps not inferior to any individual of his time, in his knowledge of the whole range of living Continental literature, has availed himself largely, but judiciously, of the chief German authorities; avoiding their mysticism, and admirably condensing and combining their facts. The book forms a *standard* work, deserving of being adopted in every school and college where classical learning is peculiarly cultivated, and not less deserving of a place in the library of every man to whom the recollections of the poets, historians or philosophers of antiquity, are valuable.

Another work, but of light and graceful reading, has just appeared:—"Harrison's Tales of a Physician:" the second part of a series of narratives which have already received from the public the praise of tenderness, humorous simplicity, and powerful nature. Some of the former tales reminded us of Goldsmith, and the present volume deserves the full popularity of its brother.

Ridgway, the prince of pamphlet-publishers, has just issued another pamphlet on the Reform question. The title is but a mask for the spirit of its pages.—"Friendly Advice most *respectfully* submitted to the Lords, on the Reform Bill;"—the author, of course, meaning neither friendly advice, nor respectful submission. His tone is haughty menace and bold contempt. He warns the Lords "of their ruin," if they dare to resist the Bill; scoffs at their hope of establishing a ministry, if they should even succeed in the "extravagant conception" of throwing out the present one, and *commands* them to let their scruples be silent in the presence of their dangers. We are of another school, and look upon such conduct as the true forerunner of ruin, and of that worst of all ruin, which, before it breaks down the man, strips him of the consolation of character, crushes him by his own convicting hand, and sends him to the political grave, less as the victim of adverse fortune, than an atonement to the offended laws of honour. But the writer gives the Whig view of the subject, and gives it with force and fearlessness. We have seen nothing on his side better written.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Summer and Winter Hours, by Henry Glassford Bell.—These poems have nothing to do with either summer or winter hours in particular; but are so styled —partly for the sake of a title, and partly because they are the "fruits of idle hours stolen in those seasons from graver, though not more congenial pursuits." They are, in fact, occasional pieces—slender effusions prompted by circumstances—the relaxations of a cultivated mind, with a taste for verse-making, and indulging it, without putting forth extravagant pretensions. They are unelaborate morsels, that call for no severity, for they challenge no distinction—nevertheless several of them are felicitous enough, and prove the possession of a power that requires only to be exerted to produce more important results. The Epistles to and from a pair of Cousins, separated for years, are very agreeable trifles, in good taste and discretion. We quote a stanza or two from the lady's reply.—

I wish you would pack your portmanteau, Hal,
And fling yourself into the mail,—
It will take little more than a day and a night
To bring you to Langley Dale.
'Tis the sweetest spot in the world, Hal,
And just for a poet like you;
A lovelier scene of hill and grove
No painter ever drew.

And I want you to know my husband, Hal,
For I'm sure you'll be pleased with each other;
And, besides, we have three rosy children, Hal,
All amazingly like their mother;—
I hear their merry voices now,
Even now from among the trees,—
O, Hal! what a fathomless depth of joy
To a mother in sounds like these!

At all events, come to see us, Hal,
Ere the golden months be past,
For I think you are not so happy, Hal,
As when we parted last;
And if there be song or word of mine,
That can either soothe or please,
We'll bury all your cares, dear Hal,
Deep in oblivion's seas.

We'll bury all your cares, dear Hal,
A thousand fathoms down,
And we'll send you back a merrier man
To your friends in the busy town;
We'll send you back with a ruddier cheek,
And a brighter beaming eye,
And again you will tread with a bounding step,
Again will your heart beat high.

The Bridal Night, &c., by Dugald Moore, author of "Scenes from the Flood," &c.—The manufacture of verse becomes every day more and more facile, and the labourers of course multiply in proportion. There is such a prodigious stock of ready-made phrases, images, and characters, exclusively poetical in the market, within every body's reach, and at every body's command, that all the young masters and misses, as soon as they can clutch a pen, have only to stretch out their hands, and fill them to their hearts' content. The frolic would be perfectly harmless, if they did not print—but print they must, or it is labour lost with them. It is in vain to urge upon them, nobody reads. Grasping as is the passion of vanity, and especially the vanity that prompts to verse-scribbling, it is the most accommodating of human infirmities—the most flexible and elastic—of the India-rubber texture —if it cannot command the admiration of the universe, it will be tickled with the plaudits of a family circle, or a next-door neighbour. Though, therefore, out of every three persons that can spell, one takes to dabbling in *poetry;* he or she generally secures the applause of the other two, which is better than nothing, and enough to keep vanity warm. These remarks are forced from us, perhaps, in a fit of waspish impatience—we are but men. Our table groans with masses of verse; and discrimination, where all have a family likeness, and one not better than another, is past all mortal power. If we say, then, that Mr. Dugald Moore of the Bridal Night, is of a dashing and aspiring cast, and writes smoothly and flowingly — with shows of vivacity and fire—and has Byron by heart, and for ever at his pen's end, we give a fair representation of his quality, and need add no more. Formerly, in descriptive scenes, poets culled and selected laboriously and fastidiously —now, they universally accumulate, and, of course, mere piling and packing costs very little.—

Day sets in glory o'er the Ionian sea,
Night gathers round him like eternity;
And all is hush'd, as if the rosy mouth
Of love breathed o'er his own delicious south.
'Tis one of those sweet eves, so calm, so clear,
And living, that you almost think you hear,
In the warm air, the very wild-flowers grow,
And the young blood through their green channels flow.
Joy seems to breathe his songs in every bower,
As if Death's foot had never crushed a flower;
While music floats along the twilight deep,
As nature saw bright visions in her sleep,
And, like an infant through a glorious dream,
Murmured delight from every hill and stream!
The winds lie wearied with their morning chase,
Embraced by silence in the halls of space;
And as the gorgeous clouds to darkness pass,
You see the stars, in many a fairy mass,
Laughing along the desert of the air,
Apart, or grouped, like happy lovers there;
While the warm breeze that slowly warbles by,
Wanders away, like pleasure, with a sigh.

This shewy piece is introductory to "The Bridal Night," which is the story of a Greek pirate, whose lady-love is in the hands of a Turkish emir. The emir resolves to marry her, and the pirate to tear her from his arms on the bridal night. The result is very sad. The emir, not pleased with the lady's tears, is beforehand with the pirate, draws his sabre, and gives the bride a stroke that requires no second one—the pirate of course has his revenge on the emir; but that does not bring the lady to life. He carries off the fair form, however, and the same night is himself wrecked, and both bodies are found the next morning on the shore, and half a score vultures hovering over them.

The History of the Church of Christ, by the Rev. John Scott, M.A. Vol. III. —Mr. Scott is more remarkable for his industry than for skill in working up his materials; but the production is respectable—it is honest and temperate. The present volume—concluding the Swiss Reformation—is chiefly occupied, after tracing the later years of Zwingle and Œcolampadius, with Farel and Calvin, whose biography involves the whole story of the Reformation of Geneva. Zwingle certainly appears in a more favourable light than he has usually done—and Mr. Scott's industry and good faith forbid us to believe it is not a fairer one. Not only were his talents, and his bold and independent spirit equal, or even superior to any of his cotemporaries, which all must allow; but his theology, in Mr. Scott's estimate, is in general sound, and his evangelical piety more decisive than is commonly represented. He had obviously more temper and a clearer head than Luther. It seems to have been generally overlooked, that his predestination principles were to the full as sweeping as those of Calvin; but with him, however, they were grounded more upon philosophy than theology, and had but little influence upon the general style of his instructions. He distinctly admits reprobation, as well as election. Speaking of the supposition of Esau's dying in infancy, he says, expressly, "*he* could not die, whom Providence created *to* live, and to live *wickedly*." Nor is this a casual expression in a sermon or a letter, but a deliberate declaration in a sober discussion consecutively argued. After this, of course, Mr. Scott cannot but express his surprise that Dr. Milner—a man supposed never to have made an assertion without due authority—should say, as he does—"On a careful perusal of Zwingle's voluminous writings, I am convinced that certain peculiar sentiments, afterwards maintained by Calvin, concerning the absolute decrees of God, made *no* part of the theology of the Swiss reformer." Of course, if Dr. Milner's perusal was a careful, it was not a *complete* one.

The whole odium of these doctrines has, by a singular sort of ill-luck, been cast upon Calvin, though beyond all doubt, before he had ever been heard of in public life, Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle, held them in entire perfection. The fact is, they were the common sentiments of the Catholic Church; and the earliest reformers were all brought up in the Catholic faith. Augustin never lost any of his credit or authority; nor did the Council of Trent think of flinching from the confession.

But Calvin himself was not eternally and exclusively, as people seem to imagine, writing upon these topics. It is in his "Institutes" only that he formally advocates them—a performance that occupies only a portion of one folio volume out of nine. The rest are filled with Commentaries and Lectures on the Scriptures, and his Correspondence.

The case of Servetus, the Anti-Trinitarian, who was burnt at Geneva, partly through the agency of Calvin, Mr. Scott has carefully sifted, and stated it with perfect fairness. Calvin was very far from being so omnipotent at Geneva as is often represented—he had power neither to condemn nor to rescue Servetus. When he first published his obnoxious book—nine years before his miserable fate—he was in correspondence with Calvin, and on that occasion offered to come to Geneva. "If he comes," said Calvin, "he shall not go away alive, if I can help it." To Geneva, however, he finally came—nine years after, and *not entrapped* by Calvin—but Calvin certainly gave information to the magistrates of his arrival, and he was instantly arrested. Nor can there be any doubt but he wished for his execution, though he made efforts to have him *hanged* instead of *burnt:* Mr. Scott, with some little reluctance, confesses this was the state of his sentiments; and obviously Calvin's own words will bear no other interpretation. Though undoubtedly a stain, it is one upon the age rather than upon the man. Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle, would probably have acted in the same way under the same circumstances. Melancthon expressed his wonderment that any body could disapprove. Our own reformers sanctioned similar enormities often enough. Mr. Scott discriminates the man admirably—

> In Calvin we trace not indeed the chivalrous heroism of the great Saxon reformer; nor the sometimes too adventurous elevation of the father of the Swiss reformation; nor certainly the genius and the tenderness of Melancthon; nor the meekness of wisdom which peculiarly adorned Œcolampadius. But in some other important qualities he excelled them all. Perhaps in learn-

ing he was superior to any one of them—in sound and correct judgment, formed upon a comprehensive and dispassionate consideration of all the points involved in a great question, I should certainly conclude him to have been so. Firm as Luther, without his impetuosity, he avoided all the embarrassments which arose from the scrupulous anxiety of Melancthon. Inferior to none, superior to most of them, in sagacity and penetration, he was more a man of system and order in all things, whether relating to doctrine, to discipline, or to his compositions as an author, than any of their number. The first among them, we may pronounce, in sheer intellect, he fell short of more than one of them in the powers of imagina- and of all of them in warmth of heart. Hence, while he commands our veneration, he does not equally attract our affection.

Poems, by Walter Savage Landor, Esq. —Would Mr. Landor could be convinced he has not found out how to write poetry which any body *can* read. Whatever may be his conceptions, he has no flow, no ready command of appropriate language, and makes up the deficiency — which nothing, however, ever could or can supply — by an eternal elaboration that wraps all he sings in clouds of obscurity, as dense and deep as a delphic oracle. One half of his luckless lines require reading a second or a third time—not in admiration, or the better to impress and feel their beauties—but simply to take their meaning; and, too often, that meaning proves to be as old as the hills, and either not worth the repetition, or far too trite and worn to make the perusal bearable. With all Mr. Landor's ardour for poetry, and his untiring devotion from his boyhood, he has never shewn any fertility or fervour of imagination; he can observe, and so occasionally, in details, introduces matters unmarked before, but then they are often scarcely worth remarking, and if they be, the effect is for ever blighted by the pedantry of his taste, which leads him for the most part to the grandiloquent; and in his efforts at the simple, sinks him into puerility or meanness. No modern writer of Mr. Landor's calibre has taken so wrong an estimate of his own powers — he aspires beyond his executive talents; and in his poetry, is always more intent upon the manner than the matter, and that manner too exclusively partakes of older writers, as if that of none of *his* cotemporaries could be worth regarding. But Mr. Landor will evidently listen to no admonitions —he is a scorner of periodical criticism —he will *guide* the public taste, and of course is much too magnificent to allow the world to know and feel what it likes best.

The volume before us—an amount of a good ten thousand lines—all he chooses to father—contains a whole tragedy, of the legitimate dimensions, Count Julian of Spain—scenes or scraps of two other dramas—a narrative poem, beginning, "I sing the fates of Gebir"—an Icelandic adventure, and sundry morceaux of an amatory and elegiac cast — the whole collected and published by himself, expressly to guard against the "avarice of venal editors and bankrupt publishers," when he is gone. Bless the good man. "It is only the wretchedest of poets," adds he, with the complacency of a saint, "that wish all they ever wrote to be remembered — some of the best would be willing to lose the most."

Without sketching the subject of Gebir, we will just cast a glance at a page of it, with no insidious selection—it is a fair specimen. Gebir gives orders to build a new town from the ruins of an old one at some distance—

> The Gadite men the royal charge obey.
> Now fragments weighed up from th' uneven streets
> *Leave the ground black beneath.*—

A fact observed by himself, probably upon some occasion when the pavement was turned up, as is often the case, in Piccadilly.

> Again the sun
> Shines into what were porches,

That is, the old porches were set up afresh in the new town.

> And on steps
> Once warm with frequentation—clients, friends,
> All morning, satcheled idlers all mid-day,
> Lying half up and languid though at games.

We have pondered upon these lines some time, and are not sure, after all, we grasp the meaning. Apparently—heaven forbid we should be peremptory upon so equivocal a matter—clients and friends are what grammarians call in apposition with *frequentation*, and intended to develope the objects of that very expressive abstraction. Will the poet then mean—the sun shines, in their new position, on steps which once, *i. e.* in their old position, were much frequented by clients and friends all the morning, and with satcheled idlers *all* the mid-day—and both parties only getting half way up, fatigued with the great elevation of the said steps, and then stretching themselves at their length, fit for nothing but to play at backgammon or hazard, and hardly that? *All morning*—the writer has lived too long in Italy to know is mere patois. What the idlers have got in their *satchels* we have no means of discovering, and must appeal to the author. But let us proceeed a few lines—

> Some raise the painted pavement, some on wheels
> Draw slow its *laminous length*—

This, apparently, means a long piece of the painted pavement—probably *tesselated*.

Some intersperse
Salt waters through the sordid heaps, and seize
The flowers and figures starting fresh to view.

That is—the workmen scrub the dirt off the pieces of tesselated pavement, and make the flowers and figures visible. For this purpose *salt* water is more efficient than sweet—another proof of Mr. Landor's close observation of facts.

Others rub hard large masses, and essay
To polish into white what they misdeem
The growing green of many trackless years.

Here we confess we should have been quite at a stand, but for a benevolent note. They were scrubbing verde antique, which they mistook for Parian, stained by vegetation, and long exposure to the weather.

Far off at intervals the axe resounds
With regular strong stroke, and nearer home
Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.

These are nice observations that mark the poet. The mallet was an old one, or had been much used, was consequently fringed, or worn to ribbons at the edges, and of course did not give the sharp sound of a new one.

Here arches are discovered, there huge beams
Resist the hatchet, but *in fresher air*
Soon drop away, &c. &c.

The poet's philosophy—his knowledge of nature and art too, has no limits; and the fearless prodigality with which he lavishes it upon the reader, shews a reliance upon the opulence of his resources that is quite enviable.

Mr. Landor has a trick of spelling his words after his own *fancy*—in contempt of all custom or *analogy*. He has despach for despatch, and rhymes it with *scratch*. This is in Gunlaug, to which, by the way, we direct the reader's attention. In it the poet attempts the familiar—but, as it often happens when people are unused to the exercise, he only plays the fool, and that very clumsily.

Old Man of the Mountain, &c. Tales from the German of Tieck. 1 *vol.*—Tieck has, we believe, a very high reputation among his own countrymen for skill in handling diableries and mysteries, ordinary and extraordinary; but except with boys and girls in their teens, and a few dreaming persons who never get out of them, none, we suspect, are likely to be very much charmed with him here. If curiosity prompt others to look at his performances, contempt must soon force them to throw them aside—the tales are far too childish in material, and too crazy in construction, to afford amusement to people who are not half as addled as the author, or at least as most of the personages who figure in his scenes. A German romancer is not content with marking the workings of human passions in the encounters of common life—in the complications of circumstances which realities furnish in inexhaustible variety—more marvellous by far than mere imagination supplies—but he must revive again the worn-out extravagances of ages of ignorance, or at least of ages of coarse and clouded observation, and intermingle them with modern precision and refinement—thus producing alienation and disgust where his purpose is to interest, and astound, and conciliate. When magic and marvels were subjects of serious belief, they stood on a level with facts, and might claim, even pre-eminently, description and discussion; and so the existing prejudices of a people, in whatever class of that people, are fair subjects still; but, unluckily, Tieck represents them in a style and manner fitted only for the nursery. The Old Man of the Mountain's story is a succession of circumstances, scarcely any two of which hang together—effects stand without their causes, aod actions without their motives—and the characteristic of the piece is of course obscurity. The old man is rich to repletion in mines and manufactories; in early life he has experienced troubles, and they have soured him, and, in spite of a kindly temperament, have given him a distrust of mankind. He shuts himself up, and trusts his concerns to agents; and he is of course robbed and plundered; but such is his general and *unaccountable* prosperity, that the loss is but a drop from a bucket, and he prefers suspecting every body in the mass, and nobody in particular, to discovering the source of depredation. The author of all proves finally to be his chief privy counsellor, and the detection seems to strike the death-blow of the Old Man of the Mountain—whose character is a perfect puzzle; and the last thing Tieck thinks of is to unriddle it himself, or give others a clue. The bulk of the tale is occupied with the speculations of the old man's subordinate agents, and their schemes for discovering the marauders; and nothing can exceed the absurdity of the prating about the possible secrets of nature, but the detailing of them thus without aim or effect.

The "love-charm" is the murder of a child by a lovely young woman and an old crone, to fascinate the affections of a young gentleman already sufficiently disposed to admiration. The lover sees the whole atrocity through a chink; and the bridal ceremony closes with his stabbing the lady, and throwing himself out of the window, we believe.

Pietro is neither more nor less than a scholar who, by dint of hard study, gets a command over some poor subordinate

fiend, and plays old Gooseberry with the dead and the living—especially with a lady who for some time is dead, and not dead. Particular scenes in all the tales are sketched and even finished with spirit, but, generally, the details, and the very interlacing of incident, are beyond anybody's following with interest or patience.

The Scottish Gaël, or Celtic Manners, &c., by James Logan, 2 vols., 8vo.—Notwithstanding the numerous volumes published of late years relative to the Highlanders of Scotland, their habits, and superstitions, and peculiarities, there was still wanting one to embrace the whole subject, and communicate at once all that had been collected, and lay dispersed in different quarters. Such an one Mr. Logan has supplied. His ultimate purpose was to exhibit the relics of Celtic manners, as they are preserved among the Highlanders of the present day; and certainly no time was to be lost, for they are disappearing every year, and in another half century will all probably have vanished without leaving a rack behind. Mr. Logan, of course, though he accumulates all the evidence he can muster, may be said to take for granted the main question, whether the Highlanders, after all, are Celts at all. He has no doubt they are the pure descendants of the original Celts, unmixed with Gothic, Irish, or Saxon; and the best evidence by which he identifies the existing peculiarities, which he designates as Gaëlic, with those of the original Celts, are the poems of Ossian, and other traditional poems still floating, but fast fading away, in the memories of individuals, in remote districts. Not but he traces similar peculiarities, more or less, among the original Irish, the Welch, and the Americans; but the poems are his best authorities, and of course no common pains are taken to establish their authenticity, or rather their antiquity.

Till after the rebellion of 1745 the Highlanders were scarcely known at all, and whether they had poetry or prose among them, nobody in England thought of inquiring, and scarcely any body in—cultivated Scotland. The Lowlanders and Highlanders had indeed little in common; and least of all was it supposed that Highlanders had any thing which could challenge the respect of Lowlanders, or vice versa. When Macpherson put forth his Translation of Ossian, the literary world was in arms, and generally proclaimed the production to be an impudent imposture. The great Coryphœus of learning of his day, Johnson, demanded—like a man of sense, if there had been no other possible medium of preservation—the MSS. Macpherson, as full of vanity as an "egg is of meat," refused to furnish the proofs demanded. Either he had no MSS. to produce, or, what seems to have been the fact, he was desirous the world should finally believe the poems were his own invention. Meanwhile numbers of Scotchmen were every where declaring the poems were familiar to them—they had heard them sung over and over again in various parts of the Highlands—and verily believed them to be productions of ancient date. But it was not till the institution of the Highland Society that proofs were produced of considerable antiquity. The oldest MS., in existence, of some portion of them, is thought to be of the ninth century, and, of course, even that may have been copied from others. Macpherson seems himself to have written down from the mouth of rehearsers the whole of what he translated; and Mr. Logan brings together the evidence, that has at different times been gathered, relative to the persons who did rehearse them to Macpherson. One man made affidavit that his brother recited four days and four nights to him! But there can exist no doubt, from incidental notices in books, that many of these poems were habitually sung ages ago, and sung to particular tunes, and thus more securely handed down. The case is apparently parallel with that of Homer, whose poems, according to all tradition, were sung in detached pieces, called rhapsodies, and for the production of which, when some Athenians collected them in the time of Pisistratus, large rewards were offered.

On the general antiquities and relics of the Celts the author's industry has brought together a considerable mass of information, in a manner creditable alike to his industry and his judgment. The historical portions might have been usefully compressed, and a little more life thrown into the whole; but *non omnia possumus omnes.*

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, &c., by Captain Basil Hall, R. N., 3 vols., 18mo.—Captain Hall is here his own hero, and takes especial pains to prove himself one from his cradle. He is brimful of self-importance, and fully convinced he is a genius and a jewel of the first water. Now we have no inclination whatever to dispute his pretensions—we have no doubt he is a very clever person, and he has at all events produced a very respectable little book—one presenting many points of interest, and even of utility; but it is not, and never can be, agreeable to have a conviction of immense superiority to all the world driven down one's throat, in this manner, at the point of the pen.

Captain Hall was born on the coast, and in a storm—which of course boded his destiny must be that of a sailor. He was a younger brother, and must have a profession. The first thing that rang in the boy's ears was the *sea*, and the wishes thus readily excited were taken for predilection—the bent of genius. He grew up, naturally, restless and indisposed to sedentary study. At school he expostulated with the master already in the tone of a little man, and a great philosopher. He was panting for distinction, and annoyed at being treated like any *common* boy, and sulked when he had better have been at play. "How comes it, little fellow," says the master, very unceremoniously, "that you are always so gloomy, and that you never play as the rest do, but look for ever as if some misfortune had befallen you?" "I answered," says Captain Hall—the young gentleman was about ten years old—"that the confinement of the school was much too great, and that I could not bear being always treated as if I had *no feelings or peculiar wishes worthy of separate consideration.* That it was not the number of hours' confinement I complained of, but the *awkward selection of the periods.* Let me, Sir, but choose the time for study, and I will cheerfully work even much longer. At present the day is totally cut up and destroyed," &c.

Whatever may be thought of the sentiments, they indicate a temperament which identifies the author—it is one that has strengthened with his growth, and is visible in all his productions. The little volumes embrace the details of his own career, from his school days through his adventures by sea and land, mixed up with anecdotes of his comrades and officers—with speculations, descriptions, and discussions—often amusing, sometimes humorous, always intelligent, and also always dogmatical. Though destined for young persons, the details are not always suited to the tastes or the comprehensions of young folks; but of course it is not an easy matter for clever people, and especially for such as know themselves to be prodigiously clever, either to condescend, or, in fact, to bring themselves down to the level of childhood or ignorance.

Every thing that is, is good with Captain Hall. Where others find room for amendment, he always finds a reason for matters remaining as they are. He has a chapter upon "Diversities in Discipline"—"productive often," he observes, "of inconvenience and disaster; but, though variety of this kind be apt to derange and unhinge, it teaches much that is useful, at least to those who are on the alert, and wish to improve." One commander grumbles at every thing, and is always on the look-out for ground of complaint; another is as vigilant in discovering something to approve. One would say to the first-lieutenant, now, these ropes are very neatly arranged—this mode of stowing is just as I wish to see it—how white and clean you are today, says the smiling captain, &c. I wish to Heaven, Sir, cries Capt. Gruffy, you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings, pointing to a bit of rope-yarn not half an inch long, left under the truck of a gun, &c. No man understood the distinction—between the smiling and the grumbling system—better than Lord Nelson, who acted upon it uniformly — with what wonderful success we all know. Some one was discussing this question with him one day, and pointing out the eminent success which had attended the severity-plan, followed by another great officer, Lord St. Vincent. "Very true," said Lord Nelson, "but in cases where he used a hatchet I took a penknife."

Captain Hall considers it an unsettled matter, whether facts or fictions interest young people; but we have little doubt his facts will prove as agreeable to most boys as De Foe's fictions.

Destiny; or the Chieftain's Daughter, by the Author of Marriage and Independence, &c. 3 *vols.*—Welcome again is the author of "Marriage and Independence," with another legitimate novel in her hand—one full of character well developed—breathing intelligence—pregnant with meaning—natural and spirited in manner—disciplined in taste, and alternately gay and grave, without caricature on the one hand, or too much preaching and prosing on the other. We have seen nothing so acceptable a long while. The story is a fancy-piece wholly—it has nothing we mean historical, and nothing of established romance, but tells of everyday life, and of domestic character, and where peculiarities appear, they bear marks of individual portraitures—Mrs. Macauly and Mr. Mac Dow for instance.

"Destiny" applies to the chieftain's daughter, and love-adventures constitute the frame-work of the piece. The Highland chief, Glenroy, is rough and despotic in manner, and proud of his importance. He has one son and one daughter, and with them is brought up a cousin, Reginald, the heir of another chief, gone to India, while his estate is at nurse. After his wife's death, he marries an English widow, who has a daughter, Florinda, about the same age as his own child, the heiress of a coronet and of immense wealth. For a time the young people are altogether, till the lady, with whose fastidious habits the chief's do not harmonize, separates and takes the young countess with her to London. Meanwhile a whimsical old re-

lative proposes to Glenroy to betroth his daughter to Ronald, the son of a poor cousin, and bequeath his large estate to them; but Glenroy, who has himself been looking eagerly to the succession, refuses. Nevertheless, the estate is finally left to Ronald, but in trust to strangers and lawyers till he is twenty-six. The boy goes to sea, is wrecked, believed to be dead, and his father takes the estate. The boy, however, returns, but finding how matters are, and that his re-appearance will derange every thing, and be productive of nothing but misery—he can have no command over the property himself till of the age fixed by the will—he generously resolves to seek his own fortunes, till he is old enough to secure his father in the possession of the property for his life. In his absence, the cousins, Reginald and Edith, grow up and are betrothed, to the great delight of Glenroy, to be married as soon as Reginald is of age. Meanwhile he goes to Oxford, and then travels; but unaccountably lingers beyond the day appointed for the marriage. The chief's son dies suddenly, and Reginald, on the summons, hastens home; but he returns distrait, cold, constrained, yet still professing to prosecute the contract with his lovely cousin Edith. Suddenly the chief's wife, whom he had not seen for years, comes on a visit, professedly of condolence, and brings with her the young countess, blooming in beauty and brilliant in manners. The cause of Reginald's gloom is too soon cleared up—he had met with the countess abroad, was fascinated by her charms, but still desperately resolved to fulfil his engagement, unless he could force Edith to a voluntary relinquishment. The real state of his affections is accidently discovered to poor Edith, and she resolutely renounces him, though brought almost to the grave by the shock. In a few years the old chief dies, and leaves his daughter penniless, for the estate is entailed upon Reginald. She becomes dependent on relations, and goes to London, where she again comes in contact with the insidious Florinda and her perfidious lover, now the husband of the countess—who are as miserable as any two fashionable spendthrifts, of uncongenial tempers, can possibly be. But in London also she encounters a youth—a stranger to every body, but a great favourite with some naval commander, for his distinguished gallantry in the Greek service—who makes a deep impression upon Edith, and who finally proves to be the long lost Ronald. The result is obvious. But the value of the novel consists in the full development of the characters and nothing but the perusal can convey an adequate impression.

Waverley Novels.— The Pirate.—The scene of the Pirate, as every-body knows, is in Zetland, and Sir Walter Scott, in his preface to the new edition, details the occasion on which he made his personal acquaintance with the country. In 1814 he accompanied a party of the commissioners for the Northern Light-House service, in a voyage round the coast of Scotland. Among the commissioners the sheriff of each maritime county of Scotland holds a place, ex officio, at the Board; but though Sir Walter was himself sheriff of Selkirk, that county has not, he observes, like the kingdom of Bohemia in Corporal Trim's story, a sea-port, nor its magistrate of course a seat at the Board of Commissioners. Nevertheless, he was invited to accompany the party on the expedition, which, though he had no public business with it, he could readily turn to account. He was, at the time, desirous of discovering some localities that might be useful in the "Lord of the Isles," on which poem he was then engaged, and which was published, he adds, soon afterwards "without any remarkable success." But at the same time, Waverley was working its way to popularity, and the author already augured the possibility of a second effort. He saw much in the wild islands of the Orkneys and Zetland that might be made good use of, should he ever make them the scene of some fictitious narrative. Sir Walter learnt, it seems, the story of Gow the pirate from an old sibyl on the spot, whose principal subsistance was earned by selling favourable winds to the sailors at Stromness. Norna was regarded by the critics of the day, as a copy of Meg Merrilies—a little to the author's surprise and annoyance; and he still thinks that there may be traced in Norna, the victim of remorse and insanity, and the dupe of her own imposture—her mind too flooded with all the wild literature and extravagant superstitions of the North—something distinct from the Dumfries-shire gipsy, whose pretensions to supernatural powers are not beyond those of a Norwood prophetess.

The Music of the Church. &c., by the Rev. John Antes La Trobe, M. A.—"Next to divinity no art is comparable to music," was Luther's declaration upon some occasion—grounded, apparently, on Satan's invincible and equal antipathy to both good sermons and good tunes. Rowland Hill, therefore, must have been under some illusion when he talked of cheating the devil by taking from him some of his best tunes. Whatever may be Mr. La Trobe's motive, he is as zealous as either of these divines for the reformation of church music, which he finds to be vil-

lanously bad, in country churches especially. One of the main points of Mr. La Trobe's well-written book is to urge upon the clergy the necessity of bestirring themselves for its amendment. He is himself, as may be supposed, a musician, and the son also of a man distinguished in the amateur world of music, and of course considers the love of music one of the first virtues, as the practice of it is of the duties of life. With taste or without—voice or no voice—every clergyman must hereafter qualify himself sufficiently at least to shew his superiority over a country choir, and take the control into his own hands. He proposes music shall, henceforth, be as imperative for the attainment of a degree in arts as mathematics or the classics; and of course every candidate must be tried by the standard with which the chapters of cathedrals actually do try their *readers*. Mr. La Trobe enters minutely and familiarly into the mode on which the existing clergy, not thus academically drilled, may, by a little dexterous management and very slight qualifications, at once set about reforming his choir. He must go very gently to work—first he will make himself acquainted with the nature and extent of the evil—then mingle with the performers in conversation—talk to them of the importance of their office—tell them of nobler principles than pride—inquire after their tunes—taking care to throw in, occasionally, a few *pertinent* remarks, just to shew that he knows something of what he is talking about, and above all to make them feel that he takes an interest in their employment. He must then propose an hour's practice every week at the parsonage, where all are to come, bad voices, bad instruments, &c. He will solemnize the meeting with a short prayer, and then, having won their confidence, take the first step in the path of reform. The tunes are the first objects of attack, especially the boisterous anthems and fugues (as Mr. La Trobe, with becoming indignation, says they impudently term them), which he is to replace with simpler and soberer compositions, and advance by degrees to such melodies as, though formed upon the rich combinations and stern dignity of the chorale, yet attract by the fluency of their measure, and readily approve themselves to the popular taste. This successfully accomplished, he will meditate a stroke at the instruments. The bassoon must be expelled at all hazards, and fiddles, flutes, and pipes are all to be replaced by a violincello, if practicable, of which Mr. La Trobe is with some reason doubtful. Then come the singers—and a pretty task the reformer is likely to have in curing such evils as—singing out of tune, frequently too flat, and with a nasal twang—straining the voice to an unnatural pitch, as though it were a contest of physical strength—introducing awkward drawls and tasteless ornaments, &c.

None but an enthusiast of course would dream of any practical good to be effected in this way, by men themselves without any taste for the science. The good man himself sees the difficulties, and verily believes, he says, that had the taming and bringing into order a country choir been appointed for one of the labours of Hercules, he would have been defeated. Mr. La Trobe regrets the "glorious days" are gone by when God was pleased to appoint 50,000 servants to minister to the service of his temple, and a large portion of them singers and musicians; but he anticipates with a confiding piety the musical raptures of a millenium Sabbath, and finally of a celestial one, when he shall join in the "everlasting song," &c.

But notwithstanding occasional absurdities, the volume is written with remarkable eloquence—*materiam opus superabat*. The historical part is full of information relative to church music, such as cannot anywhere else be so readily found.

Practical Treatise on Rail-Roads, &c., by Nicholas Wood. Second edition.—When Mr. Wood, about six years ago, first published his book, rail-ways were, as far as regards their application to general purposes, quite in their infancy. They were confined almost exclusively to private purposes for the conveyance of coals, lead, iron, &c. from the great coal, lead, and iron works. The Surrey, Stockton, and Darlington were the only exceptions, and even the two latter were not brought into actual operation. The Liverpool and Manchester rail-way has since been completed; and the question is settled of their utility, both as to speed and cheapness, for conveyance of goods and passengers between places of considerable intercourse. Mr. Wood's well executed volume—the second edition, just published—embraces an historical sketch of the different modes of internal communication—another, of the introduction of rail-roads with their successive improvements—descriptions of the form and construction of carriages used upon these roads—angles of inclination best suited for each kind of motive power—experiments on the strength and deflection of cast and malleable iron rails—others on the friction of carriages and of ropes—experiments on the effects of self-acting planes, fixed steam-engine planes, horses, and locomotive steam-engines—and finally, a comparative estimate of the advantages of canals and

rail-ways. The whole is accomplished in a workman-like manner, and illustrated with competent engravings.

On the Distribution of Wealth, &c. By the Rev. Richard Jones, A.M.—So little satisfaction have writers upon Political Economy wrought of late years, notwithstanding the peremptory tone generally assumed by them, that we need not wonder new books start up every day, to set the very important matters they discuss in a clearer light. The truth is, undoubtedly, that the subject in its full compass is yet comparatively little understood, or their conclusions would correspond oftener with facts than they do. Writers are impatient to advance to conclusions beyond the warranty of their evidence. Content with a few facts that stare every body in the face, they scarcely think it worth the pains to bother about matters that require toil and patience to ascertain, and thus risk assertions which have no other basis than their own addled hypothesis. They prefer a little authority and abundance of conjecture to all that the history of the world can furnish. Mr. Jones takes a different course, and like a man of common sense, and uncommon discretion, betakes himself to the enlargement of his premises, before he ventures upon universal conclusions—for unless they be of universal application they are worth nothing.

The produce of labour must be distributed, every body allows, in some proportion or other, wholly amongst the owners of land, of capital, and of labour—or more technically, into rent, profits, and wages; and under these heads Mr. Jones proposes to class his collections and his conclusions. The volume before us—the first portion of his work—is occupied solely with the subject of rent; and a large space in it is taken up with a survey of the circumstances under which land is held and cultivated in every quarter of the globe. Much valuable information is accumulated, not elsewhere brought together, within the same pages; and the result is, that the theories of Ricardo and his school, on this topic, have obviously not a leg to stand upon. They are wholly conjectural, and with them may be swept away many of the gloomy axioms that, with a certain class, have ruled their thoughts, and influenced their actions, to the deterioration of two-thirds of the population of the country.

Rent, exclaim these philosophers par excellence, exists because soils differ in quality, and for that reason only. Were all soils of equal fertility, there could be no rents at all, and rents can only increase through increasing that difference by extra cultivation. But not in one-hundredth part of the world is rent obtained at all, in the sense of the Economists. It is in England only it is chiefly so obtained, and here, solely because somebody thinks it worth his while to pay it. The soil is the landlord's, by political right, and he will let nobody have the use of it without some return. It is then because others want the land, that he gets rent; and one man gets more than another, sometimes because his land is better than others, and often from circumstances peculiar to the neighbourhood.

Again, according to the same philosophers, an increase of rent, so produced, must be accompanied by a decrease in the productive powers of agriculture, and by a proportionate reduction in the gains of the productive classes. Of course the interests of the landlords is thus eternally opposed to those of all others. They must grow rich at the expense of capitalists and labourers; and this is taken as a law of nature, and the Economists are perpetually urging governments to accelerate the precious accomplishment. But this decreasing effect—just in proportion as nations multiply, and civilize, and economise their industry—is a mere assumption; and besides it involves a second assumption equally groundless, that labour is supported exclusively by funds saved from income. But is not that portion of income which is actually spent, spent upon labour just as much, or what comes to the same thing, upon the productions of labour?

And then again, as to population, is it not mere assumption—confounding all common sense—that the more numerous a people becomes, the more incapable they are of providing for themselves? Certainly, if a given number, no matter how small, is to monopolize the soil, and rather let lands go waste than allow others to occupy them—then all that come in addition must starve; but not because they cannot provide for themselves, but because political institutions preclude them from the chance and the means. In short, the whole aim of this pseudo-school of philosophy is to make the world believe that the laws of man are universally laws of nature, and of course *immutable*.

To analyse Mr. Jones's volume requires more space than we have at our disposal; but we recommend the perusal of it heartily, as a book less of speculation than of fact—as one of sound sense and no sophistication. Profits and wages will follow in future volumes, when the author, with the largest materials he can gather before him, proposes to discuss the sources of equitable taxation. *We* have but one—that of property, which should also govern the elective

suffrage. If property, suffrage, and taxation, were commensurate, there could be little cause for any class to grumble.

Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks; 2 vols.—Compared with the pretensions of these volumes, the performance is miserable, and fairly entitled to the distinction of being the most contemptible, in its class, of the season. The principal tale is a dull narrative of domestic life, unenlivened by one spark of talent. In point of incident it has little interest, and that little is damped and deadened by the hum-drum style in which the details are described. There is a plentiful lack of essentials. It has neither force nor humour—nothing striking in character, nor discriminating in sentiment—the level parts of the story have no animation, and the dialogue is utterly destitute of point or smartness. Among the rest of its negative qualities, it has nothing, not a line of it, that shews actual acquaintance with the classes whose habits it professes to exhibit, beyond the common hashes and minces that come warmed up day after day, till they are enough to make a cat sick. But what are the peculiarities of Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks? One of the tales tells of the Heir of a Marquisate, who, in compliance with the wishes of his anxious papa and mamma, married a lovely woman, a protegée of their own, for whom, with all her charms, he does not care a fig. The noble youth had past his teens—had been in the world and the wars, and in the general pursuit of life was already *usé;* but in very early youth, or boyhood rather, he had fallen over head and ears in love with a lady, who, he believed, chose to marry somebody else, and shortly after died—by which sad events his whole stock of love was exhausted, and the sources for ever, apparently, dried up. He became cold, dark, gloomy, and indifferent, not only to the ladies, but to life, and all its enjoyments.

The lady who has the ill-luck to marry this miserable personage, is of course neglected, and all but harshly treated; and, lovely and amiable as she is, in imminent danger of loving somebody else who might be disposed to reciprocate. The devil never sleeps, and an agent of mischief is at hand, and, as was very natural, in the person of the noble lord's bosom friend and confidant. The lady, however, when just at the brink of the precipice, steps back, and escapes the irretrievable fall; and in the meanwhile, the gloomy marquess, at some foreign court, discovers the very lady, whose death had withered his affections, in the land of the living, and in the capacity of a kept mistress—which was in fact the part she had always played. The discovery sweeps away his sighs and his sorrows, and, what is better, replenishes the fountains of love, which, without loss of time, he pours, full, fresh, and overflowing, upon his neglected wife—and the pair are as happy as bridal folks can be in the "Upper Ranks."

The other tale is simply a sketch—superior in execution to the more complicated tale—of the comfortable position of a country gentleman of £10,000 a year, who has married a kept-mistress, and is cut by all his respectable neighbours. But it matters little what are the materials a writer chooses to work upon, if he understands neither their capabilities, nor the use of his tools.

A Compendious Exposition of the Principle and Practice of Professor Jacotot's System of Education, by Joseph Payne.—Mr. Payne has the merit of making known in England M. Jacotot's System of Education, or more correctly, M. Jocotot's Mode of Teaching Languages. He is also preparing several books for the acquisition of Latin, Greek, French, Italian, &c. on the same plan. The Epitome Sacræ Historiæ is already published, accompanied with a literal translation, and prefixed by a sketch of M. Jacotot's principles. We have no doubt this same method is admirably calculated to accelerate the acquisition of language, if of nothing else. Every one has now perhaps some general notion of the plan—it is to commit the contents of some one book to memory, repeating it incessantly, and analysing every sentence, phrase, word, and syllable—which, once accomplished, will enable the student with little difficulty, to read any other book of the same language. The labour is all at the beginning, but that is, it must be allowed, immense, both for pupil and teacher. M. Jacotot and his admirers anticipate another advantage—but an use which we are disposed very strongly to deprecate. This same method which, impressing the pupil by dint of repetition with a multitude of ready-made sentences—a living dictionary of phrases, will also supply him with the means of expressing his own conceptions and with phrases of the best quality too—for of course a well-written book will be chosen. But what will this produce but mere trickery—a piece of patch-work—the revival of a cento-taste—communicating the form of elegance without the spirit of it—and teaching the world, what it already does sufficiently, to cloth inanity in pompous periods. Behold a printed specimen:—

"Calypso was inconsolable for the departure of Ulysses. In her grief she found it a misery to be immortal: her

grotto echoed no more with songs—her attendant nymphs durst not address her," &c.

Now for the kind of imitation which M. Jacotot patronizes:—

"Caroline was inconsolable for the death of her mother. In the height of her sorrow, she thought it an unhappiness to survive her. Her apartment echoed no more with the sound of her voice, nor with that of her harp—her attendants durst not address her for fear of increasing her sadness," &c.

Is there any English mother who would force this kind of parodying upon her children, and think it an acquisition? Yes, thousands, and *proud* of it too.

Standard Novels, Vol. III. Cooper's Spy.—Mr. Cooper's "Spy" is founded upon an authenticated fact. During the revolutionary war, both parties employed spies, for which their common language gave great facilities. After the close of the war, a member of congress demanded remuneration, without disclosing the name, for an individual, whom he represented as having encountered extraordinary perils on the hazardous service of a spy. The remuneration was granted on the faith of the proposer; but refused by the individual himself—who had been actuated throughout by the most elevated motives, though in a disreputable commission—on the ground that the nation, exhausted by its long exertions, had too much need of its money for other purposes. Mr. Cooper knew nothing of the party, but built his fiction on the facts detailed before the congress. The tale has been carefully revised—much of it re-written, and forms one of a series of tales better adapted to communicate a thorough knowledge of America than all the histories and travels, that have ever been published of the country.

Family Library, Vol. XXI. Palgrave's History of England, during the Saxon period.—Mr. Palgrave's history of the Saxons is better calculated than anything we have read, to throw an interest over our early annals. His perfect acquaintance with the details of the period, as far as they can be gathered from the relics which time has left, gave him a great advantage over all competitors in this department—his great familiarity with the subject enables him to describe and discuss with confidence, ease, and effect. In his recent controversy with Mr. Nicolas, he had not very favourably impressed us—but he obviously gave way to temper; and a man's intellect, and acquirements, and above all his powers of communicating, are not to be judged of by his temper, or his conduct.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XVIII. Sir James Mackintosh's History, Vol. II.—This second volume conducts Sir James's history to the death of Mary. With the reign of Henry commences a visible improvement—he writes *con amore*, as he comes upon periods which have engaged more of his attention. The development of principles, the influence of which has extended to our own times, rouses all his powers. The new volume is a far more favourable specimen of what may be anticipated than the first. It is every way an amendment—the very style is easier, though still occasionally obscure and stiff, especially when he attempts to generalize and condense into maxims. The chief value of his performance will be found to consist in the close scrutiny with which he examines the evidence for facts, and the care with which he estimates characters—exhibiting everywhere the well-considered results of a sound judgment, guided by a liberal spirit, and exempt from prejudice.

Epitome of English Literature, Vol. II.—The volume contains Paley's Evidence, compressed into something less than one half of the original—with a portion of Locke's Essay, which is condensed at about the same rate. Certainly Locke is more susceptible of useful abridgment than Paley. A good deal of his book is occupied in discussing debateable matter, much of which has lost its interest; and nobody will deny but the manner, by its lengthiness wearies; still, for ourselves, we prefer the original—because we like at all times the writer better than the interpreter; but we believe, nevertheless, Locke will have a better chance of being read, if not understood, in the present epitomised shape. People will not be so likely, henceforth, to have Locke in their mouths, and on their pens, without knowing *anything* about him, as before, and so far this will be a good.

The Sunday Library, Vol. III.—Dr. Dibdin, for his third volume, has called from the dead some specimens of pulpit eloquence, as the phrase is, from Horsley, White, and Parr, and of the living, from the Bishops of Durham and Bristol (Van Mildred and Gray,) and Dr. D'Oyly of Lambeth. Parr's volumes would have furnished better sermons than either of the two selected by Dr. Dibdin—especially among those which were written in his maturer days. The editor has added, in a note, some extracts from Gaudin, which prove him, Gaudin (not Dibdin), at least equal to the composition of the Icon Basilike—to the authorship of which he has undoubtedly the best title. The Sunday Library will close with the sixth volume.

Classical Family Library—Theophrastus.—These little sketches of characters existing in far distant ages, and under institutions, the effects of which we can with difficulty trace, have yet in them much that depends wholly upon the nature of man, and which will, like the poor, never depart from the land. An attempt has been made by an able artist to delineate the expressions of these characters in a series of portraits, of which, though some must be regarded as very like failures, many are admirable, and worthy the pencil of Cruikshank. Caricature could alone have been at all effective. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by these illustrations.

Cabinet Library, Vol. IV.—The volume concludes the annual retrospect of public affairs. A very spirited sketch, with too much of detail—far too minute and lengthy for the occasion.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

NINE numbers of the Views in the East have now appeared, and the work in its advancement loses nothing of the interest and excellence with which it commenced. The engravings of the eight and ninth parts comprise views of the Mosque of Mustapha Khan, Beejapore; Ruins south side of old Delhi, very bright and picturesque; King's Fort, Boorhanpore; Pagodah, between Canton and Whampoa; Hindoo Temple at Chandngoan; Grass Rope Bridge at Teree, Gurwall; which last is one of the most curious and beautiful of the series. The value of these views is considerably enhanced by the information contained in the historical notes and descriptions that accompany them.

The additions made to the National Portrait Gallery in the two numbers of that work recently published, are far from being among the least interesting, either as regards the subjects selected, or the character of the engravings. George the Fourth is at the head of them; then follow John Heaviside, Esq., Admiral Duncan, the Duke of Sussex (from a picture by Phillips, not remarkable for its likeness, and in a dress that amounts to a disguise,) Curran (from Lawrence's portrait, cloudy and characteristic,) and the Marquis Cornwallis. Most of these may be classed among the best executed and highly finished engravings that have appeared in this admirable collection. The lives contain more original and selected information than could have been expected in the space, although the tone of them seems to be somewhat too eulogistic.

The Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels continue to hold their station among the best publications of this class of art; the new embellishments are Solway Lands, Redgauntlet; Stirling Castle. Waverley; Warncliffe, Ivanhoe; Links of Eymouth, Bride of Lammermoor; Home Castle, the Antiquary; Maver Glen, Black Dwarf; and Warwick Castle, and Warwick from the Kenilworth Road, Kenilworth. Of the artists, Copley Fielding, if not more successful, has been far more industrious than his competitors, having contributed several of these designs, many of which are very beautiful, and all being executed in Finden's happiest manner.

We have again to commend, which we do most cordially, the taste and beauty of the outlines of Painting and Sculpture in the *English School.* The two numbers before us contain outlines of some of the choicest productions of Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Collins, Westmacott, Bacon, Stanfield, &c.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Henry Lawes Long, Esq.: The Route of Hannibal from the Rhone to the Alps.

By Dr. Biber: An Account of the Life and Writings of Henry Pestalozzi; with copious Extracts from his Works, selected chiefly with a view to illustrate the practical parts of his Method of Instruction.

By the Rev. E. Bowles: The Life of Thomas Kerr, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, Vol. II., including the period of Fanatical Puritanism, from 1640 to the death of Cromwell.

By the Author of the Castillian: Paris and London, a Satirical Novel.

By D. E. Williams: The Naval and Military Battles of England during the last two Reigns.

Edited by Miss Jane Porter: Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribean Sea, with a Detail of many extraordinary and interesting Events in his Life, from the year 1733 to 1749, as written in his own Diary.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.: The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald, in two volumes, with a portrait.

By Thaddeus Bulgarin: Ivan Vejeeghen, or Life in Russia, a Novel.

By William Beattie, M.D.: Journal of a Residence at the Courts of Germany; written during a personal attendance upon their present Majesties, during their visits to that country, in 1822, 1825, and 1826.

By Robert Southey, LL.D.: Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Johnson.

By George Lindley. Edited by John Lindley: A Guide to the Fruit and Kitchen Garden; or an Account of all the most valuable Fruits and Vegetables cultivated in Great Britain.

By. W. Turton: A Manual of the Land and Fresh-Water Shells hitherto discovered in Great Britain.

By Major Ricketts: A Narrative of the Ashantee War, including the particulars of the Capture and Massacre of Sir Charles M'Carthy, Governor of the western coast of Africa, and the subsequent military operations of the British and Native Allied Forces on that coast, from 1822 to 1828.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Stuart Dynasty, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the decease of Elizabeth to the abdication of James II. By Robert Vaughan, Author of "The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe." 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

The Correspondence of Isaac Basire, D.D., Archdeacon of Northumberland, in the Reigns of Charles I. and II., with a Memoir of his Life. By W. N. Darnell. 8vo. 12s.

Cabinet Library. Vol. IV. (Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831. 2 vols. Vol II.) 5s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XVIII. (History of England. Vol. II.) 6s.

Memoirs of Madame Du Barri, Mistress of Louis XV. of France, written by herself. Vol. IV. 12mo. 6s. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Historical Gleanings on the Memorable Field of Naseby. By Henry Lockinge, M.A., late curate of Naseby. 8vo. Price 7s. bds.

Necropolis Glasguensis; with Observations on Ancient and Modern Tombs and Sepulture. By John Strang. 8vo. with plates. 3s. cloth bds.

Family Library. Vol. XXII. The Lives of Scotish Worthies. By P. F. Tytler, Esq.—Contents, Alexander III., Michael Scott, Sir William Wallace, and Robert Bruce.

The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence. By D. E. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s.

Mackenzie's Life of Thomas Muir, the Scotish Reformer. 12mo. 4s.

Watson's Life of the Rev. J. Wesley. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Life and Times of England's Patriot King, William the Fourth. Part I. Price 2s. With two engravings.

Life of the Rev. E. Erskine. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of Jane Ludson. By the Rev. B. Hall Draper. 18mo. 2s.

EDUCATION.

Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus, comprehending the Theory of Curve Surfaces, and of Curves of double Curvature. Intended as a Sequel to the Analytical Geometry. By J. R. Young. 12mo. 7s.

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The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy; intended chiefly for the use of Students at the Universities, and the higher Classes in Schools. By Thomas Keightley, Author of "Fairy Mythology." With twelve plates, containing Etchings from the Antique, by W. H. Brooke, Esq. 8vo. 18s.

MEDICAL.

Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a view of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians. By D. M. Moir, Surgeon. 8vo. 6s.

Distinction without Separation, in a Letter to the President of the College of Surgeons on the present State of the Profession. By. J. H. Green. 2s. 6d.

Essays and Orations, read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians. By Sir Henry Halford, Bart. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Hamilton's History of Medicine. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Scott's Art of Preventing the Loss of Teeth. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On the Institution and Abuse of Ecclesiastical Property. By the Rev. E. Hull. 8vo. 6s.

Family Cabinet Library, complete. 12mo. 30s. Coloured £2. 2s.

Killarney Legends, arranged as a Guide to the Lakes. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

The English and Jewish Tithe System compared, in their Origin, their Principles, and their moral and social Tendencies. By Thomas Stratten. 12mo. 5s.

Leigh's Music of the Eye, or Essays on Architecture. Royal 8vo. 30s.

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Panorama of Constantinople and its Environs. Royal 4to. 20s. Coloured £1. 14s.

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NOVELS AND TALES.

Haverhill, or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe. By James A. Jones, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. £1. 11s. 6d.

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Wynpersse on the Divinity of our Lord, with Introduction and Notes. By W. L. Alexander. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Alexander on the Canon of Scripture. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

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Journal of Voyages and Travels. By the Rev. D. Pyerman and George Bennet, Esq., deputed by the London Missionary Society to visit the various Stations in the South Sea Islands, China, and India, &c. &c., between 1821 and 1829; compiled from the original Documents by James Montgomery, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Select Library. Vol. III. Being the third volume of Polynesian Researches during a Residence of nearly eight Years in the Society and Sandwich. By Wm. Ellis.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Vol. III. Ancient and Modern Egypt. 12mo. 5s.

Wright's Account of Slavery at the Cape of Good Hope. 8vo. 4s.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

List of Patents sealed in April, 1831.

To William Dixon, Walsall, Stafford, brass cock founder, for an improvement or improvements on the cock or tap, applicable to fluids, liquids, and gases.—21st April; 6 months.

To Joshua Taylor Beale, Churchlane, Whitechapel, Middlesex, engineer, for an improvement in certain apparatus, for separating a portion of aqueous vapour of alcohol in the process of distilling and rectifying spirituous liquors.—30th April; 6 months.

To George Stephenson, Liverpool, civil engineer, for an improvement in the mode of constructing wheels for railway carriages.—30th April; 4 months.

To William Gutteridge, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, civil engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus for distilling, and other purposes.—18th May; 6 months.

To Robert Burton Cooper, Battersea, Surrey, Esq. for an improvement or improvements on a cock or tap applicable to fluids, liquids, and gases, and for applying the said improvement or improvements to other purposes.—18th May; 6 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of June, 1817, expire in the present month of June, 1831.

— Charles Wyatt, London, *for his method of preventing any disadvantageous accumulation of heat in manufacturing sugar.*

— Benjamin Ager Day, Birmingham, *for his improved chimney ornaments.*

— Gabriel Tigere, London, *for his improved writing paper.*

— John Parnall, St. Austell, Cornwall, *for his method of tinning brass, copper, or zinc.*

— Thomas Whittle and George Eyton, Chester, *for their improved kiln.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

WILLIAM HAMPER, ESQ. F.S.A.

This amiable gentleman and profound antiquary terminated his mortal career on the 2d instant, at Highgate, near Birmingham; but his name and memory will be perpetuated in the annals of archæology and topography as long as those branches of literature are studied and admired. Of his talents, and many estimable personal qualities, we can speak from personal knowledge; and with sincere pleasure, but painful feelings, we put on record a few facts relating to both. The tenor of his private life was uniformly kind, courteous, and active; his devotion to those literary studies connected with the topography and antiquities of his own county (Warwickshire) was ardent and indefatigable; and his willingness to impart information to persons engaged in literary studies was most exemplary. Though much engrossed in one of the Birmingham manufactories, he contrived to appropriate many hours in the week to his favourite study—that of investigating and transcribing the manuscript archives of the kingdom. This pursuit led him to examine many public and private libraries, and thereby enabled him to amass a large store of materials, illustrative of genealogical history, the manners and customs of our ancestors, and the arts and literature of the olden time. Besides numerous letters of distinguished individuals of different ages, he had collected a series of ancient seals and documents, of various kinds; and, with a neatness and methodical order peculiar to himself, had arranged and classed them with the most scrupulous attention to dates and subjects. In early life, he travelled over most parts of England; and was indefatigable in visiting every object of antiquity and interest that came within a reasonable distance of his prescribed route. In the punctual execution of business, his course as well as time were prescribed; and, therefore, all hobby-horsical pursuits were necessarily taken from the usual hours of rest and meals. Herein he set an example worthy of imitation; and one that might be honourably and usefully adopted by many of the modern "commercial gentlemen," who are rather too much addicted to the cigar and wine-glass. The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains numerous scraps of antiquarian information, communicated by Mr. Hamper during his journeys; and he continued his correspondence with our respected and respectable friend Sylvanus Urban, almost up to the present time.

Since he became a member of the Society of Antiquaries of London, he wrote several interesting essays for the Archæologia, which are distinguished for ingenuity of illustration, and a condensed, apposite style.

Holding a literary correspondence with many of the most distinguished characters of the age, his letters are not only remarkable for the neat and beauti-

ful hand-writing in which they are executed, but for the fund of wit, good humour, and information they contain. In the prefaces to many topographical and archæological publications the name of Hamper is recorded with the highest testimonies of esteem and gratitude. To Ormerod's "Cheshire," Blakeway's "Shrewsbury," Dugdale's "Monasticon," Britton's "Architectural Antiquities," Cartwright's "Sussex," and other works, he furnished many valuable communications.

At the solicitation of Mr. Harding (of the firm of Harding and Lepard), Mr. Hamper undertook and completed a very interesting memoir of Dugdale, of whom Wood, in "Fasti Oxonienses," says, "What Dugdale has done is prodigious; his memory ought to be venerated and had in everlasting remembrance." The handsome and large volume which Mr. Hamper has devoted to the memory and talents of our inestimable monastic antiquary and topographer contains an account of his life and writings, copious extracts from his diary, and a large series of letters to and from many of his contemporaries. As long as this volume remains a memorial of the talents and industry of the person commemorated, it will perpetuate the name of Hamper in connection with it, and be mutually honourable.

Believing that a more detailed memoir of the respected and lamented person here noticed will be speedily prepared for publication by an intimate friend, we have been induced to pay this passing and brief tribute of respect to his memory in this place.

Mr. Hamper was born on the 12th of Dec. 1776, and was consequently in the 55th year of his age. On the 6th of Nov. 1803, he married Jane, daughter of William Sharpe, Esq. of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, who died 6th of June, 1829, leaving three daughters. He was an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, and for many years an active magistrate for the counties of Warwick and Worcester.

THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

The Right Hon. John Bligh, Earl of Darnley, Viscount Darnley, of Athboy, Baron Clifton, of Rathmore, in the county of Meath, and Lord Clifton, of Leighton Bromswold, Hereditary High Steward of Gravesend and Milton, F.R.S., D.C.L., &c. was descended from an ancient family originally seated in the counties of Kent, Devon, and Cornwall, but whose chief possessions have long been in Ireland. The English Barony of Clifton came into the family of Bligh by the marriage, in 1713, of Theodosia, heiress of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and Baroness of Clifton in her own right, with John Bligh, Esq., son of the Right Hon. Thomas Bligh, of Rathmore, in the county of Meath, whose father had settled in Ireland during the usurpation. This gentleman was, in 1721, created Baron Clifton, of Rathmore; in 1722-3, Viscount Darnley; and in 1725, Earl of Darnley.

The late Earl was born on the 30th of June, 1767. He was educated at Eton and Oxford; and he succeeded his father, John, third Earl of Darnley, on the 31st of July, 1781. His Lordship married in September, 1791, Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. William Brownlow, of Largan, in Ireland, by whom he had a family of six children.

Lord Darnley was uniformly a whig. In 1788, he supported the Prince on the question of the regency; he took part with Queen Caroline on the proceedings which were instituted against her by government; he was one of the most strenuous advocates of Catholic emancipation; and his aid, by motion, speech, and vote, was always in favour of what has become the popular cause. His income was large; in its expenditure, prudence and liberality were blended. His Lordship was exceedingly fond of music, and he was one of the directors of the annual musical concerts.

Lord Darnley had been ill some weeks previously to his decease, but was so far recovered as to attend the Rochester Meeting on Tuesday the 15th of March. On his return he found himself seriously indisposed, but declined Medical aid. On Wednesday night, he believed himself better; but, on the succeeding morning he was found dead in his bed.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

UPON backward lands, much barley remained to be put into the ground in the middle of the present month. Potatoe planting has been somewhat forward, and the sowing of turnips has commenced: as also sheep-shearing, on the conclusion of which we may say, thus endeth the last operation of the spring season, and with no slight self-gratulation to many of us, who have thereby got clear of a protracted and expensive line of operations. But as a drawback, the most important view is not very cheering not only from the lateness of the season, but from the imperfect culture of the lands, and the enormous load of weed vegetation, accumulating and fostering in their bowels; a profitable stock lying *perdue* for the benefit of years and years to come.

The month of April, bating a few days, has been sufficiently lauded. The commencement of the present month, we fear, balanced the account of profit and loss too heavily on the adverse side. Deluges of rains, with the wind on the unfavourable side of the compass, succeeded by sharp frosts, ice and snow. The fruit trees, laden with the most promising shew of blossom and bud, were the first and greatest sufferers. Much of the wall-fruit is irrecoverably cut off, and in the great orchard counties, where upon a farm, the fruit, had the season proved genial, might have realized £500 or £600, two or three frosty nights have *in prospectu* caused a defalcation to the amount of two thirds. All the corn and pulse crops and the artificial grasses have shared, more or less, in the calamity. The wheat, happily the most hardy, as most important, has stood the shock, with least injury; but some of the poor, heavy land wheats appear yellow and rough, and that which is worse, to look forward, a *nidus* is provided for the incubation and prolific increase of the blight insect. The wheats, nevertheless, on all good dry lands, are strong and luxuriant, and with a genial blooming season will no doubt produce a profitable crop. Oats have resisted the atmospheric attack, as most hardy, with the least injury. Barley has suffered much, and beans; peas most of all; and it is said, there is a considerable breadth which it will be advantageous to plough up. It is not possible that the hops, the most sensitive of all our crops, can have escaped; the fly has appeared, and the hop market has advanced fifteen to twenty per cent. Hops seven or eight years old, are most in request. A countryman of ours, Mr. Adams, the celebrated meteorologist, has noticed the late severity of the weather on the 7th current, observing, that "every tree and shrub, more or less, felt the extreme severity." We join him in opinion that the climate of this country has retrograded, in comparison with former days. He commenced his meteorological career in 1774; without pretending to any character in that science, we can say, in a single instance, we preceded him, having lately looked over a daily attentive register of the weather, which we kept in Suffolk, in the year 1768. It was the most genial, constant and beautiful spring we ever witnessed. What a strange atmospheric contrast! With a north-east wind during two or three days last past, we have enjoyed a mild and genial temperature.

Never was there less of the various grass seeds left after the season, but that of turnips has been plentiful and cheap. Since the late severe frosts, the weather has continued dry and mild, considering that the wind, with the exception of a single day, has blown from the north-east or east, south-east. A favourable and timely turn with genial showers, would work miracles of improvement on all the crops. The grasses are forward beyond expectation, and there is a fair prospect of another great grass and hay year. Good English oak and other timber has had a slight advance, and also bark a somewhat greater, both from its scarcity on account of the impossibility of securing it from the state of the weather, and from the tanning trade being late open. The Lapland cabbage-tree, which attains the height of four or five feet, and the leaves of which are upwards of a foot in length, has been naturalized in France as a cattle food. It resists, unaffected, the severest and longest frosts. Such is the scarcity of English wheat, that the immense importations, however they occasionally affect the markets, yet have not the effect of reducing prices below that rate which must be deemed high, and which well remunerates the fortunate dry land farmer. Barley and oats are in request and advancing in price. As to live stock, pigs, notwithstanding the immense import from Ireland, are again somewhat dearer. This is a kind of stock, into the breeding of which our English farmers generally decline entering to any great extent, from an aversion to the trouble attendant upon it. The cattle markets and fairs, for both lean and store stock, have been amply supplied, the stock going off with various success to the sellers, but chiefly on account of the advanced season, at reduced prices. Good sheep and lambs have suffered little reductions in price, from their scarcity; but all the breeders and graziers on dubious lands are under great apprehensions on the score of the rot, the infection of which seems to have yet suffered no check. Good cart horses hold their price, the prime sizes of which, fit for London work, have reached the enormous rate of £70 and £80. The best fresh saddle and coach horses have suffered no reduction.

In Scotland, our accounts of the wheat crop are still more unfavourable. A greater breadth than before noted has been ploughed up, and re-sown with spring crops; and that which to us is a novel practice, among much of the wheat suffered to remain, oats or barley has been sown upon it. Of their spring crops and grasses the account is flattering, and their pastures are filled with stores purchased at a low price. The Tay is burdened with the number of foreign ships laden with corn. Their potatoe husbandry has been forward and successful, and in the north, that best of all late potatoes, the *red* species, from the vast demand for the London market, has been cultivated to such an extent as to cause an apprehension that it may interfere disadvantageously with the culture of other crops. We have not

yet heard of the effects in the north, of the late severe atmospheric attacks. Amongst individual cultivators in South WALES, a very laudable anxiety for improvement has, during some years, subsisted, grounded on very accurate and solid views of the subject. By them, the inestimable benefit of cleaning and aërating the soil, and of placing the field upon a level with the garden, is critically understood and reduced to practice. Not so with the bulk of Welsh cultivation, which vies or out-vies with England, in the national ambition, as it would seem, of rendering their fields hot-beds of useless and destructive vegetation. They have had their share of damage to the crops, from the late severe weather, and their early potatoe plants have suffered much, and also their late sown wheat. Some curious, and we hold very useful cautions have lately been promulgated from this quarter, on the danger to cattle, of the too common and profuse allowance of marigold and potatoes. It is to be lamented that so few soils are calculated for the productions of those greatly superior articles, carrots and parsnips, and that generally, the arable produce is, comparatively with the two articles above mentioned, so small. Wales, like the other parts of the island, is, as they say, glutted with foreign corn; but in probability, neither prematurely, nor overdone. Taxation seems to have drained and greatly contributed to exhaust the capital of the country, and the county rates, highway and poor-rates in certain parishes, are reported higher than at any period during the war.

From Norfolk and Suffolk, we have the pleasing information that land-draining has lately been undertaken to a considerable extent. It has this vast advantage, exclusive of its major consequence, no other improvement makes so speedy a return. In these great corn counties and in Essex, there is more *dibbling* of wheat than elsewhere. A practice doubtless regular and beautiful to behold, but with the uncompensated disadvantage of the intervals being too close, even for a two-inch hoe; the consequence is, an utter impossibility of sufficiently clean[illegible] the land. Price of hoeing in the present season 5s. to 5. 6d. per acre.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6s. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4[illegible]s. 10d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Dairy-Lamb, 5[illegible]s. 2d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 80s.—Barley, [illegible]s. to 50s.—Oats, 26s. to 33s.—Bread 4lb. London loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 56s. to 90s.—(Fine Lapland and Rye-grass.)—Clover ditto, 90s. to 110s.—Straw, 34s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, in the Pool, 15s. 6d. to 38s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, May 20th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—The sugar market is exceedingly heavy; a reduction of 1s. per cwt. has taken place, brown Jamaica being sold at 46s. 6d. and 49s.; the sugars about 50s. are lower in proportion than any other description. There is great heaviness in the Refined market; the price of almost every description of shipping goods is lower; fine grocery goods have been purchased on lower terms; there is very little doing in Crushed sugars. Mauritius sold generally 1s. per cwt. lower, the low brown sugar sold in particular at very reduced prices; good strong white Havannah at 34s.; of Brazil, the brown 17s. 6d. to 19s., middle and good white, 24s. 6d. to 28s. 6d.

COFFE.—The coffee market continues heavy, but there is no further alteration in prices, except in East India, which has been offered at public sale and private contract at a small reduction; Sumatra, 29s. to 31s.; Mocha mostly taken in at 63s., good old pale Batavia, partly sold 36s. 6d. and 37s.; the old to good old Sumatra is 1s. to 2s.; Batavia 1s. lower. The British Plantation at former prices.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The Demerara and St. Kitts Rum sold at 2d. per gallon lower, 3 and 4 over; 1s. 9d. to 1s. 7½d. very good quality, 5 and 6 over; Hollands 1s. 7½d. to 1s. 8d.; the market is rather heavy and the fall of the prices confirmed by private contract, a large parcel of proofs and a little over being sold at 1s. 6d. The demand for Brandy has subsided, but there is no parcels offered at reduced prices; Geneva is neglected.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow market has lately been very steady in price, few purchases of any extent being exported. Hemp is rather lower. Flax supports the late advance.

	1830	1831
Stock of Tallow in London.....	17,754	33,590
Delivery Weekly.....	1,248	1,857

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburgh, 13. 12.—Paris, 25. 20.—Bordeaux, 25. 53.—Frankfort, 150. 0½.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 4.—Madrid, 37. 0¼.—Cadiz, 37. 0¼.—Barcelona, 36. 0½.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0¼.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 55.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 39. 0¼.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0½.—Oporto, 46. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 29. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, (⅛ sh.) 250*l.*—Coventry, 795*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, —*l.*—Grand Junction, 240*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, —*l.*—Regent's, 16½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.) 630*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 250*l.*—London Docks (Stock) 62*l.*—West India (Stock), 124*l.*—East London Water Works, 114*l.*—Grand Junction, 49½*l.*—West Middlesex, 68½*l.*—Alliance British & Foreign Insurance, 8½*l.*—Globe, 138*l.*—Guardian, 25¾*l.*—Hope Life, —*l.*—Imperial Fire, 95*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 54*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 3 dis.—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from April 23d to May 23d 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Dry, Tottenham-court-road, linen draper.
J. Peacock, Blackfriars'-road, grocer.
J. J. Routledge, New Bond-street, haberdasher.
R. Whitfield, Brixton, American merchant.
T. S. Crow, Tysoe-street, slater.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 139.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Allen, W., Arundel-street, cheesemonger. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street.
Adams, J., Birmingham, victualler. (Chilton and Co., Chancery-lane; Benson, Birmingham.
Bennet, J., Birmingham, corn-dealer. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Stubbs, Birmingham.
Beams, W., St. Martin's-lane, vellum-binder. (Miller, New-inn.
Barlow, T., Manchester, victualler. (Bower, Chancery-lane; Browne, Manchester.
Beetles, W., and W. Keen, sen., St. Luke's, builder. (Chambers, Finsbury square.
Bowker, J., Bolton-le-Moor, victualler. (Trehern, Cornhill.
Beddome, J., Manchester, drysalter. (Hard and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester.
Burton, C. F., High Holborn, glass-cutter, (Fyson and Co., Lothbury.
Bartlett, J., Trowbridge, grocer. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge.
Berthon, B., Kingsland-road-wharf, coal-merchant. (Smith, Great Eastcheap.
Blackall, J., and Filby Miles Belfield, Langbourne-chambers, insurance-brokers. (Holt, Threadneedle-street.
Bush, T., Beeston, lace-manufacturer. (Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham.
Browning, H., Cambridge, inn-keeper. (Richardson and Co., Bedford-row; Gunning, Cambridge.
Brombey, W. C., Sculcoates, wharfinger. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn-place; Haire and Co., Hull.
Brown, A. J., Hatton-garden, money-scrivener. (Biggs, Bedford-row.
Chandler, T., Bristol, coach-maker. (Pool and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol.
Campain, W., Dover-road, linen-draper. (Farrar, Godliman-street.
Crossley, J. M., Manchester, upholsterer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Booth and Co., Manchester.
Coulthard, W., Brocklebank, cattle-dealer. (Harrison, King's-arms-yard; Stamper, Wigton.
Christie, A., Sheffield, engineer. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield.
Cockhill, T., Littletown, dyer. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Stead and Co., Halifax.
Cock, S. B., Tooley-street. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.
Copping, G., Thurston, cordwainer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Beckwith and Co., Norwich.
Cullum, G., Judd-street, china-man. (Roberts, Milman-street.
Clothier, J., Wilmot-street, coal-merchant. (Hurst, Milk-street.
Crickmore, T., Skinner-street, pewterer. (Roberts, Milman-street.
Debac, P. B. G., Tavistock-square, builder. (Sharp, Gray's-inn-road.
Dove, M., Maidstone, grocer. Dods, Northumberland-street.
Davies, R., Little Pulteney-street, broker. (Young, Devonshire-street.
Deane, W. M., Richmond, tea-dealer. (Davison, Bread-street.
Duncan, W., Gainsborough, cooper. (Bell, Bedford-row; Cartwright, Bawtry.
Dowker, H., Laysthorpe and Cawton, smith. (Strangeways and Co., Bernard's-inn; Blanchard and Co., York.
Eames, W., Knightsbridge, horse-dealer. (Carlon, High-street.
Finney, J., Liverpool, glazier. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Kaye, Liverpool.
Fuller, T. C., Tooley-street, chandler. (Hartley, New Bridge-street.
Finney, J., Charlotte-street, merchant. (Taylor Furnival's-inn.
Fuller, J., Swansea, tailor. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Bevan and Co., Bristol.
Giles, J. and F., Steward-street, silk-manufacturers. (James, Bucklersbury.
Greig, A. M., Crewkerne, wine-merchant. (Atkins, Nicholas-lane.
Gwilliam, G., Bristol, soap-boiler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; King, Bristol.
Garratt, S. and J., Newgate-market, meat-salesmen. (Turnley, Lombard-street,
Graves, W., Sherborn-lane, printer, and Halifax, man-milliner. (Orchard, Hatton-garden,
Harden, W., Clapham, shoe-maker. (Piercy and Co., Southwark.
Hood, J., sen., and J., jun., Burlington-gardens, tailors. (Stafford, Buckingham-street.
Hooper, T., Haselbury Bryan, baker. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Burridge, Shaftesbury.

Hardy, S., Wisbech, St. Peter, linen-draper. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Metcalfe and Son, Wisbech.

Hargreaves, B., Manchester, sadler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Co., Manchester.

Herton, W., Nottingham, grocer. (Tomkin, Temple; Watson, Sheffield.

Hast, W., Vine-street, merchant. (Hudson, Old Jewry.

Harrison, W., Pickering Marshes, horse-dealer. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Walkers, New Malton.

Hopkins, J., St. John-street-road, brush-maker. (Lawledge, Newgate-street.

Hage, H. and J., Newark, printers. (Milne and Co., Temple; Lee, Newark-upon-Trent.

Hodgson, E., Thrapston, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane.

Hill, J., Maresfield, miller. (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn.

Jones, H., New Sarum, waggon-proprietor. (Gibbins, Furnival's-inn; Coombs, Sarum.

Jones, B., Cornhill, hosier. (Tucker, Basinghall-street.

Jackson, G. E., Birmingham, dealer in iron. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Wills, Birmingham.

Johnson, J., and H. Thomas, Leeds, drapers. (Dunn, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Jackson, J. and W., Strand, stationers. (King, Lyon's-inn.

Kerby, J., Leicester, and I. R. Kerby, Wood-street, hosiers. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Manchester.

King, C., Ipswich, inn-keeper. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Pretyman, Ipswich.

Knibb, J., Worcester, bookseller. (Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester.

King, J., Bath, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath.

Lees, J., Manchester, baker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row.

Luke, J. C., Finsbury-place, shoe-maker. (Kempster, Kennington-lane.

Lyon, T., Plymouth, jeweller. (Alexander, Carey-street; Marshall, Plymouth.

Lansdown, T. P., Clutton, victualler. (Henderson, Surrey-street; Goolden, Bristol.

Leyland, H., Ashton, maltster. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Massey, Liverpool.

Lowe, J., Chetwynd Aston, maltster. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Stanley, Newport.

Lucas, S., and J. Shore, Beer Ferris, refiners. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Husband, Devonport.

Lyon, J. W., Macclesfield-street, brewer. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings.

Lowth, W., Kingston-upon-Hull, dealer in hosiery. (Bell, Bedford-row; Babb, Great Grimsby.

Moyer, J. F., Poland-street, victualler. (Noel, Carey-street.

Morton, M., Birmingham, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walmsley, Marple.

Macnin, D. C., Philpot-lane, merchant. (Holt, Threadneedle-street.

Marshall, T., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Knowles, New-inn; Lightfoot and Co., Hull.

Moore, W. B., Church-street, builder. (Shuter, Milbank-street.

Nimmo, J., Upper Gower-street, bookseller. (Jay, Serjeant's-inn.

Osborne, J., jun., Epperstone, surgeon. (Flower, Mansfield.

Owen, T., Fore-street, auctioneer. (Bull, Elyplace.

Pallmer, C. N., Norbiton House, Surrey, shipowner. (Haddon, Throgmorton-street.

Parkin, W., sen., and W. Parkin, jun., hardwaremen. (Smith, Cateaton-street.

Pitcher, W., Farringdon-street, brewer. (Berry, Furnival's-inn.

Palfreyman, C., Manchester, calico printer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester.

Paxton, J., jun., Ironmonger-lane, linen-draper. (Alexander, Clement's-inn.

Potter, J., Manchester, and W. Maunde, Lancaster, calico-printers. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester.

Potter, C. and E., and T. Roberts, Manchester and Dinting, calico-printers. (Milne and Co., Temple; Kay and Co., Manchester.

Platt, R., Cateaton-street, warehouseman. (Gates and Co., White-hart-court.

Potter, W., Liverpool, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdesley, Liverpool.

Risdon, J., Exeter, bookseller. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter.

Roberts, G., Ansford, inn-keeper. (Burfoot, Temple; Russ, Castle Cary.

Ricketts, J. B., Leadenhall-street, merchant. (Bostock and Co., George-street.

Robinson, T., St. George's in the East, tallow-chandler (Thompson, George-street.

Read, O. E., Kingston-upon-Hull, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Brackenbury, Manchester.

Rickaby, C., Great Suffolk-street, cheesemonger. (Lechmere, Staple-inn.

Rogers, W., Leamington Priors, victualler. (Platt and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Paterson and Co., Leamington Priors.

Streather, R., Cambridge-heath, builder. (Swain and Co., Old Jewry.

Stone, S., Austin Friars, broker. (James, Bucklersbury.

Sanders, J., Launceston, tallow-chandler. (Curtis, New Bridge-street; Pearce, Launceston.

Shawe, W., Colchester, inn-keeper. (Bignold and Co., Bridge-street; Sarjeant and Co., Colchester.

Swift, I., Lane End, mercer. (Wilson, Temple; Hyatt and Co., Newcastle-under-Lyne.

Smith, W., Liverpool, grocer. (Pope, Finsbury-square.

Smalley, J., Nottingham, builder. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fernhead and Co., Nottingham.

Sanderson, F., Castle of York, shoe-maker. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Sowerby, Stokersley.

Shepherd, J., Liverpool, stone-mason. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Munder, Liverpool.

Sansam, J., Southwark, victualler. (Heathcote, Coleman-street.

Sharpe, R., Budge-row, ironmonger. (Hodgson, Broad-street-buildings.

Scagell, J., Beckenham, victualler. (Sheppard and Co., Cloak-lane.

Sansom, P., and T. Rees, Lombard-street, bankers. (Lovell, Gray's-inn.

Spencer, F., Leeds, druggist. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane; Lee, Leeds.

Simpson, H., Ball-court, tavern-keeper. (Goles, Lothbury.

Sendall, J., Heigham, distiller. (Tilbury and Co., Falcon-street; Durrant, Norwich.

Slater, M. D., Brighton, auctioneer. (Hone, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Osborn, Brighton.

Topham, B. G., St. Pancras, victualler. (Charsley and Co., Mark-lane.

Tatchill, T., Snow-hill, tavern-keeper. (Aston, Old Broad-street.

Tittenson, C. W., Little Love-lane, button-seller. (Young, Warwick-square.

Taylor, R., Bristol, builder. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol.

Thompson, J., Catterick-bridge, blacksmith. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Maddison, Richmond.

Turner, M. and W., Reading, hat-manufacturers. (Randell, Walbrook.

Toms, J., Kensington, grocer. (Pownall, Nicholas-lane.

Underwood, G., Fleet-street, bookseller. (Jay, Serjeant's-inn.

Vickers, J., Saxilby, victualler. (Butterfield, Gray's-inn; Quilter, Lincoln.

Waylett, J. N., Lombard-street, shoe-maker. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange.

Whytt, R., Bishopsgate-street, merchant. (Borradaile and Co., King's-arms-yard.

Williams, E., Hatfield-street, jeweller. (Whiteley, Token-house-yard.

Wardall, H., jun., Old Gravel-lane, colour-man. (Birch and Co., Great Winchester-street.

Whitlock, W., Paddington, timber-merchant. (Reynolds, Tottenham-court-road.

Wythes, J., Stourbridge, Worcester, grocer. (Hindmarsh, Jewin-street.

Wakeley, W., Langport, ironmonger. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Broadsmead, Longford.

Webster, C., jun., Manchester, currier. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Co., Manchester.

Westnip, W., Melton, miller. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Woodbridge, Suffolk.

White, J., Higham, Derby, chandler. (Wragg, Southwark-bridge-road.

Williams, J., Stepney, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane.

Wiswould, L., Gainsborough, gun-maker. (Bell, Bedford-row; Cartwright, Bawtry.

Wiswould, L., and Duncan, W., Gainsborough, carriers. (Spike, Temple; Wells, Gainsborough.

Wilson, S. and J., and Lilleyman, J., Goldsmith-street, silk-men. (Jones, King's-arms-yard.

Yates, W., Tunstall, inn-keeper. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Harding, Burslem.

Young, T., Lane End, inn-keeper. (Hawkins and Co., New Boswell-court; Salt, Rugeley.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. Clifton, to the Rectories of Tomerton, Oxon, and St. Nicholas, Worcester.—Rev. H. B. Owen, to the Rectory of Throcking, Herts.—Rev. H. W. Neville, to the Rectory of Bergh Aston, Norfolk, and Otley, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Simpson, licensed to the new church near Derby.—Rev. A. W. Eyre, to the Vicarage of Hornsea-cum-Riston, York.—Rev. P. Whittingham, to the Rectory of Baddingham, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Chevalier, to the Vicarage of Cransford, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Jones, to the Rectory of Llaneber, Montgomeryshire.—Rev. N. Morgan, to the Vicarage of Aston, Warwick.—Rev. J. B. Atkinson, to the Rectory of Kingston, Isle of Wight.—Rev. J. Harris, to be Chaplain to Lord Winterton.—Rev. H. H. Way, to the Vicarage of Henbury, Gloucester.—Rev. L. Lewellin, to the Prebendal Stall and Canonry of Llanarthney, Brecon.—Rev. J. Passand, to the Rectory of Shipton-on-Charwell, Oxon.—Rev. M. Anderson, to the Rectory of Sherrington, Wilts.—Rev. W. H. Dixon, to be Canon Residentiary in York Cathedral.—Rev. J. Jackson, to the Living of Tullow, Carlow.—Rev. W. Smith, to the Vicarage of Honingham, with East Tuddenham, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Brayshaw, to the Rectory of Addingham, York.—Rev. E. Griffin, to the Vicarage of Wilbarston, and Rectory of Stoke Albany, Northampton.—Rev. J. Cottingham, to the perpetual Curacy of Shetwick, Cheshire.—Rev. B. Bailey, Colonial Chaplain of Ceylon.—Very Rev. Dean of Hereford, to the Prebendary of Pion Parva.—Rev. J. Clutton, jun., to the Prebendary of Norton.—Rev. J. Morgan, to the Vicarage of Dilwin.—Rev. J. Harwood, to the Vicarage of Wirksworth, Derby.—Rev. T. H. Croft, to the Prebendary of Stillington, York.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

April 28. General illumination took place in London, Westminster, Southwark, and the villages in their environs, in consequence of the dissolution of parliament and the Reform Bill.

30. City of London elected the four popular candidates, Thomson, Waithman, Wood, and Venables, for the new parliament, for their adherence to Reform.

May 12. Sessions began at the Old Bailey.

17. Duchess of Saxe Weimar, sister to the queen, arrived in London.

18. News arrived from the British consul at Lisbon, with the information that Miguel had submitted to the dictation of the consul, enforced by six British men-of-war in the mouth of the Tagus.

— Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 21 prisoners received sentence of death, 69 of transportation, and upwards of 200 to different periods of imprisonment.

— Recorder made his report to the king in council of the prisoners capitally convicted at the April Old Bailey sessions, when two were ordered for execution.

HOME MARRIAGES.

Leonard Thompson, Esq., to Miss Mary Wentworth Fitz-William, daughter of Lord Milton, and grand-daughter of Earl Fitz-William. — S. Clement, Esq., to Louisa, daughter of the late W. Paley, Esq., and grand-daughter of the late Archdeacon Paley.—J. Kennaway, Esq., eldest son of Sir J. Kennaway, Bart., to Miss Emily Frances Kingscote.—F. Hawkins, Esq., to Hester, third daughter of Baron Vaughan.—Le Marchant Thomas, Esq., to Margaret, fourth daughter of Baron Vaughan.—R. King, Esq., to Georgiana Ann, daughter of the late Hon. Lieut.-Col. G. Carleton, and sister of Lord Dorchester.—G. Hill, Esq., nephew to Sir

G. F. Hill, Bart., governor of St. Vincents, to Miss E. S. Rea.—Rev. W. Gibson, to Eliza Maria, third daughter of Bishop of Chester.—E. R. Brough, Esq., eldest son of Sir R. Brough, Bart., to Lady Elizabeth St. Lawrance, sister to the Earl of Howth.—Hon. R. Grosvenor, youngest son of Lord Grosvenor, to Hon. Charlotte A. Wellesley, daughter of Lord Cowley.

HOME DEATHS.

Lord and Lady Walsingham, both burnt to death at their house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square.—The Duchess of Wellington.—Earl and Countess of Winterton.—J. C. Gough, Esq.—Lady Wetherell.—Mrs. Anna Maria Arden, 93, sister to the late Lord Alvanley.—J. Pattison, Esq., 69, late one of the Directors of the East India Company.—Lord Clifford.—Countess Dowager of Pembroke, 94.—At Kensington, Dame Hannah Evans, relict of Sir D. Evans, late Recorder of Bombay.—Brigadier General Sir S. Bentham, 76.—Dowager Lady Smythe, relict of the late Sir E. Smythe, Bart.—W. Hamper, Esq.—Viscountess Nelson, Duchess of Bronte, 69, widow of the immortal Nelson.—Sir Joseph York, drowned in Southampton river.—Vice-Admiral the Right Hon. Sir W. J. Hope.—W. O. Blount, Esq., only son of Sir C. B. Blount.—Selina, wife of T. Macauley, Esq.—At Chesterfield, Dr. J. Stokes, 72, a contributor to the botanical department of the Encyclopædia Londinensis.—Lieut.-Col. W. Douglas, 77, uncle to the Marquess of Queensberry.—Sir Jenison W. Gordon, Bart., 84.—J. Raine, Esq., 63, M.P.—Harriett, eldest daughter of Sir C. Bethell and Hon. Lady Codrington.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Count de Montebello, son of the late Duc de Montebello, (Marshall Lannes,) to Mary Teresa, eldest daughter of T. Boddington, Esq.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Halle, Augustus La Fontaine, 71, the celebrated Romance writer.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—The stupendous work of the Sutton Work Embankment is a wonderful public improvement—perhaps the greatest that has ever been achieved in England: it at once places above all risk much life and property, and obviates the danger and inconvenience of the renowned Cross Keys sand. May 5, the noon-tide ceased its flowings for ever, over an area now including above 15,000 acres of land. The cross bank gives also a direct line of road from Lynn to Boston, and shortens the distance between the two towns by more than 15 miles. This immense undertaking has been effected in a space of time unprecedented in the annals of embankment; and the communication made, in all preceding ages, had been decided against as utterly impossible to be attained: such indeed it did appear in the commencement, to those whose opinions were required in the parliamentary proceedings connected with the improvements of the Great Bedford Level. The bank will be passable for coaches about the end of July; it is the best communication between Norwich and York, Liverpool, and Manchester; thus uniting the north and eastern parts of the kingdom, and saving in distance full 36 miles.

YORKSHIRE.—The first exhibition of the Sheffield Horticultural Society took place May 4, and was attended by a very numerous and highly respectable company. The show of auriculas and polyanthuses was of the most splendid description, while the collection of hyacinths, herbaceous plants, cut flowers, &c., was such as afforded general satisfaction. The display of stove and green house plants and fruits was very extensive, and afforded a rich treat to the lovers of horticulture. Keen's seedling strawberries attracted especial notice, perhaps the finest ever seen in this country; one pot contained sixty-three ripe strawberries, some of them measuring near six inches in circumference. These were sent by Mr. Paxton, from the splendid gardens of his grace the Duke of Devonshire.

DERBYSHIRE.—By the abstract of the income and expenditure of this county, published by the chairman, the sum of £19,863. 11s. 3d. was expended from Easter Sessions, 1830, to Easter Sessions, 1831.—£3,688. 3s. 4d. were for bridges; almost the whole of the remainder was swallowed up by the gaols and other contingencies of the county jurisprudence, and the law.

May 2. The new road presented to the town of Walsall, by the Earl of Bradford, at a cost of at least two thousand pounds, was opened for the first time, thus affording to the public a pleasant communication through Wednesbury and Westbromwich to Birmingham.

BRITISH MUSEUM
PRESENTED
8 DEC 1949

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